

A TRIAL OF STRENGTH

BOOK 22

Chapter 211 – Red-Hot Reunions

The next morning it was late when the men and boys grudgingly stirred themselves awake after a night of dead-to-the-world sleep, the result of too much brandy and sap-draining sex. Bob was the first to rouse himself. He pulled on one of the hotel's thick terrycloth bathrobes and quietly left Jason and Ben to take care of their morning hard-ons. Jason was already climbing aboard his willing gypsy boy as they heard the soft click of the door closing.

Bob was in search of coffee to clear his fuzzy head, and he didn't have far to go. As soon as he went into the living room his nostrils were assaulted with the welcoming smells of breakfast, including a jumbo pot of coffee. The twins were standing together in white T-shirts and boxer briefs and they flashed identical smiles as Bob came in.

"Good morning, sir," said Kevin. "We got up early through force of habit, ready to make breakfast as usual." Kyle took over. "But then we realized that this time all we had to do was pick up the phone and – bingo – here's breakfast, courtesy of room-service. Do you think the other guys are awake yet?"

Bob grinned. "What I think is that the other guys are taking care of business – their usual morning ritual involving the boys' asses. How about those twins? They still here? How was it with them?"

"It was intense, sir," said Kevin dreamily, "really wonderful." Kyle frowned. "But sir, we hope you didn't mind that we spent so much time with them.... like, fucking and all."

"Mind?" Bob laughed. "Don't I keep telling you you should get out more and meet boys your own age? It's like you're chained to that kitchen. I never thought it would be twins, but you four sure look hot together – the best of the East meets the best of the West. I hope they're gonna stick around."

"They want to, sir. They asked if they could show all of us around Chicago – you know, all the cool tourist places plus their favorite restaurants that tourists don't know about. Also, sir, I think they would like to know you and Hassan and Jason better...." Kevin trailed off, rather embarrassed, and Kyle added, "See we kinda opened them up to a lot of things they'd never done before so they're kinda"

“Opened up, as you say,” Bob laughed. “You’ve paved the way of us guys, eh? Sounds great. But right now, about that breakfast. We don’t have to wait for those other four fuckers – and I use the word in its literal sense.

Bob was right on the money there. In one bedroom Jason was redeeming his macho status after being fucked last night by Bob and Hassan. He was ploughing the ass of his gypsy boy with even more intensity than usual and Ben was in heaven. This was the way a boy should always wake up – getting his ass ploughed by a blond muscle-god fireman.

In the other room Eddie was watching for signs of life in his master and lightly running his finger over his chiseled features, round the contours of his pecs and over his nipples. “Don’t stop boy,” Hassan whispered, still half asleep.

When Eddie saw him stir he kissed him lightly on the lips. “Mmm, tastes good,” Hassan murmured without opening his eyes. “Now how about taking care of this?” Lazily he pushed the bed sheet down and his huge cock sprang up with its usual morning hard-on. This is what Eddie loved best, servicing his master’s sexual needs, especially when the naked Marine lay back passively and left it all to him.

The boy closed his mouth over the long rod and sucked it lovingly as only he could – ‘best little cocksucker on the planet’ as Hassan called him. “Oh yeah, boy,” he sighed, “eat that soldier’s cock. Make him bust his load.” But Eddie had other plans. Just as Hassan was on the brink of orgasm Eddie pulled his mouth off his cock and knelt over him, straddling his chest. He reached behind him, grabbed hold of the huge cock and guided it so the tip was pressing against his ass. Then, slowly, he lowered himself down onto it, moaning as he felt his master’s big tool disappearing into his ass.

Hassan raised his arms and linked his hands behind his head, gazing with love and lust at the handsome, fresh-faced urchin with the laughing eyes rising and falling on his cock. “God, I love you, Eddie. Work on my tits, kid.” Eddie leaned forward and stroked the slabs of the soldier’s chest that flexed under him. He brushed the back of his fingers over Hassan’s nipples, knowing that the light touch turned him on more than a heavy squeeze.

Hassan lay back and let the young urchin boy make love to his body while he rode his cock. They had slept deeply, with no sex all night, so Hassan had built up a big head of stem. And his boy was expert on exactly how to excite him. “That is so fine, boy ... now make me shoot in your ass ... oh man...” Eddie was riding the soldier’s cock like he was bouncing up and down on horseback and in seconds he saw Hassan fling his arms to the side, his head thrashing from side to side as he howled, “aaagh!” and his cock blasted hot cum deep in his boy’s ass.

When Hassan was drained, Eddie sat down heavily on his master’s shaft and grabbed his own cock, holding back his orgasm until he had permission. Hassan lifted up on his elbows and

smiled at his boy. “OK, kiddo, let me taste that sweet juice...” He opened his mouth wide, Eddie squeezed his cock once – and his aim was true. A ribbon of semen spurted from his cock, flew through the air and splashed into Hassan’s mouth. Hassan swallowed it and the several streams that followed.

There was a knock at the door. It opened a crack and Bob poked his head round it. “Sorry to interrupt gentlemen but breakfast is served.” Hassan and Eddie grinned guiltily, with cum dripping out of the soldier’s mouth and down his stubbled chin. “Well,” he grinned, “I think I’ve had my fill of protein for the day, but coffee smells good. Come on, kid – I know my dick is a perfect fit inside your but lift that sweet ass off before I bust another load inside it.”

The door opened wider and Jason, Ben and the twins crowded in and stared at young Eddie sitting proudly astride his master. Hassan grinned, “What you are seeing now, friends, is exactly how a boy should treat his master first thing in the morning.”

“I know,” Jason smiled, ruffling Ben’s hair. “I just got the treatment.”

“Sirs,” the twins urged, a tad impatiently, “breakfast is gonna get cold.”

In a few minutes they were all sitting round the large table, most of them wearing just undershorts, and the twins were serving them a much-needed hot breakfast. They were all ravenous after the exertions of the night before. Suddenly a voice said, “Sirs, may we help with that?” It was Lee who had suddenly emerged from the bedroom with Toni, both wearing their black briefs and nothing else. With their fat-free, smoothly-sculpted bodies and exotic, smiling faces they looked spectacular.

“We insist,” Toni said. “You guys are expert at many things, as we have found out, but we are the experts at serving meals to beautiful men. That’s what we were doing at dinner last night.”

“Yeah, and that’s not all you served up last night, dudes, and I’ve got the video to prove it,” Eddie laughed, waving his camera.

Amid the general laughter the twins took over from Kyle and Kevin and moved behind the men, bending over to serve the food, pressing seductively against their backs and making no secret of the bulge in their briefs. “Hey you guys,” Bob said, “you carry on like that and we’ll be spending the whole of the weekend in this hotel fucking our brains out.”

“Nothing wrong with that, sir,” said Eddie cheekily and got a playful clip behind the head from Hassan. “You forgot something kid,” Hassan said. “This trip was supposed to be all about smartening up and getting an education. Can’t spend the whole time in your undershorts though you wouldn’t hear me complain....”

“Sirs,” Lee said, “it would be an honor for my brother and me to show you around Chicago. We know the city well. Just tell us what you would like and we’ll show it to you.”

“There you go again,” laughed Jason. “Shouldn’t be throwing offers like that around in this group. You’ll be back in bed so fast your head will spin.”

“Ok, guys,” said Bob bringing the salacious banter to a close, “let’s finish our breakfast, hit the showers, put on something decent and see what Chicago has to offer. Toni, Lee – enough of this serving nonsense. This weekend you’re part of our group so you sit right here by me. You’re obviously gonna be good friends of my boys so I wanna get to know you.”

And the Chinese twins took their places at the table.

For the rest of the weekend Bob tried to ensure that the educational component of their trip took precedence over the purely sexual. It wasn’t easy, but the Chinese twins helped out in their role as tour guides, taking them first up the Willis Tower (or Sears Tower as they still called it) where everyone gasped at the view from the 103rd floor Skydeck. Eddie grinned mischievously at Hassan. “OK if I do my *King-of-the-Word* act like I did from the hotel balcony, sir – whack off and shoot a load over the edge. Should look great floating all that way down to the city.”

“Behave, kid,” Hassan grinned. “You’re supposed to acting like a young gentleman, and it might surprise you to learn that gentlemen don’t usually jack off and blow a load from the 103rd floor.”

From there they took in the museums and Wrigley Field that Ben and Eddie wanted to see, but a lot of time was spent walking the Lakefront Trail and on the beach where Bob suspected that the main attraction for the boys was showing off to each other.

Both sets of twins set the pace walking ahead of the others, deep in conversation. Bob understood that they had a whole lot in common – a tough early life, running away from foster homes (in America) and orphanages (in China), then living rough just so they could remain together. In their fight against the world the main imperative was that they not be split up. Bob understood all this and encouraged their growing friendship.

Ben and Eddie were also locked in excited conversation, nudging each other, and Hassan joked to Jason, “Hmm, probably not swapping impressions of the museums would be my guess.” Jason laughed, “Nah – more likely swapping sightings of hot Chicago guys on the beach.”

Lee and Toni took them to restaurants that were off the tourist track, and later in the evening they returned eagerly to the hotel suite to start on endless permutations of sexual pairings – in twos, threes everything up to a full on orgy of three macho men and six beautiful boys. And so the Chinese boys got their wish of getting to know Bob, Hassan and Jason – very well.

And that’s pretty much how the weekend progressed until finally Kyle and Kevin had to say a tearful farewell to Lee and Toni, after extracting from them a firm promise to visit Los Angeles as

soon as they had time off from work. It was a bitter-sweet parting for men and boys as they had enjoyed what Ben called an 'epic trip', but they were eager to be reunited with the guys back home and tell their story. Eddie was clutching Darius's camera tightly, as if it contained the crown jewels – which in one sense it did.

Bob's thoughts, of course, were focused on seeing Randy again and as the time grew nearer his cock got stiffer. When they checked out it was as if Randy was watching over them when the receptionist said, "Sir, there was a phone message from your friend Randy." He smiled, "And, if I may say so, he took the words right out of my mouth." He handed Bob a slip of paper that read, "*Your limo awaits, sir.*" Randy had arranged the limo to the airport, just as he had when they had arrived.

"Son-of-a-bitch," Bob murmured to himself with a private smile.

At Los Angeles Airport Randy and Zack were sitting on the edge of the empty baggage carousel waiting for the arrival of the flight from Chicago that Darius breathlessly announced was "on approach." Randy had driven his truck and Darius had accompanied Zack in his so there would be room enough for everyone. Darius was hopping around Baggage Claim gazing prematurely up at the staircase that the guys would come down from the gate.

Sitting on the carousel's edge low to the ground shoulder to shoulder with Zack Randy had his arms wrapped round his knees and he was staring blankly ahead. "Hey," Zack laughed, "for a guy about to be reunited with the man he's crazy about you sure look like a rainy Tuesday night. What's up, big guy?"

Randy said, "Oh, nothing. Sure I'm real stoked at seeing Bob of course, but – that's kind of the point. Shit, man, it scares me that I miss him so much. I think about him all the time, jack off thinking about him, about fucking him and doing other stuff with him. Hell, I used to pride myself on being independent, the big guy who owes nothing to nobody. But now I'm nothing without him – he's my life. What the fuck happened to me?"

Zack grinned, "You fell in love, buddy, simple as that, and for the first time in your life. They call this a fear of commitment, but hell, you're already committed – hook, line and sinker."

"Yeah, but the thing is I don't know how to show him. Sure, I'll fuck him, but part of me wants to tie him up and whip him, dominate him own him and his gorgeous ass. That got me in a shit-load of trouble in the past – even made Bob leave me for a while. My brother Steve says I show my emotions through my fists. God knows I don't wanna hurt Bob – and yet part of me still does."

"Tell me about it, buddy," Zack said. "I have that thing in me that when I see something real beautiful it feels so painful that if I can't own it I want to destroy it. That's why in the past I tied

up and whipped Mark, and before that, Bob. I'm not proud of it, but I'm a man like you, Randy, and when I want something I have to own it. It's easy with a boy like Darius who wants to give himself to me, but a rugged muscle-stud like Bob – shit, only a man like you can make a man like him fall in love.”

There was a silence as they digested this. Then Zack said, “You know that old phrase – ‘the biggest sex organ is the brain’? (Except with you, maybe, and that massive schlong of yours.) Anyway, perhaps the brain's your answer. You've thought about Bob and done all kinds of shit to him in your imagination and it made you shoot bucketsful. So take a leaf out of my boy Darius's book. He's called the king of fantasy and sometimes it actually beats the real thing.”

“I know what you mean,” Randy grinned. “Thanks for listening, buddy. You're a real pal.”

As if on cue they heard Darius's voice shouting, “Here they come Here they come!” There was sudden pandemonium as the loud carousel warning buzzer sounded and the boys bounded down the steps into Baggage Claim, whooping at the sight of their friends. Their hugs with Darius were so extravagant it looked like a reunion after a year-long absence instead of three days. Zack greeted Hassan and Jason warmly and the baggage started coming down the chute, prompting the boys to jostle for a good position by the carousel amid the growing crowd.

But there were two men who ignored all of this. Bob had come down the stairs last, walking slowly as he searched for the baggage claim stubs. Randy had a stab of panic not seeing him with the others, and when he appeared he strode quickly up to him. For a few seconds they stared at each other shyly, then Bob said, “Hey, big guy. You miss me?”

“Asshole,” Randy smiled and took him in his arms. They were together again and as they hugged in the middle of the baggage hall it was as if a bubble closed round them, isolating them in their own private world. The noise of the jostling crowd around them, the excited voices of reunion, the loudspeaker announcements, the thud of baggage onto the carousel – they knew nothing of this. It all faded into stillness, the still silence of two men in love.

“Hey, there's one, that's ours.” Eddie was jumping up and down as he spotted one of their bags sliding onto the carousel. Within a few minutes the group was together with their bags around them. Randy and Bob were smiling over it all, glowing so bright that Jason joked, “Better get out of here, guys, before security arrests these two for being flammable.”

It was a festive group that climbed into the two trucks in the parking garage and they were soon fighting the traffic on the 405 Freeway. Bob was next to Randy in his truck and the twins were in the back seat. “Sorry, guys,” Randy said, “not a limo this time – just a big old dirty truck.”

“It's the big old dirty truck driver that impresses me,” Bob grinned. “At least you wore a shirt. Not exactly a limo driver's uniform, but I doubt that the limo driver would have been able to give

me what I need right now.” Randy grinned lasciviously and they fell silent, leaving the conversation to the twins telling the story of their new friends, the other twins back in Chicago.

In Zack’s truck Jason and Hassan were with Zack in front, while Darius, Eddie and Ben chattered nonstop in the back. Ben and Eddie talked over each other with disjointed fragments of their story, ‘spilling the beans’ in a jumbled heap, but Darius said, “The thing is, dudes, did you get it on video? And I’m not talking ‘Our-sightseeing-in-Chicago’ crap.”

Eddie produced the camera he had been hugging to him and said triumphantly, “Sightseeing? You wait ‘til you get a look at these sights, dude, you’ll go apeshit. It’s all here – well most of it. Even when I was sucking cock I set up the camera on a table and focused it on us. Some stuff happened when I wasn’t in the room, but I was pretty much everywhere.”

“You can say that again,” grinned Hassan over his shoulder.

When the two trucks pulled up at the house there was more mayhem as Pablo, Jamie, Nate and Mario tumbled through the gate and Mark followed. After the chaotic greetings died down Bob took charge. “OK, boys, could some of you take the bags up to the rooms?” They scurried to obey while the twins ran to the kitchen and in minutes they were bringing out drinks and appetizers for the men. “Hey that was fast,” Bob said, “What d’ya do, pull these out of a hat?”

“Out of the refrigerator, sir,” Kevin deadpanned. As the men sat at the outdoor table and got reacquainted over drinks Darius pulled Eddie aside and spoke conspiratorially. “Listen dude, I’m going up to my computer and start editing the footage in this camera. You wanna come, see how it’s done? You were the director so you should be there.”

“You bet,” beamed Eddie and he followed Darius into the house.

At first Darius was all business, sitting at his computer and running the video Eddie had shot, while Eddie sat next to him watching intently. Eddie had always admired Darius, hero-worshipped him even, and he felt proud to participate in this project. “Wow,” Darius said as it started playing, “so these are the Chinese twins everyone’s been going on about. Look at those cute bodies and those gorgeous faces. You think they like black boys with huge black dicks?”

Eddie frowned in thought. “I don’t think they mentioned that, but they’re sure to like you when they come out here. Shit, there’s enough of you for both of them. Kind of like one night Ben and me ordered one big steak that served two.”

Darius grunted but was immersed in the video as one torrid scene followed another. “Here look,” he said. “See how this scene goes a bit wobbly at the end? So what we’ll do is cut it here and do a slow fade into the next. Now let’s see shit damn, you actually tied those twins up with your neckties? Man, that’s hot.”

Darius was trying to keep focused but his professionalism was waging a battle with his hormones. Professionalism lost. Inevitably his hormones took over and he rubbed the bulge in his shorts that was growing bigger in response to the steamy action on the screen. He wanted to stroke his cock but he also needed both hands on the keyboard and mouse. "Son-of-a-bitch," he growled, "I can't do this. I gotta bust a load first."

"Maybe I can help, sir," Eddie said, automatically lapsing into the 'sir' in admiration of the black muscle-boy and in preparation for what came next. "After all, I've already seen the video – what I mean is, I saw the live action – I filmed it!"

"Yeah," Darius grinned, still staring at the screen, "you did at that – a fine job, boy. So maybe you *can* help me out here. Go ahead – do your thing, kiddo."

Eddie shivered with excitement. This was the act where he was a master. He had raised the blow-job to an art-form, though he didn't have much opportunity to practice it on the monster shaft of the boy that he idolized. He slid to his knees and tucked himself under the table facing Darius's open legs and gazing in awe at the head of the cock that was poking out of the bottom of his shorts.

He heard Darius's voice above him talking to the screen. "Wow, that is intense, man, fucking awesome" Eddie deftly unzipped the shorts and out flopped the massive ten-inch schlong, already semi-erect. Instinctively Darius raised his butt an inch off the chair and Eddie pulled the shorts down round his ankles. He was not wearing underwear so the black cock flopped onto the chair between his legs, the head hanging over the edge right in front of Eddie's eyes. It was so beautiful that the boy's eyes and mouth watered and drool ran down his chin.

He saw the cock pulse as Darius's voice overhead groaned at the screen, "Jesus that is fucking gorgeous ... far out, man!" Eddie leaned forward and licked the head of the cock hanging over the chair, then ran his tongue the whole length of the hunk of meat until his face was breathing in the damp spicy smell of the black boy's wiry pubic hair. Then, with a loud sucking sound, Eddie inhaled the now-rigid cock into his mouth and drove his head forward.

It had been so long since Eddie had sucked Darius that he had forgotten just how long his cock was. Now he remembered as the long pole sank deeper and deeper down his throat and came to rest at last, making Eddie choke. It was rare that Eddie gagged on a cock, after all his experience, but he did now, and his head swam as he breathed frantically through his nose, fearing he would suffocate and pass out. He gulped, then pulled back, expertly using his throat muscles to massage the huge black cock.

Darius felt the exquisite sensation in his groin race up through his body, but he kept his eyes riveted to the screen. Then as a new scene flashed on the screen Darius could not believe his eyes. There in front of him was the naked Marine Hassan, with his boy kneeling before him licking his cock. Darius guessed what had happened. When Eddie and Hassan had gone

onto the hotel balcony Eddie had set up the camera on a table with a wide angle shot focused on the two of them, just as he had later when he joined in the action with the twins. It was his way of getting as much on the record as possible. “Good boy,” Darius muttered.

Inevitably the men occasionally moved out of frame but Darius could fix that in editing, but right now to hell with editing – this was a fantasy come true. He was watching the muscle-hunk Marine flex and moan as his cock was being sucked by the very same boy who was right now working on Darius’s cock. “Holy shit, this is fucking unbelievable,” Darius said, words that made Eddie suck harder and faster.

Eddie knew something was up but he didn’t know what until he heard the voice of his master “Man, that mouth of yours is incredible, boy. Damn, I love fucking your face.”

The truth hit him. Darius was watching the balcony scene where Eddie and Hassan were naked and he was sucking his master’s thick shaft. It was like he was repeating the scene now, only this time on Darius’s cock, and he knew Darius was feeling exactly what he saw Hassan feeling on the screen. The dual images overwhelmed Eddie, like he was sucking Hassan and Darius at the same time. The visual was Darius’s huge black cock but the soundtrack was the deep voice of his master.

“That’s it, boy, 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.”

Eddie was now sucking in a frenzy, letting the long rod piston in his mouth, desperate to please the Marine and the black boy, both of whom he idolized. There had never been a movie like this and Darius was going wild, not only watching and hearing the action but *feeling* it too as the boy under the table buried his face between his legs, eating his cock. Darius saw the Marine react exactly as he himself was reacting – the flexing muscles, the thrashing head, the groans of ecstasy – and he knew he couldn’t hold back much longer.

Just then on the screen he saw Eddie pull back and say, “OK if I make you shoot, sir?” Hassan yelled frantically, “Fuck yes eat that cockmake me cum in your mouth, boy. Swallow your master’s hot juice Here it comes, boy aaagh!”

“Aaagh!” Darius echoed Hassan’s yell, driving his cock deep into the boy’s throat and erupting inside him, panting hard as he heard Hassan’s rasping breath. Beneath him Eddie was swallowing frantically, gulping down Darius’s river of juice, just as he had Hassan’s. Hassan’s? Darius’s? In the euphoria of the moment it was all the same and his own cock exploded, pouring cum all over the bedroom floor.

Even as Darius saw Hassan scoop Eddie up off the floor, he now pulled up Eddie and their mouths locked, exchanging semen just as Eddie had done with Hassan. As they embraced

they once again heard Hassan's voice on the video. "Damn, you're sensational, kid. You give great head – the best cocksucker on the planet."

Darius gazed at him with a gleaming smile. "I second that, kiddo. The very best."

A few minutes later the two of them came racing out of the house knowing they were late for dinner. The guys were already gathered round the poolside table and they looked up at the elated pair, with Eddie trying unsuccessfully to wipe semen from his lips and chin. There was a burst of laughter and applause and Ben shouted, "So, did you get to see the video, dude?"

"See it?" Darius laughed ... "I *felt* it, thanks to my buddy here." Eddie grinned and blushed as he took his seat. To cover his embarrassment, and seeing the empty chairs at the head of the table, he asked, "Hey, where are Bob and Randy?"

Hassan said, "They told us not to wait dinner for them. Said they had stuff to do upstairs and it might take a while." There was an amused exchange of looks round the table. In the brief silence that followed Eddie pumped his fist in the air and yelled, "Go, Randy." As they all stared at him he grinned impishly and shrank back in his seat, like a turtle withdrawing quickly into his shell after sticking his head out too far.

The guys all thought they knew what the "stuff" was that Randy and Bob had to do upstairs but, as it turned out, they were pretty wide of the mark.

Over drinks round the table the two men had left the talking to the other guys. They didn't so much talk to each other as stare at each other, as if to reassure themselves that the other was really there after their separation. The lustful look that passed between them was a masturbatory image all on its own. They excused themselves, told the guys not to wait dinner and went upstairs. They were barely through the bedroom door when Randy pulled Bob roughly into his arms and they kissed for long minutes.

When at last they broke apart Randy grinned, threw his arm in the air ... "Ta-da!" ...and pointed with a flourish like the host of a game show. Bob looked up where he was pointing and saw, newly installed from a ceiling beam, a chin-lift bar. "That's the present I got for you buddy."

"Oh yeah?" Bob said suspiciously. "Does that mean your gonna hang me from it and whip me as a punishment for leaving you? Just like the old days?"

"Kind of," Randy said, "but don't worry, I'm not going back to the old days - not really. He pulled Bob down beside him on the couch and looked at him earnestly. "Man, I missed you so much it hurt, and jacking off thinking about you didn't help much. I admit, when I jerked off I

was thinking of the old days, how you looked when I worked you over, 'cause there's part of me that still wants that."

"Let me see," smiled Bob. "Something like, 'you can take the guy out of the cave but you can't take the caveman out of the guy'. Or maybe: 'once a fist-swinging gypsy always a gypsy.'"

"Something like that," Randy grinned. "Anyway, it's not enough to just plough your ass, man, although you are gonna get fucked. But before that I know just what I'm gonna do."

"Don't I get a say in this?"

"Hell no. I'm still the King of the Gypsies and you're my man to do what I like with." His voice took on a hard edge. "Get up."

Bob got to his feet, tingling with that old familiar combination of excitement and fear. When Randy was in this mood anything could happen. He kicked off his loafers and stood under the chin bar wearing his usual beltless blue-jeans and a V-neck white T-shirt stretched over his muscular torso.

Randy picked up two leather wrist restraints, padded softly on the inside, and buckled them round his wrists. Bob's mind flew back to that first night in the motel room where Randy had made him kneel in the shower after first putting down a soft towel to ease the pain on his knees. That single gesture had reassured Bob that the man would not hurt him beyond his limits – and he knew that now, feeling the soft padding round his wrists.

But Randy was rough as he threw ropes over the chin bar, attached them to the restraints and pulled the ropes taut, stretching Bob's arms up in a V but leaving some slack so he felt no real discomfort, though his biceps flexed as his short sleeves slid back off them. Randy stared into his eyes, a look that united them in their own private world, and he reached down and stroked Bob's crotch, feeling the stiff rod of his cock running down his leg under his jeans.

"See, I can always do that to you, man. And you want this as much as I do – don't you?"

"Yes, sir," Bob replied softly, hypnotized by the steel blue eyes.

Randy walked away, pulled off his T-shirt, grabbed a beer and threw himself into an armchair facing Bob. He took a slug of beer with a satisfied gulp and gazed at his bound lover. "Yep, I jerked off picturing you like that and now here you are. It's how it has to be, man, you at my mercy." He took another swallow of beer and went on, "Not sure what I'm gonna do with you this time, stud, but I gotta tell ya, I've been thinking a lot lately about that day I met you and took you to that sleazy motel.

"Remember that? How you came onto me in your sleep and I got so mad I tied you to the bed and pummeled you, made you scream and beg for mercy. I went crazy and I'm still not sure if I

was punishing you or your beauty. Shit, you were the most beautiful man I had ever seen and, though I'd never wanted another man in my life, I wanted you, and that made me even madder – at myself.

“But I'm the kind of guy who always gets he wants, then I own it and show it who's boss. Remember how I tied you to the john and pissed all over you, then made you crawl butt naked over the floor for food that you ate like a dog?”

Bob breathed deeply, seeing the humiliating image as vividly as if it were yesterday. His cock throbbed in his jeans and started to ooze pre-cum. Randy glanced at the bulge down Bob's leg and said, “Yeah, I see you remember – and it still turns you on like it did that first day. It was so fucking hot watching that big, macho muscle-stud crawl on his belly and surrender to me. See, I needed to own you like a guy owns an animal, a rare purebred stallion that belongs to me and only me. And just as a man has to dominate the thoroughbred, I had to tame you.

“So I whipped you, made you beg me to stop then beg me for more. When I'd worked you over, tied up at my mercy like you are now, I cut you down and let you go. I regretted that, though I would never admit it even to myself. Then, a couple of days later while I lay on the bed cursing myself, there was a knock on the door It was you – you'd come back and at that moment I knew I had you and I'd never let you go again. So I started over.”

Bob was being driven wild, seeing every image that Randy described, remembering his relief at being released, then his need, his hunger to see the man again, driving around aimlessly until he found himself back at the hotel. He was an alpha male, a top business executive, but now he had only one thought – to surrender completely to this incredible man. So he did.

Randy continued to lead him down the path of painful, thrilling memories. “When you came back you were dressed in your business clothes, white dress shirt, red tie and slacks that hugged your thighs. I tied you up like that, spread-eagled against the wall and lay back on the bed gazing at you, knowing that I now owned you and could do anything I liked with you – just as I can now. Then I stood up.” Randy stood up, walked toward Bob and acted out exactly what he had done that day.

“I ran my hands over your shirt like this, feeling those hard, chiseled muscles underneath. And I could relax now – I had nothing to prove. You had come back to me and I knew you were mine. But I still had to show you I was your master, that I could still hurt you, so I ripped the dress shirt off you and stood back looking at you in your white T-shirt just as you are now, arms stretched up, your muscles rippling underneath.

“I resented your beauty – in a way I always have. You were the perfect man, the young, gorgeous, successful business executive, way out of my league, an itinerant gypsy construction worker in a greasy tank top and filthy jeans with a dirty stubbled face. There was only one way I could show you I was boss – whip you. So I grabbed the neck of your T-shirt like this and I yanked it down so it fell in shreds round your waist.”

Randy stepped back and stared at his captive now stripped to the waist as he had been back then. “You looked – you look – incredible and I knew if I whipped you then I’d cut you to ribbons. So I ripped off my filthy tank that disgusted me and fell back on the bed.”

Randy again sprawled in his chair and stroked the bulge in his pants. “Then I realized that for the first time in my life my cock was rock hard just looking at another guy. I hated that, it angered me, and my first thought was that I had to destroy you for that to keep my own sanity. But then everything changed as I saw you struggle against the ropes, your spectacular body writhing, and you spoke. Remember what that macho stud said?”

Bob was back in that room gazing at the shirtless construction worker as if in a trance. He remembered everything and repeated it. “I surrender. I submit to you, sir. I couldn’t stay away. You’re my master – you own me. Do what you want to me, sir.” Bob’s voice got louder. “Please, sir, whip me, whip my body, make me crawl, make me beg.”

He was pulling frantically against his restraints, just as he had that day, in a whirl of confusion and desire. He didn’t know what was happening to him. He pulled himself up to the bar, his body struggled, his muscles flexed, his legs thrashed wildly in the air and he screamed, “I submit to you, sir ... I submit ... aaagh.” Semen blasted from his cock and ran down his leg inside his jeans.

Randy watched mesmerized as Bob slumped back to the ground, his arms stretched up hanging from the ropes, and a huge wet stain spread down his jeans. Just as he had before, Randy gazed in disbelief at the spectacular man who had just surrendered to him. Spellbound by the sight he pulled his own cock out of his pants, stroked it a few times until his eyes opened wide and he howled as a ribbon of cum blasted from his cock, rose in the air and splashed down on his heaving chest.

As if he were emerging from a past life back to the present Randy shook his head and stared at the man before him. Hanging limply from the ropes, shirtless, his ripped T-shirt hangin round his waist, Bob was sobbing, emotionally shattered by replaying the vision of the day he had met the construction worker in a bar and his life had changed. Transformed from a dominant alpha male he had fallen under the spell of a wild, charismatic gypsy and surrendered to him.

Although he had not known it at the time, he had fallen in love – totally, irrevocably in love. The enormity of the event he had just re-lived crashed in on him now and left him sobbing in a daze of confusion, helplessness and indescribable joy. Randy leapt to his feet, and threw his arms around him, kissing his face, his eyes, his neck and whispering in his ear, “Sssh, sssh, I’ve got you buddy. I’m here and always will be, to love and protect you.”

He tore Bob's shredded shirt from around his waist and used it to wipe the tears from his face and the sweat from his body. "I love you, man," Randy said soothingly. "That's all you ever need to know I love you." Recovering slowly Bob smiled through his tears. "You sure have a weird way of showing it. But hell, you're the most exciting man I've ever known."

Randy stepped back and gazed at his lover, still stretched up to the chin bar. "I think that's how I like you best," he said, "tied up shirtless and barefoot in beltless blue jeans. Shit, man, I'm hard again already just staring at you. You look fucking spectacular." Randy ran his hands through his hair in a gesture of frustration. "Man, I'm so fucking crazy about you I don't know how to show it."

In a ritual act of worship Randy stripped naked and fell to his knees. He prostrated himself on his stomach and crawled toward the object of his devotion, the man who had enslaved him. Bob's cock became rock hard in his jeans as he watched the muscular construction worker drag himself naked across the floor, his rugged gypsy face raised up hungrily, longingly.

Randy reached forward, grabbed Bob's leg, pulled himself forward and licked his feet. He pulled himself higher and licked the wet patch on his jean, sticky with Bob's cum. He unbuttoned the jeans and pulled them and Bob's shorts down round his ankles, gasping as Bob's cock sprang out fully erect. He pressed his cheeks against the cum-covered muscular thigh and licked it clean.

As Randy buried his face in the musky pubic hair Bob's cock pressed against his face. At last Randy opened his mouth and sucked in the full length of his lover's cock, pumping his face over it, savoring the pungent taste of pre-cum. His arms still stretched taught Bob felt his heart racing as he looked down at the handsome, stubbled gypsy face pounding his cock, his black hair flying, eyes blazing with lust.

Again Bob imagined Randy on that first day standing over him with the whip, the magnificent all-powerful muscle-stud with the piercing blue eyes. And now here he was on his knees, naked, humbling himself by sucking Bob's manhood in an act of adoration. Bob shuddered, he pulled against his restraints, longing to touch the face beneath him. Then he suddenly he saw the blue eyes look up and pierce his and that was it..... "I love you, man," Bob screamed as his cock emptied a flood of semen into Randy's mouth.

Randy gulped hard, swallowing every last drop of the nectar, then sprang to his feet, once again the man in charge. He kissed Bob voraciously, sharing the semen mouth to mouth. Then he pulled back, his eyes ablaze. "You're a fucking spectacular son of a bitch, you know that?"

He got behind Bob, grabbed his hips, pushed his iron-hard rod between the mounds of his ass, then pistoned it deep inside. He pulled back and drove it in again pulled back a third time, paused, then plunged his cock inside with the lion roar of a triumphant male as his cock exploded deep in his lover's ass.

After Randy released Bob they held each other silently for a long time. And now, after a quick shower, they were sitting on the couch together winding down with a beer. “We should be making an appearance at dinner, you know,” Bob said. “After all that screaming they’ll start to think you’ve finally done me in and are burying me in the back yard.”

“Asshole,” Randy grinned. “Dinner can wait.” One thing he enjoyed was kicking back with Bob after great sex. “Now, about those twins of yours. You say they want lessons in bondage?”

“Well yeah. Specifically in knowing when the tied-up guy has reached his pain limit. Seems they had trouble with that with each other and with the other twins. They went too far and the boy had to use the safe word, which of course breaks the rhythm and cools the heat of the moment.”

“Yeah,” said Randy, rubbing his stubbled jaw in contemplation. “Thing is, that’s not easy to teach – not something you can explain with chalk on a blackboard. Only way to do it is on-the-job training. Reckon I’ll have to take them down to the basement and show them how it’s done – give them a practical demonstration.”

“You won’t hurt them, will you?”

“Hey, buddy, relax. They’re your boys aren’t they? You think I would ever hurt anything that belongs to you?” He grinned suggestively. “Now you yourself – that’s a different matter.”

“No kidding,” grinned Bob, rubbing his wrists. “Now I don’t know about you, but I’m starving.”

Down in the garden the men and boys round the dinner table had heard the howls and screams coming from the master suite upstairs and some of them, especially Mark, had started to get uneasy. Then suddenly all their concerns vanished as Randy appeared with his arm over Bob’s shoulder. They looked jubilant and were greeted by a roar of cheers and applause.

Clearly something pretty dramatic had gone down from what they could see. They could all sense the jubilation in Bob and Randy, but they could not really conceive of the phenomenon that had caused it. They could never know what the guys knew, or feel what the guys felt.

That was something unimaginable – except in the secret world shared by two beautiful men who were wildly in love.

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Chapter 212 – Randy Tames the Mechanic & Coaches the Twins

The next day the men and boys summoned the energy for a regular workday, though some of them were a bit jet-lagged after their trip, especially Ben and Eddie who had never even flown on a plane before. But Eddie seemed to have boundless energy and quickly resumed his duties as assistant houseboy under Nate's supervision.

The only problem there was Eddie relating every detail of his trip to Nate in a non-stop, machine-gun delivery, where everything was 'awesome', 'way-cool', 'intense', 'radical' and every superlative in between. Nate eventually tried to block it out, smiling at how Eddie was the only boy he knew who could talk without pausing for breath.

Ben was the assistant mechanic on the construction site under Pablo who understood Ben's residual fatigue but even so kept him hard at work. Pablo's (adoptive) dad Randy never let up on his crew and neither would his boy, modeling himself as always on the big boss. But finally the day was over and as dusk fell Randy was working late in his trailer office as he often did.

Taking a breather he looked up through the window at the empty work-site, everyone having gone home. Well not quite everyone. Looking through the gathering gloom Randy saw a lone light over by a big earthmover. He grinned as he saw a figure bent over it, his dungarees stretched over an ass Randy would recognize anywhere, even when the light was failing.

Grabbing a couple of beers from the small fridge Randy left the trailer, strode across the site and stood behind Pablo. "You doing that just to show off that hot ass of yours, boy?"

Surprised by the sound of the deep voice, Pablo jerked back and spun round. "Oh, sorry, sir, I didn't know you were still here."

"Bullshit," Randy grinned, putting down the beers. "You were flaunting that ass just to turn me on. Well, you'll be pleased to know it worked, kid." Randy grabbed his crotch in both hands showing the outline of his thick, hard cock in his pants."

Pablo's grease-streaked face broke into his signature crooked grin and Randy felt his cock get harder. He gazed with awe and affection at the beautiful dark-haired young mechanic standing there in his greasy dungarees, held up by one strap over his left shoulder. Wearing nothing underneath, his muscular young body was streaked with oil, gleaming under the swinging light he had hung from the roof of the earthmover. Beside him sat his dog Billy, who wagged his tail when Randy approached, but also with a soft, deep-throated growl, always a protective reflex for his master – even with Randy.

"Hell," Randy grinned. "I'd be crazy to lay a finger on you with that dog waiting to pounce."

"Nah, he knows you're one of the good guys. You can lay a finger on me, sir – or two or three." Again that sideways rascal grin.

“Later, kiddo. How about you take a break and have a beer?” handing him one of the bottles.
“Why are you working so late, anyway, and all alone?”

“I wanted to get this thing finished before tomorrow morning, sir, in case you need it. I let Ben go home ‘cause he’s still kinda jet-lagged from his flight.” He chuckled. “Plus I wasn’t sure if I could take anymore of his non-stop gabbing about his trip. It’s all he talks about – he’s still totally jazzed about it.”

“Yeah, I guess Bob did a number on him, Eddie and the twins, eh?” They sat astride one of the earthmover’s huge tires facing each other, master and boy, and took a swig of beer. Randy looked at the boy searchingly.

“You’re such a great young mechanic, kid, same work energy as mine. Yeah, yeah, I know you try to copy me in everything. But the fact is I’ve neglected you lately, kiddo, what with Bob away and all the work going on here. But I keep my eye on you. Shit, every time I look up and see you working it gives me a boner. I’m so proud of you, kid, you know that don’t you?”

Pablo blushed a little. “I hope so, sir.”

“Right, let’s try that again You know I’m proud of you, don’t you?”

“Yes, sir,” Pablo grinned. “Absolutely, sir. Thank you, sir.”

They took another slug of beer, smiling at each other over the bottles. “By the way, kid, did you know Bob wants me to get a new truck? Nothing wrong with my old one but he said he’s budgeted for it so we’re gonna go pick it out tomorrow. Sometimes I think Bob spoils me.”

“You don’t say, sir,” Pablo smiled mischievously.

“Smartass! Watch it, buster, or I’ll take back the present I was gonna give you?”

“Present, sir?” Pablo’s eyes gleamed in anticipation.

“Yeah. How would you like my current truck when I get a new one?”

“Your truck, sir? That great big truck? Are you serious? That would be totally awesome, sir.”

“Of course, I’d get all the mud washed off and clean out the cab that right now stinks of me.”

“No, sir, please don’t do that. I’d like it just the way it is. I love that it smells of you. That way I can whack off when I’m in it, take a deep breath and bust a load thinking of you.”

Randy roared with laughter. “OK, kiddo, we got a deal.”

“That is so cool, sir. I don’t know how to thank you.”

Randy grinned lasciviously. “I do, kid.”

Randy reached into the cab of the earthmover, turned a key and pushed a lever that raised the front loader arm so the wide scoop was a few feet off the ground. “Come here, boy.” Pablo recognized the rough change of tone. He had heard it many times before and it meant just one thing. The young mechanic stood with his back to the loader scoop, facing the rugged construction boss who reached forward, unclipped the buckle on his shoulder and let the dungarees fall down around his boots.

“Jesus Christ,” he groaned, staring at his boy who as usual had worn nothing under his dungarees. The hard-body mechanic was butt naked. “Turn around.” Pablo obeyed and flexed the perfect white globes of his bubble butt. “An ass that could make grown men weep,” Randy murmured. He grabbed a few tarpaulins off the ground and threw them into the wide scoop to cushion against the hard mud caked inside. “You know what to do, boy.”

Pablo turned his back to the scoop and pulled himself into it. Sitting on the edge he leaned back in the scoop and grabbed the sides for support, his legs dangling over the front, dungarees pooled round his work-boots. Billy sat nearby, his head cocked, keeping careful watch, though his tail was wagging as he had seen this often before, just never in the scoop of an earthmover.

Randy towered over the boy in his regular work outfit – old white tank top streaked with dirt and grease and showing off his muscular chest and shoulders, grimy jeans tight round his slim waist, and muddy work boots. He grinned down at Pablo. “You still going hot and heavy with Darius? You still taking that fat ten-inch schlong of his up your ass?”

“Every day, sir.”

“Good, then this should be no problem for you.” Randy unzipped his pants and pulled out his massive cock, already hard as steel. “Make it easy on yourself, boy. Use that pre-cum dripping from your dick. Pablo’s heart was pounding as he wiped the pre-cum into the palm of his hand and spread it over the head of his master’s cock. Then he spat in his hands and used both of them to stroke up and down the long shaft.

The swarthy, muscular construction boss went to work on the young naked mechanic with the exotic Mestizo looks, grease-streaked face, high cheek bones, deep brown eyes, his jet black hair flopping over his high forehead into his eyes. “Let me see that ass, boy.”

Pablo raised his legs up, his boots and crumpled dungarees high over his head, offering his ass to the boss. "Shit, boy, that is one sweet ass. On this job you gotta keep the boss happy and when I see a hot young buck like you there's one thing I want. This....."

"Aaagh!" The handsome young mechanic screamed as the boss slammed his rod deep in his ass. The savage gypsy pulled it all the way back, then rammed it back in like a piston, pounding the boy's helpless ass, making his beautiful face thrash from side to side, tears springing from his eyes.

"No, sir, please, sir. I can't take it it hurts too much."

"You got no choice, kid," Randy panted as he ploughed the boy's ass. "You know when you signed on here that I'm the boss and take what I damn-well want from my crew. I see a hot young mechanic like you with the ass of death and I take it ... I own you, boy ... I own your ass."

"But your cock is so huge, sir I'm not sure if"

"It's the price a good-looking young stud like you pays for working here. You wanna quit, is that it? I'll pull my dick out, you quit your job and you'll never see me again. Your choice. I either fuck your ass or fire your ass. What's it to be?"

"No, I don't wanna leave you, sir. I don't wanna be fired. Please, sir, fuck me, sir. Fuck my ass it's yours, sir."

"Right, and every day when I'm on the site that ass is gonna turn me on so bad I'll fuck it all the time. During breaks I'll call you into my office, bend you over and fuck you. When the guys leave at night it'll be just you and me and I'll fuck you as long as I want – over a truck, in the mud, wherever. Like I said, it's the price you pay for working for me."

Randy jacked up the pressure, hammering the mechanic's ass even faster as the boy yelled, "Yes, sir, please sir. I wanna work for you, sir, and I know I'll have to put out for you. My ass is yours whenever you want it sir. Please, sir, your cock's starting to feel so good in my ass I've never been fucked like this. Pound my ass, sir. I love it aaah "

He let go the sides of the loader, reached up and grabbed the slabs of the boss's pecs through the thin tank. In a frenzy now he grabbed the frayed fabric and pulled it toward him, urging his boss to pile-drive his cock in his ass. As Randy pulled back the tank ripped and fell to his waist and the boy gasped at the sight of his massively sculpted bare chest. Randy grabbed the boy's wrists and leaned forward, pinning his arms above him to the back of the scoop.

"Now you're trapped, boy. Your ass belongs to me and it feels so damn hot I'm gonna fucking ream it."

Sweat dripped from his stubbled face down onto the mechanic's face and into his open mouth as the relentless jack-hammering continued. Anyone walking onto the site would have seen a staggering scene. In the dark a single light was swinging over the earthmover where the young mechanic was on his back in the mud-caked scoop, naked except for dungarees wrapped round his work boots, pushed high in the air. He was pinned down by the construction site boss, the black-haired muscle-stud gypsy whose massive rod was pounding the mechanic's helpless ass.

"Shit damn," the boss panted through ragged breaths, "that's one fucking gorgeous ass you got on you boy. Man, it feels good. From now on, every morning when you come to work you report to me and I'll fuck you. And you don't leave at night until I've fucked you again and whenever the hell I feel like it, got it?"

"Yes, sir. Aaagh..... That feels awesome, sir I love your cock in my ass. I'll be your boy, sir. My ass is yours to fuck as often as you want, sir."

Still pile-driving the boy's burning ass the boss pierced him with his steel blue eyes. "One other thing you should know. Every time I fuck you you're gonna bust your load without touching your dick. I can always do that to a man any time I want. And you'll cum the instant I tell you to and not before. That clear?"

"Yes, sir. I've been holding back ever since I felt your cock in my ass, sir. I really, really want to shoot."

"You can do better than that, punk. I wanna hear that hot, macho young mechanic beg his boss. And I can make you. I can make you do anything." Randy grinned lasciviously and the fuck turned savage, the long, thick shaft driving ever deeper into the furnace of the boy's ass.

"Please, sir," the mechanic begged, tears running down his face. I need to cum, sir I can't take any more my ass is on fire please let me shoot my load I'm begging you, sir. My ass is yours, sir, but please let me cum I can't take any more I beg you"

Randy knew the boy's limits and he was almost there. He knew it hurt now, but he was an expert at taking him right up to his pain threshold and then for one euphoric moment pushing him beyond. He saw the pain in his boy's eyes, his beautiful face thrash from side to side, his body writhe in a futile attempt to get free. And that was the moment.....

Randy pushed his cock in deep, then pulled all the way out ... paused and in one brutal thrust speared the boy's ass one last time pushing him through the pain barrier and into a state of pure ecstasy. "Now!" Pablo heard his master's command and ... "aaagh!" ... his cock erupted in an explosion of cum that blasted from his cock, rose high and splashed onto the boss's massive chest.

At the same moment he heard his master howl like a triumphant animal and felt hot liquid pouring deep into his shattered ass. As the flood of semen continued, Pablo shot another

ribbon of juice that splashed this time over his own chest and face. It seemed they were both cumming endlessly as their wild eyes met in instant recognition, a reaffirmation of the savage love between a master and his boy.

Pablo's tears became sobs as adrenaline drained from him and he was overwhelmed by emotion. Through his tears he saw the chiseled gypsy face smiling down at him, sweat dripping from it and mixing with Pablo's tears. It had been perfect sex, both of them easing seamlessly into the erotic fantasy of a powerful construction worker initiating the muscular young mechanic into the demands of the boss on his first day on the job.

"You are the perfect boy for me, kiddo," Randy said. "I love you, man." He fell forward so their faces were inches apart. "But I meant what I said just now. Physical labor makes me real horny, so at any time of the day I might call you into my office, bend you over the drafting table and fuck your sweet ass. Then you get right back to work until the next time I feel the sap rising. You OK with that?"

"Absolutely, sir. I'll have a boner all day waiting for the call." Pablo moaned as he felt the huge cock pull back from the depths of his ass, all the way up his chute until the head squeezed pass the sphincter and fell out, accompanied by the boy's last short gasp of pain.

As Randy pulled back Pablo suddenly felt something long and wet slobbering over his cheeks. Billy was standing over him licking the tears from his face. Remarkably, throughout the long, ferocious fuck the dog had sat watching and wagging his tail. Despite Pablo's cries of pain he knew his master was doing what he wanted. The dog had watched it so many times before and he trusted Randy – the man who had rescued him from his previous home and reunited him with the boy he had always loved.

Randy was on his feet now, looking more magnificent than ever, bare-chested with his torn shirt hanging round his waist. He looked down at the cum-soaked mechanic lying in the loader, naked except for the dungarees pooled round his boots, his handsome face drenched in sweat and jizz. "On second thought," Randy said, "maybe I'll leave you in that scoop all day butt naked. I'll take this earthmover out of commission and use it just for fucking you whenever I feel horny – which is most of the time."

"Sounds like a plan, sir." Pablo gave his crooked grin. "I'm all for it."

"Asshole," Randy said, grabbing his wrist and pulling him to his feet and into his arms. He kissed him hungrily, then pulled away and said, "OK, after thanking me like that for the truck, I guess you better have it. Let's take a look. Pablo and Billy followed him to the parking lot, trying to keep up with Randy's long stride.

There were two trucks on the lot – the boss’s big Ford Super-Duty mud-spattered truck and Pablo’s own smaller truck. “There it is, kiddo. It’s all yours.” He tossed the keys to him “Wanna drive me home in it? You can bring Ben into work tomorrow and he can have yours.”

Pablo’s eyes were gleaming as he looked at the boss’s huge double-cab truck. He opened the driver’s door, pulled himself in and sat behind the wheel. It was higher off the road than his old truck and already he felt like the King of the Road.

Randy had been right, it did smell of him. Pablo picked up the mess of old tanks and T-shirts from the floor and smelled the boss’s sweat and dried cum on them. Randy pulled open the passenger door and Pablo yelled at Billy, “Hey, boy – wanna come for a ride?” Billy leapt into the cab and sat proudly beside his master. Randy pulled himself into the passenger seat and grabbed the old shirts.

“Shit, it’s full of these old shirts that I’ve stripped off at the end of the day and wiped the sweat and dirt from my face and chest and under my arms. Yeah, and while Bob was away on his trip I often jerked off thinking about him while I was driving and used these old shirts as cum rags to wipe the jism from my dick and chest. You don’t want these in here.”

“Oh, I do sir,” Pablo said hastily, grabbing the shirts from him and tossing them in the back seat. They’ll remind me of you on the days I don’t have a sore ass to remind me.”

“Yeah, like that’ll ever happen,” Randy grinned. “That ass is always gonna be sore, what with my horny dick and that big ten-inch club of Darius’s. Mind you, those shirts don’t come as standard equipment on this truck. They’re optional extras.”

“Yeah, well I’ll take the truck with all the options. And if you’ve got any more extras, sir....”

“You little punk. Sure I’ve got extras, but they’re not optional – they’re mandatory.”

Pablo giggled, then concentrated on the road. He had been in the truck many times before of course, and in one way knew it better than anyone because he maintained it, as he did all the trucks. But this time he was driving, and he owned it. Randy looked across at him, the pride shining in the boy’s eyes as he sat upright and bold behind the wheel of his new big truck, his dog just as proud beside him. The boss was crazy about his boy.

After a while Randy broached a topic that was on his mind.

“Listen, kid, I’ve got a favor to ask you.”

“Anything, sir, you know that.”

“Right, well Bob has asked me to give the twins lessons on bondage. Seems when they were in Chicago they got into it with each other and those Chinese twins they met (and who I wanna meet, by the way, when they visit here). Anyway, apparently they screwed up once or twice not knowing when the guy they had tied up had reached his pain threshold. They went over the top and the scene had to stop, and you know how that can fuck things up.”

“So I’m told, sir, but it never happens with you ‘cause you’re the expert.”

“Yeah, whatever. Anyway Bob asked me to help so I’m gonna give the twins a practical demonstration. And when I’ve shown them some of my own stuff I thought I’d ask you to join us. I’ll need you as an example – might involve some fucking but, talking of experts, you’re no slouch in that department.

“Glad to help, sir anytime except when I’m at work waiting to give my ass to my boss. He comes first and he can be pretty insistent.”

“Damn right he can, kiddo, and don’t you forget it.”

“I won’t forget it in a hurry, sir, with my ass this sore.”

When they pulled up at the house Darius came bouncing through the gate, wondering what had kept them so late and weaving his own fantasies about what happened. He would soon wring every last detail out of his boyfriend. “Hey, dude, what happened to your truck?” he said.

“This *is* my truck,” Pablo said proudly. “Randy gave it to me.”

“No way, dude! You wanna give me a test drive?”

Randy jumped down and held the door open for Darius. “Jump in, boy. And just in case you’ve got any ideas, go easy on his ass. It’s a bit sensitive right now.”

As they drove off with a showy U-turn Randy grinned, seeing Pablo on top of the world, his dog Billy and his pal Darius beside him, no doubt urging him as always to ‘spill the beans’. Randy was feeling good as he strode through the garden and up the stairs to the master suite.

“There you are I was starting to feel abandoned.” Bob was lounging with a glass of wine. He had just got home from work, showered, and was looking stunning as ever in just his boxers. He grinned as he stared at Randy, dirty, sweaty as usual, with his ripped tank hanging round his waist. “No need to ask what you’ve been doing. Pablo, I guess. Well, his gain is my loss.”

“What d’ya mean your loss?” Randy growled. “What d’ya think I am, a sex machine?”

“Hell yes!”

Randy smiled a self-satisfied smile. "Yeah, maybe you're right. Did you ever know me come in and look at you without getting a raging hard-on? No matter how much jizz I spilled in my boy's ass, there's always more for you, you know that. Now take off the damn shorts and get on the bed."

In the ensuing week Pablo spent as much time as he could in his new truck. He had always basked in the role of boss's boy, always tried to copy Randy, and now, to cap it all, he was driving the boss's truck. He felt like a boss himself and had to keep in check his impulse to lord it over his assistant mechanic, Ben. He had got into trouble with that before and knew that Randy would come down on him like a ton of bricks if he did it again.

As it was, Ben was feeling more confident in himself now as Randy's kid brother. He knew exactly what was going on and grinned when, each lunch break, Pablo was summoned to Randy's office and the blinds were drawn. When he emerged later Ben taunted him. "Hey, dude, come and sit here if you're not too sore."

"Fuck you, dude," Pablo grinned and they went back to work.

Everyone was so busy during the week, including the twins with their task of feeding a hungry tribe, that it was not until the next weekend that Randy could fulfill Bob's request and give the twins their lesson. He waited until they had cleared away breakfast on Saturday morning, and most of the men were lounging round the outdoor table when he said, "OK, Kyle, Kevin I wanna talk to you. Get your asses down in the basement."

The twins tingled in anticipation, with a good idea of what Randy wanted them for as Bob had promised them that the boss would be giving them lessons. They glanced at Bob who nodded and smiled encouragingly as they took off.

As they left Randy looked at Ben and Eddie. "Ben, are you expected at Jason's, and you at Hassan's, Eddie?" he asked. "Not till this afternoon, sir," they said in chorus. "Right, you might as well come join us, but just as observers, mind." Excitedly they followed Randy to the basement stairs.

Apart from being a sometime guest-room the big basement doubled as a gym and sex room, with the equipment often used for both activities, such as the chin bar for pull-ups and tie-ups. The twins were sitting next to each other in nervous excitement at the thought of being coached by the boss. They revered Randy, partly because of his natural authority but also because he was crazy in love with their master, Bob. They tensed as they heard him come downstairs and stood up as he entered. "Hey, sit, sit, kids," Randy said. "This is a lesson, not a military drill."

He was followed by a somewhat uneasy Ben and Eddie, not quite sure what Randy wanted of them. "Ben and Eddie will be joining us, guys," Randy said, "but only as spectators. I don't want any of my boys ever getting into trouble over botched sex games. So you two sit still and no talking, especially you, kid," staring at Eddie. Eddie's eyes sparkled and he made a sign with his fingers of zipping his lips, causing Randy to stifle a smile.

Randy sat on a bench, wearing cargo shorts and a clean white tank top (which Bob had insisted on at the meal table), while the twins in shorts and T-shirts sat crossed legged on the floor gazing up at him.

"OK," Randy began, "Bob tells me you tried to have a little bondage scene in Chicago with each other and then with those Asian twins, but each time you had problems knowing when you were really hurting the other guy. Luckily you had a safe word otherwise things could have got totally out of hand, but still it kinda fucks things up. So that's what you want me to teach you, right?"

"Yes please, sir," the twins said in unison.

"Problem is, sussing out a guy's pain limits is not something you can teach, like how to cook. Cooking you can teach but not this it's more of a gut instinct, something you sense, feel."

"But cooking is like that too, sir," Kyle interrupted. "We cook by taste, smell and instinct, that's why we're so good."

"Yeah, yeah," said Randy, "OK, bad example. But at least you get what I mean. Now there are certain indications, like a guy's body language and the look in his eye. It's important to keep eye contact so you can see what he's feeling."

As Randy went on to describe various tell-tale signs in body language Bob came quietly halfway down the stairs, unseen by anyone. He had looked in to make sure everything was working out OK and he stood for a minute watching the scene. The master was bending forward talking in authoritative tones while his students sat crossed legged before him, gazing up at him intently, hanging on his every word. In the background Ben and Eddie sat silently, equally engrossed.

Bob's eyes became moist as he looked at his lover. He knew Randy in every mood, especially the rugged, no-nonsense construction boss, quick with his fists, and the savage, muscular gypsy with a cock like a jack-hammer. Now here he was the teacher, taking the boys gently under his wing as he taught them his skills, looking down at their upturned, mesmerized faces. Silently Bob turned and went back upstairs, glowing with affection, his cock stiff in his shorts.

"So," Randy was saying, "you get what I'm saying here?"

"I I think so, sir," said Kyle with a slight frown.

“Nah, thinking so is not good enough.” Randy stood up. “I can’t tell you this shit, I gotta show you. OK, I need a volunteer.”

At the side of the room Eddie’s arm shot up and flapped eagerly until Ben pulled it down. “He means one of the twins,” Ben whispered in his ear. The twins looked at each other and in an unspoken agreement Kevin said, “I’ll do it, sir.”

“OK, kid, get naked and get on your back on the bench here. Kevin quickly obeyed, a little embarrassed by the way his cock shot up when he dropped his shorts. “See, lesson number one,” Randy grinned. “You can see from his boner that the guy really wants it but now we have to find out how much.” From among the sexual equipment scattered round he picked up two short lengths of rope, pulled Kevin’s arms down to the floor, a little behind him, and tied his wrists to the legs of the bench.

“OK, you other guys too, gather round. I want you to see this up close.” Ben and Eddie joined Kyle standing round the bench as Randy said, “Notice how his cock’s gone a bit soft. That’s a natural reaction to first being tied up – the fear of being at a guy’s mercy. And his ass will have gone tense at the same time, am I right, kid?”

“Yes sir,” murmured Kevin.

“That’ll make it that much harder but more satisfying, to fuck, especially with a schlong like this.” Randy dropped his shorts and his huge, thick cock fell out, semi-erect. “Now, a cock has to be real hard going into a tight ass. Forcing in a soft cock can hurt like hell. OK, Eddie, you’re the one to take care of this.”

Eagerly Eddie dropped to his knees, pushed the boss’s cock into his mouth and, with the boy’s cock-sucking talents, it was rock hard in seconds. “That’s great, kid,” Randy grinned, pulling him to his feet. “Like I always say, best cock-sucker in town.” Eddie blushed with pride at his small role in the proceedings.

“Right,” said Randy, “even though it’s me doing the fucking we need a safe word.” Fresh off his small blow-job triumph Eddie blurted out, “What about ‘beg’ sir?”

“OK, you guys, why is ‘beg’ not a good safe word?”

Kyle answered, “Because the guy might say ‘beg’ when he’s real enjoying it, like begging for you to cum.”

“Excellent,” said Randy. “So let’s go with something neutral like, say, ‘Bob’, a word I like especially,” he grinned. “Now, first I’m gonna do it dry – like this.” He pushed Kevin’s legs in the air and leaned forward, pressing his hands on the bench beside Kevin’s face. “Look at me, kid.” He pressed the dry head of his cock against Kevin’s hole and eased it over the sphincter to an instant reaction from the boy – “aaagh aaagh ... no, no”

Randy pulled out gently and Kevin relaxed. "See," Randy said, "that was real pain, he wasn't fooling around, so you know he can't take a dry cock this big. Few guys can. Pablo can 'cause he's my boy. In fact he loves it and after so many fucks by me his pain threshold is sky high. OK, Kyle, hand me the lube." From the tub of lube Randy took just a little and pushed it inside Kevin's ass.

"Now, I could lube my dick too, but we'll try something else. You three boys, make it wet." Instantly Kyle, Ben and Eddie dropped to their knees and started to lick the huge shaft, wrapping their tongues round it slobbering over it from the damp pubic hair up to the huge round knob. Kevin raised his head and gazed at the scene.

The handsome teacher, standing naked except for the white tank stretched over his muscular chest, had ordered his students to prepare his cock for fucking. Kevin was the volunteer, tied to the bench, waiting for the wet cock to enter his ass. The sight of the excited boys, eager to obey the coach, their tongues lapping at the thick rod, made pre-cum ooze from Kevin's cock and flow down the head. He glanced frequently at his brother Kyle, reassuring each other that everything was OK.

"OK that's enough." The boys jumped to their feet and stood round the bench, spit running down their chins. "Now, this time should be different." Randy resumed his position over Kevin, their faces two feet apart. "Remember guys, eye contact." His steel blue eyes pierced Kevin's and he said softly, "You doing OK, kid?"

"Yes thank you, sir. Very much."

"OK, you've got lube in your ass and the boys have soaked my dick, so here goes." Again he pressed the head of his dick between the ass-cheeks and this time it slid over the sphincter easily and moved slowly down the chute. Several times Kevin flinched, Randy stopped for a second, then continued to push. "See that boys?" Randy said. Those flinches were more out of fear than pain, like in the dentist's chair when you want to signal the doc to go easy. So that's your cue to stop for a second. Makes him feel safe – helps him trust you."

Slowly Randy continued to push his rod deeper until it was pressing against the sensitive membrane at the back of his ass. The pressure made Kevin gasp and whimper. "Easy, easy, kiddo," Randy said gently. "I'm all the way in. The master's cock is deep in your ass. Feel good?"

"Yes, sir. It feels awesome, but I..."

"No buts, boy. I'm in charge, you gotta trust me. Now guys, I'm gonna show you something. Watch the boy's eyes and body language carefully." Randy pulled his cock back, then drove it in fast so it pushed hard against the already tender membrane. It took only a second but it was

enough to make Kevin's eyes shoot open, his body writhe frantically against the ropes binding him and a cry escaped him aaagh no...."

"Easy, kiddo," Randy said. "Now you all saw that – the eyes shoot open, the struggle to get free, the scream. That was real pain, not just fear. And he wasn't faking it. That, boys, was his pain threshold. It may be that his pain limit will extend as time goes on, but those are your signs to go easy." He turned his gaze back to Kevin. "You're doing great, kiddo. Now, you want me to fuck your ass properly? You've earned it. You're not just one of my volunteers you're a beautiful boy with a sensational ass and the teacher wants to fuck it. You want that?"

"Yes please, sir. I really want it you're so awesome, sir."

Randy began easing his cock gently in and out of Kevin's ass. "Don't worry, kid, I know I have a reputation as a rough mother-fucker, but that's not for you. I won't plough your ass like I do my boy Pablo every day. He likes that, he's my boy. But you're Bob's boy, you're gentle like him, and I love you for it." Randy sensed it was time for a little fantasy. "There, you feel that huge pole riding your ass? Imagine that – the teacher fucking his student. He's tied you down to the bench and he's taking your ass."

Randy always had the knack of unlocking a boy's fantasy, often something that had been dormant in the boy for a long time. After all, Randy was something of a fantasy in himself, a pornographic image come to life, hypnotic even, so that just a couple of trigger words, like "teacher", "student" and "tied to the bench" did the trick.

Plus, Darius, who knew most things about everyone in the house, had mentioned to Randy that Kevin had told him he once had a big crush on a handsome, muscular teacher and used to sit in class watching him, mentally undressing him and wondering how it would feel to get fucked by him. So Randy knew exactly where he was going with this.

Kevin's eyes glazed over and his voice seemed to come from far away as he said, "My teacher's so hot I've wanted him all year, and now he's taken me into the gym, made me strip naked, and he's naked too except for his white tank." Randy straightened up, pulled off his tank, then resumed his position leaning over the boy, gazing into his eyes so piercingly it made Kevin hallucinate.

"Oh, man, the teacher's naked now. When he was in front of the class I always wondered what his body was like under his white shirt and I beat off under the desk imagining it. Now I can see – it's, it's gorgeous the chest, the biceps, the abs He's so beautiful and he's tied me to a bench in the gym and now he's fucking my ass with his massive cock.

"He's made the other gym jocks gather round watching me get my ass fucked by our muscle-god master. He's put me on show, he's using me as an example to coach the other boys. I can see his awesome body rising and falling over me as his cock fucks my ass. God, it feels good. I've jerked off in class imagining this but I never thought it would feel this good."

The fantasy was contagious and the boys were so turned on they were stroking the bulges in their shorts. Randy's only vanity was his sexual prowess and he was pleased with the effect he had created so he decided to turn up the heat. Almost imperceptibly he increased the tempo of the fuck as he coached the others boys. "See, guys, he's loving it so much I can fuck him harder now, raise his pain level. It's good to check with him too, like this....."

"You like that, kid? You like me putting you on show for all these jocks and fucking your ass. Tell me, boy. Tell me what you want."

"It feels so good, sir, it's making me so hot. Your cock feels so good in my ass it could make me bust a load without touching my dick. My balls are bursting, sir, I wanna cum so bad."

"Yeah, but you'll cum when I let you cum. You'll know when." Then louder, "So this is it, guys, the boy is right at the brink – he's dying to shoot his load, but here's where advanced technique comes in. See I know his limit and I'm gonna take him there – and then some. Here's the deal – at the last minute I'm gonna push him over the limit, make it hurt, and in that instant wild horses couldn't stop his cock from exploding in the hottest orgasm of his life. So watch his face carefully. He's smiling now, but not for long."

There was a change in Randy's eyes from gentle to steely as he began to really fuck the Randy way. His cock was a piston now driving deep into the boy's ass. At first Kevin took it but he was soon writhing against his restraints, his body struggling to get free as he felt the cock ramming into his ass. "You want me to shoot my load, kid?" Randy yelled. "That teacher you've been lusty over, jerking off to, you wanna feel his hot jizz in your ass? You wanna feel the coach bust his load in the young jock's ass?"

"Yes, sir, please, sir. I can't take any more, your cock is so huge. Please, coach, I beg you, finish me off, sir." Randy glanced up and panted, "Here it comes guys, this is where he submits." He pulled his cock all the way out, gazed into the boy's eyes and yelled, "I'm gonna cum in your ass, boy!" He slammed his rod hard down the chute and, with one final, savage thrust, over the inner sphincter into the depths of the boy's ass.

Kevin's eyes shot open as he screamed, "No! I can't I give up, sir ... aaagh!" His body spasmed and a huge plume of cum blasted from his cock high in the air, then splashed down on his own face, followed by another and another as he felt his master's cock pouring hot semen deep inside him. His body was shuddering as his cock kept spurting juice all over his body, until at last he relaxed into the incredible sensation of the teacher's cock buried deep inside him.

Randy grinned down at him. "That was spectacular, boy. We should do it again sometime."

"Yes please, sir," Kevin managed a grin as tears ran down his face."

Randy looked up at the awestruck boys. “So there’s your lesson, guys. We found the kid’s limit, lulled him into a state of euphoria before pushing up to his limit and then, when he was bursting to cum, we took him just over the limit and you saw what happened. That’s how you know how much a guy can take. That’s how you fuck a guy.”

By now Kyle, Ben and Eddie all had their dicks out and were stroking them hard. Randy looked down at Kevin. You see these young jocks standing round you beating their meat, and you’re tied down, on display, and there’s nothing you can do about it. OK, guys, let him have it.”

Kevin gazed up, saw three cocks above him, saw them shudder, then closed his eyes as jism burst from them into his face and over his chest. Randy leaned back almost horizontal, his cock still buried in the boy’s ass and he laughed, “Don’t forget an apple for the teacher, guys.” The three jocks pointed their cocks at him and sprayed their young hot juice all over the coach’s magnificent naked body and dark stubbled face.

A few minutes later they were still standing round the bench, rooted to the spot, Randy standing with them, all gazing down at the beautiful cum-soaked boy. “OK, guys, next lesson.” He reached for his shorts, pulled out his phone, tapped it and held it to his ear. “Hey, kid, it’s time. Get your ass down here.”

Randy had previously primed Pablo on exactly what he wanted – to ramp up the fantasy a notch – and the boy didn’t disappoint. He raced down the stairs wearing gym shorts, sneakers and a loose tank over his muscular chest. “Hey coach, what’s up?” He pulled up short gazing at Randy, his body smothered in jizz, cum still dripping from his cock. The three boys stood with him, also with dripping cocks. And beneath them one of the twins lay helplessly tied to a bench, with cum streaming over his face and body.

Pablo grinned, “Shit dam, guys, you sure did a number on this dude. Guess he got his ass good and fucked by the coach.”

“Yeah,” Randy growled as he bent down, untied Kevin and pulled him gently to his feet. “Your brother’s fine,” he said softly to Kyle. “Take care of him, he did an awesome job – just beautiful.” As the twins embraced enthusiastically, their eyes sparkling, Randy said to Pablo, “I was teaching these guys a lesson. Now I gotta see how much they learned. I’m gonna quiz them on it, give them a practical exam. But see, we’re all pretty much drained dry right now, so it’s up to you. You haven’t jerked off lately have you?”

“No sir. I’ve been saving it for these guys.”

“Right, well now’s your chance. You can stand in as my assistant ‘til my dick gets hard – you know what to do. OK, guys – who’s next?”

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Chapter 213 – The Jocks Rebel Against Their Coach

Letting Pablo take charge Randy rummaged in the pile of old gym gear on the floor and pulled out a jock strap, an old pair of gym shorts, a frayed, sweaty tank and old sneakers. He put them all on, grabbed a beer and sprawled in an armchair, looking every bit the iconic image of a handsome, dominant coach taking a breather and handing the floor over to his young assistant.

The muscular young jock was not only his assistant, he was an object of lust for the coach who fucked his perfect ass every day. The boy was a great fuck and Randy admired his toughness and forcefulness with the other guys.

As to who would go next, it was pretty obvious to everyone that it would be Kyle. The twins did everything together and what happened to one of them always happened to the other. Knowing he was on display to his boss Pablo flexed his muscles and said to Kyle, “OK, kid, you’re up next. Like the man said, I’m the assistant coach and I’m gonna do to you just what the coach did to your brother. So get naked.”

Kyle obeyed, just as his brother had and lay back naked on the bench. But unlike Kevin, Kyle’s cock was only semi-erect as he dropped his arms down beside him and Pablo tied his wrists to the legs of the bench.

The problem was that the coach before had been Randy, the expert in sex whom they all respected and trusted. But Pablo, now playing the part of the young assistant, could get hot-headed and had hurt them all on previous occasions. Even his voice was harsher than the patient, reassuring tones of Randy and he seemed intent not on teaching them but on showing off to them that he was the boss.

It was always that ‘boss’s boy’ thing that got Pablo in trouble. It went to his head and in trying to act like the boss Pablo always screwed up. Randy was a natural leader who had nothing to prove and could focus on the boy he was teaching – or fucking. Pablo’s focus was on himself, trying to prove that he was as skilled and macho as his master.

The young coach’s first problem was to get the boy’s dick hard, and there was one obvious way to do it. “You, boy,” he barked at Eddie. “On your knees, suck that boy’s limp excuse for a dick and make it hard – now!”

Eddie was an easy-going young kid, willing to do whatever anyone wanted, and he loved sucking dick – his specialty. But Pablo’s harsh tone offended him – he was not the real boss after all, just one of their equals. What’s more, Pablo had fairly recently lost his temper, lording it over them all as the arrogant boss’s boy, and had got into a fight and injured Eddie’s arm. Eddie was quick to forgive and forget, but now that bossy tone brought it all back.

However, he did as he was told, dropped to his knees and, with a quick, reassuring smile to the bound Kyle, held his cock and lowered his mouth over it. Kyle's anxiety momentarily lessened as he felt the warm comfort of his young friend's mouth and relaxed, waiting for him to bring him to a quick erection. But again the voice of the assistant coach ruptured the soothing moment.

"You, boy," Pablo growled at Ben. "Squeeze his tits. That'll get his dick hard. Come on – at the double."

Ben harbored the same resentment to Pablo as Eddie did, having been in the same fight and ending up with his neck in a brace. He glanced over at Randy, his big brother, but Randy was sipping on his beer, seemingly content to watch his boy perform and let things take their course. Standing behind Kyle's head Ben leaned forward and twisted his nipples lightly in his finger tips.

Pablo barked, "I said squeeze, boy, not this feeble limp-wristed shit you're doing. Make his tits hurt!" Even looking at him upside down Ben still managed a quick grin at Kyle and made a fake show of exerting pressure, while Kyle made an equal show of feeling pain. Meanwhile, Eddie's expertise was having the usual effect of making the boy's cock hard as a rock and he was moaning with pleasure.

This was not lost on Pablo who said, "That's enough. Back off, guys, he's ready leave him to me. OK, kid, now the coach's boy is gonna show you how a real man fucks and you're gonna take it. Hell," he laughed tauntingly, "you're tied down – you got no choice. Look at this, kid..." Pablo dropped his gym shorts cupped his hands round the jock-strap he wore underneath, showing off the bulge of his big cock under the thin cotton fabric. He glanced at Randy who grinned and raised his beer bottle in a salute to his boy. The boss was enjoying the testosterone-heavy atmosphere of the room.

Pablo looked down at Eddie who was still on his knees. "Your turn again, boy. You know what to do." Eddie walked forward on his knees until his face was inches from the bulging jock. He opened his mouth wide and clamped it over the bulging jockstrap, sucking in hard, smelling and tasting the sweat and dried piss on the soiled fabric.

Normally Eddie would have loved this, sucking the crotch of a hot jock like Pablo, walking on his knees from one blow-job to the next as he used to do so often in the back room of the leather bar where he had been the lowly bar-back. He hadn't cared for a lot of the guys there, but that's where he had honed his skill. Now that he lived in this house, he loved servicing the macho men and boys there, with the permission of his master Hassan, whose cock he made love to every day.

But what was happening now was different. Actually, he didn't know quite what was happening but his instincts as a former street boy told him it wasn't good. This was reinforced when Pablo pulled his cock out of his jock and stuffed it into the boy's mouth, cupping his hands round Eddie's head and forcibly pulling his face forward onto his thick shaft and into his wet pubic hair.

This was not about two guys giving each other pleasure. This was Pablo exerting his authority as the assistant coach putting the young jocks through his paces. “That’s it, punk,” he growled, “suck the coach’s dick. Make it good and hard so I can push it into your buddy’s ass.” Eddie had switched to automatic, running on instinct, taking no pleasure in being forced to suck Pablo’s big rod, so he was relieved when it pulled out and the voice said, “That’s enough, boy. Now get out of the way while I show this kid how a real man fucks.”

Eddie staggered to his feet and Ben grabbed his arm to steady him. They stood close together watching the unfolding scene and the look of alarm in Kevin’s face as Pablo prepared to fuck his brother. Kevin grabbed the tub of lube and held it out to Pablo, who swatted it away contemptuously. “Nah, that’s for sissies. A real man knows how to take a dry fuck, and I’m the guy to teach him.”

“No, he can’t take it dry.....” Kevin began but was silenced by, “I’ll be the judge of that! If this young jock wants to be on my team he has to put out and learn to take it up the ass from me.” Pablo pushed Kyle’s legs high over his head, grabbed his own stiff rod and pushed its dry head against Kyle’s hole, which was puckered tight in an instinctive act of resistance.

But Pablo angrily persisted, yelling “Fuck you, boy,” and forced the hole open. He was mad now, the same anger that often consumed Randy, being defied by this young bound jock. “Here it comes, stud.....” The scream echoed round the room as Pablo rammed his dry cock into the resistant ass. “Aaagh! No, I can’t. Please, it hurts bad ... take it out ... please.” But Pablo drove in again, to the sounds of Kyle’s howls of pain.

Randy had a beer buzz going as he had admired his boy playing the assistant coach, admired his authority, the same dominance that Randy himself exerted. But suddenly Kyle’s agonized screams brought him to his senses. Shit, he thought, that fucking anger that got them both into so much trouble in the past was turning his boy into a savage. He pulled himself to his feet prepared to tame his boy..... but he was beaten to the punch – literally.

With a howl of anger, in a fierce act of fraternal protection, Kevin launched himself onto Pablo’s back, pounded him with his fists, and clamped his arm round his throat in an attempt to drag him off. “Stop! You’re hurting my brother get off him I’ll kill you....” Randy approached grim-faced he had to put a stop to this ... things had got way out of control. He reached forward, clamped his hands on Kevin’s shoulders and started to pull him off.

Now it was Eddie’s turn for rage, mistakenly assuming that Randy was pulling Kevin off so Pablo could continue fucking his twin. In a classic case of the boys fiercely protecting each other, no matter the danger, Eddie threw himself onto Randy’s broad back and wrapped both arms round his neck, squeezing as hard as he could. “No, sir, you can’t let him hurt Kyle. He’s my friend. Please, sir you can’t.”

Randy reared back upright but Eddie held on tenaciously. Randy could have thrown Eddie off him as easily as shrugging off a coat, but as he swung him round he caught sight in a mirror of the gutsy determination in the boy's eyes as he held on desperately. Randy felt a stab of admiration for the plucky young kid hanging on to him, and he said, "OK, kid, I give up. I'll back off let me go." Eddie slid off him but stood facing him, his fists clenched, forcing him to slump back in his chair.

By now Kevin, with help from Ben, had pulled Pablo off Kyle, his cock sliding painfully out of him. Enraged Pablo lunged for Kevin, but he forgot that his gym shorts were still round his ankles and he tripped, flying headlong onto the floor and stunning himself. Ben, with the lightning reflexes Randy had trained in him, grabbed a pair of leather restraints from the paraphernalia on the floor and knelt over the stunned Pablo. While Kevin yanked Pablo's arms behind his back, Ben skillfully buckled the restraints round his wrists.

As Kevin released Kyle from the bench and hugged him, Ben couldn't resist a triumphant look in Randy's direction and Randy had to admit to himself that his kid brother had learned his lessons well. But at the same time he was stunned that Ben had immobilized his boy Pablo, backed up by Kevin and Eddie. He made a move to get up but Eddie was still standing guard.

"Sir," he said boldly, "Bob wouldn't like it that one of the twins got hurt, but he always says that when the boys get into an argument they should be left alone to sort things out for themselves."

Eddie had touched the just right button. At the sound of Bob's name Randy suddenly realized how furious he would be with him for letting things get so badly out of control, even letting one of his boys get hurt. Bob's voice of a few days ago came back to haunt him, "You won't hurt the twins, will you?" But Randy had done just that and shame overcame him. His infatuation with his own boy had allowed Pablo to hurt Bob's boy. Randy had to make things right but he knew that Eddie had spoken the truth.... he had to stay out of the boys' way and let them take charge.

So Randy sank back in the chair. He smiled grimly to himself, realizing that his carefully planned fantasy had taken an unexpected turn. The macho coach and his domineering assistant had been overpowered, and the four young gym jocks were in control.

The boys were empowered by adrenaline and the need for revenge. None of their masters would have taken this kind of treatment without retaliation and neither would they. Of course they all knew that they were taking an extreme step in defying the big boss Randy and his boy, but it registered deep down in their subconscious that Randy was remaining compliantly in his chair, under the guard of the young Eddie.

They knew, of course, that Randy could have busted out of here with his boy in seconds – but he wasn't making a move, and that realization overcame their fear of the enormity of the actions

they were taking. Besides, the fantasy Randy had created in this basement gym still resonated and they all felt the thrill of turning it on its head. Testosterone ruled.

The twins had pulled a still-groggy Pablo to his feet and pulled him over to a chin-bar hanging from the ceiling. Ben, feeling tough like his big brother, threw a rope over the chin-bar, pulled it down and tied one end to the wrist restraints behind Pablo's back. He pulled the other end down and secured it so Pablo's wrists were raised up behind his back, his elbows bent until his arms were pulled up tight behind him in a double hammer lock.

The pain in his arms brought him to his senses, his anger kicked in and he started to yell. "You cocksuckers you can't do this. Don't you know who I am? I'm the boss's boy. Cut me loose or the boss'll rip you to pieces." He was dead wrong there. The boss, the fantasy coach, didn't move a muscle to help, ashamed by his boy's failure to accept that he had behaved like a bully.

The twins now came over to address Randy. "Sir," they said, "you made a strict rule of the house that when a boy misbehaves, especially if he injures another boy, his master has to share in his punishment. We think that Bob would approve of what we are doing." Randy knew they were right and, most important, here was a way he could redeem himself in Bob's eyes. So he stood up and silently clasped his hands behind his back.

"No!" Pablo yelled. "Don't let the mother-fuckers get away with it, sir. They're just a bunch of dumb jocks. We can beat them hands down."

Randy growled, "Shut the fuck up, boy, and take your punishment like a man.

The words shocked and silenced Pablo who stood, helplessly bound, watching in horror as Randy allowed the boys to do to him what they had already done to his arrogant boy.

And so, a few minutes later the four boys sat on benches surveying the results of their daring actions. They could have lost their nerve had it not been for their escape into fantasy again, turning the dangerous reality into a thrilling parallel world – the world of athletes rebelling against their coach. The muscular young boys were all shirtless in gym shorts and sneakers, all sipping beers like jocks kicking back in the locker room.

In front of them were the macho coach and husky young assistant coach, side by side, their arms pulled up behind them in tight double hammerlocks, making their shoulders, pecs and biceps bulge with the strain of the rope tied to the chin bar, their veins etched sharply in their muscles. They were both wearing loose tank tops, old jockstraps, and sneakers, their gym shorts having been yanked off from around their feet. Worse still, the wall opposite them was mirrored, so each had a full, clear view of master and boy sharing their humiliation.

Eddie was the first to give voice to the homoerotic image of the bound coach and his deputy. While the twin's allegiance was to Randy's lover Bob, and Ben idolized his older brother, Eddie

had no such direct connection. His allegiance was to his Marine, Hassan, and so, free of the restraints of loyalty, he slipped into the fantasy more easily.

“Wow,” he said, eyes gleaming, “that is totally awesome, guys. Look at that stud coach and his side-kick, tied up at the mercy of us four jocks in the gym. One of them behaved like a complete ass so we gotta get even, guys.”

While the other three boys looked on, their cocks growing stiff in their sorts, Eddie got up and went to get a closer look. He stood behind them, running his hands down the backs of their sweaty tanks, over the waistband of their jocks and clamping his hands round the firm mounds of their asses, outlined by the straps of the jock. “Man that feels good,” he breathed, letting his hands wander round Pablo’s torso to his chest and squeezing his nipples through the tank. He looked over Pablo’s shoulder at the mirror and grinned as he saw Pablo’s handsome, Mestizo face grimace in pain.

“Come on, guys, help me out here,” Eddie said. Ben had inherited his big brother’s fearlessness and was always turned on by his buddy’s youthful sense of adventure. So he stood up beside Eddie and reached round Randy to squeeze his nipples. Ben saw Randy’s eyes flinch in his otherwise stoic face and went so far as to press his swelling crotch against his brother’s ass.

Eddie moved round to face Pablo and stared boldly into his eyes. “We didn’t want this, dude. All we wanted was to learn from the coach but you fucked it all up and behaved like an arrogant prick. You ordered us around, called us a bunch of dumb jocks and shoved your dry dick in our buddy’s ass, so you gotta pay, dude you owe all of us.”

He moved over to the coach but couldn’t quite summon the courage to look into his eyes. In any case, Randy was staring stoically ahead, thinking of Bob and enduring the humiliation like a captured soldier. So Eddie concentrated on the muscular torso, made even more stunning by being stretched by the ropes behind him. “That is so beautiful, sir,” he whispered, losing himself in the pornographic image of the bound coach. He grabbed the neck of his thin tank and pulled slowly, ripping it down the middle until it was hanging in shreds from his shoulders.

Eddie ran his hands in disbelief over the slabs of his naked chest, bulging out as his arms were stretched behind his back. “You are so beautiful, sir,” he said again. “I want to suck the coach’s cock.” He fell to his knees and clamped his mouth over the rough cotton bulge of his crotch, his head spinning with the smell of the coach’s sweat, piss and dried cum. Glancing sideways he saw Ben on his knees giving the same treatment to Pablo. When it came to sucking cock Ben deferred to Eddie’s expertise (everybody did) and took his cues from him.

The bound men groaned as Eddie and Ben worked on their balls through the stinking jock. Finally Eddie pulled out Randy’s huge cock from the side of the jock, jammed it into his mouth and in seconds it was hard. Ben did the same to Pablo, with the same effect. As the boys swallowed the coaches’ cocks the twins on the bench glanced at each other and, communicating in their own silent way, knew that their time had come.

They got up and stood behind the men – Kevin behind Pablo and Kyle behind Randy. Kevin was usually soft spoken but not this time. His voice was harsh as he said to Pablo, “Asshole – you hurt my brother by dry fucking him and trash-talked my buddies, and I have to even the score. Randy always says the punishment has to fit the crime so it will. My cock is right behind that ass you’re so proud of. It’s hard – and bone dry....”

“Aaagh!” Pablo’s muscular body jolted and his head flew back as he felt the sharp pain of Kevin’s dry rod piercing his ass. It drove hard to the bottom of his chute, pulled back and plunged in again. In front of him Ben redoubled his efforts munching on his cock so the arrogant young jock was gripped in a convulsion of pain in his ass and sexual heat in his cock. Kevin pressed his hands against the waistband of Pablo’s jockstrap at his hips and pulled his ass savagely back onto his long cock, while Ben on his knees reached up and yanked Pablo’s tank clean off.

Kyle, next to his brother, was less savage in his treatment of Randy and his motivation was different. Randy was not really the villain of this piece, except through neglect, but Kyle was quickly being consumed by the fantasy of the coach being tied up and ass-fucked by one of Bob’s boys. So he, like Kevin, grabbed Randy’s waist and pulled his ass back onto his cock, feeling it plunge into the furnace of the boss’s ass.

Randy’s reaction was less intense than Pablo’s – not much more than a grunt. For him it was not so much the physical pain in his ass, which he could easily absorb. It was the humiliation of seeing himself and his boy, both stripped down to their jockstraps, tied up and being worked over by four young jocks, two of them ploughing their asses and two feeding on their cocks. It was degrading and exhilarating at the same time and he was aware of the torment Pablo was enduring, not wanting to submit to these ‘dumb jocks’ but being pushed to the edge of orgasm as the pain subsided into erotic desire.

Randy could never endure Eddie’s sensational blow-jobs for long and now, with Kyle pounding his ass, he knew he couldn’t hold out – and neither could his boy. He looked into the mirror at Pablo’s agonized face and said, “You gotta let it go, boy. This is your punishment, to submit to the guys you bossed around. I’ll cum with you. The kid’s driving my cock wild, he’s busting my balls, I Aaaah!” His massive body jerked forward, straining his muscles even higher behind him as his cock exploded in Eddie’s mouth.

The sight of the rugged coach writhing in bondage was too much for them all and Pablo shot his load into Ben while the twins came in the asses of the coach and his boy. Eddie pulled away from Randy’s cock and the next stream of jism flew over his head and splashed onto the mirror behind him. Ben pulled back too and watched with satisfaction as the cocky young stud suffered the humiliation of defeat in spraying his juice all over the mirror to join his master’s.

Kevin and Kyle pulled their cocks out of the sore asses and the boys stood back and gazed in awe at the sight before them. The dark, swarthy coach, a powerful bodybuilder, stood before

the mirror beside his defeated boy, both of them naked except for their jockstraps and sneakers and the shreds of Randy's shirt hanging from his shoulders.

Both were bound in a painful hammerlock, their arms stretched up behind them, tied to the chin-bar both of their thick cocks hung down before them dripping cum and both had cum oozing from their asses and running down their legs. It was a picture of degrading defeat, and would have been punishment enough except....

The image was too homoerotic, the fantasy too powerful to end so soon. The triumphant young jocks had to go further had to make their revenge complete.

While they took a breather Eddie went into a corner of the room and pulled out his cell phone. Second only to Darius he was the boy most aware of the power of homoerotic visual images, and this was one of the best. It was why Darius often deputized him to film sexual goings-on in the house, and why Eddie now eagerly alerted him. In a lengthy conversation he described what had happened and what was about to happen.

Unable to contain himself Darius grabbed his camera and ran downstairs and across the lawn, almost colliding with Bob.

"Hey, Darius," Bob laughed, "where's the fire?"

Darius breathlessly gave him a brief, disjointed version of events Pablo got bossy, rough-fucked Kyle twins OK though boys taking revenge Randy blames himself the coach and his boy getting worked over by the gym jocks. "Gotta go, sir one for prosperity....."

As he ran to the basement door he was accosted by Jamie, Nate and Mario who had seen Darius's dash and heard the urgency in his voice. Darius grabbed them and all four disappeared down the basement stairs.

Bob frowned with uncertainty. When he had earlier looked into the room it had been a harmonious scene of Randy teaching the twins about ropes and restraints, but things had apparently taken a different turn since then. He was tempted to look into it, but there was a long tradition of Bob not intervening when Randy was instructing or disciplining the boys – or even, he supposed, being disciplined by them. Randy surely knew what he was doing ... didn't he? Bob paced the garden, uncertain what to do.

Down in the basement Randy and Pablo, still painfully bound, were silent and motionless, partly from exhaustion but mostly from the intensity of the emotions that gripped them – humiliation, concern for each other, but mostly shame.

Pablo knew that the man he worshipped was being punished and degraded because of him. He knew that Randy could have busted free at any time, but he was subjecting himself to punishment because of what Pablo had done, especially to Bob's boy Kyle.

And that was the very thing that most wracked Randy with guilt. He had promised he would never hurt anything of Bob's, especially his beloved twins, but he had sat passively by as his boy Pablo had savagely dry-fucked Kyle. Once again he had allowed his own and his boy's machismo to consume him. Once again he had fucked up.

How could he condone that to Bob, how could he make amends to the man he idolized and always did his best not to hurt? In Randy's world there was only one way to apologize. He had to be physically punished – the worse the punishment the stronger the remorse. And if he was to endure humiliation at the hands of his own boys, so much the better. No doubt about it, he was doing all this (as he did most things in his life) for Bob.

The silence was broken when Darius burst into the basement. He gasped at the sight that met his eyes, and of course he immediately tuned into the fantasy aspect of the scene. The coach and assistant coaches were bound naked except for their jockstraps and sneakers, and they had obviously been ass-fucked judging from the cum dribbling down their legs.

Darius circled them, expertly filming every homoerotic angle of the amazing scene. The boys were all jazzed up, and with the recklessness of youth were mindless of the consequences of what they were doing. Erotic fantasy had gripped them, and now spread to the new arrivals. Darius lined them up behind the captives and there began the extraordinary spectacle of the rugged coach and his boy being gang-fucked by a group of young jocks in the gym, their muscular bodies flexed hard as their arms were stretched behind them. As their asses got pounded they helplessly shot load after load of jism onto the mirror.

Ben and Eddie went first, easily sliding their cocks into the cum-slicked asses already opened up by the twins as they watched in the mirror the grimacing faces of the coach and his boy preparing for the mass onslaught on their asses. It was not long before Ben and Eddie howled triumphantly as their cocks exploded in the already sore asses of the two captives, who shot another load of jism over the mirror.

From then on things took on a life of their own, aided considerably by Darius. He was driven wild by the fantasy of a macho athletic coach and his boy tied up in a gym, stripped down to jockstraps and sneakers, their bodies straining in a brutal hammerlock while sweat poured down their dark, handsome faces as they were gang-raped by the young athletes lined up behind them impatiently waiting their turn.

Darius thrust the camera into Eddie's eager hands and took his place at the head of the line behind Randy, with Nate next to him. Nate, feeling the peer pressure of his buddies urging him on, pushed his hard cock into Pablo's ass that was now open wide and soaked in cum. The captive boy groaned as he felt a third dick invading his ravaged ass.

Randy could have taken a third dick normally, but this was no normal cock. Darius pushed his huge black ten-inch club into the boss's ass and Randy howled out loud for the first time, feeling pain flame through his ass and burn through his body. He and his boy were now straining desperately against the ropes. As they leaned forward to ease the pain in their asses their arms stretched ever more painfully behind them, their gleaming shoulders rock hard, veins standing out in their tortured biceps.

Mercifully Darius and Nate were so incredibly amped up by the fantasy of fucking the boss and his boy, feeling the intense heat in the furnace of their asses, that they could not prolong the ecstasy however much they wanted to. With jubilant shouts they thrust in deep and felt their cocks explode as the agonized screams of the bound master and his boy bounced off the walls of the steamy room.

Darius pulled out his long shaft to a prolonged groan from Randy, and Pablo moaned as yet one more cock slid out of his ass. Darius and Nate yielded their places to Jamie and Mario, but they were far more reticent. The two boys were subject to the same peer pressure from their buddies, and without doubt they felt the sexual excitement of the dramatic scene. But these were the two most mature boys of the group, a result of Mario's Italian background, and Jamie's long relationship with his master, the gorgeous cop Mark.

They knew that things had gone on too long but they now faced the pressure of having to join in the gang-fuck of the two exhausted men. Fortunately they were saved from their dilemma by a commanding voice from the stairs. "OK, guys, I think that'll be enough. Show's over."

Bob's sudden appearance brought a wave of relief to everyone, not least the gang-fucked Randy and Pablo. The other boys all sensed that things had got out of hand but weren't sure how to bring it all to an end. Thank god Bob was here.

Bob glanced at Jamie and Mario and signaled with his eyes the ropes over the chin-bar. They quickly released Randy who in turn untied Pablo and took him into a tight embrace. The twins instinctively approached Bob, prepared with remorseful excuses, but Bob smiled and said quietly, "It's OK, guys, I got most of the story from Darius. Now my stomach tells me it's almost lunchtime and my guess is you would like some time alone with each other in the kitchen. What d'you say?"

“Yes sir, please sir,” they said in unison. As always Bob had hit just the right note and the twins wanted nothing more than to be with each other, doing what they loved best – cooking. They both hugged him and ran quickly up the stairs.

“Ben,” Bob said, “the real reason I came down here is that Jason called, wanting to know where you were. He’s all set to take you to a Dodgers game this afternoon.” Ben inhaled sharply and said. “Oh ... oh ... I gotta go. ... thank you, sir, I I....”

Bob grinned. “Go! Don’t keep that gorgeous fireman waiting.” Ben raced up the stairs.

“And you, Eddie,” Bob said. “Isn’t it about time you were up at Hassan’s? I thought one of your Saturday rituals was for that hot Marine to take you someplace for brunch.” It was Eddie’s turn to gasp. “Oh, that’s right, sir. Mustn’t be late. I” He looked around the room thinking he ought to say something to somebody but could only come up with “Thank you, sir,” before running for the door. Bob turned to Darius.

“Darius, I know you’re a good photographic reporter but perhaps you should bear in mind that old journalistic rule. You never stage a picture to get a shot you want, like for example lining guys up to stage a group-fuck fantasy. Maybe you should go and talk that over with Zack.”

Darius left contritely and Bob walked over to Jamie, Mario and Nate. “Guys, I want you to go to Mark. He’s next door unwinding over a drink with Adam, and I know he just got off a very rough shift. He may hide it from you, Jamie, ‘cause he doesn’t want to worry you, but I’m seeing a lot of stress in him lately. You know how cops can be – they tough it out at work and absorb all the stress but eventually it builds up and that’s what I think Mark’s going through. He needs all your love and support.”

“Thank you, sir,” Jamie said, “we’ll go right away.” He grinned, “I think I know one of the things Mark needs.” He left, followed closely by Nate and Mario. Bob sighed deeply and turned to the only two remaining occupants of the room. After a long wordless embrace Randy and Pablo had finally separated and pulled on their gym shorts. Bob said casually, “Don’t know about you two but I could use a drink. How about we go up to our room and crack open a bottle of Pino Grigio?”

Not for the first time Randy marveled how Bob could cut through tension like a knife. They followed him meekly upstairs and as they emerged into the garden Eddie rushed out in his haste to get to Hassan’s. He pulled up short and hesitated before blurting out to Bob and Randy, “Sirs, am I gonna get fired from my job for what I did down there ... to Randy and all?”

The men stifled smiles and Bob said gently, “Nobody’s gonna fire you, Eddie. We all love you too much. But if you don’t get up to Hassan’s pronto that tough Marine is gonna whip your ass.”

“I hope so, sir” Eddie grinned impishly, and sped off with a “Thank you, sir,” over his shoulder.

Bob grinned and rolled his eyes at Randy, then the three of them continued on up to the master suite, where Bob opened the wine and poured three glasses. There was a tense silence, especially from Pablo who was consumed by guilt, knowing he had been the cause of all the problems. Bob waited for Randy to speak first, and the words soon came tumbling out.

“Hell, man, I did it all for you I felt so guilty. I promised I would never hurt you or anything or anyone that belonged to you, especially your boys, and yet I did. I was so fucking full of myself and my boy that I fucked up royally. I knew how pissed off you’d be so I had to be punished. It’s the only way I knew, and

“Hey, hey, cool it buddy. First of all, you didn’t hurt my boys. As I heard it Pablo threw his weight around and tried to dry-fuck Kyle. But listen, emotions are still running high here, so after lunch, what say you give us both a ride in that brand new truck of yours, buddy. I know the twins want some time alone this afternoon.

“We’ll go down to the beach at Malibu. I’m sure you two have things to sort out so you can go for a walk along the beach while I lie back in the sun, close my eyes and dream. It won’t be about coaches or gym jocks, either – more likely a big stud gypsy construction worker I know who fucks up from time to time and makes me love him even more.”

And so, a couple of hours later they were in the big truck on Pacific Coast Highway, Randy behind the wheel and Pablo between him and Bob, his favorite place in the world. Randy looked over at Bob and grinned, his eyes a bit misty. They drove mostly in silence and Randy wondered what thoughts were going through his lover’s mind. He couldn’t have guessed, however, that Bob was not thinking about him or Pablo. He was troubled about Mark and the look in his eye that he had seen lately. His instinct told him that something was really wrong.

There is an old saying among cops that whatever the stress or anger you build up on the job you should never take it home with you. There have been many instances where cops have ignored that rule, have gone home and taken out their anger on the people closest to them, their family, sometimes with tragic results.

Mark had had a tough run of it lately, conflicts on the road that were worse than usual, one involving a buddy who was dangerously wounded in a hostage situation where Mark irrationally blamed himself for not providing sufficient backup. Burnout is a phenomenon that creeps up on a man unawares, a bit like high blood pressure, the so-called ‘silent killer’. A cop, especially, doesn’t recognize he is approaching burnout until it boils over, and even then his macho instinct is to deny it.

A few days after Bob had voiced concern over him, Mark was on his way to respond to a reported domestic dispute. Usually these incidents were resolved simply by calming the people down and letting them talk their problems out. But occasionally they were more threatening.

Mark pulled up to a shabby tract home in a scruffy neighborhood. A neighbor from next door came running out, saying she had called 911 when she heard screams from the house.

As if to authenticate her claims, a woman's muffled screams could be heard as Mark approached the house. Quickly he spoke into his shoulder mic and called for backup, then pounded on the door "Police!" The door remained closed, the screams continued and Mark felt the familiar tension gripping him. Putting his shoulder to the door he burst in to see a woman cowering on the floor, clothes torn, her face bruised and bloody, and standing over her a big, overweight brute wielding his belt.

Mark grabbed his arm from behind, whirled him around and slammed his fist into his face. The man staggered back but didn't fall. He bounced off the wall and came back at Mark with a head butt to the stomach. In seconds they were grappling on the floor as the woman whimpered close by.

Suddenly something snapped in Mark – rage, disgust, pity for the abused woman – and he lost control. With adrenaline coursing through him he had the man on the ground, pinning his arms with his knees. He saw in the repellant, brutal face all the ugliness and misery he had confronted lately on the streets. This thug was the cause of it all and Mark took it all out on him, slamming his fists into his face and on his chest while the man screamed for mercy.

He could easily have killed him except for a voice over him and a strong arm pulling him to his feet. "It's OK, officer, your backup's here. We got it under control. Try to calm down."

Mark shook his head and looked down at the bloody face as if he were seeing it for the first time. Mark's body was heaving, his eyes blazing, his breath coming in ragged gasps. He felt a hand on his shoulder and voice said, "Look, man, we'll take it from here. Looks like you're pretty close to the edge, buddy. Why don't you leave this to us and go home, straight home, mind, no stopping off for a drink. Then you should think seriously about taking some leave."

Mark looked vacantly into the sergeant's eyes and murmured, "Thanks, sergeant, you're right." He strode out of the house, threw his leg over his motorcycle and gunned it. He knew what he wanted – the soft touch of his boy and the warmth of his ass.

Mark wasn't due home for hours so Jamie was next door at Adam's house, kicking back with Adam, his boy Nate and Mario. The three boys were close friends and were fooling around affectionately. Adam was wearing just gym trunks and Jamie was playfully admiring the hot Aussie's awesome physique, telling Nate how lucky he was and laughingly betting Adam that they could get his cock hard without touching it. No one paid much attention to the engine shutting off next door and someone going through the gate. Probably Randy or Bob.

Mark raced into the apartment he shared with Jamie expecting him to be there waiting for him as he always was. He was so out of it that it didn't occur to him he was home hours early. When he saw the bed empty he roared with rage ... "Fuck him! ... Fuck him!" Then he heard voices from Adam's house next door.

He ran out of the apartment, through the gate linking the houses and stopped dead in his tracks. Jamie was there with Nate and Mario and all of them were still teasing Adam that they could make his dick hard – laughing, giggling, crawling over his near naked body, licking his nipples.

"You fucking slut!" Mark screamed, making the four of them break apart in shock. The uniformed cop loomed over them with crazed eyes and yanked Jamie to his feet. Adam shot to his feet and said, "What the fuck? Man, what's happened? You've gone crazy. Leave the kid alone, he wasn't doing any harm."

"Back off man and keep your hands off my boy," Mark yelled." Adam reached out to restrain him but Mark raised his fist and slammed it across his face sending Adam crashing to the ground. Mario and Nate tried to pull Jamie out of his grasp but Mark hit them too and sent them reeling, with Nate falling limply close to Adam. Adam instinctively reached out protectively to Nate and in the stunned confusion Mark dragged a terrified Jamie through the gate and into their apartment where he hurled him onto the bed.

Wildly Mark yelled, "You betrayed me, boy. You were fucking with that jerk but your ass belongs to me and I'll prove it." He ripped open his uniform pants, pulled out his cock, rock hard from racing adrenaline and blind lust, knelt on the bed and plunged it into the boy's ass. In his dementia Mark was hallucinating and saw not Jamie but the battered woman, heard her screams rather than his boy's, saw again the disgusting face of the brute beating her. Mark slapped the boy's face hard as he brutally fucked his ass. He was getting even with the world.

His boy's screams finally snapped him back to reality, but it was a warped reality where he saw Jamie getting fucked by Adam. "He fucked your ass, you little tramp. He fucked you!"

"No, sir please, he didn't. We were just playing. Please, sir, don't hit me again I love you sir, please aaagh...!" His agonized scream echoed round the room as Mark's cock exploded deep in his shattered ass. Panting wildly the cop looked at the handsome blond face twisted in pain, tears streaming down his face. Mark winced in confusion. Then, suddenly, it was the face of his boy, the boy he loved. He had been hurt, he was sobbing and through the fog of confusion Mark realized that the brute was himself.

He reared back in a panic He was lost he didn't know couldn't think...." He ran blindly from the room, out to the garden, then up the stairs to the one place he would be safe. He fell into Bob's arms just as he was about to come down, alarmed by the screams. Mark was totally incoherent "I hurt him ... hit himmy god hit them all ... Adam, his boy. Help me, man I can't ...I can't....."

There was only one way to calm this kind of hysteria and Bob slapped him hard across the face. Reflexively Mark hit back and clamped his hands round Bob's throat choking him. Bob grabbed his wrists and gasped, "It's me, Mark ... Bob. Are you going to kill me too? I love you man."

In total bewilderment Mark stopped, gazed into the beautiful brown eyes of the man he loved... and suddenly went limp, collapsing on Bob sobbing like a terrified child.

Bob had to act fast, knowing that sympathy was not what was called for right now. Tough love was the answer. He went to a cabinet for some brandy, leaving Mark slumped in a chair, his face streaming with sweat, with the haunted expression of a man just waking from a nightmare. Bob pulled out his phone and punched the number of Doctor Steve. "Steve," he said quietly, "thank god you're there. Please come over fast. It's an emergency."

Then he forced Mark to drink some brandy and said to him sternly. "OK, I'll help you, but you have to do just what I tell you. First you've gotta go back to your boy who must be feeling terrified and alone. Come, I'll help you." Clumsily, stumbling, they retraced Mark's steps into his ground-floor apartment and into the bedroom where Jamie was lying on the bed sobbing hysterically in pain and despair.

Mark looked down at him, puzzled at first but then recognizing the enormity of what he had done. He fell on the bed and folded his arms round his boy. Jamie allowed himself to be hugged, mumbling, "I didn't do anything, sir, I swear it. I've been a good boy... I love you sir."

Bob took a deep breath and gazed at the two sobbing men – the distraught boy with red marks on his face, his clothes ripped off his body, enfolded in the desperate embrace of the uniformed cop.

Jesus Christ, Bob thought, what a fucking mess. He had suspected that Mark was close to the breaking point but had no idea that when he snapped it would be as bad as this. Bob hoped Steve would have some answers, and that Mark's relationship with Jamie was not shattered beyond repair. And god knows what Adam would do. With his Aussie machismo he sure as hell wouldn't let the cop get away with striking his boy.

Now that the initial trauma had been dealt with and Bob waited for Steve, he realized that he himself was in mild shock and instinctively reached for his phone, tapped a number and held it to his ear. His voice was unsteady as he said, "Randy, I need you. Mark's had some kind of breakdown and gone crazy. I can't do this on my own, buddy. I need your arms round me."

#

Chapter 214 – Great Sex Heals All Wounds

Bob decided to leave Mark on the bed where he was. He wasn't hurting Jamie now and, in any case, Bob would have had no idea what to do next if he tried to move Mark or reason with him. He poured himself a stiff brandy, kept a watchful eye on Mark and waited. It wasn't long before he heard a car pull up at the gate, a door slam, and in seconds Steve was in the room. He had evidently been at home as he was wearing jeans and a T-shirt hanging loose over his muscular torso.

He saw right away that Bob was badly shaken and he put his arms round him. Then he pulled him gently over to the other side of the room where Bob tried to be as concise as possible in describing what had happened. "And I'm afraid he'll hurt the boy again, Steve."

"No, he's in a state of collapse now and not dangerous. I'll talk to him in a minute and then give him an injection to make him sleep. Shit, I should have seen this coming – I've treated so many cops suffering from burnout. Mark's missed a couple of therapy sessions lately that patrolmen are mandated to have. That should have been a red flag for me. Mark's a great cop and we've had many sessions in the past so I know his mind well. I'll take care of him now."

Steve looked down at the trembling Jamie. "You should take Jamie to your room, Bob. Give him some brandy, keep him warm and then make him some hot, sweet tea. Have some yourself too, you've had a shock. Hey, what are those marks on your throat, bruises?"

Bob grinned weakly. "Mark had a go at me too until he realized it was me. I'll be just fine. But I'm sure glad you're here, buddy." They went to the bed, gently separated Jamie from Mark, and Bob pulled the boy up in his arms. "It's OK, Jamie. Doctor Steve's here now and Mark's gonna be fine. I'm gonna take you to my room and you'll be safe there with Randy and me. Can you walk OK?"

Jamie was weak, still in a state of shock, and his ass hurt like mad, but he allowed himself to be helped next door and up into Bob and Randy's master suite where Bob wrapped a blanket round him, sat him in an armchair and made him drink some brandy. Bob went into their small kitchen and was brewing the tea when he heard a truck screech to a halt and in seconds Randy burst into the room, his eyes blazing. "What the fuck's happened here?"

Calmly, careful not to inflame his impetuous lover, Bob gave him an edited version of events. "Are *you* OK?" Randy voiced his primary concern. "Shit, what are those marks on your neck? He hurt you didn't he? He choked you – could've killed you. Son-of-a-bitch, I'll fucking kill the mother-fucker." With his fists clenched he strode to the door but Bob grabbed him.

"Please Randy, no please don't. Mark was out of his mind, didn't know it was me. I'm fine. But look, Jamie's had a bad scare and he's trying to come to grips with what Mark did to him. I'm gonna sit with him then put him to bed. But you could do something for me go next door

and see what he did to Adam and the two boys.” Just then they heard the approaching sound of emergency sirens. “Oh shit,” Bob said.

Randy’s anger abated as quickly as it had flared up and he went into action. “Stay here with the boy. I’ll take care of all this. He wrapped his arms round Bob, who said, “That’s all I needed, Randy – to feel your arms round me. Now I know things’ll be OK.”

Randy chucked him under the chin. “Hey, you’re my guy. You’ll always be OK, buddy. You got me.”

He ran next door just as the paramedics were pulling up outside. Mario was on his feet but Adam was kneeling beside an inert Nate. He looked up at Randy and said, “When Mark hit him Nate hit his head on a tree-stump when he fell. I think he’s just concussed but I called the paramedics to take him to the hospital for a checkup.

The paramedics came in, got a briefing from Adam and took Nate’s vitals. “He’s stable,” one of them said. “Looks like a concussion but we’ll take him to the E.R. where they’ll examine him and probably keep him in overnight for observation. Will you be filing charges against the man who did this, sir?”

“Nah,” Adam said grimly, rubbing his clenched fist. “We take care of stuff like this in-house.”

As they prepared the gurney the other boys came in discretely and watched nervously. “I’ll go with him,” Adam said, but stumbled and steadied himself against a tree. He had an ugly bruise on his cheek, and Mario was dazed also, nursing a cut lip. “No,” Randy said, “neither one of you is in any shape to go.”

“I can help, sir,” came a firm voice, and Pablo stepped forward. “Sir, I know Adam wants to be with his boy so when he’s rested a while I’ll take him to the hospital and stay with him. I can take turns with him sitting with Nate. I won’t leave him, sir, until we’re sure Nate’s OK.”

Randy looked at Pablo with surprise and pride and realized he was making amends for his recent bullying behavior. “That’s my boy. I know you can handle it. Come on Adam, we’ll get you patched up and then Pablo can take over. You’ll be in good hands he’s my boy.”

Finally calm was restored. After a short talk with a still-incoherent Mark, Steve helped him out of his uniform and gave him an injection that would make him sleep soundly for the next ten hours. Steve was an M.D. as well as a psychologist and he determined that deep sleep would take care of Mark’s initial trauma. After that the rebuilding would begin.

Mario, the least injured of them, ran up to Bob’s room to check on Jamie. Still confused and scared Jamie asked if he could sleep with Mario in his room, and Mario readily agreed. The

young Italian was always turned on by Jamie but tonight, as they lay naked in bed, Mario simply put his arms round his shaken friend and held him all night.

In the hospital Nate was given a sedative and slept while Adam watched over him. But Adam's own injuries made him groggy and he napped frequently. So Pablo kept vigil all night, talking softly to Nate in the hope that, even in sleep, his soothing voice would help him recover more quickly. Pablo had had his differences with Nate in the past, even injured him, but now he knew his leadership skills were being tested in a way that called for something quite the opposite from the physical force he usually resorted to. Randy would be proud.

At the house, now that everyone was being cared for Bob started to relax. But as the tension drained from him his mind wandered to the searing image of a frenzied Mark and his desperate boy and Bob felt lost and afraid. He was saved by the Randy's deep firm voice. "Come here, buddy."

Bob willingly let himself be enfolded in Randy's arms. "Man, that was rough," he said. "Mark was like a whole different guy ... it's hard to believe he could be that brutal to his boy. He raped him, the boy he loves and would protect with his life." His body shuddered against Randy. "It's real scary that love as deep as theirs can be shattered in minutes. Makes you think.... It almost happened to us once or twice."

Randy smiled. "You know what you need, buddy. Reassurance."

Bob stared into the steady blue eyes and said softly. "You're right. Make love to me, Randy. Make me believe you always will."

"No problem there, buddy," Randy smiled. He gently pulled off Bob's T-shirt, unbuttoned his shorts and let them drop to his feet with his undershorts. He ran his hands over his naked lover's perfect physique and said, "... no problem at all. Hell, I'm gonna make love to you forever, as often as you want. You're the most beautiful man I've ever known, inside and out. No way will I ever leave you, kiddo. Oh sure, I know I've lost my cool in the past, just like Mark did today, and I've treated you like shit and nearly lost you. But never again, Bob."

"Is that a threat or a promise?" Bob grinned.

"Asshole." Randy gave him a gentle shove. "On the bed, wiseguy." Bob fell on his back, and gazed up at the construction worker towering over him. Randy had been working when he received Bob's emergency call and he still hadn't changed out of his work clothes – his usual grubby jeans and boots and the sweaty, greasy tank top stretched over his sculpted chest. It was the sight that always thrilled Bob the most, especially as he knew what always came next.

Just the sight of the naked muscle-god waiting for him was enough to make Randy's dick rock hard as he pulled it out of his jeans without taking his eyes off Bob's face. He stepped onto the

bed and stood astride his lover, slowly stroking his massive cock as he gazed down at the chiseled features, the dark brown eyes and tousled black hair falling over Bob's forehead.

"Fucking awesome, man. You know how many times I fantasize about you and jerk off imagining you in the forest by the lake, spread-eagled naked between two trees, that spectacular muscle-stud getting whipped and begging me for mercy. Shit, just thinking about it makes pre-cum ooze from my cock. You wanna taste it?"

He leaned forward, grabbed the headboard and lowered his hips toward Bob's face, letting his pre-cum drip onto Bob's lips and the tip of his tongue. "Open up Superman," Randy growled. The square jaw opened wide and Randy eased his thick shaft into it, pushing slowly, carefully into his mouth and deep down in his throat. Bob's eyes brimmed with tears, a reflex from the probing cock but also an expression of infinite love.

Randy was spellbound by the strong Superman face yielding to the pressure of his cock, the mouth wide open and stuffed with the massive hunk of meat. As tears ran down Bob's cheeks the sight was so incredibly beautiful that Randy could take no more. "You're killing me, man, you're so fucking aaah aaah I'm cumming..... aaagh!" Bob gulped hard as the warm, bittier-sweet liquid poured down his throat. He gazed up at the wild gypsy face thrown back in ecstasy, the veined muscles flexing hard under the tight tank.

"Don't cum, man," Randy warned, "not 'til I tell you. When his cock had drained he dropped to his knees and sat astride Bob's waist. He leaned forward and twisted Bob's nipples lightly in his fingers as he gazed down at the rugged, macho face, cheeks stained with tears, cum oozing from the sides of his mouth. "So fucking gorgeous," he moaned. "I am so fucking in love with you, man. I gotta fuck you in the ass, I gotta but first you're gonna bust your load. Look at me buddy look into my eyes, feel my body."

Bob reached up and ran his hands over the thin tank, digging his fingers into the slabs of his pecs underneath, so hard that the cotton ripped. Bob's nipples were on fire, his cock pulsed as the darkly stubbled gypsy face stared down at him and said, "See my cock, man? Still hard as steel – always is with you no matter how many times I cum. You want it in your ass?"

Bob was trembling with desire. "You know I do. Please, sir, please fuck my ass. I need to feel your cock in my ass ... it belongs to you, sir."

Randy taunted him, twisting his nipples harder. "Man, it's gonna feel so good. That huge pole pounding inside you as your ass gets reamed by the construction boss. Take a deep breath you smell it? He reeks of sweat and grease and his stinking cock is gonna plough that tight ass of yours. Your tits hurt, man? Good 'cause that's nothing to how your ass is gonna feel when my jizz explodes inside you. But you don't get it 'til you cum for me. So that's what you're gonna do. Right now.

Suddenly Randy leapt to his feet and towered over his naked lover. Bob stared in disbelief as the swarthy gypsy ripped off the torn remains of his shirt, yanked open his jeans and let them drop round his boots. His eyes blazing he stared down at the bed like an animal about to pounce on his prey.

Driven wild with desire Bob flung his arms above his head, grabbed bedposts and stretched out his legs so his body was rigid, spread-eagled, his cock standing up stiff as a pole. He looked up at the muscled gypsy and screamed, "I love you, sir aaagh!" As Randy had ordered, Bob's cock erupted in a plume of white jism that shot in the air and splashed down on his face.

"And now," Randy howled, "I'm gonna ... fuck your ... ass!" He spat on his cock and lubricated the whole shaft, then dropped to his knees on the bed, grabbed Bob's legs and pushed them up high. "Your ass is mine, stud," he growled as he pushed the huge knob of his cock between the cheeks and eased his rod into the soft, warm chamber of Bob's ass, further and further until it came to rest pressing against the softest membrane deep inside.

"Aaah aaah ... aaah," Bob gasped. He was still shooting the last of his load, normally the last act of sex – but now Randy was making it the beginning, like an orgasm that never ends. Randy fell forward and clamped Bob's wrists to the bed, holding him captive as his cock moved steadily in and out of his ass. His steel blue eyes pierced Bob's, hypnotized him, drew him into their private world, where Bob submitted to Randy's sexual magnetism. He was in his power.

"Now," Randy breathed, "you know you're safe. How could I ever leave you, buddy – ever stop fucking the ass of the most beautiful man in the world? No matter what happens to other guys, you and I are rock solid, man. Now, the boss is gonna fuck your ass as only he can. And we've both cum already so we can make it last and last.

Randy took his lover into a world of pure sex, where nothing else existed except two alpha males making love. Randy was right – only he could drive a man wild as he did now. First the fuck was gentle, loving, then intensified until the cock became a piston, jackhammering the ass of the muscle-god pinned to the bed. Just as the pain became unbearable and Bob screamed, it stopped and suddenly the cock was gently massaging the hot, tender membrane of his ass.

This jarring rhythm put Bob on edge and he hovered between excitement and fear, never so alive as he was now. The steel eyes bore savagely into his, but behind the savagery Bob glimpsed a deep love and devotion. So, despite the pile-driving intervals of the ferocious fuck he knew he was safe. Randy loved him.

And so, as Randy had promised, he made it last and last until finally they both neared exhaustion and Randy smiled at Bob. "Wanna feel your lover's jizz in your ass, stud?"

"What d'ya think, buddy?" Bob smiled back.

"Hard or easy?" Randy grinned.

Bob's eyes gleamed. "Let's go for broke, man." That's all Randy needed to hear. He pulled away from Bob's wrists and clamped his fingers round his tits. Free now, Bob reciprocated by reaching up and grinding Randy's nipples in his fingers. Both men showed no mercy as the fuck intensified, the rod slammed into Bob's ass and they tortured each other's tits screaming obscenities at each other. "Fuck you, you bastard son-of-a-bitch Asshole mother-fucking prick Aaah.... Aaaagh!

The last screams were simultaneous and echoed round the room as both men blasted their loads, Randy's deep inside Bob's ass and Bob's shooting up and slamming against Randy's chest. Their hearts were pounding, sweat pouring off them they were exhausted. Randy collapsed onto his lover until their breathing subsided. Then he gently pushed Bob onto his side and twisted behind him, all the time keeping his cock buried in his ass.

"You're safe, buddy," he murmured in Bob's ear. "You've got me." He wrapped his protective arms round his man and that's how they slept all night.

The sun was already streaming through the window blinds of Mark's room when he stirred. He had slept deeply the whole night through and consciousness now returned slowly and uncertainly. Memory was even slower to return and was fragmentary. But suddenly a vivid image flashed on his mind of his boy Jamie screaming in pain as he was raped. As if a camera pulled back slowly for a wider shot he gradually saw the black uniform of a man pinning him to the bed – a cop was raping his boy. He was wild as an animal ... it was ... it was him!

"Aaaagh!" Mark yelled and sat bolt upright in bed. He opened his eyes to see the smiling faces of the twins. They were standing at the foot of the bed holding trays, one with a steaming hot breakfast, the other with coffee and tea. "Good morning, sir," they said brightly, ignoring Mark's anguished shout. "We have breakfast for you."

"What? ... No – no food thanks guys but take it away I can't eat it."

"Oh yes you can," said a firm voice and Bob's face came into focus behind the twins. "OK, boys, set it up on the table here and I'll stay and eat with him."

The twins did as requested and left the room with a cheery "Bon appétit, sir," as usual riding above the tension in the room. Mark turned his face away from Bob and mumbled, "I want to be left alone, man. I can't be your buddy anymore. I fucked up too bad."

Bob was adamant. After last night with Randy, even though he had been on the receiving end of a ferocious fuck, Bob felt rejuvenated, empowered by the memory of Randy's strong arms around him. "You don't get rid of me that easily, buddy," he grinned. "I love you man, through thick and thin. Now get your ass off that bed and come and eat."

Mark looked at him forlornly and obeyed reluctantly. He was wearing only boxers and, while he looked as gorgeous as ever, his body did not have its usual commanding posture as he slumped in the chair opposite Bob and began to pick at his food.”

“Right,” Bob said firmly. “Steve is here already and he’s talking to Jamie. After that he’ll come in here and talk to you.”

“I don’t want him,” Mark said sullenly. “He can’t do anything.”

“Bullshit,” said Bob. “If anyone can help it’s Steve. His methods may be unusual but he’s damn good – and he’s an old friend of yours. He used to treat you regularly for your anger issues and he’s done the same for Randy. So when he comes in you’re gonna cooperate, OK?”

Mark looked across at the handsome, assertive alpha male and, despite his depression, he managed a weak smile. “You got fucked last night, didn’t you? I know the signs. Randy worked you over good. How was it?”

Bob blushed. “Pretty spectacular, actually.” The ice was broken and Mark began to eat more willingly, draining his coffee cup. They ate mostly in silence as neither one could think of a way to address the situation that hung heavily in the air. It was enough simply to be together.

Soon there was a tap at the door and Steve came in, looking handsome as ever in dress slacks, a starched white shirt and a tie pulled loose at his open collar, chest hair poking over it. Bob got up and said, “I’ll leave you to it. There’s plenty of coffee and tea left, Steve, and the food’s still hot. Help yourself.”

“Well if the twins made it,” Steve grinned, “how can I refuse?” Bob left the room and quietly closed the door behind him.

He went outside and sat with Randy in the garden talking it all over. “One good thing to come out of this,” Bob said, “is Pablo taking the initiative to go with Nate and Adam to the hospital. Shows a real caring nature.”

“Damn right,” Randy grinned. “When Pablo and me went for that long walk along the beach at Malibu the other day we had a long talk about his aggressive behavior toward the boys in the gym and what it takes to become a real leader – more than just swinging your fists. Guess it sank in and this is the result.”

Just then the gate opened and in walked Adam, followed by Pablo with his arm round Nate. Nate had a taped dressing over a cut on his forehead but otherwise seemed none the worse for wear – his usual jaunty Aussie self. Adam came up to Randy and shook his hand warmly. “I

gotta thank you, Randy, for letting your boy come with us. Couldn't have done it without him. I was out of it a lot of the time but Pablo sat up all night talking to Nate to soothe him in his sleep. He was awesome – you should be real proud of him.”

“I sure am,” Randy beamed. “He’s my boy after all. Come here, kiddo.” Pablo blushed as he was pulled into a tight hug. “Sir,” he said, “I gotta get over to the construction site – Ben will be all on his own working on that truck.”

“The hell you will,” Randy said sternly. “You’re gonna go to your room for a few hours sleep. Can’t have you working on the site with no sleep. It’s a safety issue. Darius is helping Ben for now, and you can go later.” The twins came out just then and overheard.

“We’ll bring you some breakfast, Pablo, before you sleep,” Kyle said. “And you too, sir,” Kevin said to Adam, “assuming you are taking Nate back home next door.”

“Thanks, guys,” Adam said, “that’d be great.” He turned to Bob and Randy “I think I’ll keep my distance for a few days, guys, let the dust settle.” His jaw clenched. “There’ll be time later for me to have my say – and I will, you can bet on that.” Bob nodded in agreement and as Adam and Nate went through the connecting gate Bob rolled his eyes at Randy with a sigh. That would be one more hard bridge to cross.

A bit later Steve came out of Mark’s apartment and sat with Bob and Randy. “OK, guys,” he sighed, “here’s the score. Jamie’s keeping to his room with Mario taking care of him. He’s real shook up – not surprisingly after being attacked by the man he worships. Feels to him like the bottom’s dropped out of his world.

“Mark, needless to say, is overwhelmed with shame – says he can never look Jamie in the eye again. I’ve seen so much of this in my work for the police department and the first thing I’ve done is signed Mark off for a month’s sick leave. There’s no way he can go back on the road until he’s fully recovered.

“Here at home he’ll need to be treated carefully – so keep Adam away from him right now. Believe me, nobody could be as hard on Mark as he is on himself. His confidence in himself as a man and a cop has been shattered. But I can’t make any progress until we’ve repaired the relationship between him and Jamie, it’s so central to their lives. However, I have a plan.”

“Of course you do, bro,” Randy grinned. “What you gonna do, fuck some sense into them?”

Bob glared at him, but Steve grinned. “Not quite that drastic, brother, but what I have in mind is a bit risky. Of course we could go the traditional route but that takes a long time. If my plan works it could resolve the problems instantly. All depends how deep Jamie’s love is for Mark.”

“Way, way deep, Steve,” Bob said, “I’m sure of that. If that’s the only issue you’re home free.”

“I hope so,” Steve sighed. “Anyway I’ve persuaded Mark to drive Jamie to my office in Beverly Hills this afternoon. Neutral territory is better. It’ll be an awkward drive but if either one asks you to take them separately don’t go for it. The healing has to start somewhere.”

As he got up to leave he said, “At least Mark would then have Jamie’s support when he confronts Adam. Adam’s boy was hurt bad so I suspect that encounter is gonna involve action rather than words.”

Steve was right about at least one thing, though ‘awkward’ was an understatement. As Jamie sat beside Mark you could cut the atmosphere with a knife. Neither was able to make eye contact and Jamie sat as far away as possible, pressing himself against the passenger door.

Trouble was, neither was able to break through the traumatic shock of what had happened. Jamie could not get beyond the sight of the wild man he did not recognize and could still feel the pain of the brutal assault on his ass. Mark could scarcely believe what he had done. He was sure he had lost his boy and he deserved to. What if it happened again? What if he lost his mind and hurt Jamie even more next time? He couldn’t trust himself to have a boy and that was that.

When they arrived the silence between them deepened in the close proximity of the elevator where they both looked at the ceiling. When they went into Steve’s waiting room the receptionist, Ruth, said cheerfully, “Hello, Mark, long time since you’ve been here – and Jamie, good to see you again too. The doctor is expecting you so you can go right in.”

Mark opened the door to the inner office and went in followed by Jamie. Steve looked up from his desk and said matter-of-factly, “Hi, guys, take a seat on the couch.” He was in his formal Beverly Hills therapist mode, all the better to cope with what he had to do.

He noted that Mark and Jamie sat at opposite ends of the couch, as far from each other as possible, even leaning away from each other. Only to be expected, Steve thought. They were both nearly identically dressed in cargo shorts, polo shirts and loafers without socks, a similarity that Steve noticed. It’s a start, at least, he thought wryly.

He finished writing notes on a previous patient, then looked up and smiled. “So, Mark, how are you feeling now?”

“Like I don’t wanna be here,” the cop said sullenly.

“Yeah, I get that a lot,” Steve smiled. “How about you, Jamie?”

"I I don't know, sir. I just" His voice caught and his eyes grew moist.

"OK, OK, no hurry, Jamie we can take this easy. Can we start by you looking over at Mark? Right now you seem like you're in a trance." Jamie tried to obey but failed; he blushed instead and stared at his feet.

"You see, Mark?" Steve said. "Your boy can't even bring himself to look at you."

"I don't blame him after what I did," Mark grunted. "Besides, he can't be my boy anymore. You never know with me – I could go crazy again and hurt him even worse."

"You're right there," Steve said, an edge coming to his voice. "I wouldn't trust you with a kid like Jamie – with any boy for that matter."

The sudden change of tone and the harshness of his words made Mark and Jamie flinch. Mark said, "You're damn right, doc. I can't be trusted with a boy – I should be on my own – and that's what I want. I don't even know what I'm doing here."

"Me' ... 'me' ... 'I' ... 'I'" Steve taunted. "So this is all about you."

"Well isn't it? Isn't this all about me flipping out and raping my boy? Why don't you just come right out with it, doc? Why don't you warn this kid here about the brutal cop who rapes boys? Tell him to stay away – find someone else?"

"Actually," Steve said coldly, "I was just about to do that. You don't seem to have any feeling left for him, and he deserves a whole lot better than you. As a matter of fact, Jamie, Randy and I heard from our brother Charlie recently. Seems he's a cowboy now who rides the rodeo circuit and he'll be in L.A. soon. Now there's someone a boy could look up to, a real man who'd know how to take care of a boy, especially a beauty like you. He would never knock you around or rape your ass. I'll introduce you to him when he hits town and maybe you two can hook up. At least that would get him off your back, eh Mark?"

"Damn right," Mark shouted, not knowing what he was saying in his blind anger.

Steve looked more kindly at Jamie. "Jamie, you obviously have no feelings left for Mark – you can't even look at him, and I can't say I blame you. But don't worry, we'll find someone who deserves you, 'cause the cop here sure doesn't. You can do a lot better than a loser like him."

"NO!" Jamie sprang to his feet, his eyes blazing. "No, you're wrong. You don't know shit about Mark and me. We love each other and we still do. I don't want no stupid cowboy, I want Mark. He's not a loser, he's a wonderful man, the most beautiful man in the world, and he's a great cop. I don't care what he's done, I still love him and always will. If you knew anything about him, if you weren't such a lousy shrink, you'd know how great he is. So you can go to hell."

Jamie turned to look at Mark his fists clenched. "Don't listen to him, sir, he's talking bullshit. You're a great man, sir, and I love being your boy. I couldn't live without that. Please look at me, sir." Mark at last raised his head and looked up at the beautiful boy, fists clenched, body tense with rage and passion. Jamie had leapt to his defense. Steve had shredded Mark but his boy had told the Beverly Hills doctor he could go to hell.

"Sir," Jamie said plaintively, "please, I still want to be your boy. Can I be, sir? Please don't send me away from you, sir. I know you'll never hurt me. I love you, I'll do anything. Look..." He pulled off his shirt, kicked off his shoes and dropped his shorts. He stood naked in the middle of the office, his cock erect, a youthful blond beauty, glorious in his passion.

"Look at me, sir. If my body's not good enough for you sir I'll work out harder, go to the gym twice a day. Please, sir, show me you still love me, that I'm still your boy. Make love to me, sir. Fuck me, please...."

Mark rose to his feet. "Of course I will, kid." Just as Jamie had done, he pulled off his shirt, kicked off his loafers and dropped his shorts. He walked slowly towards his boy, their eyes locked on each other ... eye contact at last. The naked cop took his boy in his arms and together they sank to their knees. Mark lowered Jamie onto his back on the soft pile carpet and knelt between his legs. Gazing down at him he said, "Of course you're still my boy Jamie. You always will be. And whenever you ask me to make love to you the answer will be yes."

He pushed Jamie's legs in the air and hooked them over his shoulders. He wet his fingers and pushed them gently through the soft, downy fuzz at his ass, massaging the sphincter and lubricating his ass. Then he fell forward and pressed Jamie's arms into the carpet, gazing down at him, their faces close. Mark said softly, "Here, let me show you how much I love you, boy." He pressed the tip of his cock against his hole, then eased it inside and slowly, tenderly, sliding his long cock inch by inch into the sweet softness of his ass.

"This is how it will always be, Jamie. You and me, making love. We're lovers, you and I, and always will be."

"Thank you, sir," Jamie sighed, surrendering his ass to the beautiful muscle-god he worshipped. And so began the longest, gentlest fuck they had ever had, with Mark's cock endlessly caressing the warm velvet of his boy's ass.

Steve sat at his desk with a satisfied smile, calmly writing notes as his two patients made love on the floor of his office, a naked cop and his boy reconciled in the language of love where there were no words for anger or bitterness. They meant nothing.

Steve finished his notes, closed the folder, rested his chin on his hands and watched the master make love to his boy. If ever there were a model of perfect love this was it and Steve envied Mark and Jamie, as any man would who could see them now, the spectacular body of the cop

rising and falling over his beautiful boy. At last Mark leaned forward, kissed Jamie's lips and said, "You want to feel your master's juice inside you, boy?"

"Yes please, sir."

"Here we go then." He buried his cock one last time deep inside Jamie's warm ass and they smiled at each other. They lay perfectly still as Jamie felt Mark's juice pouring deep inside him while cum flowed from his own cock all over the golden tan of his young body. When at last the flow of semen stopped Mark fell forward and held his boy tight, both oblivious of the fact that they were lying naked on the floor of a doctor's office in Beverly Hills.

When that realization finally dawned on them they eased themselves onto their backs, propped themselves on their elbows and looked up at Steve. The doctor sat behind his desk, his hands linked behind his head, and stared down at the cop and his boy, both naked on the floor of his office in the afterglow of great sex.

It was all so incongruous that Steve sputtered, chuckled, then burst out laughing. Mark and Jamie were startled but then they too joined in and the office rang with the laughter of all three men. Mark helped Jamie to his feet and they hurriedly pulled on their shorts and shirts. They grinned at Steve, knowing now that he had engineered the whole scene and had meant none of his abusive language to Mark. "Sir," Jamie stammered, "I'm sorry I I mean ... that 'go to hell' stuff I really didn't mean....."

"Hey, hey, Jamie, don't beat yourself up," Steve smiled. "You were magnificent rising to Mark's defense and telling me I was full of shit. You were dead right, I was. You know, I said to Bob that my plan would work only if you loved Mark deeply. He assured me that you did and today I saw the proof with my own eyes. I just gave you a shove in the right direction and you did all the rest yourself ... you ran with the ball I threw you. Any man would be proud to have a boy like you."

"I think you understand everything, sir," Jamie said solemnly.

"Not everything," Steve grinned, "but I must say that a lot of my weird methods do work out pretty good, don't they?"

"This one sure did" Mark smiled, giving Steve a bear hug. "Thanks, man. Your 'weird methods' save us weeks of therapy."

"Yeah," Steve sighed, "but I don't think there's much I can do to help you over the next hurdle – your inevitable confrontation with Adam. That macho Aussie will have to take revenge for what you did to his boy Nate, I think we all know that." He chuckled. "As well as being a gorgeous muscle-stud I hear he's quite the leather master and it's not all for show either. He's serious."

“Thanks for the warning, Steve, but I know what I have to do, and now that I’ve got my boy back I’m ready. I’ve got to make amends for what I did to Adam and if it comes down to some kind of trial of strength, so be it.”

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Chapter 215 – Mark v. Adam – Randy v. Zack

As usual the boys, whom Darius had dubbed ‘a band of brothers’, circled the wagons and lent all their support to Jamie and Nate, the two boys most affected as their masters were in conflict. They all knew the rules of the tribe: if one man wantonly hurt another master’s boy he had to be punished, and it usually took the form of a public act of retribution attended by the whole clan.

The boys naturally obeyed their masters in all things, but when they were grouped together as they were now their allegiance was to each other. The bad blood between Adam and Mark did not percolate down to their boys, Nate and Jamie. They had always been best friends and the current discord brought them even closer together. They talked together frequently, though Adam was keeping to himself in his house, fearing that his still-simmering anger would result in a fight if he went next door and ran into Mark.

Darius, of course, made Jamie relate every detail of his and Mark’s visit to Doctor Steve and Jamie happily ‘spilled the beans’ (Darius’s phrase) as the dramatic reconciliation reflected well on himself, Mark and Steve. But inevitably Nate had to go back to Adam in the ‘Aussie House’ (another Darius phrase) while Jamie joined Mark for a follow-up therapy session with Steve.

The other boys joined the men for pre-dinner drinks round the table by the pool. Hassan, the Marine, had come down from his house on Mulholland and his boy Eddie sat next to him. The fireman, Jason, has also come to support his boy Ben who was fairly new to the group and was unnerved by all the talk, led by his big brother Randy, the undisputed macho leader of the tribe.

“No getting around it,” Randy said, talking of the rule he himself had instigated long ago. “Has to be this way. A public ritual – the more formal the better – kinda lessens the personal animosity of the guys involved. If a guy attacks another man’s boy he pays the price – suffers the prescribed punishment, witnessed by all the members of the group. I should know – I’ve been the bad guy often enough and been subjected to a public flogging – as most of you have witnessed. No one is exempt – even the boss. Even a cop.”

“I don’t think it’s fair!” Eddie’s firm voice rang out and he seemed as surprised as anyone as he looked around to see who had spoken and realized that it was himself. The shy young assistant houseboy had recently come bursting out of his shell when he became Hassan’s boy and was often impulsively outspoken. But now, surprised by his own voice, he tried to withdraw into his shell as all eyes focused on him.

But the men respected the boy for speaking up boldly the way he did, Randy especially, who valued courage in a man or a boy. “OK, Eddie,” he said, “stand up and say your piece. Every man here has a right to his own opinion. Let’s hear yours.”

“Go for it, kiddo,” Hassan whispered in Eddie’s ear. “You tell ‘em.” Eddie got nervously to his feet, but quickly gathered confidence as he spoke. “Well, sirs, the way I see it, when a guy gets punished it’s because he’s lost his cool and let his anger take over, like you do, sir.” He was looking at Randy but realized what he had said and bit his tongue. “Oh, sorry, sir, that just kinda slipped out, sir.”

“But you’re dead right, kid,” Randy said, stifling a grin as he glanced at Bob. “I accept that, but don’t you think that’s exactly what Mark did – lost his cool and let his anger bust out?”

“Yes, sir, but he’s a cop. He came home angry ‘cause he flipped out on the job – the stress got to him. I know he hurt Adam and Nate but it’s because he was kinda crazed. He’s a great cop and I know I couldn’t go through what he goes through every day out there in the streets.” He became reflective. “Guess that’s why I’m not a cop – just happy to be a houseboy.... Oh, sorry sirs, I got kinda lost there. Anyway, like I said, Mark risks his safety every day to keep everyone else safe and I think we should reward him for that, not punish him.” He stopped suddenly. “That’s all, sirs.”

He sat down blushing deeply and felt Hassan’s arm tight round his shoulder amid a burst of applause from the other boys. Randy was momentarily lost for words and shrugged helplessly at Bob, as Eddie in his youthful wisdom had made sense. Bob smiled warmly at the boy. “Eddie, you’ve spoken very well and your sense of fairness does you credit. But there’s another side to the story that you may want to consider – how Mark is feeling right now.”

He let that sink in. “See, Mark is a strong cop, always fair, always by the book, and he despises violence. And now, in his delirium, he has committed the unpardonable act of attacking his own boy, and injuring another master and his boy. It has shaken his confidence in himself as a man, a cop and a master and he has to restore that. At first he couldn’t even look at Jamie until Steve helped them reconcile with one of his wild therapy sessions. And Mark still can’t look any of us in the eye until he has been punished in front of us all. See, Eddie, we are all members of a tribe here.

“Even me, sir?” Eddie asked wide-eyed. “I know I’m Hassan’s boy, but.....”

“Of course you’re a member, Eddie, and one we all respect, with your courage in speaking out when you see an injustice.”

“Really, sir?” Eddie blushed with pride and grinned up at Hassan.

“So,” Bob continued, “what’s about to happen will be punishment, sure, but mostly it will be a way for Adam to avenge his boy and for Mark to prove to the tribe that he is still a strong, honorable man worthy of our respect. That is why, as Randy said, it has to be a ritual before us all. Now, if you think you’ll find it too much you don’t have to attend, Eddie “

“Oh, but I must, sir, if I’m a real member of the tribe. I have to be there with my master.”

“Hassan,” Bob smiled, “you’ve got a boy to be proud of there. Better keep an eye on him or before long he’ll be running the house instead of cleaning it. OK, twins, we’ll delay dinner until it’s over. Mark and Jamie will be back from Steve’s any minute and it’ll be time to begin.

Randy was right when he said it had to be ritualistic. An expectant hush had fallen over the group after Mark had arrived and gone into his apartment. Steve and Lloyd had come in with him and Jamie and joined the spectators, so the whole clan was there.

The men sat round three sides of the table and the boys sat cross-legged in front of it on the ground, all of them facing the nearby tree by the pool. A trembling Jamie was comforted by Mario and Nate on either side of him. Eddie too was nervous, sitting with his buddy Ben and squeezing his hand. The twins and Pablo sat in calm silence – they had seen this ritual several times before and they knew Bob and Randy wouldn’t let it get out of hand.

Zack, the leather master, skilled in bondage punishment, stood by the tree looking formidable in leather pants and boots and an old black tank top over the gleaming ebony muscles of his torso. The group stirred in anxious anticipation when suddenly the apartment door opened and out strode the cop.

He was in full police uniform, black pants with a silver stripe tucked into tall, shiny motorcycle boots. Round his slim waist was a heavy belt cinching a black shirt that stretched up over his tight abs, his flared lats and broad shoulders, his muscular biceps straining against the short sleeves. At his open neck flashed the white triangle of his T-shirt, setting off the chiseled features, clenched jaw and tousled blond hair falling over his forehead.

There wasn’t a man or boy whose cock did not stir as they gazed at the spectacular Greek God stoically awaiting his punishment. Zack walked forward and faced him. “You ready, man?”

“Ready,” Mark replied firmly. Zack ceremoniously unbuttoned the black shirt, pulled it out of the waistband of his pants, then pushed it off over his shoulders revealing his tight white T-shirt.

Zack had brought with him a long length of rope and a pair of leather wrist restraints. He buckled the restraints round Mark’s wrists in front of him and tied them together with one end of the rope. He threw the other end over a high branch of the tree, caught it as it fell and pulled on it hand over hand. As he did so the effect was to pull Mark’s wrists up higher and higher, his

arms stretching upward. When the police officer was stretched to the full extent Zack secured the end of the rope round the tree trunk.

The group had watched this ritual preparation with awe and now, despite the seriousness of the situation they were struck by the homoerotic image of the handsome blond cop in uniform pants and boots, his white T-shirt stretched over the muscular contours of his perfect torso, his body stretched in bondage. Every one of the spectators had an erection in his pants.

Zack checked the restraints to make sure they were tight but not biting into the captive's flesh. Then he stood back and faced the group, about to say a few words to announce the beginning of the proceedings. But he was suddenly preempted by Randy who sprang to his feet and stood before the group in front of a surprised Zack.

"Listen up, guys," Randy said commandingly. "You all know what's gone down recently and why we are gathered here. One of the masters has injured and insulted another and, in accordance with the rules of the tribe, has to make amends. OK, Zack, you can bring in Adam."

Seeing the resentful look on Zack's face as he walked to the gate Bob realized that Randy had belittled him in front of the whole group. Zack had been in charge of the preparations until Randy abruptly intervened, asserted his role as boss, and eclipsed the black leather-stud, dismissing him like an errand boy.

Bob was aware of the undercurrents at play here. Zack and Randy worked together on the construction site like best buddies, respecting each other's strength and work ethic. But they were also two dominant alpha males, like two bulls in the same pasture, so there was always a competitive edge just below the surface. It was mostly just friendly rivalry, but in two such volatile men that rivalry occasionally offered a glimpse of open conflict.

That is what had just happened here. The air was heavy with testosterone, with the whole tribe gathered together, and both men, by their nature, instinctively assumed command. But Randy had prevailed, overshadowing Zack.

These troubling reflections disturbed Bob briefly, but they were soon dispelled by the long-awaited arrival of Adam, and the collective gasp from around the table. Darius stood up with his camera, staying unobserved in the background. This would be one for the archives.

In observation of the ritualistic nature of the proceedings, and to display his own macho authority, Adam had dressed for the occasion. He was wearing black leather chaps over his blue-jeans, heavy boots, and a leather vest that hung open over his muscled chest. Coiled in his fist was a heavy bullwhip. He looked magnificent but ignored the ripple of admiration from the group. He had eyes only for the bound cop who had attacked him and put his boy Nathan in the hospital for a night.

Adam was determined but conflicted. The peace-loving man in him disliked what he had to do, but the vengeful macho stud welcomed the opportunity to display his strength and dominance to the rest of the tribe. He walked straight up to Mark and stared coldly into his eyes. For the first time since the incident, the muscular blond motorcycle cop and the handsome, superbly built Australian leatherman were face to face.

Adam reached forward, grabbed the neck of Mark's T-shirt and yanked it hard, ripping it clear off and tossing it contemptuously on the ground. Again there was a gasp from the spectators as they saw the iconic image of the bodybuilder cop stripped to the waist, his magnificent torso stretched up in helpless bondage, his shoulders bulging, his flared lats tapering down past ripped abs to the slim waist cinched by the heavy uniform belt.

Adam pulled from his pocket a short, thick strip of leather that he eased into Mark's mouth. It was the traditional act of mercy shown to a man about to be flogged and Mark bit down on it as a way of absorbing the pain his body would feel. "Ten lashes," Adam said, the mandated punishment for an act of aggression such as Mark's.

The group held its collective breath as Adam walked behind the bound cop, unfurled the whip and cracked it on the ground with a sound that echoed round the garden. The spectators saw the cop's muscles flex, saw the leatherman raise his arm and heard the agonizing sound of leather against flesh as the braided thong lashed the cop's back and curled round his chest. Mark's face winced in pain and he bit hard into the leather strip to alleviate the searing pain.

Jamie sat frozen, squeezing the hands of Nate on one side of him and Mario on the other. It was agony for him to watch but he knew that he had no choice. He knew that Mark wanted this and he had to support his master, the man he idolized, so he gazed bravely straight into Mark's steel blue eyes. His support proved to be crucial. Suddenly Mark's eyes closed in a grimace of pain, his body jerked forward as the whip struck again – lower this time, coiling round his lower back, the tips biting into the ridges of his flexing washboard abs.

When Mark opened his eyes he found himself staring down into the determined gaze of his boy, sitting on the ground between Mario and Nate. The young eyes were full of courage, support, pride and infinite love. Jamie was all Mark needed. He resolutely spat out the leather strip he had been clenching in his teeth and his piercing eyes showed a glimmer of a smile at his beautiful boy. He was proud to prove his manhood to Jamie, and when the third lash came Mark clenched his jaw but made no sound as he drew strength from his boy.

Adam sensed a change in his captive, saw his rejection of the bite-strip, saw the intense connection between Mark and Jamie. He was full of admiration for the proud, shirtless blond cop, his broad back now striped with the lash, and he wanted to get this over as quickly as possible. But before wielding the whip again, and acting on instinct, he reached round, unzipped the cop's pants and pulled out his huge cock, letting it swing between his legs.

Then the flogging resumed in earnest, lash after lash across the cop's back, his chest and his abs. The group gazed in awe at the pornographic image of the shirtless blond cop stretched in bondage, being savagely whipped by the handsome leatherman. As the whip curled round the magnificent body, marking the flexing muscles with angry red stripes, the cop writhed and howled in pain with each lash. He arched forward in a futile effort to distance himself from the whip, his cock swinging wildly, sweat pouring down his handsome face and chiseled torso.

Men and boys were spellbound by the homoerotic scene. Their cocks were all hard in their pants and several of the boys had difficulty holding back. Eddie gave in and groaned loudly as he felt hot sticky juice fill his shorts. He looked up, blushing deeply, but his pal Ben put his arm round him and grinned mischievously. "Way to go, dude," he whispered.

Jamie had a harder time as he watched in anguish but in their intense gaze master and boy drew strength from each other. And that was Mark's salvation. As he gazed at Jamie's clenched jaw and angry eyes Mark began to hallucinate.... it was Jamie whipping him! As he felt the whip falling across his back he flashed on the erotic image of his golden boy, dressed in leather, forcing him to endure a lashing.

And suddenly the pain lessened, replaced by sexual lust. The thought of the dramatic role reversal, the boy whipping his master, was highly erotic. He would show his boy that he could take it – he could endure anything he dished out. His boy's strong, resolute face is all he could see, the strength of his youthful body was all he could feel as the whip coiled round him.

"Yeah," Mark shouted, "let me feel it, boy whip your master's body harder, boy ... I can take it." The crowd gasped as they heard the amazing words and saw Mark's cock grow hard as a rod, bouncing with each lash of the whip as the flogging neared its end.

But then the spell was broken as he heard Adam's voice shout, "You gotta submit, cop. You can't take any more. Give up, man." Mark's mind went crazy, a confusion of images – his boy whipping him, the Aussie leatherman exacting his revenge and the pain! The last stroke was brutal, slamming across the already whip-striped back. The tortured cop pulled himself up on the ropes, his spectacular body writhing in the air, his legs kicking wildly as he screamed, "OK, I submit I submit, sir ... aaagh!" And his cock erupted in an explosion of cum.

The tribe rose to its feet as they saw the incredible sight of the cop hanging from the ropes, his body thrashing as his cock blasted a ribbon of cum that arced high in the air, across the grass, and splashed down onto his boy. Jamie pulled himself forward on his knees, opened his mouth and was rewarded with another stream of juice that he swallowed in an act of worship to the magnificent, tortured Greek God – his master.

Thunderous applause and whistles came from the group in a standing ovation for the muscle-god cop who had endured the flogging, and his boy whose devotion had helped him through.

But then they regained their seats and Jamie sat down again between Mario and Nate, receiving their warm hugs of congratulation.

Now they all waited for Act Two.

Tribal punishments of this kind always consisted of two parts. First came the ritualistic act, the injured party versus the aggressor, with prescribed punishment and often formal gear like uniforms or leather – cop versus leatherman. But next it became more personal, *mano a mano*, dispensing with ceremonial trappings – flesh upon flesh.

Adam tossed the whip far across the garden with a look of disgust. Although the flogging had been pre-ordained and Adam the leatherman was perfectly capable of administering it, he scorned the forced use of the whip. He preferred man-to-man retribution. So now, as he faced Mark again he threw off his leather vest, unbuckled and unzipped his leather chaps and tossed them aside. Stripped down to beltless blue-jeans and boots his perfect physique was no less formidable than it had been clad in leather.

He yanked open his jeans and pulled out his rock hard cock. He spit in his hand and stroked his long, uncut cock, his confident brown eyes fixed steadily on Mark's. "This is how it should be, man – just you and me. This is my revenge – for Nate, for me, and the other boys you injured. You don't mess with an Aussie, man, and get away with it. Mark inhaled sharply and his body flexed as he pulled helplessly at the ropes above him. He was in this man's power and he knew it.

"Shit," Adam said, "whipping that gorgeous body of yours made my dick hard and my balls fit to burst. I've built up a real head of steam here." He reached forward, unbuckled Mark's uniform belt and slid it out of the pants. He unzipped the pants and pushed them down so they pooled round the motorcycle boots. Mark was wearing no shorts and surprisingly his cock sprang out hard as a pole despite his recent orgasm. Adam smiled grimly at him. "I see we understand each other, big guy."

Adam walked behind the captive cop and unbuttoned his own jeans so they too fell round his boots. He ran his hand over the hard white globes of the cop's ass and breathed, "Oh yeah perfect. I guess not many cocks have penetrated that fortress," he taunted.

Adam was right – the dominant cop was an alpha top man and seldom got his ass fucked – by his boy sometimes, and by Bob, but not willingly by any other man. So when Adam slipped a wet finger between the cheeks and into the tight hole Mark instinctively tensed and clenched his ass shut.

"Wrong move, man," Adam said. "You know this big Aussie shaft is gonna take that gorgeous ass so do yourself a favor, relax and take it all the way. You're gonna get butt-fucked, big guy. Your buddies are gonna watch while their big macho cop buddy takes a dick up his ass. Like this....."

“Aaagh!” The naked muscle-cop pulled frantically against the ropes and screamed, his body arching forward as he tried to escape the rod that pierced his ass, sending a shaft of pain from his ass all through his writhing, muscular body. His handsome features twisted in pain, his tousled blond hair flew over his face as his head thrashed from side to side.

The rugged Adam was a powerful top-man, known in his native Sydney as the hottest fuck in town, with men longing to get hammered by his huge rod. And now here was driving his iron shaft into the magnificent alpha cop, helpless to resist, his naked body stretched in bondage.

“Aaagh!” he howled again as Adam’s cock pulled back and plunged again into the cauldron of his tortured ass. The Aussie grabbed Mark’s hips and pulled them toward him, sliding him onto his long pole that buried itself in the unexplored depths of the cop’s shuddering ass.

The spectators watch mesmerized. This was personal now – one master avenging his boy against another, one muscle god pounding the ass of another. The erotic tableau caused all their dicks to throb, and once again a low moan from Eddie (the ‘gusher’ as Hassan called him) made it clear to all that he had shot another load. Startled he looked at Ben who grinned and kissed him on the lips.

But despite the intense eroticism of the scene, all the men wanted it to be over soon as the universally admired member of their fraternity, the gorgeous cop, was degraded by a savage butt-fuck. The one most traumatized was Jamie, witnessing the public humiliation of his master – worse than a public flogging. He had to help his master – and then he knew how.

Jamie launched himself across the grass, escaping the arms of his buddies trying to restrain him. He fell to his knees before the writhing cop and guided his semi-erect cock deep into his mouth, gulping, clenching his throat muscles until he felt the cock grow rock hard in his mouth.

“Aaaah!” Mark sighed and his tension flowed out of him as he felt the familiar warmth and tenderness of his boy’s mouth. He looked down at Jamie, his beautiful face moving rhythmically back and forth. The pain in his ass dissolved, replaced by the ecstasy in his cock. It was a contest between Adam ploughing his ass and Jamie sucking his cock ... and Jamie was winning.

Jamie could taste the pre-cum in the back of his throat and he knew Mark was close. He clenched his throat muscles, squeezing the rod tight and pursing his lips that slid back and forth over the shuddering cock. “Yeah,” Mark yelled, “eat it boy – man that feels hot make me cum, boy ... make your master shoot his load Aaagh!”

He screamed, his muscles flexed, he strained against the ropes and exploded in Jamie’s mouth, as the boy gulped hard, sucking the sweet nectar from his master’s cock. Every muscle in Mark’s body was rigid, including his butt. His ferocious orgasm made him reflexively clench his ass muscles round the invading cock, gripping it like a vice and making Adam howl in agony.

The pain in his trapped cock was excruciating and he screamed, “No... let it go, man ... the pain in my cock I can't take it, man ... let me go I give up ... please, siryou win I submit, siraaagh....” Adam's cock exploded in the cop's ass, pouring jism deep inside him in an orgasm of pain and ecstasy.

Jamie finally pulled his mouth off Mark's cock and he moaned, “Thank you, sir Thank you ...” as his own cock sprayed its warm tribute at his master's feet.

There was a stunned silence as the spectators absorbed what had just happened. Mark had stoically endured a savage flogging and ass-fucking, and had triumphed, with dramatic support from his boy. They had witnessed something they had never seen before – the leatherman had finally submitted to the cop, even while his cock was buried deep in Mark's ass. In this ritual trial of strength Mark had not only survived – he had won.

The silence was suddenly ruptured by wild cheers and applause. Mark was back, his honor restored, his strength and authority proven beyond any doubt. Adam pulled out of Mark's ass and joined in the congratulations.

“Fucking incredible, man,” Adam said as he gazed into Mark's blue eyes and reached up to free his wrists. Mark pulled up his pants and buckled them, then lifted Jamie up off his knees and folded him in a tight hug. Then he turned him round to face the group and raised his boy's hand high in the air, like presenting a victorious fighter to the cheering crowd.

Finally Mark threw his arm over Jamie's shoulder and steered him toward their apartment. As they left Randy jumped to his feet and raised his hands for silence.

“OK, that's it guys – show's over. And a fucking spectacular show it was. I wanna thank Adam for doing what he had to do with all his Aussie strength and authority. Fucking awesome, man. Right – now you all know the rule of the house. A man makes a mistake, gets punished for it – and that's an end to it. It's past, finished. Mark has proved himself once again to be a real man's man, a man of honor and courage – something we have all known for a long time.”

Bob grinned to himself. Randy always had to have the last word, exert his authority as boss. But Bob also saw the glowering expression on Zack's face, still smarting from the humiliation he had felt when Randy had rudely taken over control at the start of the show and pushed him into the background. Bob sighed with apprehension for the future as Randy continued.

“So, back to business as usual – starting with dinner. All this shit has delayed it and I for one am fucking starving. So how about it Kyle, Kevin? And the rest of you boys go help them.”

Darius stood up and waved his camera. “Sir, I’d like to go upstairs and start editing my video. So do I have to go and help in the kitchen too?” Without realizing it Darius had fanned the embers of Zack’s resentment by addressing Randy and asking for his permission in full view of the group. Randy opened his mouth to reply by Zack jumped to his feet and stared him down. “Sure, Darius,” Zack said. “You’re excused from kitchen duty. You go ahead and do what you have to do. You’re *my* boy and you have my permission.”

As Darius ran off Zack glared at Randy – and Bob said under his breath, “Oh, shit.”

From then on Mark was treated by everyone with even greater deference and respect than before, and Jamie’s prestige had soared. They were regarded as the perfect couple, and no one was surprised when they learned that Mark was taking his boy up to his shack in the Guadalupe dunes for two weeks alone, just the two of them. Steve would still not sign Mark off the sick list, waiting to be sure that he was completely recovered from his recent burnout that had had such dramatic repercussions.

Jamie said an emotional farewell to his friends Mario and Nate who had been solid in their support during the traumatic events. And then the cop and his surfer boy were gone.

The house resumed its routine and the next few weeks were peaceful and harmonious, which actually surprised Bob who knew the house better than anyone. It was after all, a house of men with strong egos and volatile temperaments, where a competitive edge inevitably existed under the surface, kept in check by the guys’ mutual respect – most of the time.

But Bob knew well that intervals of calm could be illusory, punctuated as they always were by dramas of one kind or another. He even acknowledged that a life of unbroken harmony would actually be boring. Hell, Bob thought, what would our story be without drama once in a while? The only difference now was that he had a fair idea where the next eruption would occur.

At the recent gathering of the tribe the two incidents between Zack and Randy had been nominally slight, unnoticed by the rest of the group, except for Bob and maybe Steve. But Bob feared that it was the tip of the iceberg. Zack, like Bob and Mark, was a co-owner of the construction company with Randy, and though Zack’s formal title was Randy’s assistant site manager nobody bothered much with titles and the two men worked side by side as equals. Except when they didn’t.

The two men were buddies, but like all friendships between strong-willed men the foundation sometimes showed cracks – some of which couldn’t be papered over. And Zack’s smoldering resentment of Randy that Bob had glimpsed did not die down. It gnawed at him and a distinct coldness developed between the two men on the construction site.

Several weeks went by, during which Mark and Jamie returned from their vacation and Mark went back to work. So all was business as usual until

It had been a tough day. Building supplies hadn't arrived on time, a fight had erupted between two guys on the crew that Randy had broken up, and a yet another truck had broken down causing Randy to lose his temper and yell at Pablo and Ben to "get the damn thing fixed."

Hovering over it all was the tension between the two bosses that had now reached the point where the whole crew was aware of it and it poisoned the atmosphere.

Late in the afternoon Zack was supervising a major project and was under pressure to get it finished. A steel I-beam girder was being raised on a hoist for positioning but a worker had cut corners by attaching the cable only to the center of the beam. As it rose higher the girder became unstable, swinging round uncontrollably, and the end smashed against some nearby wood scaffolding that collapsed to the ground with an earthshaking crash. No one was hurt but it had been a close thing.

Randy strode angrily across the site, looked at the wreckage and glared at Zack. "What the fuck...? What were you thinking, man? You know damn well there should be at least two attachment points. Any fucking moron knows that, except you apparently. Anyone else, I'd fire his ass. Now get this fucking mess cleaned up and report to me, you got that?"

There was a shocked silence as Randy stomped away to his trailer office. Too embarrassed to face Zack, whom they all admired and respected, the crew went to work clearing the pile of wood planks that had fallen. Zack stood clenching his fists, his chest heaving, stunned by the brutal way Randy had shredded him in front of his men.

He took a deep breath, trying to calm himself, and said, "It's OK, guys. We'll clean this up tomorrow. Shift's over anyway so why don't you cut out and leave me to lock up? With grunts of thanks and muted commiseration they picked up their gear and walked out through the gate. Zack waited 'til the site was empty but failed to control his fury. He strode toward the trailer, a fearsome sight, shirtless as always in his black jeans, his muscular black torso gleaming in the shaft of light from the trailer.

He punched open the trailer door and stood facing Randy, his legs astride fists clenched. "Reporting to the boss, sir, as ordered," he snarled. Bent over the drafting table Randy looked up and was taken aback by the blazing fury in Zack's eyes. Randy shrugged, "Well what did you expect me to say, man, when you screwed up and damn well near killed someone?"

"Now listen, pal," Zack growled. "No man ever dresses me down like that in front of my men – ever. You've really been pulling the big boss act lately and I'm up to here with your bullshit. I'm a co-owner of this outfit, a bigger man than you, so I'd like to see you try to fire me."

Randy's legendary anger was flaring. "Now you listen to me, asshole. I founded this company. I hired you and I can damn-well fire you any time I like. You're an employee, so watch your lip."

"Fuck you, asshole. You treat everyone like fucking dirt – even me – even Bob who you claim to love but beat the crap out of whenever you feel like it."

That did it ... the smoldering fire now burst into flames. Randy took a swing at Zack, his fist landed hard and sent the black muscle-stud flying backward through the door and crashing to the ground outside. Randy launched himself through the shattered door and landed on top of the black bodybuilder sprawled on his back. In an instant Randy was on his knees astride Zack and pummeling his pecs with his fists.

Stunned by the impact of the fall Zack reached up blindly, grabbed Randy's sweaty tank top and pulled, ripping it clean off his massive torso. Randy was like a machine, smashing his fists into the fallen man's chest, his gut and ridged abs. But Zack was a hard man to keep down and he instinctively raised his knee and smashed it against Randy's ass sending him sprawling forward but still on top of him.

Reaching forward Randy grabbed Zack's wrists and pinned them into the dirt above his head, grinding the crotch of his filthy jeans into his face. "How d'ya like that, asshole? You like my stinking dick in your face. When I'm finished with you you'll be on your knees begging to suck my thick rod. You spend a lot of time on your knees, boy? Bet that big black mouth of yours gives great blow-jobs."

Enraged by this sexual and racial put-down, Zack tensed his biceps and his right arm incredibly began to power out of the hold. It became a contest of strength as they pitted muscle against muscle like arm wrestlers until, with a howl of triumph, Zack heaved Randy's arm up and hurled him over onto his back. Zack was up in an instant and threw himself on top of the big guy, but Randy was a street fighter from way back and raised his leg in the nick of time. He pressed his boot against Zack's bare chest and kicked him off him.

With a howl of pain Zack rose in the air, staggered backward and slammed against the side of a truck. As he slumped, stunned, against the truck Zack dimly saw Randy leap up and he felt the first blow of the fist against his face. Randy went wild, slamming the back of his hand against one cheek then his palm against the other, making Zack's handsome face thrash from side to side, sweat flying off it. .

The shirtless black construction worker, muscles gleaming with sweat, was reeling against the truck now, helpless against the fists that rained down on him. He felt his knees buckle and knew he was about to go down. "You're finished, man," Randy yelled. "I'm the boss and all men submit to me – even you. I've beaten you, stud you're nothing ... give up, man let me hear you beg."

But Zack had an iron will and, hearing Randy's taunts he summoned up a last desperate reserve of strength. He suddenly blocked one of Randy's blows with his arm, raised his leg and shoved him away with his boot. As Randy reeled backward, Zack shook his head to regain focus, and charged forward like an enraged bull. Now it was his turn and his fists flew, powered by fury and adrenaline as he pummeled the arrogant face and muscular body, weakening his stunned opponent.

Randy momentarily dropped his guard and Zack seized the advantage by lowering his shoulders, grabbing Randy round the waist, lifting him up bodily, high in the air, then hurling him on the ground in a brutal body-slam. Randy howled as he crashed on his back, rolled over in agony and ended up on his stomach dazed, crawling painfully through the dust in a futile attempt to escape.

Zack moved fast, grabbed Randy's wrists and dragged his limp body face down through the dirt to a pole still standing in the wreckage of the fallen scaffolding. Trying to gather his wits Randy was only dimly aware of his arms being stretched forward, his wrists pulled round the pole and tied together with rope. With his shirtless, battered body stretched on its stomach in the dirt, he slowly became aware of the scornful voice above him taunting him.

"Well, look at the big boss now, on his belly in the dirt, tied up at the mercy of the big black guy who beat the shit out of him. Not so tough now, are you, mother-fucker? It was just you and me, buddy, and you lost ... and here you are eating dirt at my feet."

Zack sneering words jerked Randy back to his senses and he pulled at his bound wrists, his arms stretched forward, his muscles smothered in dirt and sweat. His body writhed on the ground and his legs kicked helplessly. Zack reached down, grabbed the waist of Randy's jeans and yanked hard, tearing them open and pulling them down to his knees.

"Oh, yeah," he growled, "just look at that big tough top man pushing his bare ass up in the air, begging to get ploughed." Zack grabbed a two-by-four length of wood from the wreckage and fell to his knees between the bound man's legs. "Gotta keep that ass still though if I'm gonna work it good. He pressed the narrow plank against the small of Randy's back and pressed on each end as he leaned forward, effectively immobilizing him on the ground and trapping his ass that pointed upward, vulnerable, inviting.

"Now we'll see which of us is the top man, and which guy gets his ass ploughed. Shit I wish my guys were here now to watch the arrogant boss get my big black club shoved up it."

"Go to hell, man," Randy groaned. "Go fuck yourself."

"Hey, I don't have to fuck myself, buddy, 'cause I got your asshole blinking right in front of me." Zack ran his hand over the solid globes of Randy's perfect ass. "Shit, boy, you're really gonna love this hunk of prime beef in your white ass. Ever wonder how a black dick feels in a white ass, boy? It goes something like this....."

“Aaagh!” Randy’s agonized scream echoed round the construction site as the huge black shaft pushed between the clenched cheeks and plunged dry into the hot chute of the boss’s ass. “Feel good, boy?” Zack taunted. “Want some more?” He pulled the long rod back, teased the sphincter with the hard knob, paused, then drove it savagely even deeper into the tortured man.

“That’s it stud,” Zack gloated. “Let me hear you scream. Man, the tribe should see you now – the arrogant king of the gypsies tied up helpless in the dirt, thrashed by the hot black stud who’s now reaming his ass. Might as well get used to it, boy, ‘cause there’s a lot more to come, all the way ‘til you submit to your black ‘employee’ and beg him to stop.”

“Never gonna happen, man,” Randy growled through clenched teeth.

“No? hmm, let’s see about that.”

Instantly the thick black rod became a piston, pile driving into the tight ass mercilessly, endlessly, as Zack pressed down on the plank trapping the swarthy construction boss and punishing his ass. Unable to move, all Randy could do was scream as pain radiated from his shattered ass throughout his body.

If any passerby, attracted by the noise, had chanced to look he would have seen the amazing sight of two bodybuilders, one black, one white, naked except for their jeans round their boots, lit by the shaft of light coming from the broken door of the trailer. They were in the dirt – the rugged white boss on his stomach roped to a pole, getting his ass jack-hammered by the black construction worker’s massive cock.

Zack never let up, his ramrod driving into the tortured ass. As Randy weakened Zack tossed away the plank and let the body buck and heave underneath him. Zack panted, “Yeah, push up that tight butt, man. Feel that huge black pole in your ass, big guy? The big tough boss-man is eating dirt, getting his ass ploughed. Hell, I can keep this up all night, man, can you? Nah, you know you’re finished you know I’ve beaten you. All that’s left is for you to submit to the real top man and beg for release. Better to be humiliated than destroyed, man. You lost give up, man admit I’m the best.”

Randy knew he was right Zack could keep going but he couldn’t. His ass was on fire, tortured by the pounding black shaft that could tear him apart. He knew there was only one way. “Aaagh...!” A vicious shaft of pain speared through him and he yelled, “OK....OK you win ... you’re the best. I give up I submit.” He was sobbing now. “I can’t take any more. You want me to beg? OK, I’m begging you, sir You’ve beaten me please, sir, let me go I beg you please shoot your load in my ass.... Aaagh!”

The last scream came as the cock rammed deep in his agonized ass and he felt hot jism pouring into him as Zack howled triumphantly, “I am the best!” Randy’s body tensed and he

pushed his ass up to meet the merciless cock as it emptied its load inside him. Zack looked down at the broken man, amazed that he could have suffered so much before admitting defeat.

He fell on top of him, their bodies heaved together and their faces pressed against each other. The two exhausted warriors, one in victory, the other in defeat, could not hold back a surge of admiration for each other. The spectacular contest between two rugged alpha males, two raging stallions, was over.

Zack pulled his long pole all the way out of the bound man's ass, making him groan with the last spurt of pain. Zack got to his feet, pulled up his jeans and untied Randy's wrists. He hooked his boot under him and flipped him over onto his back. And there on the ground where he had lain, was a big pool of semen, turning the dirt to mud. "Shit damn," Zack grinned, "look at that – the final humiliation. I made the big boss bust his load in the dirt."

And the black muscle-god strode away leaving the king of the gypsies lying beaten in the dust."

Oddly, the man-to-man combat, rather than increasing their rivalry, had the opposite effect. Randy admired nothing more than another man's strength and knew that nobody could have beaten him in a fight except Zack. Pitting muscle against muscle they had gained new respect for each other's strength and manhood, knowing that they were two of a kind – a powerful breed that rarely existed among men.

However, there were two sides to that coin. Their sense of supremacy endowed them not only with authority, but obstinacy too. After their flaring passions and brutal combat their massive egos would not allow them to climb down and acknowledge their mutual respect.

So in the ensuing days Randy worked on one of the other construction sites so he had no daily contact with Zack at work, nor in the evenings as Zack stayed in his own house with his boy Darius. Bob, in frustration, taunted Randy, "Jesus you guys – you're like a couple of pouting schoolboys refusing to speak to each other after a schoolyard fight."

Randy and Zack both wanted the feud to end but they were stubborn. So even when the day inevitably arrived where they came face to face on the same construction job they couldn't bring themselves to speak – not unless the other made the first move.

But then an event occurred that resolved the issue, though not an event they would have wished for. As they worked sullenly and silently side by side, their resentment simmering again, Randy's cell phone rang.

"Hey, buddy what's up? Wait, pull yourself together Bob and tell me. Jesus Christ, where? Yeah I know the place that dump is bad news. Leave it to me, buddy – I'll take care it." He thrust the phone back in his pocket and Zack, seeing the stricken look on his face, said, "What?"

“The twins – they’re in bad trouble with a group of bikers. Poor kids I’ll fucking kill those asshole motherfuckers.” He turned to leave but Zack grabbed his arm. “I’m coming with you.”

“Stay the hell out of this, man,” Randy barked, resentment still gripping him.”

“Shit, man,” Zack insisted, “this is not about you and me anymore. It’s about Bob and his boys. You gonna take on a gang of bikers, you’re gonna need me, buddy. Together we can beat anyone – we’re invincible.”

Their eyes met in a flash of understanding that instantly dispelled any shred of animosity that still existed between them. They raced out to Randy’s truck, leapt in and sat grim faced side by side as it roared away. They were tense, angry, ready for action – only this time they were on the same side.

#

Chapter 216 – Superman Rules

The twins had made what could charitably called a lapse of judgment, combined with bad luck – only it was a major lapse and rotten luck. The pity was, they had been having such a good day and were feeling pleased with themselves. They had gone to the Silver Lake district on the east side of L.A. – an eclectic mix of gay men, mostly of the leather-levi fraternity, and a vibrant Mexican community – and they were there for the latter.

They had gone to a Mexican grocery store on Hyperion Avenue, the only place they knew that sold the ingredients they needed for a special dinner they were making that night for a gathering of the whole tribe. They had quickly found everything they wanted, and were excited about their upcoming task – a bit giddy actually – impulsive – not to mention thirsty in the hot afternoon sun.

“Feel like a drink, bro?” Kyle asked as they drove away from the store. “We could drop into one of those Silver Lake bars the guys are always talking about, maybe see some leather guys like Zack.”

Dismissing a faint warning sign that flashed through his mind Kevin grinned, “Sure, why not? The shopping went quicker than we thought and I could use a real cold beer right about now. Where shall we go?”

They happened to be driving along a shabby back street when Kyle said, “Hey, look,” and slammed on the brakes. Across the street was a scruffy hole-in-the-wall bar, with peeling black paint and a small parking lot at the side. Kyle laughed, “Look at the name – ‘The Crank Shaft’.” He didn’t realize that the name was suggestive of hard drugs and hard sex. What grabbed their attention were the four big motorbikes, two Harleys and two Hondas, parked in the lot.

“Must be a leather bar,” said Kevin. “Maybe those bikers are hot, like Mark, Zack and Randy.”

“Shit dude, nobody’s hot like those guys, but we could take a peek, have a quick beer and if we don’t like it just leave.”

Gripped by a rush of excitement, they parked on the street, went to the door and pushed aside the wide leather strips hanging over it. After the bright sun they blinked in the sudden darkness and made their way to the brighter lights over the bar. A bored looking bartender, a heavy-set older guy with a beard, wearing grubby jeans, boots and a sweaty black tank top, looked up and said, “Well, what do we have here? What’ll it be, guys?”

“Two beers,” said Kyle, deepening his voice, trying to sound tough. The bartender grabbed the beers, popped off the tops and slid them across the counter. “Six bucks.” Kyle gave him a ten and said in the same deep voice, “Keep the change.”

“Shit damn,” the man said, “not often we get a couple of hot young bucks like you in here, especially on a slow afternoon like this. Hey guys,” he yelled to the corner, “take a look at this.”

The twins turned their heads in the direction he had shouted and saw in the shadows the four bikers – but they were nothing like Zack, Randy or Mark. Quite the opposite, they were all heavy set, in full leather, black vests open over fat hairy stomachs, with faces that could only be described as ugly – and scary. They heaved themselves off their stools and stomped over to the twins.

Alarm bells were now ringing loudly in the twins’ heads and they took a gulp of beer and set the bottles on the bar. “Hey, they’re twins,” growled one of the men, “hotter than hell, too. Shit ... twins guys, we can have a real good time with twins. You wanna stick around, boys?”

“Actually, we have to go right now,” said Kyle, the deep tough voice changing to a nervous high pitch. “Come on Kevin.” They made for the door but felt strong arms hold them back.

“I don’t think so, boys,” said one of the other men. “We’ve got a whole back room here you’re gonna love.”

Struggling was hopeless as they were pulled through a door, along a pitch black corridor and into a big room, all black, lit only by dim red lights. In a panic now the boys could make out a couple of chairs and bars on the wall with leather equipment hanging from them – restraints, ropes, chains and a couple of whips.

The twins grabbed each others’ hands, frozen in fear, but Randy had trained them to resist panic and think fast in dangerous situations. Kyle said, “OK, sirs, we’ll do what you want, only I have to use the bathroom first.”

One of the men laughed sadistically. "Hell, don't want you crapping all over the floor when we start working on that pretty body of yours and you brother's ass. OK, it's through that door, but don't think you're gonna get out that way. There's no windows, just the crapper."

"Thank you, sir," Kyle said and scurried into the fetid room and closed the door. Trying to stay calm he pulled out his cell phone, punched the number for Bob and held his breath. He could have wept with relief at the sound of Bob's voice. "Sir," he whispered into the phone, "we're in trouble ... trapped bikers Silver Lake bar The Crank Shaft. Please, sir, I'm scared they're gonna hurt us...."

"Hey kid," came a shout, "get that cute ass of yours off the fucking can and back in here – now!"

Kyle hurriedly shut off the phone, flushed the toilet and went back to join his brother. He flashed a look at him and imperceptibly mouthed "Bob." In their intuitive way of communicating Kevin understood and his fear diminished. If Bob knew where they were they would be OK.

With Randy's fuck-the-speed-limits driving he and Zack arrived at the Crank Shaft only ten minutes after Bob had called them. Randy swerved up onto the curb, blocking the sole exit of the parking lot. "Looks like four bikes and a truck," said Zack as they leapt out of the truck."

"Yeah," Randy said, "so if they're riding solo, four assholes, plus the bartender. Should be a piece of cake, eh buddy?"

"Lead on," said Zack with a grim smile.

They burst through the leather strips at the door and strode right up to the bar. The greasy bartender raised his head and was immediately grabbed by the neck of his tank top and hauled halfway over the bar by Randy, who snarled, "Where are they, shithead?"

"What what are you talking about?" Randy nodded at Zack who grabbed one of the man's hands and bent the fingers back brutally. "I'm gonna break your fingers one at a time, asshole, until you answer my buddy's question. Where the fuck are they?"

"Aaagh No don't please through that door."

"Your truck's blocked so you're not going anywhere, pal. You move a muscle and my buddy here will come back and twist your nuts off." The ice-cold precision of Randy's voice terrified the man and he slumped against the back counter as Randy released him. Randy and Zack marched through the door, along the black corridor, and opened the far door a crack, maintaining the element of surprise.

They sized up the situation instantly. Visible under the red lights the twins were seated in two wood chairs against the wall. Their wrists were tied to the arms and their ankles to the chair legs so they were pretty much immobilized, except for their heads that they kept bowed. The four bikers loomed over them, with their backs to Randy and Zack, who could see that the twins were not yet hurt it was just beginning.

The two men facing the boys unzipped their leather pants and pulled out their fat limp dicks. They lifted up the boys' chins and grinned at them, visibly drooling. "See, here's the deal," one said. "Me and my men here haven't taken our Viagra yet, but we don't need to now, do we, boys? You got those juicy mouths and sexy lips so you can be our own personal Viagra. These hunks o' meat stink pretty good but if you work them like good little cocksuckers they'll get good and hard."

"And if they don't," said the other, "we'll just slap you around a bit 'til our dicks get hard enough to fuck those cute asses. Then our buddies here get their turn. Then us again ... well you get the picture. See, there's only one thing to do with hot young bucks like you – gang-fuck 'em."

"You lay one more goddam finger on those boys and I'm gonna shove my fist so far up your ass it'll come out of your mouth."

Randy's deep, menacing voice made all four men swing round and they took an involuntary step back as they saw the muscular, menacing figures by the door. Having come straight from the construction site they were both shirtless in muddy jeans and boots, one a swarthy gypsy with long black hair and steel-blue eyes, the other a black bodybuilder with a shaved head, his ebony muscles gleaming under the red lights.

A wave of relief swept over the twins. They were safe! The same could not be said for the bikers. Formidable as the newcomers were, the chief of the group stammered a bit as he growled, "Who ... who the fuck are you?"

Randy grinned, "Oh, me and my buddy just stopped in for a beer and we heard there was a party going on back here. Thought we'd take a look."

Confused by Randy's change of tone the man faltered. "Well sure there is. Me and the boys was just gonna loosen these kids up with a good face fuck, then take it in turns ploughing their asses. Man, these young studs are prime meat, so there's plenty to go around. You wanna join in?"

"Hey, now there's an invitation you don't get every day of the week," Randy grinned. "What d'ya think Zack? You want a piece of the action here? Think we should join the party?"

"Sounds like a plan, buddy. Let's rock."

They strutted toward the bikers and Randy said, "Tell you what, though. How about we leave the kids out of the party for now?" He winked at the twins. "What we had in mind was something more along these lines..." He and Zack acted in perfect unison as each slammed a gut punch into a biker's stomach, then swung the other fist across his face, sending both men reeling across the room and crashing against the wall.

Their two buddies were not slow to respond despite their bulk, and jumped Randy and Zack from behind, running their arms under their armpits and locking their hands behind their necks in full-nelson holds. Their arms helplessly locked, stretched out to the side, Randy and Zack faced each other and Zack grinned, "Looks like they got us, man. Time for that head-butts thing?"

They both leaned far forward and bowed their heads, heaving the bikers forward over their backs. Randy and Zack ran toward each other like charging bulls and there was a sickening crash above them as the bikers' heads slammed against each other like battering rams. Howling in pain they slid off Randy and Zack and slumped against the wall with their stunned buddies.

Randy faced the four of them, eyes blazing. "You fucking morons ... these are our boys you got here and we don't take kindly to scumbags like you so much as breathing your stinking breath over them. So why don't you try partying with real men. Try us on for size."

"Get em," the biker boss yelled, "it's four against two," and he grabbed a chain hanging on the wall above his head. He pulled it down, wrapped it round his fist and advanced on Randy, who took a step back, but was tripped from behind by one of the others. The shirtless construction boss sprawled in the ground, looked up at the chain swinging down toward him and rolled away as it crashed on the ground beside him.

The twins looked on in horror – but they needn't have worried. As the biker took another swing Zack grabbed the chain in mid air and yanked it out of the man's fist. It was a terrifying sight, the tall black bodybuilder, muscles gleaming as he swung the chain round above his head, with the battle cry of a warrior.

The bikers backed away, but Zack swung the long chain skillfully round the legs of two of them and yanked them off their feet. They crashed to the ground beside Randy who quickly unwound the chain and, still lying on his back, swung it with perfect aim round the waists of the other two and yanked it hard so they lurched forward and fell on top of their buddies.

Randy leapt to his feet and grinned quickly at the twins. "We'll set you free in a minute, kids, once we've put away these assholes. Enjoy your ringside seat." He turned his attention back to the bikers while the twins smiled at each other. They felt no fear now that Randy and Zack were on the job. They had no discomfort – other than Kevin's need to scratch his nose.

The two construction workers towered over the groveling bikers. "Fucking shitheads," Randy yelled. He kicked the chain away from them across the floor. "Scumbags like you always

fight dirty. Now let's see how good you are with your fists." He jerked his fingers toward his own bare chest. "Come on, assholes, let's see what you got."

In the meantime Bob was not exactly sitting idly by the phone. Bob was mad. He had taken the call from the twins in his executive office at his corporation in West L.A. and had called Randy from there. He told his secretary he was leaving for the day, ran to the elevator and in minutes he was behind the wheel of his Mercedes driving east across the city.

His square jaw was clenched hard, his eyes cold with fury. At first he had felt a sickening stab of fear but that abated as soon as he had spoken to Randy. He had absolute faith that Randy and Zack could keep his boys safe. His boys! the exquisite twins he loved second only to Randy himself, the boys who had spent their teenage years running from danger in a desperate quest to stay together, but were now in danger at the hands of a gang of thugs.

Bob rarely showed overt anger. Though he looked like Superman he acted more like the mild-mannered Clark Kent. Inside he was a man of steel, but he preferred to settle conflict by sheer force of personality. God knows he had done this often enough in the office when he had brought a contentious board meeting to heel.

He was, as they say, a slow burn, but when the twins were in peril his anger blazed. But he kept it in check, in reserve, as he reached for his car-phone and punched a number. "Ah, Darius, good, you're there. Do you know a Silver Lake bar called the Crank Shaft?"

The news of the fast moving events had not yet reached even the ever vigilant Darius so he was surprised by this out-of-the-blue question from Bob. "I've heard of it, sir," he said, "a real bad-news dump according to Zack. I can Google it to get the location if you like."

"Good, now listen carefully. When you've got directions go and wait outside the house for me, and be sure to bring your camera."

"Got it, sir," Darius said and hung up.

Some minutes later Bob's Mercedes pulled up at the gate, Darius jumped in and they were off. Darius's whole body was tense with excitement, sitting beside a grim-faced Bob in his big Mercedes. He could feel that something big was up and he had never seen this expression on Bob's face – jaw set, staring straight ahead with a look of ice-cold rage.

Bob filled Darius in on what was happening – the bare facts that he had anyway – and added, "When we get there, whatever happens, I want a record of it. That's where you come in. I want you to stay in the background, out of harm's way and video the whole thing."

“Right on, sir.” Darius’s street directions into the shabby neighborhood were precise and Bob said, “Look, there’s Randy’s truck – and the twins’ truck across the street. Jesus, what a dump.” He parked on the curb behind Randy’s truck and they got out. Outside the door there was silence at first, but then they heard the faint sounds of what had to be a fight somewhere inside – thuds, shouts – and Randy’s obscenities.

Bob’s main fear was Randy’s anger. He loved Bob’s twins and Bob knew that his fury at anyone who hurt them was enough to make him lose control and kill a man. Bob quickly pulled out his cell phone and hit the number for Mark, who he knew would be on his usual police beat around now. He made instant contact and quickly described the situation.

“I didn’t want to call the cops officially until I’ve seen what’s happening, but it would be great if you could come as soon as possible, buddy.” Darius could well imagine the reaction at the other end and had a clear image of the cop gunning his motorcycle and roaring off. This was Bob calling him, after all.

Bob put his phone away and said, “You ready, Darius?” “Right with you, sir”

Bob pushed the leather strips aside and marched inside, through the gloom toward the lights of the bar, where the bartender was still slumped against the back of the bar with a terrified look in his eyes. Bob had seen that look before. The man had obviously had the Randy treatment.

Darius hung back in the shadows, his camera trained on the bar. The man stared at the tall, imposing man dressed in suit and tie, glowering down at him. “You the owner of this place?” Bob said icily.

The man pulled himself together and said, “Sure am. What can I get you, sir?”

“Your Liquor License to begin with,” Bob said. “From now on it’s not worth the paper it’s printed on – and you won’t be worth a rat’s ass either once you’re indicted for the crimes you’ve permitted on your premises. Drug dealing too, I’d imagine from the bar’s name – crank as in crystal meth, is it? Probably cook it in the basement, uh?”

The bartender was struck dumb as Bob’s eyes burned into his. “Now listen up, asshole. You stay right here until I’m finished with your buddies – guess that’s them howling in the back room, eh? You try to leave and things’ll go much worse for you in court. As of now the bar is closed, permanently. You let no one in except the cops when they get here. You got all that?”

“Yes, sir.” The bartender withered under the commanding presence of this extraordinary man.

“Follow me, Darius,” Bob said and opened the door to the dark passageway. Darius ran forward for a quick close-up of the terrified man’s face, then followed Bob down the passage. At the end Bob threw open the door and they were both stunned by the scene.

The twins were still tied to their chairs but, far from looking scared, they were obviously having the best time, yelling support to their liberators “that’s it sir ... again, hit him again. Behind you, Zack ... two of them right on, sir.”

The fight was still in full swing and the four bikers, outnumbering the two construction workers, were putting up a strong defense, using every dirty trick in the book. Their resilience had transformed the early enthusiasm of Randy and Zack into anger, which in Randy’s case could be lethal, and the bikers were clearly getting the worst of it as the two men became fighting machines. Fighting side by side as two supportive buddies, who had so recently been fighting each other, Randy and Zack had the bikers against the wall, pounding the shit out of them

Then suddenly everything changed.

“Enough!” The commanding voice rang round the room, the action stopped and all eyes turned to the door where an imposing figure loomed, his powerful body evident even under his business suit. “That’s enough!” Bob saw the chain and kicked it across the floor to Randy and Zack. “Chain these men to the wall. The cops are on their way so let’s make it easy for them.”

Stunned into compliance by the sheer power of this man the exhausted, beaten bikers put up no further resistance as Randy and Zack used the chain and ropes to secure them to the bars on the wall, side by side, backs to the wall. “Darius,” I want a complete record of this – long shots, mug shots of these pricks, and shots of the boys tied to chairs.” Then I want the boys untied.

Darius went to work as Randy gazed in awe at his lover Bob. The mild-mannered Clark Kent had morphed into a real Superman.

Just then they heard the wailing sirens of a lone cop pulling up outside and in minutes Mark burst through the door, pushing the frightened bar owner before him. Bob did not reveal his connection to the cop, any more than he had with Randy and Zack. Anonymity was part of the plan. “Good timing, officer,” Bob said with no sign of recognition. “I think you’ll find everything’s pretty much under control.”

“So I see,” Mark said, his professional poise unable to stifle a grin as Randy released the twins.

Bob’s anger had been spiked by the sight of his boys tied up in this stinking room and he strode to the center of the room with a look of cold fury that even Randy had never seen before. His voice was equally icy as it held in check a fury that could explode at any time.

“Right,” he said, “now everyone listen to me carefully. These are my boys who have been subjected to abuse and terror – and nobody, nobody messes with my boys, least of all these pathetic dickheads chained to the wall. So here’s how it’s gonna be

“As an attorney and senior executive of a major company I have access to a fleet of top flight lawyers and high-powered contacts in State Government. So I am personally gonna see to it that these four douchebags do serious jail time. I’ll make sure the whole goddam book is thrown at you jerkoffs – kidnapping, mayhem, false imprisonment, intent to cause grievous bodily harm, conspiracy to commit a hate crime, you name it.

“And by the way, when your fellow prison inmates find out you were convicted of assaulting young guys, with intent to gang-rape them, I don’t give much for the future of your own asses. You’re gonna be doing a lot of bending over and grabbing your ankles in the slammer, guys, and god luck sitting down after all those guys have taken their turn. Talk about gang-rape!”

Bob pointed to the groveling bar owner. “This asswipe will be indicted as a co-conspirator. He will lose his liquor license and never own a bar again as long as he lives. And officer, you might want to check out the premises for manufacture and storage of meth. As for this dump it will be permanently shuttered and you can torch it for all I care.”

He pointed to Darius. “This young man will provide a full video of the crime scene so I’ll leave the rest to you, officer.” Then to Zack and Randy, “I am deeply grateful to you two men for rescuing my boys. These sons-of-bitches deserved the beating you gave them. You can get in touch with me later, officer, and we’ll be available to make statements. But now I’m taking my boys home.”

He looked venomously at the sullen bikers. “You shit-for-brains motherfuckers sure tangled with the wrong guys when you dared to touch these boys. OK, come on kids – you gotta get dinner on the table.” He put his arms round his boys’ shoulders and they left the room.

Randy stared after Bob in awe and disbelief. “Wow,” he said. “I am so gonna fuck that guy’s ass tonight!”

Bob drove the boys home in his Mercedes. He wanted to be close to them right now and he asked tentatively, “You boys feeling OK?”

“We’re fine, sir,” said Kevin, and Kyle added, “You should’ve seen that fight, sir, it was amazing. Randy and Zack were so cool the way they took on four guys at once.”

“And you weren’t scared?”

Kyle said, "We were at first, sir, until I got hold of you and told you where we were. Then we knew everything would be OK. And when Randy and Zack arrived we knew for sure we were safe." They both giggled and Kevin said, "Randy said he'd stick his fist so far up the guy's ass it would come out of his mouth."

"Yeah," Bob grinned, "sounds like vintage Randy."

They arrived at the house and Bob said, "So what do you want to do now we're home, kids? You don't have to cook dinner, you know."

"Of course we will, sir," said Kevin. "That's why we were in Silver Lake in the first place, to get these special ingredients. That's why we transferred them from our truck to your car." They heaved out the grocery bags and made for the kitchen. Kyle looked back over his shoulder and grinned, "Thank you for saving us, sir. We'll thank Randy and Zack when they get home too."

Bob watched them disappear into the kitchen, knowing that was the best place for them right now, the place where they felt most at home. He shook his head in amazement at how resilient the twins were. He realized how safe they felt, with himself, Randy and the other guys to take care of them. As he went upstairs to change out of his suit Bob felt humbled by the responsibility he and the guys had to protect their boys.

Randy and Zack arrived home next, having helped Mark load the five thugs into squad cars that Mark had summoned, and then padlocked the door to the bar. They had brought Darius with them, sitting proudly between the two battle-scarred warriors. Zack let his hand wander to the huge bulge in Darius's pants. "Later, kid," he grinned.

Darius had called ahead and was met by the other boys. "Dudes, you are never gonna believe" he was saying as he hustled them upstairs to his room.

Randy turned to Zack and shook his hand. "Thanks buddy," he said. "Some fight eh? That chain thing could have been messy but you had my back – you always do. Er, that stupid shit that went down earlier between us I....."

"Water under the bridge, buddy," Zack grinned and pulled him into a bear hug. "I love you, man, you know that."

"Me too buddy. Hey, maybe we should take our boys up to the lake, do some fishing, and I can find a way to really thank you. But right now I got some business I gotta take care of upstairs."

Zack grinned knowingly. "Go get him, big guy."

Bob was loosening his tie as Randy walked in – and they both got instant erections. The air was still heavy with testosterone after the huge adrenaline rush of events, and Randy was never so horny as after a fight. They grinned at each other almost shyly and Randy pulled two beers out of the small fridge. He gave one to Bob and sprawled in the big armchair, waiting for his favorite sight – his lover taking his clothes off.

“Shit damn, you were fucking epic in that bar, man,” Randy said. “It was so damn hot the way you shredded those motherfuckers – such a stud. I’ve never seen you that mad, it was scary, but such a fucking turn on. I’ve never wanted to fuck your ass as much as I did right then.”

“Yeah well still waters run deep, you know.” Bob took a slug of beer then started to undress. He shucked off his jacket, untied his tie and let it hang loose round his neck, then unbuttoned his shirt all the way down and pulled it out of his pants.

Turned on by the display, Randy said, “You really threw the book at those assholes. By the way, I knew you had an MBA but you never told me you had a law degree too.”

“Yeah, well I didn’t wanna make you scared of me – you know, bringing legal charges against you or something.”

Randy roared with laughter. “Scared! That’ll be the day, asshole. I am so fucking hot for you right now, man, that the only thing that scares me is busting my load in my pants before I get to your ass.” He stood up, took a gulp of beer with one hand and rubbed his crotch with the other.

Bob frowned as he looked at Randy’s bare torso and filthy work pants. “Shouldn’t you get cleaned up? You’re a mess from that fight – cuts, bruises, dirt, dried sweat.”

“Yeah well you know how I am after a fight, buddy. I just wanna fuck.” He walked forward but Bob put a restraining hand on his chest, his eyes boring into Randy’s. “Not his time, big guy. The ball’s in my court today and I’m still pumped after that scene in the bar. Look at me, man.”

He took a step back and held his arms out to the sides. His shirt and tie hung loose, wide open, displaying his magnificent pecs and washboard abs. He looked down at the bulge in his pants and said, “If I turn you on as much as you say I do, what you gonna do about that boner down there?”

Randy gazed at the beautiful muscle-god, at his square jawed features and dark hair – the same man he had just seen totally dominate a roomful of guys. This was not Clark Kent – this time it really was Superman and Randy fell to his knees in an act of worship as well as raw lust. He unzipped Bob’s pants and pulled out his lover’s long, hard shaft. He licked the drops of pre-cum dripping from the head, then gazed in awe at the beautiful cock before sliding his mouth over it and sucking it down to the back of his throat.

Looking down at the shirtless construction boss, his stubbled face and heavily muscled body bearing the marks of battle, Bob sighed deeply, "Aah, yeah, eat that meat, big guy. Man, you were such a stallion when you destroyed those guys with your bare fists, and now here you are, the king of the gypsies on his knees sucking another man's cock. That gypsy face looks so fucking hot with my rod in your mouth."

Randy was feeling a whole new sensation. He had given Bob blow-jobs before, but always as an act of love to give pleasure to his man. But having just seen this gorgeous, sexy muscle-god exert his power over a roomful of fighting men he was still in awe and bowed willingly before him. Sucking his cock now was an act of submission to a man who was as strong as he was beautiful, and the rugged fighter was proud to service him on his knees.

He breathed deeply through his nose, smelling the musky, male essence of his lover's cock, tasting his matted pubic hair as his face buried into it. He looked up at the towering hunk, reached up and ran his hands under his shirt, over his sculpted chest and abs, then clung to his tight waist as he sucked the cock faster and faster, his head pounding up and down like a jackhammer. Bob ran his hands through the gypsy's long black hair, pulling the head forward onto his driving cock.

"Man, you are so fucking hot impaled on my rod," Bob moaned. "Suck it, man ... take it all the way down make your master cum here it comes Aaagh!"

Randy gulped hard as Bob's hot semen poured down his throat. It was like nectar from a god and Randy ripped open his own pants and paid homage as his own cock exploded at his lover's feet. Bob pulled out and sprayed the last of his juice over the dark, stubbled face.

Randy fell forward, threw his arms round Bob's waist and pressed his face against his stomach at the line of his belt. His emotion was so intense that he was heaving with dry sobs. But he wanted more. He had come into the room intent on fucking this Superman's ass but now he craved the reverse. His face was smothered in cum and dirt, semen dripping from the corners of his mouth, as he looked up and begged, "Please, sir – fuck my ass – please take my ass."

Randy had occasionally submitted to men before but only after losing a fight, as he had recently to Zack, but that was merely a reaction to unbearable pain. But this was different. Now he wanted to debase himself, wanted to prove himself subservient to this powerful, beautiful god-like man. He looked at Bob's now semi-erect cock and said desperately, "I can make it hard, man. I can do it I have to feel it in my ass."

"Do it, man," Bob said simply.

Once again Randy closed his mouth over the cock and sucked it in, clenching his throat muscles hard, squeezing the cock until he felt it stiffen in his mouth. The shaft began once

again to piston in his mouth, but this time Randy pulled his mouth off when he tasted pre-cum oozing from it. He leapt to his feet, frantically pulled off his boots and socks and flung them aside, then practically ripped off his pants and threw himself butt-naked on the bed. He spread-eagled himself on the bed, his arms stretched up, clutching the corner posts of the headboard.

Even if Randy had not sucked him Bob's cock would have been hard as steel looking down at the naked gypsy, his hard-muscled body covered in the scars of battle, semen drying on his face, as if he were stretched on a sacrificial slab offering his body to a god.

Bob knew he had the man totally in his power, a fitting climax to a day where he had asserted his authority as an alpha male as never before and proved his domination over friend and foe alike beyond any doubt. He intended to enjoy this newfound power and, at the same time, prove his devotion to the man subjugating himself before him.

He pushed his stiff cock back in his pants and zipped them up, then walked round the bed, gazing down at the naked man. He slid his belt from his slacks, went to the corner of the bed, buckled the belt round Randy's wrist, and tied it to the bedpost. He pulled his tie from round his neck and tied the other wrist to the opposite post. "That's just as I want you," Bob said, "but I know how strong you are so let's test those restraints."

Randy knew what he meant, having demanded this often of Bob. He began to struggle, looking up at his wrists, tugging at them his magnificent body writhing on the bed, veins etched in his straining muscles. "Oh man," Bob breathed, "that looks fucking incredible." His mind went back to the room at the bar and he fantasized that Randy had been beaten by the bikers in the fight. They had spread-eagled him on the floor and the battle-scarred construction boss now waited in bondage for them to work him over – to gang-fuck his ass.

Randy was feeling something similar, except that he had been beaten by this spectacular looking alpha male with his astonishing power to subdue. And now he was waiting to get his ass fucked – not only waiting but begging for it as he watched the business executive circle the bed. "Don't torture me like this, man," he begged. "My ass is on fire I need to feel your dick inside it Please, man...."

Bob simply smiled in response. He was really enjoying this, knowing that Randy was not play-acting – he really wanted Bob to plough his ass. But Bob took his time. Slowly he shrugged off his shirt and let it drop onto Randy's face. Randy inhaled deeply, smelling the sweat at the armpits, and then Bob pulled it away and tossed it to the floor. Randy gasped, seeing him stripped to the waist, the slabs of his chest, eight-pack abs, broad shoulders and flared lats sloping down to where his beltless slacks clung to his waist and hips.

Bob took a leisurely swig of beer then put a foot on the bed next to Randy's face. Looming over him he slowly unlaced his shoe and pulled it off, brushing it against Randy's face. He pulled off his black sock and laid it across Randy's neck. Randy was growing wild with desire,

pulling at his restraints, moaning loudly, desperate to touch his cock. Bob pulled off his other shoe and sock, then bundled the socks together and stuffed them in Randy's mouth.

Randy's eyes widened in frustration – he wanted, needed to beg, he wanted Bob to fuck him so bad. But Bob simple unzipped his pants and let them fall. He towered over Randy in just his white boxer shorts and Randy screamed into his gag at the sight of the stunning, near naked muscle-god who he wanted so desperately to fuck him.

But it was not to be. Bob picked up his beer, took another swallow then looked down at Randy's agonized face. "Nah," he said. "I wanna hear the King of the Gypsies beg." He pulled the socks out of Randy's mouth, then walked back and sprawled in the armchair, just as Randy had done so arrogantly only minutes before.

Bob pulled his iron-hard dick out of his boxers and began to stroke it slowly. Randy craned his neck and looked at him wild-eyed. "Don't cum, man, whatever you do. Please, I need you to cum in my ass."

Bob grinned, "See, I've always wondered what it felt like to have supreme power over another man, especially a dominant top-man like you. Look at this huge dick, man. It's gonna feel so good butt-fucking the arrogant, macho construction boss. You're such a badass stud the way you thrashed those bikers, but now that top-man's tied up waiting to feel a man's dick up his ass ... this dick right here – that's if I don't jack off first.

Bob's words, the images he created, were driving Randy ape-shit and he yelled, "No, please, don't cum." His magnificent body was thrashing wildly as he yanked at his wrists in a futile attempt to get free. At least let me touch my cock, man. Please, I'm begging you you're so fucking gorgeous I have to cum, man please, I ... Aaagh!" His cock exploded with a spout of semen that basted up high and splashed down on his own face.

Bob stood up, dropped his boxers and smiled. Through a film of cum Randy gazed up and thought he had never seen anything more beautiful than this stunning man who had him totally in his power. "You may have noticed," Bob said casually, that I did not bust my load when you did. I was saving it for this. He knelt on the bed and Randy pulled his legs back exposing his ass. Bob pressed the head of his cock against the hole and Randy held his breath.

But the expected push did not come, driving Randy wild with frustration. Bob said softly, "You really have to want this, man I mean *really* want it."

"Man I'm going crazy here. Please, man fuck my ass."

Bob leaned forward, pinned Randy's forearms on the bed and lowered his face close to his. Randy gazed into the soft brown eyes of the handsome square jawed face and heard his lover

say. "Let's see how much you want it, buddy." And finally, at long last, Bob pushed the head of his cock over the sphincter and slid it slowly inside Randy's fiery ass but paused halfway down. "Now, you're gonna show me just how much you want me, Randy."

Bob's jaw clenched, his eyes bored into Randy's and he slammed his cock hard into the deepest recess of Randy ass. "Aaagh! Aaagh! Aaagh!" Randy screamed and his cock shuddered in yet another eruption of cum that this time splashed on his lover's chest above him. For an instant he blacked out. When he opened his eyes he saw, coming slowly into focus, the exquisitely handsome face of his lover smiling down at him.

Bob said gently, "OK, now all that craziness is behind us we can finally make love, which is what this is all about. 'Cause I love you with all my soul, Randy, you have to know that. And what follows is my personal undying thanks to you for saving my boys for me." He leaned forward and unbuckled his belt from one of Randy's wrists, then reached over and pulled the end of his tie which unraveled from the other. He grinned, "I learned that safety knot from you, buddy."

He pulled his cock back slowly, then eased it gently into Randy's ass, making love to his ass, to his man, to the love of his life. Randy was transported into sensations that were beyond anything in the real world as he reached up and stroked the beautiful face with both hands. Tears came to his eyes as he said softly, "I am so fucking in love with you, man."

Bob leaned forward and kissed Randy's cheek, then his lips, then his eyes, and licked every cut and bruise on his face, trying to heal the wounds the fighter had sustained in the protection of his boys. The tender massaging of Randy's ass continued as Bob pulled his face back and they settled for simply gazing into each other's eyes. Except there was nothing simple about it as they floated together into their own private world reserved just for them.

Their love making continued for what seemed like eternity until suddenly, in contrast to the preceding drama, the end came with barely a sound. "Now?" Bob smiled. "Now," grinned Randy. And they both felt juice flowing out of them in the ultimate expression of the love of one man for another

Minutes later as they lay back on the bed side by side Bob said, "I hope after all this I haven't lost my caveman." Randy laughed, "Not a chance, buddy. Tomorrow it's payback time and we'll see who's really the boss. No man makes me beg and gets away with it."

"That's what I was hoping, sir," Bob smiled.

They showered, pulled on T-shirts and shorts, and went down barefoot to join the group that had already gathered for dinner. As always there was a ripple of excitement as the men and boys saw the two glorious lovers, the founding members of their tribe, appear together after what had undoubtedly been intense sex. Only they couldn't know just how intense it had been.

The gathering was more of a celebration than a simple dinner. Of course everyone by now knew all the details of the twins' adventure, thanks to Darius, his video and his motor-mouth. What had not been caught on video was described by the twins at Darius's insistence. There was a lot of praise to go around, mostly for Randy, Zack and Mark, but especially for Bob whose surprising action and speech in the bar was the highlight of the video. He was now held in even higher esteem than before – an unchallenged leader among men.

Bob had already expressed his thanks to Randy in the bedroom, and now he turned to Zack and Mark. "You know, I didn't really thank you guys enough after that little act I pulled in the bar, but I do now. I will be eternally grateful to you for putting your safety on the line for the sake of my twins."

"That 'little act' you pulled?" Zack repeated. "You saying you didn't mean any of it."

Bob's face clouded over, showing the same anger and authority he had in the bar. "Oh no I meant every word. I've already contacted an Assistant District Attorney I know well who owes me a few favors. He'll file the charges and the twins are eager to testify. They're as angry as I am and say they never want other guys to go through what they did. Plus we have the whole crime scene on Darius's video. Make no mistake, that bar is closed for good and those assholes will pay dearly for hurting my boys, I assure you."

Zack grinned and shook his head. "Man, you three are something else! Remind me never to get on your bad side, buddy." Bob laughed. "Not just three, Zack – you, Randy, Mark too. This was a group effort – a tribe taking care of its own."

In a way the twins were at the center of all this and it made them very uncomfortable. Kyle spoke up for them both. "Sirs, this was all our fault for going to that stupid bar in the first place. We must have been crazy and we're really sorry we put you all in danger."

Randy saw the pained look in Bob's eyes and spoke up. "OK, guys, let's talk about that. Listen up all you boys. Now what the twins made was an error of judgment, made worse by sheer bad luck. Now we don't want to clip the wings of any of you boys ... we're raising you to be strong and independent. That said, if ever you feel like doing something unusual or even a bit daring out there you must call your master first, and if you can't get a hold of him call me or Bob. Especially if it involves sex – we need to know first. Any questions?"

"Yes, sir." Eddie's hand shot up. "Sir, does that include jacking off? Often when I'm driving around I'm thinking of Hassan in his uniform – or better still out of it – and I have to beat off and shoot a load. Should I call him first before I do it? He's sometimes hard to get a hold of."

Darius sputtered, stifling a laugh, but Zack clipped him round the ear. "That's a good question," Randy said, glaring at Darius. "No, you do not need our permission to whack off. But there

are two conditions. Never do it while driving – pull over and park. And make sure there's no one who can see you – that could lead to trouble. Thanks for raising the question Eddie.” Eddie blushed with pride at Randy's thanks and looked smugly at Darius.

But still, in the rowdy chatter that followed, the twins remained subdued, and when they were back in the kitchen Bob and Randy came to check they were OK – not suffering from delayed shock. “No, sirs,” Kevin reassured them, “we're feeling fine – but ashamed. We're thinking that as members of the tribe we should be punished for what we did.”

“Ah, so that's it,” said Bob. The twins didn't see him wink at Randy as he said, “What do you think, Randy?”

“Hmm,” Randy said pensively, stroking his chin. “I guess they're right. Tell you what, why don't we force them to spend the night with us and when they're good and naked we'll find some way to punish their sorry asses. And it won't be quick ... we'll make them stay with us all night long.”

Bob shot a grateful smile at Randy and turned serious as he faced the twins. “You hear that boys? When you've finished in the kitchen you go upstairs to the master bedroom, strip naked and wait for us. Sorry, but that's the way it has to be. Come on Randy, let's have a nightcap by the pool.

As the men left Kevin and Kyle looked at each other. They knew they should be feeling scared but, punishment or not, the thought of spending the whole night with their handsome master and his gypsy lover made their eyes sparkle with excitement.

#

Chapter 217 – Randy Flexes His Muscles

By this time the party had broken up. After what had happened to the twins – a near disaster averted only by the quick action of Randy and Zack – the masters were feeling even more protective of their boys than usual. Hassan, the Marine, had whisked Eddie off to his small house tucked away in the Hollywood Hills; Ben had gone with the fireman, Jason, to his house down by the Arroyo; and Jamie and Mario were with the cop Mark in his big apartment.

Zack had plans for his boy Darius in his house across the street, and they had taken Pablo with them as they knew Randy would be spending the night with Bob. And Adam and Nate were next door in the ‘Aussie House’ as always.

And so a moonlit calm settled over the house, especially peaceful in contrast to the dramatic, often violent, events of the day. Randy and Bob were happily alone in the garden facing each other at the table sipping brandy.

“Hell of a day, buddy,” Randy grinned. “But those boys of yours are something else ... after all they went through they come bouncing back and serve up a fine meal as if nothing happened. They’ve got guts, those two.”

“Yeah,” Bob said, “but you saw the embarrassment they feel inside – you heard it in their voices when they asked to get punished.” His face clouded over and Randy touched his arm. “You love those kids like crazy, don’t you, buddy?”

Bob’s eyes were moist as he replied, “When I think of the life they led growing up, running from one foster home to another, desperate to stay together..... I keep trying to think up ways to make their life better.”

Randy grinned. “Maybe tonight’s ‘punishment’ will help. We should think up something real intense for them – make them feel extra special.” Just then the twins emerged from the kitchen. They didn’t notice Bob and Randy as, hand in hand, they ran eagerly into the house and up the stairs to the master suite. “Now that was not fear on those kids’ eyes,” Randy said. “That was excitement.”

“Yeah,” Bob smiled. “I can imagine them now side by side, standing naked as ordered, waiting for footsteps on the stairs.” The two men briefly discussed what they were going to do, but then decided to pretty much play it by ear. “You know us” Bob grinned, “our story pretty much writes itself. Come on buddy, let’s give them a night they won’t forget.”

Bob’s imagination was dead on. When the men went into the master bedroom the twins were standing just as he had described – close together, butt naked, at attention. They were staring straight ahead, expressionless, except that Bob caught a flicker of excitement as he came in with Randy.

“Oh yeah,” said Randy as if he didn’t know the boys, “you must be the guys who’ve been assigned to us for punishment, right? Well that’ll have to wait. Right now me and my buddy have some stuff we gotta deal with, starting with a drink, so you can wait on us. And if you do that OK maybe we won’t hurt you so bad when we decide how to punish you. The drinks are in the cabinet over there – make it Cognac – and there’s stuff to eat in the fridge next to it.” His voice was gruff. “Well jump to it, boys – at the double.”

The men sank down into armchairs that were pushed together, so their elbows touched on the center armrest. The twins moved quickly and in unison, Kevin pulling out the brandy decanter and a couple of snifters and Kyle getting a selection of munchies from the fridge. They prepared two trays and set them down on small side tables beside the men. Kevin poured brandy into each of the snifters then they went back to their original positions, standing side by side, hands behind their backs, facing the men from several feet away.

From then on Randy and Bob ignored them, treating them like servants – boys for hire. Earlier, sitting by the pool after dinner in the cool night air, the men had changed out of their thin T-shirts and pulled on short-sleeved casual shirts which they left unbuttoned and which they still wore now with their cargo shorts and sneakers.

Kevin and Kyle had nothing to do now except watch and listen to the men, waiting for their next orders. They had expected something quite different, some kind of physical contact, or at least some sign of recognition. They got neither, but they found it strangely exciting in the role of two naked boys serving these incredible men – one a rough-looking, muscular gypsy still bearing the marks of a fight, the other a more sophisticated, handsome man with the square-jawed, chiseled features of a comic-book hero.

Bob smiled to himself as he cupped the brandy snifter in his hand and swirled the amber liquid in the glass. “Last time we were in this room things weren’t quite so peaceful, uh? As I recall, the macho construction boss who had just beaten up four bikers and left them chained to the wall was himself spread-eagled on the bed begging to get his ass fucked.”

“Yeah well,” Randy conceded, “like you said at the time, the ball was in your court and you were still pumped from playing the big boss man, putting the fear of god into the guys in that bar. Hell, I never saw anyone so shit-scared as those asshole bikers. You were so fucking hot, man, dominating the room – the ultimate master. I told Zack, ‘Hell, I am so gonna fuck that man’s ass tonight’.”

“Yeah, but it didn’t work out that way, did it?” Pleased with himself, Bob put down his glass and sprawled in the chair with his hands linked behind his head, his elbows stretched out so that his unbuttoned shirt fell open exposing his sculpted chest and abs, his rock-hard biceps pushing back the short sleeves. The twins stirred as they took in the sight of their handsome master, the muscle-god who had verbally ripped the bikers to shreds.

As if in competition with his lover Randy too sprawled in his chair in the same pose, his shirt also falling away from his massive chest that still bore the marks of battle. “Maybe so,” he said, “but since you seem to have instant recall tonight I’m sure you remember what you said after you’d busted your load in my ass. You were afraid that, after you’d topped me, the caveman would disappear, crawl back in his cave. Huh, no way that was gonna happen. Like I said, when payback time comes, we’ll see who’s really the boss. No man makes me beg and gets away with it.”

Their faces turned toward each other and they grinned salaciously. Then they quietly picked up their drinks and sipped in silence.

The twins could not take their eyes off them. The raunchy conversation with its hints of action to come, coupled with the sight of the two gorgeous men, legs sprawled apart, their shirts open over their chests, was a huge turn on for the boys. They didn’t care how badly they would be

punished. Just being in the same room as these men, listening to their intimate, sexual banter made them quiver with excitement. And they couldn't control their dicks.

"Well fuck me," said Randy in amazement, "will you look at that!" The twin's cocks were stirring in unison, rising up, getting stiffer and stiffer until they stood straight up like twin flagpoles.

Bob and Randy grinned broadly and the twins blushed red with embarrassment. "Sorry, sirs," said Kevin. "It's just that you look so incredibly hot, sirs," Kyle added.

Randy chuckled, "Hey, like I've told the other boys, you never have to apologize to guys who give you a boner just by looking at them." He slapped his hand down on Bob's wrist. "Hey, buddy, let's take a look at what's getting these kids all steamed up."

He got to his feet, pulled Bob up and steered him to the full length mirror on the wall. Side by side they gazed at their reflections. "They were right," Bob said. "Look at that." He stretched his arms out, bent at the elbows, and flexed his biceps bodybuilder-style. His shirt pulled open once again revealing the slabs of his pecs and his ridged abs.

Standing behind the men the twins gasped as they looked at the mirror reflection of the sculpted Superman. There was something even sexier about the torso being partly covered by the shirt, exposing some of it and leaving the rest – the shoulders and upper-arms – to the twins' active imagination.

"Damn hot, I'll give you that, buddy," Randy said. "Sure brings my dick to life. But you ain't seen nothin' yet." He inhaled sharply and flexed in the same bodybuilder pose, his muscled physique rivaling Bob's. The men exchanged challenging smiles, then lowered their arms as Randy once again addressed the twins curtly.

"OK, you boys, you're supposed to be here to serve. Take off the shirts – nice and slow."

The last traces of trauma from their earlier capture now dissolved, replaced by cock-throbbing excitement at watching and serving the two men. Kevin stood behind Bob, Kyle behind Randy. They touched the shirt collars and pulled them slowly sideways, away from the neck, off the collar bone, exposing more and more of their upper chest. The boys' cocks were dripping precum as they gazed at the mirror reflections of the shirts falling off the broad shoulders.

Like good houseboys they draped the shirts over hangers and returned to their posts. Again their cocks pulsed as they saw the men engage in a playful pose-down, pressing their fists into their hips, pushing their shoulders forward and flaring their lats in a classic competition pose. "Just look at those two," Bob grinned. "One has the brain and the other the brawn. Guess we're gonna see which one rules in the end."

"Damn right we are OK you boys, now the shorts." Trembling now the boys reached round the men from behind, feeling the electric charge of the muscled backs brushing against their

nipples and the men's butts pressing back against their cocks. The twins slowly unbuttoned the men's shorts, then stepped back and let them drop to the floor. Staring into the mirror the twins saw the incredible image of the two bodybuilders, naked except for the Bob's black low-rise briefs and Randy's gray boxer briefs.

The boys tried desperately to tame the growing urgency in their cocks that increasingly dripped pre-cum, remembering that they were supposed to be merely impassive servant boys. But when Bob and Randy moved toward the mirror the helpless twins knew they were beaten.

Randy gazed at Bob's reflection and moaned, "Man, you are so fucking gorgeous." He touched the glass with his finger and traced the outline of Bob's face on the mirror, then his neck, down the cleft between his pecs and over his washboard abs. "I could cum just looking at you in the mirror, buddy. But I want more. From the minute I saw that big alpha stud dominating the guys in that bar room I've wanted one thing to plough your fucking ass."

"Aaagh! Aaagh!" The two howls behind Bob and Randy were followed by the warm, wet feeling of cum splashing against the small of their backs and onto the briefs stretched over their asses. The twins had surrendered to the erotic visual image, grabbing their cocks and letting them explode over their masters.

"Shit damn," Randy barked, looking over his shoulder at Bob's ass as jism poured down from the small of his back, over his black briefs and down his legs. He felt the sticky warmth of cum running down over his own boxer briefs, and he whirled on the twins. "Did I give you permission to bust your load? Did I? Did I?"

"No, sir, but we couldn't hold back, sir," Kevin pleaded. "But you said a boy should never apologize for...."

"For a hard-on no but spraying your jizz all over your master's ass shit, you two are heading for one hell of a punishment, you know that?"

"Yes, sir..... thank you sir," they both stammered in confusion at the sudden turn of events and Randy's deep, threatening voice.

Bob's voice was gentler as he said, "You've gotta clean up your mess, boys. On your knees!"

They fell to their knees, Kevin behind Bob and Kyle behind Randy, and steadied themselves by resting their hands on the men's hips. They leaned forward and began at the small of the back, licking the cum-streaked flesh, sucking in their own juice. They moved down to the ass, licking the wet fabric of the briefs stretched over the men's asses, feeling the ass cheeks flex underneath.

Their hearts beat wildly there was something highly erotic about licking the men's shorts, sucking their own cum off the thin fabric. It was so erotic that, to stop shooting another load, they reflexively bit into the hard cheeks, making the men gasp at the momentary pain.

"Careful, assholes," Randy growled, "or I'll fucking whip those hot bodies of yours and ramrod your fucking asses. Now get the legs and clean the ass good."

Randy winked at Bob in the mirror as the twins desperately lapped at the semen running down their legs. When the legs were clean the twins glanced at each other and nodded. They pulled the briefs down off the men's asses and stared wide-eyed at the white globes, wet with the sheen of semen that had seeped through the thin fabric of the briefs.

They set about licking the asses clean, feeling them clench as their tongues flicked at them. They weren't sure how far they should go but another quick glance at each other confirmed their mutual desire to go all the way. They put their palms on the ass-cheeks, pulled them gently apart, leaned forward and buried their faces between them into the fuzz of damp, dark hair. They paused, then pushed their tongues into the musky holes until the tips were licking the warm membrane inside. They were intoxicated by the bitter-sweet taste and pungent man-smell of these virile hunks.

Bob and Randy were still gazing at each other's mirror reflections and now their bodies jolted as they felt their asses invaded by the boys' stiff tongues. Naked now, their huge cocks stood ramrod stiff. Bob ran his hands seductively over his own chest, tweaking his nipples, while Randy gazed at him and stroked his own cock. Feeling Kyle's tongue fucking his ass, watching his lover get off on himself in the mirror, Randy knew he was approaching his climax.

For the third time in as many days he was getting fucked in the ass. First Zack had bested him in a fight, held him down and taken the prize, his huge black pole ramming into his ass. Then Bob, his own lover, pumped with the adrenaline of domination, had tied him up, made him beg to get fucked and he had surrendered his ass. And now a mere boy was expertly probing his ass with his tongue and bringing him to the edge of climax. He, the powerful construction boss, was getting butt-fucked yet again!

Randy's notoriously unpredictable anger could be set off by many things – and it exploded now. "This is fucking bullshit!" he bellowed. He pulled away from the boys, whirled round and faced them and Bob.

"Enough! I've had my ass worked over by the black leather-stud, then by my own lover, and now by the tongue of this boy." He flexed his magnificent body. "Look at me does this look like a man who takes it up the ass? When I'm stoked, when I've been in a fight, I don't wanna jack off looking at myself in a mirror." His voice rose to a shout and he pumped both fists in the air. "I'm the King of the fucking Gypsies and I ... need ... to ... fuuuck!!"

His powerful voice echoed round the room. His eyes blazed at Bob, he grabbed him by the waist, lifted him bodily and hurled him through the air. Bob's muscular body bounced on the bed as he landed naked on his back, looking up stunned at the man pacing the room like an enraged stallion.

No doubt about it – the caveman was back.

“You should have known this was coming, asshole, you and Zack.” Randy was pacing naked round the bed glaring down at his lover. “Zack thrashed me in a fair fight and took his revenge with his massive black club. Well that won't stand and I'll deal with him later. But you, buddy, you tied me up and made me submit to you, made me grovel and beg you to shove your dick in my ass. Like I said before, no one makes this man beg and gets away with it.”

He grinned maliciously. “Brain versus brawn, you said. Sure, you're good with words – can bring a room to a standstill – but there's no match for sheer brute strength as you're gonna find out, stud. You had to tie me down. Fuck, I don't need ropes with you – I got these,” and he tensed his hands like claws.

“You two,” he barked at the twins, “you're not in the clear yet either. Stand by the bed, one on each side.” The twins had been cowering in the corner, scared of this sudden eruption of anger. Bob knew exactly what was going on, had expected it, craved it, but the twins saw only the fearsome boss and his legendary anger. Still, as always, they took their cues from their master, and he was lying on the bed making no move to escape and staring up at the raging bull with awe and excitement tinged with the dose of fear Randy always inspired.

The fear quotient was much higher in the boys and they scurried to obey the formidable man. In an instant they were standing on either side of the bed, hands clasped behind their backs awaiting orders. They gazed straight across at each other like good serving boys, not daring to make eye contact with either Bob or Randy. Despite their fear their bodies were charged with anticipation as they knew they were about to witness something that usually took place in private and about which the other guys in the house could only speculate – as they always did.

Looming over Bob at the foot of the bed Randy dropped to his knees between Bob's legs. He looked up at Kevin, nodded to the night table and said, “Lube.” Kevin opened a drawer, pulled out a tub of lube, opened it and put it on the bed beside Randy. He scooped some up on his fingers, and curled them round his massive cock, stroking it up and down.

Bob gazed up at him and had to keep his own erection in check or he would lose his load just with the sight of the brawny construction worker lubing up his massive shaft. One touch of Bob's cock with his hand and it would spurt, so he raised his arms and grabbed the corner bedpost. He raised his knees, slid his feet back and offered up his ass.

Randy looked with satisfaction at the spectacular Superman stretched before him. Like he had said, no need for ropes here. His man wanted this as much as he did. He dipped into the lube again and pushed two greasy fingers into Bob's ass. "Aaah..." Bob moaned as he felt the fingers probe inside him.

"You know the rule, man," Randy growled. "You don't shoot a load without my permission. If you do I'll take my belt and thrash that beautiful body until you beg for mercy – understood?"

"Yes, sir," Bob said simply.

Randy was expert at working a man's ass and he now twisted his fingers inside, massaging Bob's prostate. He inserted a third finger, then another, feeling Bob's muscles relax and watching the ecstasy in his handsome face. Bob looked up at the swarthy gypsy face then down at his arm, the bicep flexing as Randy caressed the warm membrane inside him. "Aaah," Bob sighed and locked eyes with his lover. "Do it, man," he breathed softly.

It was easy. Randy folded his thumb under his extended fingers, then pushed gently. His whole hand slid effortlessly over the sphincter and came to rest inside, where he carefully curled his fingers into a fist, "Uh ... uh ...uh," Bob whimpered anxiously, frowning at Randy, who smiled and said, "Ssh ... ssh ... relax buddy ... I'm inside you. Remember this? Long time since we did this, but I promise I won't hurt you."

Bob took deep breaths and a radiant warmth suffused his whole body. Their eyes met in that secret, faraway world where they were physically and spiritually united as closely as two men could be. Randy smiled again. "Right now I own your ass, buddy, and you have to trust me. I'm gonna turn my fist just a bit – it won't hurt. He twisted his hand gently back and forth, massaging the soft membrane, cautiously watching the expression of joy cross his lover's face. He increased the tempo until finally he saw Bob wince and knew he'd had enough. Randy carefully, tenderly withdrew his hand, causing Bob to inhale sharply as it came out."

"Towel," Randy said sharply to Kyle, who grabbed one from the night-stand and handed it to him. The twins had been mesmerized by the sight of Randy's whole hand disappearing up to the wrist. They were prepared to pull Randy off but when they saw the exhilaration in Bob's eyes they realized that his lover was taking him to a place of total ecstasy. They felt privileged to be present at such an intimate happening between the two extraordinary lovers.

Randy was on his knees wiping his hands in the towel grinning confidently at Bob's awed face. "That's what you call total control, buddy. At that moment I had to have your complete trust." His expression turned serious. "And I never, ever want you doing that with any other man, is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," Bob said. Randy's tone lightened. "But hey, that was just to loosen you up, man, help you relax. Now comes the main event ... assuming I choose to go there."

A look of alarm passed over Bob's face and Randy raised his eyebrows in mock surprise. "What, something worrying you? What is it you want, buddy?"

"You know what I want. I want your cock in my ass I need to feel it I need you to fuck me, man."

"Hmm," Randy said indignantly. "I seem to recall that when the tables were turned and I asked you for the same thing, you made me beg. Me! – the big boss, the King of the Gypsies, tied to the bed pleading with another man to shove his dick up my butt. Man, that was humiliating for me. Now, you may be a big tough alpha male, ordering guys around scaring the shit out of those bikers – you may look like Captain America, with your square jaw and muscle-god body, but you're mine now and you're damn well gonna beg if you want my rod in your chute."

This was classic Randy and he was driving Bob wild. He was trembling with desire to feel his thick shaft inside him and he knew what he had to do. "OK, you know you've got me right where you want me, so I'm begging. Please, sir ... please, I want to feel your cock in my ass. I want to see your body rising and falling over me, driving your dick up my ass. You want me to submit? OK, I submit to you, sir." He raised his legs high in the air. "Look, here's my ass. Please, man. Fuck me Please."

Randy was spellbound by the sight and sound of this dominant alpha male, the powerful executive and stunning bodybuilder, surrendering his ass to him. His chiseled features grimaced with lust and desire as he pleaded with him to take his ass.

"Man," Randy shouted, "that looks so fucking hot I gotta have it, man." He aimed his long pole at the waiting ass and in one ferocious move drove it into the hole, buried it in the innermost depths of the fiery cauldron ... and held still. "Aaaagh!" Bob screamed, looking frenziedly at the steel-blue eyes in the dark gypsy face as his body slammed against his ass. Randy fell forward and clamped his claw-like hands over Bob's wrists, pinning them helplessly to the bed.

"That's strength, buddy – pure brute strength and it drives you wild. See, man, it has to be like this. That's the guy I am. When I fight with a man I have to win – then I own him. That's the way it has to be with you too, buddy. I am so fucking in love with you man and you are so fucking gorgeous. You're the most beautiful man I've ever known and I have to own you. And the only way I can do that is to fuck your ass. I have to give you something no other man ever can, something you'll always come back for, something that will bind us together forever."

He paused, breath heaving, and his voice became almost plaintive. "You want that too man, don't you? Don't you?"

"More than anything in the world, Randy. Take it man – it's yours."

With the howl of a triumphant animal Randy pulled his cock all the way back, then slammed it in again. "Yeah," he howled, "this is my world ... YOU are my world."

It was a marathon fuck – even by Randy's standards. Within seconds his cock was a ramrod, slamming into Bob, making him howl and beg for more. "Fuck me, man come on stud, let me feel that piston in my ass ... aah ... aah ..."

Randy drove his massive cock in deep, taking Bob to the brink of his pain threshold, then slowing to a tender caress as his pale blue eyes drew him into their world where he held him captive. "Don't you cum, buddy," Randy said softly. "I tell you when to cum."

The sight of the sculpted face and the magnificent body beneath him, the body he was penetrating with his massive cock, all this sent Randy over the edge. He fell forward, clamped his mouth over Bob's and ground their lips together in a ravenous embrace as the fuck grew more intense. Randy's fiery gypsy passion peaked. All he was aware of, all he could feel, was the blazing sensation in his cock, which again became a weapon, pile driving the tortured ass as Bob moaned loudly, begging for more.

In a frenzy now, Randy wrapped his arms rounds Bob's chest and pulled him over onto his side. Lying on his side behind him Randy gripped him in a suffocating bear-hug, trapping him against his chest. And still Randy's hips moved like a jack hammer, driving his shaft in deep. The force of the pounding body eventually forced Bob over onto his stomach, his arms stretched upward, and instinctively he dug his fingers into the bed in a futile effort to drag himself forward, off the piston driving in his ass.

But Randy held him firm, pressing his hands into the small of his back. He was a wild man now, a stallion proving his supremacy over the other leader of the herd. "You can't escape me, man," he yelled. "I am the king – I own that ass and I'm gonna pound it until you beg me to pour my man-juice inside it."

But the alpha male in Bob was not yet ready to yield, and from somewhere deep inside he summoned enough strength to turn them over on the bed so he was on his back on top of Randy. As the cock still the cock pounded his ass from below Bob contorted himself and managed to sit up until he was facing Randy, kneeling astride him as Randy lay on his back. Bob was riding the iron rod now, sitting on it then raising up and plunging back down, burying it deep in his ass.

He felt the head of the cock resting against his inner sphincter and, gazing at the wild gypsy face, he said, "Now ... this is my tribute from one master to another." He took a deep breath and slowly lowered himself further, further until the head of the cock slid over the inner sphincter, coming to rest in the deepest, hottest chamber of his ass. Bob was in control.

Randy looked up at the muscle-god towering over him and felt the indescribable heat in his cock. Bob smiled at him and moved his ass slightly as Randy yelled, "No no you're

making me cum don't, please, man, don't make me aaaghyou've beaten me ... I'm gonna shoot Aaagh Aaagh!" He thrust his hips up hard against Bob who felt hot semen pouring deep inside him shuddered as his cock blasted a ribbon of white juice that slammed onto Randy's heaving chest.

Randy's head was still thrashing from side to side, his arms were stretched up grabbing the bedposts as Bob fell forward and clamped his hands over Randy's wrists with a look of triumph. "Now who's the boss, buddy? I made you bust your load, then I splashed my juice on your chest. I fucked your dick with my ass and made you cum. That makes me the winner, man ... I am the best."

Randy lay pinned to the bed gazing up at Bob with a mix of admiration, lust and anger. He had been bested once again. Naturally anger was the emotion that prevailed and he growled, "I told you, man, it's strength that counts – pure brute force strength. Like this." His biceps flexed and Bob felt his arms being effortlessly pushed up as Randy powered out of the hold. With an animal roar he grabbed Bob's waist and lifted him up bodily, off his cock, into the air, then flung him onto the bed beside him, on his back.

Stunned, Bob didn't move as Randy leapt up and straddled him on his knees. Bob gasped as he saw Randy's cock, still hard as steel. Randy grabbed it and said, "You see that, asshole? That cock is always rock hard when I'm looking at you. This is the rod that made love to your ass, but now it's your worst fucking nightmare. You think you can humiliate me, man – like you're the top man who can break me? Think again, stud. This time it's for real – no holding back, no limits. I'm gonna fucking ream that ass, the ass that belongs to me, until you scream for mercy and beg me to let you cum."

Randy's muscles were flexed hard and his stubbled gypsy face poured with sweat as it scowled above him. Bob had never seen Randy quite this intense and it scared him. "I can't man I just shot a huge load I can't cum again"

"Fine," Randy snarled, "so you'll just feel my rod ripping you open maybe then you'll submit to me at last. I've waited too fucking long for this." He shoved Bob's legs high in the air and plunged his rod deep into his ass. No foreplay this time, no restraint, just a hard-core, no-rules, no-limits fuck.

It was savage from the start and as Randy again pinned Bob to the bed his eyes blazed and he growled. "I warned you man – I always win. No man gets away with trying to break me. You feel that cock? That's a man's cock and it'll rip you open if you don't do just what I tell you – is that clear?"

"Yes, sir." The cock was ramrodding Bob's already ravaged ass with no sense of restraint. Bob knew Randy was serious this time – this was the caveman he craved and feared. His ass

was on fire and he knew he was no match for Randy's invincible strength. He had to submit. "Please, sir ... I love you, sir I'll do anything you say, sir. You are the best ... you are the boss. My ass belongs to you. Please, I beg you, sir. Make me cum again."

"You know I can, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. Just look into my eyes, sir. Take me with you..."

The pace of the fuck gradually slowed as Randy gazed down at the agonized Superman face. He watched the pain drain away as he led Bob into their private place where no pain existed, only the joy of loving. Randy smiled at his lover. "You are fucking spectacular, man. I love the hell out of you. Now I want you to shoot while I cum inside you again. Here it comes, buddy, feel it splashing in your ass? Your turn now. Come on, man. It's an order."

"Yes, sir thank you, sir..... aaah..... aaah." This time Bob gave himself body and soul to the man he loved as his cock erupted again. Randy leaned over it, opened his mouth and let the juice stream into it, gulping down the warm, sweet nectar. He reared up and threw his head back swallowing his lover's juice as his own juice flowed inside his man.

His black hair flying, the King of the Gypsies pumped his fists in the air in triumph and howled, "I love you, man! I fucking love you....!"

But what of the twins in all this? Standing dutifully on either side of the bed, their hands clasped behind them as ordered, they had quickly become aware that they were witnessing a very private, intimate event in the lives of their masters. As the action became more intense their natural instinct was to quietly leave the room, but Randy's command had been for them to remain still and silent so they did, though they took a few steps back as a sign of respect.

Above all, Randy had said, they were not to touch their cocks as they had before, provoking his anger. But holding back became increasingly difficult as the action grew wilder and more erotic and their cocks trembled, sticking out hard as iron, dripping pre-cum all the time. They were so incredibly roused by what they saw that, afraid they might shoot without touching themselves, they occasionally glanced away and stared at each other for mutual support.

But always they were drawn back hypnotically to the incredible scene of the two muscular alpha males writhing together on the bed. They almost lost their loads twice – first when they saw Randy's fist disappear into Bob's ass, and then when at last they saw the rugged construction worker bury his cock deep into the ass of their beloved master. But they steeled themselves, even though they could feel their juice rising inside them, their balls about to burst. And they succeeded in their restraint, even when the climax came and Randy howled in triumph.

Now the two men were lying side by side their eyes closed, chests heaving as they recovered from their marathon display of lust and love. In a trance the twins stepped forward to the sides of the bed and gazed spellbound at the two glorious faces, the swarthy gypsy and the chiseled features of their master. The action had stopped, the men were resting, so maybe now it would be OK if they

They didn't think they moved by instinct, urged on by the sight of the men, by the memory of the endless fuck, and by the unbearable ache in their balls. They glanced at each other, then back at the men and dazedly reached for their cocks, stroked them once, then sighed with relief as their pent up passion gushed from them, pouring hot jism over the faces of their masters.

Instantly they knew what they had done and froze in fear. Randy's eyes opened wide and he yelled, "What the fuck.....? What the hell did you young punks do?"

Trembling, Kevin stammered, "We... we just blew our wads all over you, sir..." Kyle added, "We're sorry, sir, but you were so incredibly hot that..."

"Enough! You'll pay for this. Right now you clean your fucking jizz off our faces. On your knees – now!"

Frantically the boys dropped to their knees, leaned forward and began to lick their cum from the men's faces. Kyle felt his tongue scrape against the heavy stubble of Randy's jaw, matted with cum, and he sucked up the gobs of semen stuck to it. Incredibly he felt his dick get hard again as he lapped at the rugged, battle-scarred gypsy face, the cheeks, the eyes, the lips briefly until he pulled back in fear. There was even jizz in the long black hair that Kyle licked out.

Kevin too was supporting a boner as he ran his tongue lovingly over his master's face. When he came to the mouth and ran the tip of his tongue lightly over the lips he felt them open slightly and he found himself kissing his master, their tongues touching.

"OK, that's enough," Randy barked and sprang to his feet. He pulled Bob gently off the bed, steered him to the armchairs and they sank into them as they had before. "Towels," Randy said and the boys scrambled to find clean towels that they used to gently wipe the men's faces dry. "Now, you bring two beers and a bowl of water."

The twins scurried away to the fridge and the bathroom and Bob turned to smile at Randy. "Don't hurt them, buddy," he whispered.

Randy squeezed his hand and grinned. "Hey, they're your boys. You know the only one I hurt is you, buddy."

Bob squirmed his ass in the chair. "Tell me about it."

In a few minutes the men were sipping beers and the twins were on their knees at their feet, with a bowl of warm water between them. Randy looked at them fiercely. Now you boys disobeyed me and your master, not once but twice. I won't tolerate that from punks like you so you're gonna get punished. To start with, you wash these cocks clean. You know where they've been – and I know where they're going – in your fucking mouths.

Again the twins felt their cocks pulse as they set to work, wetting the towels and washing the huge cocks. As they wrapped the towels round them and pulled them the length of the shafts, the cocks started to get hard again and Randy looked at Bob and rolled his eyes. He took a last swig of beer and jumped to his feet. The boys stood and faced him.

“Now listen up. This afternoon you had a scare from those asshole bikers. I don't want you intimidated by that, so my remedy is what I call 'a hair of the dog'. Like when you wake up with a hangover the best remedy is to have another drink. And when you fall off a horse the only thing to do so you don't lose your nerve is to get right back on. Get it?”

He went to the side of the room and dragged over a couple of ordinary wooden chairs with arms. “Sit!” The boys promptly sat down, their arms resting on the arms of the chairs, and a frisson of remembered fear ran through them. That was the point. “OK, now I'm not gonna tie you up like those mother-fuckers 'cause I'm damn sure that you're not gonna move your hands this time *until I say you can*, right?”

“Right, sir.” “Definitely, sir.”

Randy looked down at his semi-erect cock. “Hey buddy, get over here and make me hard.” Bob sprang from his chair, came close to Randy and kissed him passionately, probing his mouth with his tongue. Randy pulled away and looked at both their erections. “Always does the trick,” he grinned. “Now you boys, we're gonna do to you what those mother fuckers would have done if Zack and me hadn't shown up. And then when you've lubed up our cocks we're gonna shove them up your asses. Right?”

“Yes please, sir,” they said in unison.

“Wrong answer,” said Randy. “You're supposed to be scared.”

“We are, sir,” said Kevin. “Trembling, sir,” added Kyle”

Randy looked uneasily at Bob for support, but he simply shrugged helplessly with the hint of a smile. “OK,” Randy soldiered on, but feeling the steam go out of him. “This is the punishment you've earned, you little fuckers.” He and Bob stood side by side, leaned forward and grabbed the tops of the chair-backs. Their cocks were inches from the faces of the twins, who opened their mouths eagerly. In unison the men pushed their hips forward and sank their cocks deep into their throats.

The twins didn't even choke. They loved the taste and smell of their masters' cocks as they pulled back and pushed in again even deeper. Randy was nervous of hurting Bob's boy so he moved with unaccustomed restraint, following Bob's example. Their rods eased in and out but the look in the twins' eyes was ecstasy. It was not supposed to be that it was supposed to be fear.

But still the men ploughed on until suddenly the twins clamped their throat muscles round the cocks, and swallowed hard (something Eddie had taught them). Bob and Randy felt their jizz about to be squeezed out of them and they quickly pulled out their cocks just in time to prevent an orgasm.

Randy looked desperately at Bob, who was amused to see the big guy drowning. "OK," Randy barked in a last-ditch attempt to salvage his authority. "On your fucking knees facing each other. The twins eagerly obeyed kneeling alongside the mirror with their faces close together.

"OK, let the fuckers have it buddy," Randy growled in his harshest voice. "Let's rip 'em open." They knelt behind the twins and Bob gave him a cautionary glance as they pushed their cocks gently but firmly inside the warm young asses. The twins sighed with pleasure as they felt their masters enter them, something they had fantasized about even before they entered the room.

Randy could have made the boy scream with one lunge of his huge tool, but this was Bob's boy, and Bob was beside him, making love to his brother. Randy gave up all pretense of punishment and relaxed into the exquisite sensation of the young velvet ass round his cock.

Then, kneeling face to face, the boys delivered the final blow to the shredded remains of the men's authority. They raised their heads, gazed at each other and kissed – building from warmth, to heat, to passion.

The sight of the beautiful twins making passionate love to each other while their asses were getting fucked was too much for any man to endure – and certainly not Randy. He looked at Bob and groaned, "Oh what the hell, buddy, I can't take this. I gotta cum man ... these guys are too fucking much ... they're so fucking hot Aaah..."

He sighed deeply as his cock erupted one more time, just as his lover did beside him into the identical ass. The young asses reared up and the boys yelled, "Thank you, sirs," as they shot ribbons of cum on the floor beneath them.

But still Randy wasn't ready to concede. "It's not over, punks. Like I threatened you, you're gonna stay here all night in bed between me and my man here and, like rent boys, you're gonna have to put out on command. We get real hot and horny at night so you better be prepared to get those asses fucked good and hard whenever we feel like it. Do I make myself clear?!"

"Loud and clear, sir," said Kyle trying to sound scared.

Randy shook his head. “Come on, buddy, let’s get in the damn shower.” As they closed the bathroom door behind them they heard the twins giggling in bed and Randy said, “Shit damn, why is it the only time I feel out of my depth is with you and those kids of yours. Why do I always wind up with the feeling like I’m the loser?”

Bob grinned. “Don’t feel bad, buddy. You know what they say – love conquers all – even you.”

In a few minutes they were all in bed, the twins between Bob and Randy, their heads on the men’s chests fast asleep. Randy looked over at Bob as he too was drifting off to sleep with a smile on his face. Randy put his hand gently on the head of the sleeping boy. ‘Shit,’ he thought, ‘if this is how losing feels, it ain’t half bad ... pretty damn good, in fact.’ Then he too was asleep.

The next day, as it turned out, a similar scenario was to be played in another house. There also, two other boys played serving boys to their masters as two alpha males came home hot and horny and competed for sexual supremacy

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Chapter 218 –The Marine And The Fireman – Joint Maneuvers

It was mid-afternoon when Eddie’s phone rang as he was hard at work as junior houseboy. It was Hassan asking Eddie to see if he could get off early and join Ben at Jason’s house.

Eddie had been expecting something of the kind. Hassan had told him that Los Angeles County would be conducting inter-service emergency drills all day, coordinating the emergency responses of police, firefighters and the military. Hassan, the Marine, and Jason, the fireman were heavily involved in the maneuvers and it was a grueling day under a blazing sun, combating staged events like the collapse of a burning house fire and the rescue of victims.

During a break from the merciless heat Jason suggested that, when the maneuvers were over, he and Hassan should go back to Jason’s house by the arroyo to unwind over a drink – or two or three. Hence this call to Eddie to go and help Ben get the house (and themselves) ready,

Eddie pocketed his phone, dropped his broom and ran up to Bob’s office where he found the senior houseboy, Nate, making his daily report to Bob. Eddie skidded to a halt and hopped impatiently from one foot to another. “Just a second, Eddie,” Bob said gently. “I’m talking to Nate.”

“Yes, sir ... sorry sir, it’s just that” Bob held up his hand to silence him and Eddie fidgeted in frustration. When Nate came to the end of his report Bob turned to Eddie and smiled. “OK, Eddie. Now which part of the house is on fire?”

“Oh, nothing’s on fire, sir ... except me maybe. It’s just that Hassan called me and asked if I could get permission to get off work early. See, him and Jason have been sweating it out all day on those ... what d’ya call it ... joint removers, and....”

“Joint maneuvers,” Bob corrected him. Eddie frowned uncertainly. “Yeah, those things ... whatever ... anyway, sir, he’s going to Jason’s house afterwards and he wants Ben and me to be there. See, me being Hassan’s boy and all, and Ben being Jason’s we gotta, you know, get the drinks and food ready for them. I mean, they’ll be all hot and sweaty and we’ll have to give them ... well ... whatever else they want...sir.....”

He blushed at the thought and finally paused for breath, so Bob leapt in. “Hey, hey, slow down kiddo, I get the picture. But you’re talking to the wrong guy. Nate here is your supervisor – you have to ask him.”

“Oh, yes, sorry, sir. Hey, dude, can I go, please? I’ve almost finished up Mark and Jamie’s rooms.” He screwed up his face trying to look pathetic and Nate grinned. “Well, buddy, I sure wouldn’t wanna upset that tough Marine of yours – especially if he’s ‘all hot and sweaty’ as you say. What do you think, sir?” he asked Bob, teasing Eddie. “Guess I better let him go, uh?”

“I’d say that would be a good call, Nate,” Bob said solemnly, stifling a smile. “Eddie, why don’t you finish off Mark’s apartment and then get on over there. Don’t wanna keep the Marine and the fireman waiting.”

“No, sir ... I mean yes, sir ... thank you, sir.” He hugged Nate, “thanks dude,” and he was gone.

Nate smiled at Bob. “That was pretty standard, sir. Eddie’s always real hyper when he’s taking about Hassan – which is most of the time.”

Eddie was even more hyper when he arrived at Jason’s house, right around the time that Ben pulled up in his truck from the construction site with a disgruntled look on his face. “Huh,” Ben pouted, “I asked Randy if I could leave work early and he said I’d have to ask Pablo as he’s really my boss. I mean, dude, I’m Randy’s brother and I have to ask Pablo?! I shoulda just pissed off outa there

“Hey, don’t have a cow, dude,” Eddie laughed. “Bob made me ask Nate too ... I didn’t care. The thing is we’re here, dude, and the guys are gonna come home soon all hot and horny. Come on, we gotta get things ready. Where does Jason keep the drinks and food and shit?”

Eddie's excitement was infectious and Ben calmed down. "You're right, bro," he grinned. They've been out there all day in all this heat, fighting fires rescuing guys and all that stuff, so they'll be real pumped when they come in. So help me bring all the stuff out to the garden, under that tree."

Ben, of course, knew his way round the house as he spent so much time there with Jason. And working for their masters always pumped them up. The mere thought of them coming through the gate in their uniforms gave them boners. So it didn't take them long to get everything set up and then all they had to do was wait – with growing impatience.

Ben's phone rang and he answered it with, "Yes, sir ... OK, sir ... yeah we're here, ready and waiting." He shut it off with a smile. "Jason said the maneuvers are over and they just have to have some sort of de-briefing and then they'll hit the road. Should be home in under an hour."

Having nothing left to do but wait the boys grabbed a couple of beers and stretched out on the grass, propped up on their elbows. "Man," Ben said with a faraway look in his eyes, "I sure would've liked to see Jason going into action. They were gonna set some old house on fire and Jason's always real macho fighting stuff like that and leading his men. Remember that time he charged into a house all in flames and dragged someone out – saved her life?"

"Yeah," Eddie said, "but this time the Marines will be right there backing them up. Marines are ready for anything, dude, real tough. They'll rescue any fireman who gets into trouble."

"Huh," Ben scoffed, "Jason won't need any help getting rescued by Hassan. Other way round more likely. Jason's a sergeant and he don't take no shit."

"Oh yeah?" Eddie rose to the challenge, defending his master. "Well Hassan's a Marine Captain so he outranks Jason. He's tougher too, he could whip him in a fight any day of the week. He's shown me some of his moves so's I'll be as tough as him one day."

Youthful hormones were kicking in as testosterone filled the air. The two friends were quickly becoming rivals, loyal champions of their masters. "Oh, yeah?" Ben said, jumping to his feet and whipping off his T-shirt. "So bring it on, dude, show me. Let's see what you got." He held out his hands and jerked his fingers toward his bare chest. He had often watched his big brother Randy doing exactly this when challenging a man to a fight.

Eddie jumped up and faced him, pulling off his T-shirt ... the honor of Hassan was at stake. Shirtless in just their cargo shorts and sneakers they circled each other. They came together clumsily – not with any recognizable opening wrestlers' holds. They were more like two young colts testing their strength, flexing their young muscles more in show than in know-how.

It was not a specific move by either of them that sent them flailing to the ground, just a tangle of limbs as they grappled with each other. They rolled over on the grass and ended up in the dirt under the tree. Their initial flare-up had cooled and the contest became almost playful.

Somehow Eddie ended up on top, kneeling astride Ben and pinning his hands to the ground. "See, asshole," Eddie said, attempting a growl. "That's where a fireman ends up when he challenges a Marine – on the bottom. Let's hear it, dude – 'Semper Fi – Marines forever!'"

"Fuck you, man ... I'm not just a fireman's boy I'm Randy's kid brother and he taught me how to fight."

Actually he was right – he was a better fighter than the inexperienced young Eddie. Randy had taught all his brothers how to use their fists, an essential skill in hard-scrabble West Texas, and he still gave Ben regular sessions in the gym. So it was not surprising that, with a combination of timing and balance, Ben powered out of the hold and sent Eddie tumbling off him. Ben was on him instantly but Eddie squirmed under him like a squirrel.

The result of this skirmish was that Ben ended up kneeling on top – only this time he was facing the other way round. His knees were holding down Eddie's arms and he leaned forward with his hands clamped on his thighs, so each boy was facing the other's crotch. As they both regained their breath Ben grinned. "Guess a Marine's kid gets turned on getting his ass kicked by a fireman's boy – judging by that big bulge in your shorts."

Eddie, of course, wasn't the only one sporting a boner. The boys already had a healthy sexual relationship and their grappling with each other, bare chest to bare chest, had naturally made their hormones race. The fight had become little more than foreplay and they now ripped open their shorts, letting their hard rods spring free.

Ben couldn't resist the beautiful young cock inches from his face. He leaned forward and sucked it eagerly into his mouth. As he lowered his body, the head of his own dick brushed against Eddie's lips, an invitation that the champion cocksucker could not refuse. He opened his mouth wide and inhaled the young gypsy cock, breathing in the sweaty smell and taste of the tangled black pubic hair pressing into his face.

They were no strangers to this – far from it. Ben and Eddie lived in adjacent rooms over the garage but more often than not they spent the night together, and their favorite activity was to 69 each other. Eddie was the acknowledged expert at sucking dick, learned from long evenings spent on his knees when he was a bar-back in the desert leather bar. And he had quickly taught Ben everything he knew.

It usually didn't take a fight to instigate a 69 session – but it sure helped. Now that they were stoked with the testosterone of youthful rivalry they really went to town on each other's cocks. They slurped, squeezed, clenched – giving and receiving two of the best blowjobs they had ever

had. They moved in perfect harmony and as each one gave and felt exactly the same sexual sensation they felt joined, like one boy, as if they were sucking themselves.

Without missing a beat they fell over onto their sides in the dirt under the tree, the cocks still cramming their mouths. They reached over each other and clamped their hands over the mounds of the other boy's ass, holding it in place while their mouth pistoned onto his cock.

They lost all sense time and place as they ate each other's meat, ran their hands over the other boy's dirt-covered body and squeezed his nipples. They were having a ball – but even the best blow-jobs come to an end. Ben pulled off for an instant – “I'm gonna cum, dude” – then went on sucking, while Eddie mumbled with his mouth full “me too, dude.” They had worked themselves into a frenzy and their eruptions were simultaneous. They moaned into the gag of blasting hot cum, and swallowed frantically trying not to spill a drop.

Their hearts were pounding as they came to rest, each boy still clenching the other's cock in his mouth like a kid's pacifier. They were beginning to float back into the real world when they heard a deep, accented voice ask, “Is this a private party or can anyone join in?”

Instantly the boys yanked their mouths free, looked up startled and gasped as they saw two figures looming over them. It was like the opening scene of a porn movie. The swarthy Marine wore military fatigues and boots, his muscles bulging under his sleeveless military shirt and khaki tank, his dog tags hanging over his chest. The blond fireman was also still in his work gear – heavy yellow pants and boots, and bulky jacket hanging open over his chest.

They were both soaked with sweat and streaked with dirt from the day's grind, and as they stared down at their boys Jason shrugged off his jacket. Underneath he wore no shirt, just heavy red suspenders stretching up from his pants over the perfect musculature of his sculpted physique.

It was like a wet dream for the boys, but they snapped out of it and pulled themselves up on their knees. The wild-looking gypsy boy and the grubby urchin gazed up helplessly, shirtless, streaked with dirt. Their cocks were hanging out of their shorts and cum oozed from their mouths, dripping down their chins and onto their chests. Breaking the stunned silence Eddie blurted out, “Sir, it's not what it looks like – whatever that is. I was defending you, sir.”

“By sucking Ben's dick?” Hassan looked formidable with his arms folded across his chest. “And defending me from what?”

“From Ben, sir. But don't blame him – he was defending Jason from me.” He frowned, realizing how totally weird that sounded. He was very nervous and as usual took refuge in words, a torrent of them, tumbling deeper and deeper into the hole he was digging.

“See, sir, I told Ben that Marines were tougher than firemen and that, in those joint removers you were doing, you would be there to rescue Jason. And Ben was like, no way, dude, it would be the other way round ‘cause Jason don’t take no shit. But I said you could whip Jason’s ass in a fight any day of the week...” he glanced quickly at Jason “.... sorry sir. Anyway, I said you’d shown me some of your moves and he was like ‘bring it on, dude,’ so we had this big fight, but you know how that goes, sir, I mean Ben is so hot that he turned me on like crazy and in the end his dick was in my face so I sucked it.”

Ben was nudging Eddie with his elbow but Eddie was in full flood and ignored him. “But even when we were sucking dick it was kinda like we were still sort of doing it for you guys ... kinda ...” Ben nudged him again and Eddie snapped, “Why do you keep digging me, dude?”

Ben opened his eyes wide and gestured with them, first at the men looming over them, then at the drinks on the table under the tree. The penny finally dropped and Eddie’s eyes opened wide. “Oh, you mean I’m talking too much. Sorry, sirs, I always do that when I’m nervous – and I’m real nervous now. Darius says I got verbal diarrhea, which is totally weird coming from him ‘cuz everyone calls him motor-mouth, he talks so much and

Ben stood up and yanked Eddie up by his elbow and hissed out of the side of his mouth, “Too much information, dude.”

At last Eddie fell silent, shifting nervously from foot to foot, looking up anxiously at the two men with his dirty urchin face and cum drying on his chin. Ben too was uneasy, with a strong feeling that by running off at the mouth Eddie had made a bad situation even worse. Sheepishly they shoved their dicks inside their shorts and zipped up.

Actually, Hassan and Jason were having a hard time keeping a straight face and Hassan looked helplessly at Jason who covered nicely by changing the subject a bit. “Ben, Eddie, the reason we asked you to be here when we came home is that we’ve had a bitch of a day and were looking forward to our boys – our good, clean boys – serving us drinks and a bite to eat. Instead, we find you groveling in the dirt with your dicks in each other’s mouth. I mean, who does a guy have to fuck to get a drink around here?”

Eddie was about to raise his hand and blurt out “Me, sir” but was silenced by a dagger look from Ben. “Sorry, sir,” Ben said. “Actually we did get it ready but we kinda got distracted. It’s like Eddie said....”

“Please,” Jason protested, “no more about fights and blowjobs. Where are the damn drinks?”

“Coming right up, sir. We’ll go get the food and the ice from the fridge.” As they scampered off to the kitchen the men sputtered and let loose the bursts of laughter they had been holding inside them. “You gotta love ‘em,” Jason said. “Jeez, when your kid is nervous or excited he rattles off like a machine gun. How do you ever keep him quiet?”

“By shoving my dick in his mouth usually,” Hassan grinned. I almost did it just now. It always does the trick and the boy gives a wicked blowjob.”

They flopped down in two lounge chairs side by side, took deep breaths and stretched lazily, starting to unwind from the stress of the grueling maneuvers. The boys came running back, set up the drinks and snacks on side-tables by the chairs, then took several steps back and stood facing the men with their arms behind their backs.

The men took long swigs of ice-cold beers, scarfed down the sandwiches, then relaxed, linking their hands behind their head, their elbows outstretched, biceps bulging. The boys fidgeted as the sight of the Marine and the fireman sent blood rushing to their cocks. Jason was looking at them quizzically.

“Hassan, have you ever seen the twins waiting on Bob and Randy? They’re real pros – always real neat, usually dressed in white, clean faces and bare chests. That’s how a serving boy should look, don’t ya think?”

“Yeah,” Hassan sighed. “Would be an improvement on two kids in grubby shorts, dirt smeared over their bare chests and faces, cum oozing from their mouths and dripping down their chins. Positively unhygienic, I’d say.” Ben and Eddie shifted uncomfortably in place knowing the bedraggled sight they must be. “About time you cleaned up,” Hassan said. “Just face each other and do it. Keep your hands behind your backs.”

The boys turned to each other, moved closer and began to lick, starting with the cum on their chins, then the mouths, the lips, where they got side-tracked as they pushed their tongues inside and locked their lips in a grinding kiss. They heard Hassan clear his throat loudly and pulled away, moving next over the other boy’s neck and down to the chest. They licked off the dripping cum but again got distracted by the nipples, which they teased by licking and biting.

“Jesus that’s hot,” breathed Jason. “Yeah ...” groaned Hassan who had already unbuttoned his fatigue pants and was stroking his big chunk of meat. The men were mesmerized by the vision of the ragged, shirtless boys, their muscular bodies pressed together like two young colts washing each other with their tongues.

The Marine and the fireman were already supercharged from the physical labor and exhilaration of the day during which, despite their concentration on the action in the smoke and rubble, they had caught sight of each other several times, their faces streaked with dirt and sweat, muscles straining. Now, as they stroked their cocks, they looked away from the boys and at each other, their mutual desire building.

“Enough!” Hassan shouted to the boys who pulled apart and stared at the men. By now the boys’ sexual antennas were on high alert as they saw the exotic Marine and blond fireman looking at each other with lust in their eyes. Eddie flashed on how Randy always was when he came home bruised and bloodied after a fight and all he wanted to do was to fuck.

“Get over here, boys, and work on these.” Seeing the huge cocks standing up stiff as flagpoles the boys ran and kneeled beside their masters. Eddie leaned over and slurped in Hassan’s cock, an action he performed several times a day. Ben gazed into Jason’s electric blue eyes, then lowered his mouth over his cock. The men clamped their hands over the boy’s heads and pumped them up and down on their cocks.

Jason turned to look at Hassan beside him. Always turned on by the sight of a beautiful man he ran his free hand under the sleeveless shirt and over the khaki tank stretched over the mounds of his chest, feeling the bulge of his hard nipples through the fabric. Hassan responded in kind, running his hand over the muscles of Jason’s flawless chest, over the suspenders, then sliding under them and squeezing his nipples.

Out of the corner of their eyes the boys saw the sexual moves between the two men and they redoubled their cock-sucking action, stirring the passions of these spectacular men. Eddie and Ben both knew the term ‘fluffer’ and they were both fantasizing about being fluffers in a porn movie about a Marine and a fireman getting turned on by each other’s sweaty, dirt-streaked bodies after a grueling tour of duty.

Fantasy it may have been but it was real close to the truth (minus the cameras) as the uniformed men leaned toward each other and kissed ravenously while their cocks were sucked by an eager young boy and his gypsy friend. Passion was building to a peak but Hassan forestalled the inevitable orgasms by suddenly rolling over bodily on top of Jason, forcing both their cocks out of the boys’ mouths.

Sensing that something major was happening the boys stood up and stared at each other, their eyes sparkling with excitement. They took several steps back and Ben cautioned Eddie with a whisper. “No talking, dude – just watch. This ain’t something you see every day of the week.”

Hassan was now kneeling over Jason on his lounge chair, gazing down at the fireman, calendar-perfect with his stunning square-jawed features and beautiful gym-honed body. “Man, you are so fucking gorgeous. Every time I caught sight of you today I knew what I wanted.” The Marine shrugged off his shirt and threw it on the ground. “I’m gonna ream your ass, sergeant.”

The idea was appealing to Jason as he looked up at the Marine Captain, stripped down to his khaki tank that accentuated the muscles of his shoulders and arms. His chest and abs were outlined under the tight shirt, with his dog tags hanging in the cleft between his pecs. His exotic Arab/Asian face with the slanted dark eyes, full mouth, thick eyebrows and jet black hair was homoerotic. Getting fucked by this muscle-god was tempting for Jason, but his boy Ben was watching – the boy who was proud of his master who “took no shit” from anyone and who could beat anyone in a fight – even a muscle-stud Marine.

Jason looked up determinedly and growled, "Evidently you didn't hear what my boy said, big guy. I don't take shit from anyone, even a Marine Captain, so it's gonna be the other way round, pal. When a fireman and a Marine face off, it's the soldier who gets his ass ploughed. And it starts like this"

With a sudden surge of strength Jason heaved Hassan off of him and off the chair. He fell on his back on the ground and Jason was kneeling astride his chest in an instant, both of them with their stiff cocks still hanging out of their pants. Momentarily stunned, Hassan didn't resist as Jason fell forward and clamped his hands over his wrists on the ground.

"Here it comes, soldier, a little dose of Marine humiliation." Jason's cock was still rock hard and Hassan's mouth was open wide gasping for breath. A match made in heaven, impossible to resist. The fireman plunged his rod deep in the Marine's mouth making him choke and his eyes spout tears.

"See – told you," said a gloating Ben to Eddie. "The fireman always wins, and the soldier's gonna get deep throated for real."

"You're full of shit, dude. I taught Hassan a thing or two about sucking dick. Watch."

Eddie was right. He had shown Hassan a trick that called for strong throat muscles and Hassan applied it now. At the next lunge of Jason's cock Hassan suddenly clenched his throat punishingly hard round it, trapping it, swallowing it, squeezing the life out of it. "Aaah!" Jason howled. "Fuck you, man, that's too hard. Let it go, man please." He released Hassan's wrists and raised his arms in the air in a gesture of submission. "Let go, man please....."

Both boys felt their cocks pulse in their shorts as they watched the gorgeous fireman flex his raised arms and his sculpted torso, naked except for the red suspenders over his shoulders, his handsome face twisted in defeat as he begged for release. Eddie was jubilant, Ben despondent ... and then suddenly Hassan released the trapped cock. With a howl Jason pulled out and fell over onto his back on the grass, clutching his cock in pain.

Hassan was on him in a second, pulling his fireman's pants open and down off his ass, exposing the perfect white globes that he was about to fuck. But Jason was recovering and was not about to yield his ass. He grappled with the Marine and managed to pull his fatigues down off his ass.

"No you don't, sergeant," Hassan snarled, "no Marine gets butt-fucked by a mere fireman, even though you're one damn hot-looking stud." They struggled for advantage, muscle against muscle, their asses now exposed, but Hassan's strength finally won out and he ended up pinning Jason on his back and kneeling astride his waist in triumph. "You know what comes next, sergeant, don't you? Ever wonder what a Marine's big schlong feels like inside that fireman's ass. Looks like I win, big guy."

“Noooh!” Jason yelled. With his body trapped under the full weight of Hassan the fireman had only his hands free and he reached up desperately clawing at the soldier’s chest. He grabbed his tank top at the neck and yanked it hard, trying desperately to pull Hassan toward him so he could grab his throat. But Hassan was way too strong for that and the only thing that happened was that his tank top ripped down the center and hung in shreds from his shoulders.

Jason gasped staring up at the muscular chest and ripped abs of the Marine, now stripped to the waist with only his dog tags hanging over the slabs of his chest. It was such an erotic sight that Jason reflexively reached round Hassan and grabbed his own cock that was still rearing up out of his pants. Hassan smiled down at the trapped fireman and grinned. “Come on man, you know the old saying, ‘make love not war’. Let’s carry on where we left off.”

He reached forward, grabbed both of Jason’s suspenders in one fist and pulled his upper body off the ground until their faces were close. With Jason virtually hanging from his suspenders he felt Hassan’s mouth close over his and trap him in a fierce, tongue-probing embrace, their lips grinding together.

“See,” said Eddie, “He’s got him now, dude. He’s playing with him, getting him all roused up before he fucks his ass.”

Wrong call by Eddie. Jason was getting his mouth crushed as Hassan knelt over his waist and held him by the suspenders close up, but Jason was still able to reach round behind the soldier and pump his own cock rigid. Suddenly he felt the tip brush against Hassan’s naked ass. The soldier was unknowingly almost sitting on his cock ... and the rest was a natural reflex. Jason suddenly arched his back, thrust his hips up and pushed his long pole inside the Marine’s ass.

“Aaagh....” Taken by surprise the Marine let go of Jason’s suspenders and tried to raise his ass off the cock. But Jason now exerted his strength, grabbed Hassan by the hips and held his ass firmly on his cock as it pounded upward. “Bastard, Hassan yelled “aah, my ass your fucking cock’s so huge man shit that hurts.” He fell forward and pressed his palms on Jason’s chest, twisting his nipples, but Jason merely grinned and kept ramming his cock up the soldier’s butt.

Ben was jubilant. “See, dude, like I said, the fireman always wins, and the soldier ends up getting his ass hammered. What d’ya say now, asshole?”

For once Eddie was lost for words as he saw his Marine sitting trapped on the fireman’s cock. Hassan pumped his arms helplessly in the air, the shreds of his tank hanging over his muscular chest, the dog tags swinging, as his ass got pounded from underneath. His dark, exotic features twisted in pain, tears flowing from his slanted eyes, and he twisted his torso in an attempt to escape.

It finally worked ... Hassan jerked sideways and fell on his side on the grass. But Jason was quick and turned with him, still plugging his ass. The boys watched in awe as the men writhed on the ground, ending up with the soldier on his hands and knees and the fireman kneeling behind him, his cock pile driving the Marine's helpless ass. He grabbed Hassan's tight waist and pulled him back onto his rod, ramming deep inside him.

"Mother-fucker!" Hassan yelled as he tried to crawl forward in a futile attempt to pull away from the iron shaft punishing his ass.

"You're finished, man," Jason taunted. "I want my boy to hear the Marine Captain submit to the fireman. Then I'll cum inside your ass. Otherwise I'll rip you wide open, soldier."

"Fuck you, man," Hassan growled. "A Marine never surrenders." He knew that trying to pull off the cock was useless so he did the reverse. Bracing himself for the stab of pain he suddenly pushed his ass hard back against Jason's crotch. The result was two howls of pain – one from Hassan as he impaled himself on the fireman's cock, the other from Jason as Hassan's rock-hard ass slammed back against his balls. The effect was instantaneous as Jason reared back in pain, his cock pulling free of Hassan's ass and both men fell to the ground.

The boys were mesmerized, staring at the two men rolling on the ground, groaning in pain. The powerful Marine, naked to the waist in fatigue pants and boots was clutching his ass that had been speared by the last brutal thrust of Jason's pole. And the muscular blond fireman, shirtless in his heavy yellow work pants and boots, his suspenders hanging loose from his waist, was rolling around with his hands over his agonized balls.

All thoughts of winner and loser vanished from the boys' minds, overwhelmed by the pornographic sight of the soldier and the fireman writhing on the ground in pain. "Dude," Eddie said in a daze. "I can't let this go to waste." He pulled out his cock and stroked it. "Damn right, kid," Ben agreed and yanked his cock out of his shorts.

The men were recovering now and Jason began to crawl away from Hassan, who followed a few feet behind. The boys gazed open-mouthed at the homoerotic scene of the fireman and the soldier dragging themselves over the ground, both shirtless with their uniform pants pulled down below their asses. Jason was in the lead but the Marine reached forward grabbed his boot and was dragged along behind him.

"That's the cum shot," Ben groaned. "Has to be," said Eddie in a trance. "Here it comes, dude.... Aaagh...." Simultaneously their cocks erupted in plumes of semen that pumped out stream after stream, a tribute to the fertility of youth, leaving big pools of jism on the ground.

They had shot their loads a few feet in front of the near-naked fireman and the soldier who were soon dragging themselves through the sticky pools of their own boys' semen.

Jason was crawling toward the outdoor gym on the side of his house, whether for strategic or narcissistic reasons it was hard to tell. But the fact was that his home gym contained lots of equipment – and lots of mirrors – and it was to one of the floor length mirrors that he seemed to be headed, presumably to feed his vanity. Jason always knew how hot he looked – especially right now – and he wanted to see for himself what had made the boys bust their loads.

He made it to the mirror and pulled himself up on his feet, pressing against the glass, looking at the handsome face, the tousled blond hair and the chiseled physique smeared with dirt and cum. His cock was rock hard, pressed against its mirror image.

“Pretty spectacular, eh, buddy?” So engrossed by the mirror was Jason that he hadn’t noticed Hassan come up behind him. “Come on, man, there’s only one thing to do with a muscle-god like the one in the mirror, so let’s cut to the chase. Here, let me show you something.”

Hassan pulled Jason back from the mirror but still facing it. In a sudden wrestling move he ran his arms under Jason’s armpits from behind, then up over his chest and linked his hands behind his neck in a classic full-nelson.

Jason was trapped, his arms pinned out sideways, elbows bent, forearms stretched up. And his magnificent body was on full frontal display, his flexing biceps, flawless chest, eight pack abs, his lats tapering down to his slim waist, his cock standing rigid out of his blond pubic hair, his fireman’s pants pulled down to his knees, the bottoms pooling round his boots.

“Oh shit, man,” Jason groaned as he looked at himself in awe. “What you gonna do to me, soldier?”

Looking over his shoulder, smiling at him in the mirror, Hassan said, “You know damn well what I’m gonna do to you. You’re a tough son of a bitch and maybe I couldn’t beat you no matter how long we fought. But I teamed up with the guy in the mirror there, and you can’t resist the two of us. See that fireman there, sergeant? He’s a fucking muscle-god, gets off on himself, but now he’s trapped in a full-nelson at the mercy of the Marine Captain. Hey, you wanna see that beautiful man get his ass fucked by the soldier?”

“Oh yeah,” moaned Jason, his cock dripping pre-cum. “I wanna watch him get butt-fucked.”

“Yeah, but you gotta do better than that, sergeant. See, I got you helpless here. I won – the Marine beat the fireman and he’s gonna plough his ass – but not until he admits he’s beaten, not until the fireman submits to the soldier. Let me hear it, big guy. Watch that stud submit.”

It wasn’t himself – it was the stunning fireman in the mirror that thrilled Jason as he surrendered to the Marine. “OK, you beat me. I give up, I submit to you, sir. Please, captain, fuck me. Shove your big Marine dick up the fireman’s butt. Let me watch you bust your load inside me.”

He writhed in the submission hold, spellbound by the sight of the rugged fireman trapped, on display, begging to get his ass fucked.”

“OK, sergeant, here it comes” Hassan pressed the knob of his cock into the blond fuzz at the fireman’s asshole. His muscles flexed, he pulled Jason’s body hard against him and pushed his long rod inside his ass, deeper and deeper, watching the beautiful man in the mirror inhale sharply and groan in ecstasy.

“Oh, shit, man, that feels good. Come on man, fuck my ass – fuck it hard, soldier, I wanna see that man get hurt.”

He got his wish. From his long-ago career as an Arab army interrogator Hassan knew how to hurt a man, slowly, expertly. He had tortured the cop Mark, who at the at the time was a captured army lieutenant, and it had turned Hassan on so much he had fallen in love with the blond soldier. Now he was looking at another blond muscle-stud who was begging to get fucked.

The boys had crept close to the gym and were now hypnotized by the sight of the rugged, swarthy Arab soldier, his magnificent body flexed as he locked the fireman in a submission hold and pounded his ass. The tempo quickly increased as Hassan’s cock became a piston driving deep into the fireman’s gut. Jason’s ass was on fire and in a reflexive attempt to ease the pain he arched his hips forward and raised his feet from the floor, held up by the strong arms clamped round his neck.

“Yes!” Hassan roared in triumph, pulling him up so Jason’s body was hanging by his arms, his legs thrashing wildly as his body writhed, impaled on the soldier’s rod pile-driving his ass. “Aaaah” the pain in my ass”

But then Jason knew how spectacular he looked and knew how much it excited Hassan ... so he goaded hm. “Look at that spectacular fireman, so fucking gorgeous hanging trapped, getting his ass tortured by the Arab soldier. It’s so fucking hot, you can’t take anymore, man. Your cock’s on fire, you gotta shoot, man you gotta shoot your load in his ass man” now!”

“Aaagh!” Driven wild by the sight of the tortured fireman, writhing helplessly, impaled on the Arab’s cock, Hassan succumbed to Jason’s seductive words and blasted a load of jizz in his ass. “Aaah,” he sighed as he felt at last the blessed release of semen pouring from his cock.

As Hassan’s orgasm subsided Jason felt the tension leave the soldier’s body and took advantage of it. In a classic wrestling escape maneuver he slammed his arms down and broke out of the hold, spun Hassan around and instantly locked him in an identical full-nelson, facing the mirror. Hassan was dazed by this sudden reversal and howled as he felt an iron rod drive deep inside his ass.

“No! I can’t take it man. I just busted my load and you already fucked my ass raw. I can’t take anymore.”

“You can if you do what I say, man. Look at that fucking gorgeous Marine with his dark, exotic looks and bodybuilder physique. He’s the Arab interrogator who used to chain enemy soldiers and torture their asses, and now he’s the prisoner getting his ass fucked. He looks fucking spectacular. Look at him, man, really look at him – look into his eyes.”

The pain in Hassan’s ass subsided as he focused on the captive soldier in the mirror – and Jason was right. He was magnificent as he got butt-fucked by the fireman. “That’s it,” Jason purred over his shoulder. “They all think I’m weird with my mirror trips, getting turned on by myself, but I tell you there’s nothing like it, man. Take a closer look.”

Still sliding his cock in and out of Hassan’s ass, still gripping him in the full-nelson hold, Jason pushed him up against the glass so he was gazing into his own beautiful almond shaped eyes. Jason murmured seductively, “He’s fucking gorgeous, man. Look at that face, those lips. You ever wonder how it feels to kiss those lips? Try it man.”

In a trance Hassan pressed his lips against the glass and ground his mouth against his own reflection. His cock pressed against the glass and grew hard again, even so soon after cumming in Jason’s ass. The near naked Marine in the mirror was so damn hot he felt the blood racing into his cock.

The expert in narcissism, Jason pulled Hassan back from the mirror and said, “Look at the Marine captain getting his ass ploughed, locked in a submission hold. The only way to stop the pain in your ass is for him to blow his load. Tell him, man. Tell him to cum ... beg him....”

Hassan was lost in the pornographic mirror image of the powerful Marine, his muscles straining, body writhing in pain. In his delirium he spoke to the handsome soldier he had just kissed on the lips. “You gotta shoot your load man please my ass is getting tortured, man. Let me go, please. Please, sir, let me see you cum. You’re so fucking beautiful man I submit to you I’m beaten you win, man I’m begging you Aaagh!”

He saw the magnificent body jolt, his chest and biceps tensed and a stream of white liquid blasted from his cock onto the mirror while he heard Jason yell behind him as his cock exploded in his ass. Hassan hovered between reality and fantasy. He had been so turned on by the muscle-god Marine that he had begged him for release. He had submitted to the man in the mirror. He had surrendered to himself.

Jason pulled out of his ass, stood beside him and grabbed his own cock. Look at them man, the Marine and the fireman, two of the most beautiful guys you’ll ever see. And they fucked each other up the ass. Come on man, do it for me this time. Look at me.” They moved closer to the mirror and stroked their cocks. They both had some juice left inside them and as they

gazed at each other's reflections they shot one last stream that splashed on the mirror, joining Hassan's first blast running down the glass.

"Shit, damn," Hassan groaned "shit damn." Jason pulled him down to the floor and they both fell to their knees. Leaning forward they licked their own cum off the mirror until their mouths joined in a passionate kiss lubricated by their own pungent juices. Finally allowing their bodies to give way to total release they fell on the floor rolling in each other's arms.

"Another cum shot, don't ya think, dude?" Eddie asked his friend. "Damn right," Ben agreed and in seconds they were spraying their jizz over the Marine and the fireman who had just fought and fucked before their eyes.

Eddie grinned. "As Darius would say, 'One for prosperity, dude.'"

It was only half an hour later when the men turned to each other with a raunchy grin. They had washed their cocks, pulled up their pants and were sprawled again on the chaises drinking fresh beers.

But the air was still thick with male testosterone, resonating with the vibrations of their raunchy sex, and the men's relaxation proved to be temporary, overpowered by their revived libidos. Their re-awakened lust had a lot to do with the sight of the two boys facing them a few yards away, butt naked, cocks erect. They stood with their hands behind their backs, legs apart, waiting for further orders.

"Man," Jason said, "I can hardly believe that my cock's stirring again."

"Me too, buddy – and not a mirror in sight," Hassan laughed. "But I don't think I can go through all that again, and I sure as hell don't wanna just whack off."

"Maybe we don't have to," Jason grinned. "Hey, you boys – turn round." Ben and Eddie obeyed, feeling once again like young hustlers rented for the evening, a thought that turned them on like crazy, especially being rented by a hot soldier and a fireman, every red-blooded hustler's wet dream.

"So whad'ya think, buddy?" Hassan asked. "Which one you want? They've both got dynamite asses – the gypsy boy's a bit more hairy than the other kid's."

Not that there's anything wrong with that," Jason insisted. "Hey you boys – assume the position and spread 'em." Ben and Eddie bent forward, reached behind them, grabbed their ass cheeks and pulled them apart exposing their holes. They felt like naked slave boys on display at an auction for the military, another fantasy that made their cocks hard as steel.

“Shit, that black fuzz round the gypsy boy’s hole is a real turn on,” Hassan said. “I’ll take that one. You OK with the kid? He looks a bit cocky – might be a handful.”

“All the better,” Jason grinned. “I enjoy taming a boy. He won’t be such a wise-guy when he feels a fireman’s prick up his ass. OK, you two, come and get us hard.”

The boys were trembling with excitement as they knelt beside the chairs, unzipped the uniform pants and pulled out the semi-hard cocks. Eddie went down on Jason and Ben stuffed Hassan’s cock in his mouth. “Holy shit,” said Jason, “these two really know their stuff – great little cock-suckers. Shit, they could make me bust a load just like this.”

“Not yet, buddy,” Hassan said. “OK, boys, that’s enough. Now on the ground, on your backs and show us your butt holes. The boys hurried to obey, lying on their backs and pulling their legs up to expose their asses. They almost shot their loads looking at the shirtless hunks towering over them stroking their cocks, the soldier stripped down to his fatigues and the fireman in his yellow work pants, red suspenders dangling from his waist.

“Shit, man, look at those holes,” Jason drooled. “These boys are keepers – maybe we’ll keep them around all night for when we get horny. You boys ready to get those asses fucked all night long?”

“Yes, sir,” Ben and Eddie chanted in unison. “The men fell to their knees, Hassan behind Ben, Jason behind Eddie, and pushed their legs up higher. “You ready, big guy?” Jason grinned at Hassan. “Let’s fuck.”

The boys held their breath, gazing up at the men, and moaned as they felt stiff pricks being shoved into their asses. They reached up and ran their hands over the men’s muscular chests, squeezing their nipples.

“Hell,” Hassan said, “these guys really do know their stuff. The gypsy kid’s ass is sensational, buddy. How’s yours?”

“Fucking intense, man. You wanna try?” Quickly the men changed boys, pulling out of one ass, swapping over and plunging into the other. The boys were in a wild fantasy of callboys having their asses hammered first by an Arab soldier, then a blond fireman. It was too much for Eddie who stammered, I’m sorry, sir, I Aaah,” and he shot a load all over his chest. Ben quickly followed suit but Hassan said to Jason, “No sweat buddy, we can make these hot young kids cum again. Hey, let’s see how many loads of jizz we can pump out of them.

The next half hour was a blur for the boys as they were fucked first by the swarthy muscle-god then the blond, and they lost count of how many loads they blasted over themselves. At last, though, they heard, “I can’t take much more of this, buddy. This ass is red hot and I’m real close.” “Right there with you, buddy. Let’s do it....”

“Aaagh!” Four screams echoed round the garden as four orgasms erupted simultaneously. The boys almost passed out as they felt the huge cocks bang into their asses again and again until they were drained dry and pulled out.

The men leapt to their feet and pulled the boys up into their arms. Hassan gazed into Eddie’s sparkling eyes and said, “How was that, kiddo? Hot enough for you? Hey, Jason, you still got that big California King bed in your room? Think it sleeps four?”

You bet,” said Jason, his arm around Ben. “We give you kids fair warning, though – you might not get much sleep. Your asses are gonna be on duty all night ‘cuz me and my Marine buddy here get real horny and you’re gonna feel our cocks up your butts a whole lot. You hear me?”

The boys grinned at each other, then snapped to attention and saluted. “Loud and clear, sergeant.”

The boys took the drinks and plates to the kitchen before they joined the men in the master bedroom. Eddie was really pumped and couldn’t resist pulling his phone out and calling Darius to tell him that they would have a wild story to tell him tomorrow, involving a Marine, a fireman and two rent boys.

“Radical, dude,” Darius said. “I’ll put you on video. Only it’ll have to wait until I get back from our trip. Zack and Randy are taking me and Pablo fishing up at the lake tomorrow. There’s a bit more to it as well. Randy says he has some unfinished business with Zack and I got shit to sort out with Pablo. He’s being real weird you know, when he’s not in the limelight he feels neglected and starts throwing his weight around, so I gotta set him straight on a few things.”

“Sounds like you’re gonna be busy, dude. Guess you’ll have a story to tell, too. Hey, gotta go now and report to the military or my ass is grass. Come to think of it,” he chuckled, “it’s gonna be that anyway.” He hung up and let Ben pull him out of the kitchen and into the bedroom where the California King was waiting.

#

Chapter 219 – Pay-Back Time

It was something of an anti-climax next morning when Hassan and Jason had to leave early for an all-day debriefing after their inter-service emergency maneuvers. So, exhausted but exhilarated, Ben and Eddie arrived home together looking eagerly for someone who would listen to their adventures.

Darius was the obvious candidate. He regarded himself as the house historian and lapped up homoerotic stories like this (he usually filmed the story-teller), but right now he was over at Zack's house with Pablo getting their gear together for their fishing trip up to the lake with Zack and Randy. The cop, Mark, had already gone to work on an early shift, and the Aussies, Nate and Adam, were together in their house next door as usual.

So the boys ran to the kitchen where they found Bob, Jamie and Mario, with the twins serving up breakfast. As they burst in Eddie was already talking. "Guys, you are never gonna believe what happened last night ... it was totally intense, like a porn movie." He held out his arms dramatically. "Imagine a Marine, a fireman and two rent-boys go into a garden and"

"Hey, Eddie, slow down," Bob chuckled. This sounds like the start of one of those bad jokes – 'an Irishman and a Scotsman go into a bar'. OK, now how about you start with a simple "Good morning, guys?"

"Oh, yes, sir sorry sir." Eddie deflated visibly like a punctured tire. "Good morning, guys."

"Good morning Eddie," they all chanted, teasing him. "Better," Bob grinned. "Now, Ben, your big brother Randy is upstairs at his desk writing up last-minute instructions for the construction crew before taking you on that trip. Why don't you take this breakfast tray up that the twins have prepared – there's plenty for both of you, and you can tell Randy your story. He'll get a kick out of hearing it from his little brother.

Ben jumped at the chance and disappeared with the tray. "Right," Bob said, "coffee I think guys, and you sit down Eddie and tell us your story while you eat breakfast. You're probably starved after your night as a rent-boy, where I guess the only thing you had to eat was Marine cock."

"You're right, sir," said Eddie, cramming toast into his mouth. "See, Hassan and Jason were...."

"Don't talk with your mouth full, Eddie....."

Upstairs Randy was on the phone and as Ben came in he waved him over to the table with a grin. "Thanks, Dave," he said into the phone. "I appreciate this a whole lot, and I'll pay you at the manager's rate while we're gone. Any problems come up just call me or Zack on our cells."

He put down the phone and smiled at Ben. "Hey there, little brother, you're a sight for sore eyes so early in the morning – and you come bearing gifts, I see." He pulled two chairs up to the table. "Well how cool is this – you and me having breakfast together, just the two of us, and you're gonna tell me all about your adventures with the Marine and the fireman. Nobody hurt you, did they? You'd tell me if they did, right?"

“Of course, sir, but no one hurt me or Eddie. Far from it, we had a blast.” Randy watched with pride and affection as his kid brother’s eye’s sparkled while he talked. It was the same excited expression Randy always saw in the mirror when he was getting ready for bed with Bob.

A short while later Pablo came through the gate having finished helping Darius and Zack get ready for the trip. But his usually jaunty step was missing as he slouched toward the kitchen. His entrance prompted no reaction from the guys round the table who were riveted by the tale Eddie was telling, enjoying his place in the spotlight and the novelty of having his words taken seriously for once.

Pablo’s presence barely registered. He poured himself a cup of coffee and quietly left the room. As he sat at the table by the pool and stared blankly into the distance he heard laughter coming from the open window of Randy’s bedroom. He looked up in that direction and realized from the voices that Randy was having breakfast with his kid brother Ben, who was no doubt entertaining him with the story of his night with Hassan and Jason.

Pablo was morose. Across the street his lover Darius had paid little attention to him, wrapped up in his devotion to his leather-stud master Zack. The scene in the kitchen spoke for itself with all eyes trained on Eddie who was fast becoming a favorite of the house. And now, to cap it all, Randy was huddled with Ben, having a private breakfast together.

So where did that leave Pablo? As he sipped his coffee his mind went back to the early days when the household consisted only of Randy, Bob, Darius and himself. He had been rescued from his job, his near captivity at the remote gas station in the desert, and after that he had devoted himself to his hero Randy, who came to love him so much he adopted him. Now Pablo was the company’s chief mechanic, a job he loved but where did all that leave him? Out in the cold, it seemed. He may be the boss’s boy, but a fat lot of good that did him.

Self-pity is never a pretty thing and now it gnawed at Pablo and his mood spiraled downward.

Upstairs Ben’s story was coming to an end. (In the kitchen Eddie was, naturally, spinning out his saga into a more elaborate version.) Randy smiled affectionately at Ben. “Yeah, Jason’s a good guy – not to mention fucking drop-dead gorgeous. I’m glad you’re his boy, you deserve him. You’re crazy about him, aren’t you? And I bet that, after all that action, you left his house looking pretty much like the city dump.”

“I guess so, sir,” Ben blushed. “See, Jason and Hassan had to leave early and Eddie and me didn’t clean up ‘cuz we wanted to get home...”

“.... and blab,” Randy chuckled. “Now listen to me, kid. With me, Zack, Pablo and Darius away for the next couple of days you’re gonna be the lead mechanic on the site. I’ve left Dave in charge so any problems you go to him. Also, tell him I said you could leave early, ‘cuz I want you to go straight from work and clean up Jason’s house. Don’t you think that hot fireman would like to come home to a neat house and a neat young gypsy boy waiting for him with a drink? No knowing how well he’d thank you for that.”

“I’ve got a pretty good idea, sir,” Ben grinned. He stood up and hugged his big brother. “I love you, sir a whole lot.”

“Yeah me too, kid. Now get out of here before I decide what to do with this boner you’ve given me here – kid brother or not.

Randy could hear Ben’s laughter all the way down the stairs and across the garden, along with his, “Bye, Pablo. Have a great trip bring home lots of fish.”

Randy went over to the open window and saw Pablo, shoulders hunched and staring gloomily at the table. “Hey, kiddo,” he shouted, “get your ass up here.”

Always quick to obey Randy, Pablo snapped out of his melancholy and ran upstairs. “Shit, boy,” Randy said, “you look like you lost a dollar and found a dime. Real down in the dumps. Come and sit down – there’s a lot of food left – Ben talked more than he ate. Mustn’t let this breakfast go to waste after the twins went to so much trouble.”

“Thank you, sir,” Pablo said in a subdued voice that had none of his usual sparkle at being alone with his adoptive dad, the man he worshipped

“OK, kid – what’s eating you?”

“Nothing, sir,” Pablo said with a mouthful of omelet.

“Now don’t come that bullshit with me, boy.” Randy’s anger was quick to flare up. “We know each other too well for that and I expect us to share stuff openly. So what’s eating you?”

“Sorry, sir. I just didn’t want to sound like a whiner.” He gulped. “Thing is, sir, I don’t think anyone in the house likes me, except for you, sir, and maybe Bob.”

“Whad’ya mean, *maybe* Bob?” Randy flared up again. “The man’s a fucking saint and he loves you ‘cuz you’re my boy, and don’t you forget it.”

“Yeah, I’m sorry, sir I didn’t mean that.” Pablo knew he had stepped on the third rail by doubting Bob in front of Randy. “It’s just that everyone else seems to keep me at arm’s length

– even Darius lately, he’s so wrapped up in Zack. I mean, you’ve got Bob and Ben – you just had a private breakfast with your little brother – and the other boys never seem keen on having me around. Don’t they know I’m the boss’s boy and deserve more respect?”

“No they don’t!” Randy said. “Not because you’re my boy anyway. They resent you always bashing them over the head with that shit. Respect is something you earn, kiddo, not something you get just by strutting your stuff round the house.”

He calmed down. “Now get this clear. I love you, boy, ever since I met you in that rat-hole gas station, a gutsy young kid standing up to those fucking bastards. And lately you were great when you volunteered to help Adam by sitting all night by Nate’s hospital bed. Everyone admired you for that. I know Ben looks up to you. And as for Darius – shit, you two have been together since you came here – you live together for god’s sake. He’s crazy about you.”

“He’s crazy about my ass,” Pablo said sullenly. “All he wants to do is fuck me with that huge ten-inch thing of his.”

Randy grinned. “Can’t blame him for that, kid, with those perfect melons of your perfect butt. And time was you couldn’t get enough of all those ten inches. Anyway, we can sort all that out up at the lake – it’s one of the reasons I’m taking you there, so you can get things right with Darius – plus I have some business to settle with Zack.

“Like payback for when he beat you in a fight and fucked your ass, sir?” Pablo’s trademark crooked grin was back as he looked mischievously at Randy.

“That’s more like it, buddy.” Randy ruffled his hair. “Yeah, you know me – I could never let something like that go without retaliation. You’re just like me, kiddo – we always have to prove we’re the best. Difference is, I never gave a shit what anyone thought of me, but you’re a bit more sensitive. What does Darius call all you boys – a band of brothers?”

“But you know what? Maybe I have neglected you lately – hell, you do such a great job as the mechanic on the site I guess I take you for granted. Come here, kiddo – give your old dad a hug.” In an instant Pablo was in Randy’s arms, breathing in the virile essence of this extraordinary man. Randy let his hands wander down Pablo’s back until he was clutching the ‘melons’ he had just praised.

“One thing I never take for granted, kid, is this ass of yours. Hell, a dozen times a day at work I get a woody whenever I glimpse you bent over some truck, shoving your butt in the air. Remember the time I put you in the loader scoop of that earthmover and fucked your ass? Shit that was hot. Gives me a hard-on just thinking about it.”

“You wanna make use of that hard-on right now, sir?” Pablo’s sparkle was back.

“Hell, kiddo, you’re one pushy young buck, you know that?”

"I learnt it all from you, sir," Pablo said with more than a touch of insolence.

"Right," Randy growled, "now just for that you are gonna get ploughed, boy. Even if you do accuse me, like Darius, of only wanting you for your ass."

"I want you to want my ass, sir," Pablo grinned. He pulled away from Randy, turned his back on him, pulled off his T-shirt and dropped his shorts. He was wearing nothing underneath and flexed the flawless white globes of his ass. He knew exactly how to turn Randy on – and it worked, as Randy said, "Man, that's a sight that could make grown men weep."

It was not in Randy's nature to kneel to any man, but he did now in reverence to the flawless ass before him. He ran his hand down the slope of the boy's lats, down to the slim waist and the hollow in the small of his back, just above the tan line. For Randy this was his most erotic feature, where his back dipped before it curved up over the perfect mounds of the boy's ass.

He leaned forward and licked the velvet flesh of the hollow, savoring the salty taste of sweat that had gathered there. Randy's heart beat faster as he began making love to his boy, a sensation second only to making love to Bob. His tongue moved lower, then up over the graceful curve of the ass where he kissed the cheeks. His tongue then eased into the crack between the globes, pushing deeper until he tasted the musky fragrance of the black fuzz round the boy's hole.

Building in intensity Randy grabbed the twin globes in his claw-like hands and eased them apart. "Holy shit," he breathed, staring at the sphincter that was pulsing slightly in the boy's anticipation of his master's rod driving into it. Randy was a man who often demonstrated his virility through his muscular strength, but he never felt more macho than when he was gazing at his boy's ass knowing it was his to fuck. This was his boy, his handsome, brave boy, and he was about to enter his ass.

Impulsively Randy buried his face between the cheeks and pushed his tongue over the sphincter, tasting the damp pungency of the velvet membrane inside. He was eating the warm ass, filling it with his probing tongue as Pablo's moans grew louder and louder. Randy knew his boy well and, when his moaning reached a pitch, he knew he was on the edge of orgasm. He quickly pulled his face back and said sharply. "Don't cum, boy. You know my rules."

"Yes, sir. I mean, no sir, not until you give me permission."

Randy stood up and pulled off his T-shirt. He scooped Pablo off his feet so he was lying across his outstretched arms on his back, gazing up at the chiseled gypsy features and steel blue eyes piercing down at him. Pablo's unlaced sneakers and the shorts round his ankles fell to the floor and he was naked, feeling safe and elated lying in the strong arms of the man he idolized.

"So, I've got you now, kid," Randy said. "You're my boy and I can do whatever I fucking-well want with you." Randy was pacing the room holding his boy and Pablo loved being

powerless, pressed against his master's chest, seeing the trickle of sweat run down the hairy cleft between his rock-hard pecs. "So what d'you want me to do to you, boy? Tell me what you want from your old man, now that you claim you've been rejected by everyone else."

"Sir," Pablo said, his eyes growing moist. "Please sir, I want you to fuck my ass I want you to make love to me. See...." a tear flowed down his cheek "... if I know you really love me I don't care about the others – don't care about anyone. You're the only one who counts you're my hero. I want to be a good boy for you, and to feel your cock in my ass, sir ... please."

Randy leaned down and licked the tear from his boy's face. "Shit, boy," he grinned, I've eaten your ass, loosened it up, nice and wet, and my dick is stiff as a poker, so what d'ya think I'm gonna do? You do the math. Give up? OK I'll tell you. The construction boss is gonna plough the gorgeous ass of his hot young mechanic."

Randy opened his arms and dropped the boy on the bed. He landed on his back and trembled as he watched Randy rip open his shorts and let them drop, his big, thick cock springing out like a power pole. Naked now, the handsome gypsy towered over him, slowly stroking his cock, hypnotizing him with the lasers of his pale blue eyes set in his dark-stubbled face.

Randy knew how to taunt a boy, to drive him wild. "Beat your meat, boy," he growled. "Let me watch you pound that cock without busting your load."

Pablo could cum just by looking at his naked master, and Randy knew that. Now he made his boy suffer the agony of stroking his cock to the point of orgasm, then pulling back just in time, then cranking it up again. It took all Pablo's skill and restraint, and all the time he couldn't take his eyes off his master's rod, willing him to shove it in his ass, imagining the sensation of it driving deep inside him. The thought almost made him shoot a massive load but he clenched his jaw, moaned and yanked his hand off his cock.

Randy looked down with satisfaction at what he was doing to his boy. He was a writhing mass of desire, stroking himself to the brink of orgasm, then pulling back from his climax with sheer will-power. And still the muscular gypsy paced the room, teasing, taunting the helpless boy, his head thrashing from side to side, his body tensing, driven crazy with pent-up lust. Randy had tortured men physically before, but he was equally skilled at sexual torture

"Please, sir," Pablo howled. "Please, please take my ass and let me shoot. Look, sir, here's my ass, here's my hole – it belongs to you, sir." He pulled back his legs and displayed his perfect butt. Still stroking his cock tears again sprang to his eyes, tears of frustration this time and forbidden lust. "Please, sir, you look so incredibly hot, sir, you know I can't take anymore. Please, help me, sir ... please fuck me and let me cum"

It was exquisite torture. He had never craved anything so much in his life. His ass, his whole body was on fire and he howled. "I'm begging ... please, sir fuck my ass....."

Randy finally had mercy. He knelt on the bed, pushed Pablo's ankles high in the air and drove his rod straight into the boy's hole, deep down inside. "Aaaagh!" Randy yelled as his juice blasted into the fiery depths of his boy's gut. "Now, boy, now!"

Aaah ... aaah ... aaah. Pablo's black hair flew, his face jerked back and his body shuddered as it was impaled on his master's rod..... and a huge plume of semen exploded from his cock and shot straight up. Randy opened his mouth and caught it all, swallowing hard. "Now you, boy – drink it." Pablo aimed his dick at his own face and the ribbons of cum that followed splashed into his mouth and he gulped them all down.

In a trance he gazed up and saw the blurred image of Randy with jism running over his face and mouth. A smile crossed that face as Randy fell forward and pressed the boy's wrists to the bed. "And now, boy – now we've got lust out of the way – we can make love."

Buried in the furnace of his boy's ass Randy's cock remained rock hard. He pulled it back slowly, right up to the sphincter and Pablo thought it would pull out. But it paused, then sank back all the way down the chute to the inner sphincter, teased it, then drew slowly back to the top. Pablo could have shot another load right away but he didn't want to – he wanted to luxuriate in the full range of Randy's sexual skills.

The reasons Randy was such a powerful leader of men were his imposing physical beauty, his natural dominance and his brute strength. And all of these contributed to one other attribute the man was an incredible fuck. Even when he was savagely ramrodding a guy's ass the guy would beg for more. And when he made love to an ass the guy fell totally under his spell.

Once a man had been fucked by Randy he never forgot it. It would be one of those fucks he would remember even into his later years, when the very thought of it would bring a smile to his face and a stiffness to his cock.

And when Randy loved a guy, as he did Bob and Pablo, he gave them the best of the best. Absurdly, though, love was a source of insecurity for Randy because for once he was not in control. He had an irrational fear that the man he loved would leave him. How crazy was that when all he had to do was sink his shaft into his lover's ass to secure his devotion forever?

It was why Bob could never leave him, even though he had tried at first before he fully realized the inescapable power of Randy's magnetism. And it was why, right now, Pablo was drifting in a magical world that only Randy could create. Randy's awareness of his sexual power made him arrogant, which only added to his macho sensuality.

As his huge cock filled his boy's ass, teasing it, moving erotically back and forth from one sphincter to the other, Randy grinned smugly, "See, boy, when I love a guy he knows it. Here,

you feel this?" He gently pushed the head of his cock over the inner sphincter and let it rest in deep in the boy's gut."

"Aah ... aa ... aah," Pablo breathed raggedly, desperately holding back another orgasm. I love you, sir, I worship you ... I'm your slave, sir."

Randy smiled. "I don't want a slave, kiddo. I want a tough, brave kid, good with his fists, handsome, great body, spectacular ass – and considerate of others. And I've found him, kiddo. You're my boy and I love, love fucking my boy's ass. Come on kid – what say we go for broke?"

"Right there with you, sir."

So Randy gave him the royal treatment – massaging his ass with his cock, increasing the pace, faster and faster, deeper and deeper, then suddenly slowing to a gentle caress. As his rod became a piston again Pablo was whirling in a state of raw lust, at the mercy of this raging stallion, never knowing what came next. Impaled on the pounding shaft he surrendered his ass to his master – his body, mind and spirit, his whole being. Randy was pile-driving his ass and the helpless boy knew he couldn't hold back any longer.

Suddenly Randy leaned down and closed his mouth over Pablo's in a raw, ravenous kiss. At the same he pulled his hips back, paused, then slammed his pole savagely into the shuddering depths of his boy's ass. Pablo screamed into the gag of his master's mouth, felt hot jism pouring into his ass, and his cock erupted in his second orgasm of the day.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," Randy yelled. Darius was already talking as he entered. "Guys we're all set downstairs if you...." His words died in his throat as he saw the naked gypsy on top of his boy, jizz oozing between their bodies, tears running down Pablo's cheeks. "Oh, sorry, sir," he stammered, knowing he should withdraw but rooted to the spot (a sight too hot to miss – god he wished he had his camera.)

"It's OK, Darius – great timing, we'd just finished as you can see." Randy pulled out of Pablo's ass and jumped to his feet. He stood there with a triumphant smile on his face, his muscles pumped, chest covered in his boy's jism, sweat running down his face, his huge cock swinging between his legs, still dripping cum. "Holy shit," Darius murmured, staring in awe. When Randy fucked he really fucked.

"Five minutes and we'll be right with you," Randy said. "Kiddo, get our gear together and take it down to the truck. And both of you pick up the supplies the twins have ready in the kitchen. I gotta see Bob. He put on his sneakers, grabbed his shorts and strode naked from the room.

Bob was in his upstairs office with Jamie when Randy came in. Bob grinned broadly at the naked, cum-streaked gypsy with the gleaming eyes. "OK, three guesses at what you've been doing. One - fucking Pablo or two - fucking Pablo or three - maybe fucking Pablo?"

"Asshole," Randy said, throwing his arms round him while Jamie chuckled in the background. Jamie got up to leave but Randy said, "Nah, stay put Jamie, I just came to say goodbye." He smiled at Bob. "Take care of yourself, buddy. Back in two days and then ...". He stretched out his arms and displayed the naked body of a fuck machine.

"OK, got the message," Bob grinned. "I'll be waiting for you."

"You better be, stud. Hey Jamie, you and Mark take care of my man here, OK?"

"Aye, aye, sir," said Jamie. As Randy walked to the door Bob said, "Oh, and Randy - put on your shorts."

"Oh, yeah, sure." Randy pulled on his shorts, held out his arms and grinned. "See, Prince Charming, dressed up for the ball." And he left the room.

Bob shook his head. "Jamie, there goes a man who's one of a kind. Nobody in the world like him."

Jamie laughed. "Good thing too, sir. I don't think the world could handle another Randy."

They took Randy's truck as it was the biggest, with a double cab and a huge flatbed that easily held the rowboat and all the gear of four men and a dog. Randy and Zack sat up front, with Pablo and Darius behind them. Beside Pablo sat his dog Billy with his head hanging out of the window, his favorite thing in life - next to his master, of course.

As they drove up into the Angeles National Forest sexual vibrations still resonated between Randy and Pablo, who were both shirtless in cargo shorts. They had not even stopped to shower after their wild fuck-fest so they were still redolent of sweat and dried cum. Randy frequently looked at Pablo in the rear-view mirror and they grinned with the private smile of men who had just fucked their brains out.

But that's as far as companionship showed itself on the drive up. In the front there was an unusual reserve between the two men. Randy and Zack were best buddies, working together on the construction site as partners, with mutual respect and affection. But like all friendships between strong-willed alpha males there was always a hint of masculine rivalry deep down which sometimes exploded to the surface.

This had happened not long ago between Randy and Zack, resulting in a vicious fight that Zack had won. He had taken the prize of Randy's ass and humiliated him by pinning him down and savagely butt-fucking him. Randy had accepted defeat in a fair fight but a coolness remained between them and they both knew why.

On the rare occasions that Randy was beaten, especially fucked and humiliated, he had to get even. It was a creed he had always lived by since his street-fighter days in West Texas – an eye for an eye and a fuck for a fuck. The conventional advice – ‘don't get mad, get even’ – didn't apply. Randy did both.

Both men knew all this and both knew it was one reason for their trip to the lake. In the meantime their friendship had been restored when they had joined forces to defeat four bikers holding the twins captive. Fighting together, side by side, was to both of them the ultimate expression of virile brotherhood. They really were like brothers, but still that crack in the fabric of their friendship had to be mended – an eye for an eye – which accounted for the tension between them as they now sat side by side.

So often the boys mirrored their masters, and in the back seat a similar tension existed between Pablo and Darius, though it had been a longtime building. They had been lovers almost since the day Pablo had arrived in the house and they had reached that uncomfortable phase most relationships go through – a cooling of the original joy, a sense that each was taking the other for granted. The problem was more pronounced on Pablo's side, as he sensed an alienation from the other boys too.

So the tension in the front seat was playing out in the back too. Sitting between Darius and his dog Billy, Pablo leaned close to Billy and put his arm round him, causing him to lean away from Darius. Hm, thought Darius – loves his dog more than me.

When they arrived at their special place in the forest high above Los Angeles they bumped over the familiar long dirt trail and parked by the small beach surrounded by trees at the remote, placid lake, shining like glass. As they unpacked their gear Darius made a clumsy attempt at warming things up between him and Pablo. “Love this place,” he said, “real cool and a great place to fuck.”

That was the wrong button to press and Pablo rose to the bait. “Yeah, well you should be in hog heaven ‘cuz all you want to do is push that ten-inch prong of yours up my ass. That's all you ever want.”

“Hey, dude, that's not fair, I” But Pablo was ignoring him, setting up Billy's blanket and water bowl at the back of the beach. The exchange had been overheard by Randy and Zack who raised their eyes at each other. “OK, kid,” Randy said sharply to Pablo. “Why don't me and you take the boat out, try and catch some fish for dinner.” Zack was quick to add, “I don't know

about you all, but after that long drive I need to stretch my legs. Wanna come for a walk by the lake with me, Darius?”

“Sure, sir,” said Darius, throwing a sour look at Pablo. They finished unloading their gear, the fishing tackle and the rowboat, Zack threw his arm over Darius’s shoulder and they took off.

Pablo and Randy changed into swim trunks and carried the boat and gear down to the shallow water. Pablo and Billy jumped in and Randy waded into deeper water pushing the boat before him. Holding onto the stern and swimming with a strong leg-kick Randy pushed the boat quickly out into the middle of the lake, then hauled himself in, his muscles flexing in the sunlight as water streamed off him. Pablo got an instant boner, his cock pushing up in his shorts like a tent-pole.

“Yeah, I know how you feel, kiddo,” Randy chuckled. “I could go for that too, but we gotta talk. They set up the fishing lines over the side of the boat, Billy settled in his usual position in the prow looking down at the water, watching for movement, and Pablo and Randy lay on their side in the boat propped up on one elbow looking at each other.

“You know, kid,” Randy began, “like I said this morning, you gotta sort out this shit between you and Darius, and then make your peace with the other boys. You’re a great kid, but your social skills? not so hot. I know you try to copy me but sometimes I’m not the best role model. For instance, my social skills are for shit – practically non-existent. Bob is always having to bail me out when he sees me clenching my fists, ready to take a swing at some guy. That smooth way Bob has about him has kept me out of a whole mess of trouble.”

“What I’m saying is, kid, you gotta wise up – act mature. I mean, this shit you got going with Darius ... don’t bear a grudge ... bury it.”

“But you’re gonna get even with Zack for fucking you, sir. Ain’t that like bearing a grudge?”

Randy was momentarily knocked off balance by his kid’s logic. “That’s not the same, boy,” he said gruffly. “That’s a matter of honor among men.” He let that dubious argument float away on the breeze and they gazed at each other in silence.

“Course,” Randy resumed, “you know what I’m doing with you, don’t you? You’re my boy, my son, and one day you’re gonna take over for me. Someday in the future you’ll be boss of the outfit, so I want you to become a leader, a mature guy who knows how to deal with others, not always flaring up and swinging your fists.” Pablo grinned mischievously. “OK, wiseguy,” Randy said. “Like I said, I’m not always the best role model. Do what I tell you, not what I do.”

They looked at each other, their eyes crinkled and they burst out laughing. “OK, kid, I might as well tell you now. You’ve been doing a damn fine job and you know the company inside and out, so I’ve been talking to the other company directors – Bob, Mark and Zack – and soon I’m

gonna offer you the chance to become a junior partner.” Pablo’s eyes opened wide with surprised delight.

“But I don’t want you parading around boasting about all that boss’s boy/junior partner bullshit. You gotta show me you got leadership skills by respecting the other boys, starting with Darius. For god’s sake heal the breach and get over your temper tantrums with him.”

“Yes, sir, absolutely, sir. Thank you, sir. I promise to live up to your trust in me, sir.”

“Oh yeah,” Randy grinned, “and there’s one other thing. One of your duties as junior partner is to make that ass of yours available to the boss 24/7. Think you can do that?”

“Of course, sir. Starting right now if you want.” But they were interrupted by Billy’s excited barking as he looked down at the water. “Looks like we got our first fish, kiddo, so let’s cut the crap and do what we came to do – fish.”

About that time Zack and Darius were having a similar man-to-boy conversation while they walked round the lake. Zack had noticed the coolness between Darius and Pablo and, typically for him, confronted the issue head on. “So what’s all this crap between you and Pablo, kid?”

“I dunno, sir. He’s been walking round with a face as long as my dick, and that’s saying something. He says the only thing I ever want from him is to fuck his ass.”

“And is that true?”

“Well, sir, he’s got this spectacular pair of buns, and with my dick well you know the saying, my dick and his ass, a match

“..... match made in heaven, yeah, so I hear. But listen, boy, it may come as a surprise to you but a man wants more from a lover than a ten-inch schlong. And he wants to mean more to you than a great fuck. You gotta show him you still love him. You do, don’t you?”

“Of course I do,” Darius said animatedly. “He can be a handful at times with his ‘boss’s boy’ bullshit but I like a tough guy with spunk and he’s got plenty of that.”

Zack thought in silence for a moment. “And when did Pablo last get to fuck you?”

“Uh? Hm ... well, I can’t remember, sir, it’s been so long.”

“Just what I thought. Don’t you think that would be bad for a tough guy’s ego – always getting his ass ploughed? Kid, the first thing you gotta do is correct that. Even the score. You

probably know that's what Randy has in mind for me after I thrashed him and fucked him. The guy always has to get even and prove he's still the top gun. And I'll let him. Hell I would do the same to him if he had humiliated me by whipping my ass and fucking it."

"So take your cue from me and do the same for Pablo. Let him take your ass and do it in a showy way so he can prove that he's as macho as the next guy and has more to offer than just a flawless butt." He grinned. "Though I gotta say, those globes of his are mighty sweet – enough to make any guy drop his pants."

They had walked all round the lake and got back to the beach just as Randy and Pablo were pulling the boat out of the water, with a sizeable catch that they put in a cooler for later. Now that the preliminaries were out of the way there was a distinct tension in the air, as everyone knew what had to come next.

Pablo said impulsively, "Dude, I've been talking to Randy and there's something I gotta tell you. I've behaved like a real prick, lately and"

"Nah, kiddo, it's mostly my fault. I started taking you for granted hell, I sure took your ass for granted, like it was my own personal playground, and I gotta make things right."

Zack and Randy needed no words to express how they had to 'make things right.' They had known this moment would come right after Zack had left Randy beaten and crawling in the dust. As always, Randy took charge. "OK, guys let's cut to the chase, here. Seems like the boys, as usual, are on the same track as their masters, so let's do it. You ready?"

"Ready," said Zack. "Ready," said Darius.

Billy lay on his blanket his head on his paws watching the proceedings with intense interest. He had seen scenes like this before and he knew better than to get involved. Like his young master, he was never good at taking a back seat, but this was one of the times he had to.

His gaze was riveted on the two naked black men standing back to back under a tree at the back of the beach. Watching them just as intently were Randy and Pablo, lying naked on their backs on the beach, side by side, propped up on their elbows. The smooth horizontal line of their muscular bodies was broken only by the poles standing up vertically out of their pubic hair.

"Hard not to get a cockstand looking at something that hot," Randy said. "Two hot black studs, master and boy, back to back, bodies stretched upward, wrists roped to that tree branch. Shit, look at that master, the proud, defiant face, those shiny black muscles gleaming in the sun. What turns you on the most about him, kid?"

“Well, sir, the body’s spectacular – those pecs and shoulders, and his eight-pack abs. But I think the face is sexiest and that macho shaved head. Plus that monster club swinging between his legs.”

“Yeah,” Randy agreed, and talking of clubs, how about his boy’s huge piece of horse meat? That alone would fetch top price if they were slaves at a slave market.”

Which is exactly how the two black men felt as their captors on the beach sized them up like animals for sale. The humiliation had already begun.

Randy pulled himself and Pablo off the ground and they walked over to face the bound captives. “Take your cue from me, boy,” Randy said to Pablo. “While I work on the stud here you do likewise to his boy.” He looked straight into Zack’s eyes and said, “That should spice it up a bit for you, big guy.” He rolled Zack’s nipples hard in his fingers. “You were ready to get worked over by me, but that’s your boy tied up with you and he’s gonna be getting the same treatment from my kid. Neat, eh?”

“Fuck off,” snarled Zack.

In response Randy grabbed Zack behind the head, pulled his face forward and ground their faces together. Zack tasted the tongue probing his mouth and he instinctively started to respond, kissing the erotic gypsy face, but then he recoiled, resisting the temptation, pulled away and spat on the ground.”

“Oh-ho,” Randy said, “that’s how were gonna play it eh, big guy? Suites me fine – my choice of weapons then. He reached down to the ground, pulled the belt from his shorts and the one from Pablo’s. He tossed the second belt to Pablo who was applying to Darius every one of his master’s moves on Zack. Randy stood back and flicked his belt against the ebony slabs of Zack’s chest.

“Yeah, you’re one hell of a stud, man – a leather-master who can beat any man, even me every once in a while. But you really pissed me off, asshole, when you thrashed me, fucked my ass and left me crawling in the dirt on my own construction site.” He snapped a fierce crack of the belt on Zack’s chest, making him flinch and his tone became grim.

“But this is me you’re dealing with, pal, and I don’t take that shit from anyone, even a tough son of a bitch like you. So now the badass leather-stud, the top-man, is tied up naked with his boy and he’s gonna get his ass fucked. See how this feels, big guy.” He stood back and lashed Zack’s chest several times while Pablo did the same to Darius.

“OK,” Zack yelled, “do anything you want to me, I can take it, but go easy on my boy. Thrash me but not him.”

Randy's only reaction was to tell Pablo, "Turn them round, kid, facing each other." Their arms were tied straight up so it was easy to turn them round chest to chest, their eyes staring into each other. Randy gloated, "Shit, look at those fine black asses, boy. How about we prime them – warm them up a bit before we shove our dicks inside them?"

"Aaagh " The howls of Zack and his boy rang through the forest as the belts bounced off the mounds of their asses – one lash, two, three Zack stared into Darius's eyes and the boy gained strength from his master's defiant gaze. The fantasy of this whole scene was not lost on the boy, known as the king of fantasy, and the fact that he was sharing it with his muscle-god master more than made up for the pain.

The lashing stopped, Randy spat in his hand and pushed a wet finger into Zack's hole, taking pleasure in hearing the black bodybuilder groaning as his ass was invaded. Randy pressed his chest against Zack's back and rested his chin on his shoulder from behind. "Has to be this way, buddy, you know that. You're one hell of a man and if it's any consolation it's a privilege for me to fuck that fine ass. I won't insult a man like you by holding back. You know me and the way I fuck. Like this....."

Again howls of pain reverberated round the beach as Randy and Pablo drove their cocks into the helpless asses. The bound men's bodies were crushed together as they were ramrodded from behind, and their muscles flexed as they instinctively pulled against the ropes trying to break free. But gradually the searing pain dissolved in a sense of euphoria as the rods drove into their asses with building speed.

Darius especially was enthralled by the unaccustomed sensation of his lover pounding his ass. "Damn that feels so fucking hot. Show me what I've been missing, dude fuck me ... fuck that black ass."

Zack was no less exhilarated, falling under the spell of Randy's legendary sexuality. What Randy loved most was a man-to-man fuck, full on, no holding back as he did with a boy. This was a ferocious, pile-driving fuck, two muscular construction workers, the gypsy savage pounding the ass of the black muscle-god. And it drove Zack wild.

"Yeah," he howled, "punish that ass, man, hurt it that all you got? remember how I pinned you down and tortured your ass? it's payback time, stud fuck me fuck me....!"

Randy flashed on the image of his crawling humiliation, beaten to the ground by the fists of the black bodybuilder who then fell on him and shoved his huge black dick up his ass. His anger flared again and he hungered for revenge. He grabbed Zack's hips and, using every ounce of his massive strength, drove his shaft deep into the shattered depths of the black man's gut.

This was man to man, two dominant men at the height of their power, best buddies, brothers, proving their strength to each other – the one using his cock as a brutal weapon, the other

enduring the savage assault on his tortured ass. Equally matched, the men could have fucked and suffered indefinitely, but it was Darius who forced the climax.

“Dude,” he shouted, “your cock is so damn hot I gotta bust a load. I gotta cum, man. Let me feel your jizz in my ass, dude, ‘cuz I’m cumming” His words were stifled by his master’s mouth smothering his in a passionate kiss.

And so the climax came in rapid sequence. First Pablo yelled as his cock erupted deep in Darius’s ass. Feeling the hot semen flowing inside him Darius moaned into Zack’s mouth and shot his own massive load between their bodies, up over their stomachs and chests. The sticky dampness of his boy’s cum, the heat of their mouths grinding together, and the shaft driving into his ass combined to send a jolt of electricity through Zack and he blasted a massive load in sync with his boy’s.

As he shot his load, Zack’s ass clamped tight round the shaft inside him. He pulled back from his boy’s mouth as he felt Randy’s cock explode in his ass and the air was shattered by the triumphant roars of two lions fighting for tribal dominance. They had battled to a draw – they were even, two powerful men united in a brotherhood of admiration and respect.

Randy slumped exhausted against Zack’s sweating back and panted, “That’s how real men fuck, buddy. God you’re incredible. I love you, man. Proud to call you brother.”

At last Billy roused himself, lumbered over to Pablo and licked his feet – a canine gesture of either pride or simple affection only he knew. Quickly released, the four men bounded into the lake with howls of delight, washing off the juices of their lust and passion. And this time Billy joined in, barking, splashing in the general euphoria that all was right with the world. And, at least in their world, it was.

It would not be generally believed that all the tensions and quarrels of men could be banished with a great fuck, but in this idyllic place, between these extraordinary men, they had. Pretty soon Pablo and Darius had pushed the boat out (literally) and were floating in the middle of the lake making love on the floor of the boat, with Billy getting his licks in (literally). On the beach Randy and Zack were sprawled side by side, sipping beer and talking about whatever two rugged alpha males talk about.

Later, after a cooked meal of fish, fresh from the lake, all four of them lay together naked, enjoying each other and feeling the sap rising once again. Pablo and Darius grinned with mutual understanding and gently opened their masters’ shorts. They were soon chowing down on their cocks while Randy and Zack leaned back on their elbows watching them.

“Freeze!”

The sudden command came from a tall, uniformed man who had just appeared through the trees. The arrogant voice proclaimed, "That fire you've had there is illegal. And what you boys were doing is also illegal and obscene. You can consider yourselves under arrest."

Billy growled softly, waiting for his cue from Pablo, but such was the self-assurance of these supremely confident men that they barely flinched as they looked up at the man – with amusement on the men's part and lust on the boys'.

He must have been in his late twenties, tall, blond, ruggedly handsome with an obviously well-toned, lean body under his Forest Ranger uniform – short-sleeved pale gray shirt with a white triangle of T-shirt at the open neck, dark green pants and black boots. With the heavy black belt and equipment round his waist he had a tough air of authority as he continued listing their infractions of the law.

"It's pretty clear what you men have been doing and it's disgusting. What you do in your own home is your business but out here it's against the law. I am a Chief Forest Ranger and I have to report you."

"Oh no," Pablo said in mock horror. "You're not gonna throw me in the slammer, are you, sir? I don't think me or my butt would last long in the Big House. See?" He rolled over and stuck his flawless white globes in the air. Darius sputtered with laughter and the man barked, "Enough! Which one of you is the responsible party – who's the leader here?"

Zack rolled his eyes at Randy and raised his hands with a helpless 'not me' gesture. "Coward," Randy grinned. He shrugged and said to the ranger, "I guess that would be me. I'm the boss here." Slowly he got to his feet and stood in front of the ranger in all his naked, muscular glory, his huge cock swinging between his legs. The ranger inhaled sharply and took a step back before recovering himself. "Sir, I'm gonna have to cuff you. Put your hands behind your back."

Randy complied meekly and the ranger stepped behind him. But as he brought the cuffs close Randy suddenly grabbed his wrist, whirled him round facing him and yanked his arms up behind his back in a brutal double hammerlock applied from the front. Their chests pressed together, faces inches apart, and the ranger stammered, "Resisting arrest is a felony and"

Randy cut him off by leaning forward and pressing their mouths together, pushing his lips open with his tongue. Grinding their lips against each other Randy breathed his beery breath into his mouth. The stunned ranger was trapped, feeling the sheer strength of this man and the tongue probing his mouth. A look of panic filled his eyes as Randy finally pulled his mouth away and his steel blue eyes pierced the ranger's like lasers.

"Like I said, man, I'm the boss around here and I do what the fuck I like. You lay one finger on these boys and I will personally shove my fist right up your arrogant chief ranger ass."

He grinned maliciously. “So you’re a Chief Ranger, eh? Well I’ve got news for you, pal. I outrank you ... ‘cuz I’m the King of the fucking Gypsies.”

#

Chapter 220 – Mind Fuck

The ranger was stunned into silence, mesmerized by the hypnotic blue eyes and still tasting the man’s hot, beery breath in his mouth. His mind whirled with a mix of fear, diminishing defiance, and anger that his authority had so quickly been usurped. What was worse was the pain in his shoulders and arms, forced up behind his back making him press his chest against the hard slabs of his captor’s naked pecs. The realization took hold that he was at the mercy of this dark demon.

“OK,” Randy said, “might as well start as we mean to go on. First you’re gonna learn some manners. Now you insulted my boys here and you’re gonna apologize for that. Get it?”

“Go fuck yourself,” the ranger growled with his last shreds of defiance.

“Wrong answer, pal,” Randy growled and yanked his wrists higher up his back, straining his arms brutally.

“Aaagh!” the ranger screamed, tears spurting from his eyes, the handsome features twisting in pain. “Stop, you’re breaking my arms aaagh let me go please....”

Applying even more pressure Randy grinned, “You can do better than that, stud – let’s hear it.”

His shoulder bursting with pain the ranger howled. “Please, sir, I can’t take any more please let me go, sir. I’m sorry, sir I apologize.”

“Now we’re getting somewhere,” Randy growled, released his arms, moved swiftly behind him and resumed the hammerlock from behind. It was less painful but pulled the uniform shirt open, exposing the white T-shirt and the shape of his chest underneath. Randy pushed him round to face Zack and the boys, still lying on the ground, propped up on their elbows enjoying the show of the naked construction worker cutting the arrogant young ranger down to size.

“OK, see these two boys here? All they were doing was sucking cock, giving pleasure to me and my buddy. And you, asshole, called them disgusting. Now take another look at these innocent kids maybe not so disgusting after all?”

Pablo and Darius put on elaborate shows of wide-eyed innocence and Zack struggled to keep a straight face. “So what d’ya say, ranger?” Randy persisted. “Think they deserve an apology?”

The ranger flinched as Randy twisted his arms up higher behind him. “Aaah! OK, OK. Young men... what you were doing there, er, with the men’s, er well, it was not disgusting and I’m sorry I called you that.”

“Aw,” Darius grinned in an aw-shucks way. “That’s OK, man, I’ve been called worse. You know what they say, dude, ‘don’t matter what you call me as long as you call me’.”

There were stifled sputterings all round as Randy glared at them, trying to keep a straight face himself. “OK,” he said, “we’re making progress here.” He released the ranger and confronted him. Right, so now we’ve got that straight let me do the introductions. Let’s see here, apart from being Chief Ranger your name seems to be ...” he looked closer at the ranger’s name badge “... Petersen I’m Randy, ‘the responsible party’ as you call it, though *irresponsible* would be closer to the mark, but that’s another story. You can just call me boss. Hi, Pete, good to meet you.”

Petersen winced as Randy reached for his hand and crushed it in his in big paw in a painful handshake. The ranger was reeling. He was by nature arrogant, flaunting his authority and never let anyone intimidate him ... he was the one who did the intimidating. But he had never tangled with anyone like this big gypsy guy. He was scary, with a hint of menace masked by a good-humor that was heavy with irony. The ranger was already planning his escape.

“OK, now for my guys. This here, this big black muscle stud, is called Zack” (Zack gave a casual salute). Randy lowered his voice confidentially. “Now between you and me, Pete, I’d steer clear of this guy – he can be real mean. See he’s got this anger problem – flies into a rage at the least provocation and starts swinging his fists. Better stick with me – I’m the calm, rational one.”

This time the snickering swelled into choked-back laughter as Randy stood the truth on its head. He glared at them and said, “What? You wanna give our friend here the wrong impression? He’s our guest, after all. OK, now for the boys. This one here’s Darius, best known for his well, stand up boy and show the gentleman.”

Darius took a deep breath, puffed himself up and got to his feet with a swagger, crossing his arms across his chest, legs wide apart. “Holy shit,” the ranger groaned, his eyes riveted on the black ten-inch horse-dick swinging between his legs. Randy said conspiratorially, “Take my advice, Pete, you never wanna back up against that in a dark alley.”

“The other boy is Pablo, my pride and joy, my son.” He touched the ranger’s arm, amicably at first but increasing to a vicious squeeze. “That’s why I don’t take to anyone who badmouths him, Pete. Now he’s a tough young buck, but what most guys remember about him is” Pablo stood up on cue turned his back to the ranger and flexed the globes of his flawless ass.

“Now you probably don’t appreciate that great set of buns, do you, Pete? Not really your territory, is it, being the regular macho guy that you are, but take it from me that butt has driven

men crazy. And take a look at these two boys here imagine that long black pole sliding between those perfect white butt cheeks. That'd be something, eh, Pete? Like Darius here is fond of saying, 'a match made in heaven'."

The ranger's head was swimming again ... he had to get out of here. Recovering his authoritarian tone he said, "Look, man, I don't get into any of this shit. It's against nature and I find it"

".....disgusting, yeah I know, and you're probably thinking right now that you want out of here. But that's not gonna be possible for a while old buddy 'cuz I haven't introduced you to the final member of our group, the one over there looking at you with that mean look in his eye. Meet Billy. He's Pablo's dog – worships him, he'll do anything Pablo tells him with just a flick of the fingers. Show him, kiddo."

Without even raising his hand Pablo snapped his fingers and Billy growled at the ranger, baring his fangs, his muscles tense in a half crouch, ready to pounce. "See that, pal? That's one reason I don't need handcuffs like you do. One wrong move and you're dog meat. So you gotta stick around, Pete, my man. Like I said – you're our guest.

The ranger was feeling his authority ebb away and the arrogance had gone from his voice as he said, "Now look man, like I said I don't get into this shit. If you're thinking you're gonna make me do stuff like that"

"Hey, hey, you're way ahead of yourself, ranger. Or maybe it's wishful thinking, eh? Nah, we wouldn't want you joining in or anything. But you are gonna watch, Mr. Chief Ranger. See I'm still mad that you interrupted us just as the boys were cranking up a head of steam, so we're just gonna carry on doing what we were doing while you watch. Only guy who won't be watching us is old Billy here. He'll be watching *you*."

He looked at the ranger and rubbed his chin. "Hmm..... Pete, old buddy, you're really a tad overdressed for this party – even though you won't actually be joining in of course. Boys, think you can make the ranger here a bit more comfortable as he's gonna be an audience of one?"

"Sure, sir!" The boys' eyes gleamed as they approached, but the ranger took a step back. His uniform was the only sign of authority he had left and he damn well wasn't going to lose that. He raised his arms defensively, fists clenched, and snarled, "Back off, men. You come one step closer and I'll"

"Grrrr..." Ever alert to a threat to Pablo, Billy growled menacingly and stood up baring his teeth. "Don't move, sir, please," Pablo warned. "Once Billy pounces I can't drag him off and ..."

"..... and you'd be the dog's dinner, sir," Darius completed his sentence. "Remember that song from movie about the man-eating plant, sir? Billy's probably thinking, 'The guy sure looks like dog food to me'." He and Pablo struggled to keep a straight face.

Humiliated, but keeping a wary eye on the dog, the handsome ranger clenched his fists in frustration. There was nothing he could do for now – he was at the mercy of this group. But he'd wait 'til they were distracted by whatever repellant acts they were going to perform and he'd seize his chance to escape, dog or no dog. In the meantime the boys went to work, unbuttoning his uniform shirt and pulling it off, then they pulled his T-shirt off over his head.

"Shit, buddy will you look at that?" Zack said to Randy as they stood watching the ranger get stripped to the waist. Zack always appreciated a well-built muscle-stud. "That is one mean upper body – broad shoulders, great arms, wide lats. Perfect definition in the chest and, man, those washboard abs. Wonder how many crunches at the gym it took to get them like that?"

"Yeah," Randy agreed. "No doubt about it Pete, you're a looker pity – you'd fit right in with our group. You must be one hell of a stud with the ladies. Probably have to fight them off."

The ranger hated being talked about by these men like he was a side of meat, so he retaliated by boasting. "Yeah, fucker, as a matter of fact I do. I fuck a lot. Most nights me and my buddies cruise the bars, pick up some girls and fuck the shit out of them. They go crazy for my macho looks, this hot bod and my man-size dick. Always come back for more. Classy ladies they are, too. And I did say *ladies*. Never even thought about fooling around with my buddies even when we're drunk. See," he sneered, "I'm all man, an alpha male, and if ever I come across guys doing anything that repulsive I beat up on them, then throw their asses in jail."

"Yeah, I bet you do – you're one tough dude, chief, and you'd probably have roughed up my boys for sucking dick if I hadn't stopped you. OK, boys, let's take a look at this man-size wang the chief here was boasting about."

They didn't need telling twice. Darius fell to his knees and unlaced the heavy black boots, while Pablo went behind the ranger, reached round him and unbuckled his belt. Darius reached up, unzipped his pants and pulled them down around his boots. He wore blue boxers underneath and Darius paused with his typical dramatic flourish.

"Stand by for the big finish, guys, the moment of truth." Slowly he pulled the shorts down revealing the base of the cock, the low hanging balls, then more ... and more until finally it sprang free. "Awesome, dude," Darius said. "Just like that movie – 'Bigger, Longer & Uncut.'"

As the cock swung between the ranger's bare legs Darius instinctively lowered his head and flicked his tongue out at the tip poking out from the foreskin. But the ranger recoiled and Darius said, "Oh, sorry, sir, I forgot you don't get into that ... that's a real shame, though."

The ranger looked down and, despite his degrading predicament, part of him had to admit that the muscular black buck kneeling at his feet was a stunner. Tough alpha male though he was, the ranger always (purely aesthetically) admired the better bodies at the gym and in his vanity he counted himself as one of the best – which he was.

“OK, kids, back off,” Randy ordered and they obeyed. Darius jumped to his feet flicking a last lusty glance at the now-naked ranger, his uniform pants pooled round his boots. Randy went to his truck pulled out a short length of rope and returned to face the ranger. Two pairs of blue eyes met, Randy’s piercing the ranger’s with a look of admiration and challenge.

“No doubt about it, chief,” he said in a low, deep voice, “you are one hell of a stud. Strong too, which is why I’m gonna have to tie your hands behind your back, just so you don’t get any ideas... and just so you don’t feel you wanna touch your cock,” he grinned. He looked down at the long limp dick. “Nah, no fear of that I see. You’re right, pal, you’re straight as an arrow” He tied his wrists behind him, then faced him, penetrating the ranger’s eyes with a long hypnotic gaze

He smiled, “Ah, what the hell – one last time, eh?” He clamped his hand behind the ranger’s head, pulled it forward and clamped their mouths together, crushing their lips against each other in a man-to-man embrace of rugged alpha males, one a swarthy gypsy, the other a defiant blond forest ranger. Dazed, Petersen gasped for breath as Randy pulled away at last and said, “Just to show you what you’re missing, stud.”

Revolted by the thought of this stubbled gypsy face kissing his mouth the ranger spat on the ground to get rid of the taste. In a spontaneous blaze of anger Randy slapped him hard across the face. “Damn you, man, I wasn’t gonna hurt you, just educate you, but no-one insults me like that, no matter how tough you are or what uniform you wear. You humiliated me in front of my men and you’ll apologize, or next time it’ll be my fist. Let’s hear it, man, and from now on you call me sir.”

Shaken by this sudden flash of rage the ranger knew he had no option. “Yes, sir,” he said through clenched teeth. “I’m sorry, sir.” He could still taste his beery saliva in his mouth and wanted to spit again but didn’t dare. Instead he swallowed it, gulping down the pungent taste of his spit. Then he swallowed again as those damn hypnotic eyes bored into him.

God how the ranger hated this man. He’d give anything to take him on in a fair fight, just the two of them, man-to-man. He’d wipe that superior smile off his face, he’d beat the fucking shit out of him like he would any damn cocksucker then throw his ass in jail where his ranger buddies would take their turn at him. Just wait till he got out of here

But for now more humiliation followed as the four men walked round the naked ranger, sizing him up like buyers at a slave market. “Sir, look at that ass, sir,” Pablo said, “hard as cannon balls. Are you sure I can’t stick my dick up it – just for a minute – please.....”

“No, boy, you know my rules. We never make a man do that stuff unless he wants to. And take it from me, this stud is never gonna want to. Like he said, he’s all man. Him and his buddies fuck girls and that’s that.

“Yeah, ‘course you’re right buddy,” Zack grinned, “but that fucking gorgeous body.... Man, I’d sure like to tussle with that, both of us in leather, mano-a-mano.” He smiled into the ranger’s eyes. “You look plenty tough, dude, and if you beat me you’d get to tie me up and thrash me. Picture it man, the black leather master spread-eagled in bondage, stripped to the waist in leather pants and boots, you whipping my straining muscular body, hearing me scream. You’re a mean son-of-a bitch, you’d like that.”

The ranger closed his eyes and inhaled sharply. The picture the black guy painted sure appealed to his hunger for revenge. Sure, flogging a leather-master and making him beg would be awesome, especially one as spectacular as this muscular black stud. He opened his eyes and gasped at what he saw.

“Don’t worry, sir,” said Darius holding his camera up to his eye. “I’ll pixilate your face, I know what I’m doing – I’m semi-professional. This is strictly for home use anyway. When I see a gorgeous man like you I gotta get it on film for my buddies back home.” He circled the bound and naked ranger, shooting him from every angle. The fact that the man was tense with anger and frustration, clenching his fists, only made him that much hotter.

As humiliating as this whole thing was of being on display the ranger instinctively flexed his body. Coupled with his arrogance was a healthy dose of vanity, especially when he was working out at the gym, showing off his ripped body. And now he was on display for four of the most beautiful men he had ever seen. If he couldn’t beat them (not yet anyway) he would sure show them he was in their league when it came to looks and physique.

As the men sized him up and praised his body like he was a slave for sale, his humiliation was alleviated by a sense of what? he couldn’t tell pride in his appearance, maybe a need to show these mother-fucking cocksuckers that he could take whatever they dished out. And when he got free he’d fucking break them.

But suddenly Randy brought the show to a halt. “OK, guys, that’s enough. This man interrupted us and I wanna get back to business business that he’ll get to watch. Right, now where were we before we were so rudely interrupted?” They got back on the ground, Randy and Zack leaning back while the boys went to work on their stiffening cocks.

The ranger instinctively closed his eyes. But hearing the sounds of slurping and ecstatic moans he opened them again. And kept them open.

It wasn’t prurience that kept him watching and it certainly wasn’t lust. It was the look of ecstasy in the eyes of the swarthy gypsy and the muscular black man that fascinated the ranger. His own cock had been sucked many times by women but he had never felt what these men were evidently feeling, from the way they threw their heads back, eyes rolling, their muscles tense with exhilaration.

And the boys sure knew what they were doing as their mouths moved rhythmically up and down the massive shafts. They paused and the ranger could see their throat muscles clenching as they swallowed, then relaxed as they resumed servicing their ... their masters – the only word to describe these men. The ranger concentrated on the one they called Pablo, the one the boss had called his boy.

He watched mesmerized as the boy pulled his head back off the boss's cock, licked his lips, formed them into a firm O and lowered his mouth slowly back down over the long, thick pole down ... down and, incredibly, sinking even further until the boy's face was buried in his master's sweaty tangle of black pubic hair, inhaling deeply through his nose.

Shit, the head of the cock must be way down deep in his throat – and the boy was swallowing! The ranger could only imagine what this must feel like, what it must do for the sensation in the man's prick. And then he saw what it felt like. Suddenly the man, Randy, opened his eyes and they were staring straight at him, pale blue eyes filled with an ecstasy that surpassed anything Petersen had ever felt himself.

He admired tough, masculine men – his ranger buddies all were – the guys he went drinking with, cruising for girls in a macho fraternity of lusty, hot-blooded males, fucking the brains out of the girls they picked up.

But his man this ... Randy ... was the most ruggedly masculine male he had ever encountered, tough, virile – a real man's man. The dark gypsy face was unbelievably handsome, as if lit from within, with its chiseled features, high cheek bones, square stubbled jaw, long dark hair ... and those eyes, those hypnotic blue eyes. And yet here he was, this ultimate muscle-stud, with his huge dick in the mouth of a boy, a handsome young buck who clearly worshipped him and was paying homage to his master by sucking his cock.

The ranger shook his head to clear these foreign thoughts from his mind, but still the eyes stared at him hypnotically. The ranger couldn't know it yet but he was experiencing what so many men before him had felt ... he was falling under a spell. He thought he caught the glimmer of a smile in those eyes, even a trace of triumph, as if the man knew the power of his own magnetism. The eyes were staring straight into his as the gypsy said. "That's enough on your knees!"

The ranger felt his knees grow weak, but again he shook his head and realized that the gypsy was not talking to him. He was giving an order to his boys an order they obeyed instantly. They scrambled to their feet and knelt on hands and knees with their backs to their masters. Sensing what came next the ranger closed his eyes, knowing he would throw up if he had to watch this obscenity. Then he heard the voice growl, "You ready, big guy?"

He opened his eyes in alarm, thinking something was about to happen to him, but he realized that the boss was talking to his black buddy. The boss was kneeling behind his boy and the

naked leatherman behind the black boy with the massive dick. The black man what was his name, Zack? turned and grinned to his buddy. "Right there with you, big guy." And then the guy did something that made the ranger's head spin. He reached out, put his hand behind the gypsy's head, pulled it toward him and they kissed!"

But this was no ordinary kiss, like all the ones Petersen gave women. This was a raw, ravenous embrace between men, two dominant alpha males, their ravenous mouths grinding together in a macho bond of brotherhood. He could see the shape of their tongues moving inside their cheeks, could see saliva oozing from their lips and running down their chins. When Randy had done the same to him forcibly, twice, he had recoiled, but now he was riveted by the sight of the two bodybuilders coupling in this way.

They finally broke apart and looked down at the boys on their hands and knees. "Ready boys?" the black man asked.

"Yes, sir, please sir," the boys said in unison.

This was it. The ranger had known deep down from the moment he had been captured that it would come to this. Thank god they were not forcing it on him. Obscene as the act was, all he had to do was watch. That's all he had to do.

The men grabbed their boys' ass cheeks, pulled them apart and lowered their heads. "Shit, man, look at that beautiful hole just waiting for it," Randy moaned, flicking out his tongue.

Surely not, Petersen thought, not these men - they wouldn't cheapen themselves like this. This he couldn't watch - his naked body flexed as he pulled at the rope binding his wrists. But just before closing his eyes he heard a long "aaah" and saw the boys' heads fly back, their eyes wide with exhilaration. "Please, sir," the boy Pablo said, "eat my ass, sir. It belongs to you - take it, sir."

The ranger was physically incapable of closing his eyes, mesmerized as he was by the sight of the two men shoving their tongues into their boy's holes. It should have looked like humiliation but it didn't. These were top men who knew exactly what they were doing - and they were loving it. The black guy finally pulled away and said, "Hey buddy, reckon they're good and lubed by now?"

Randy pulled his face out of his boy's ass, his stubbled chin wet with saliva, his eyes glowing. He spoke to Zack but his eyes were looking straight at Pete. "Man, I'm stoked. My balls are bursting with jizz and my dick's hard as iron. Let's do it, man."

No way could the ranger tear his gaze away from Randy's as the man pushed his dick between the globes of his boy's ass and into his hole. He saw the passion building in the wide-open

blue eyes. Up to now the gypsy's look had been supremely confident but now the eyes flickered as he released control and submitted his body to the sensation in his cock.

"Oh, man," the gypsy groaned to his boy, though he was still gazing at Pete. "This is where I surrender my dick to your ass, boy." His gaze was penetrating the ranger's eyes. "Take it all, boy. I submit to your ass. I submit to you, man."

Petersen felt himself being drawn into this man's fantasies and fought against it. He hated this dark demon for overpowering him, physically and mentally. He hated his strength, hated his beauty and he longed to face him man-to-man and reassert his authority. He heard it again. "I submit to you, man." He looked at the gypsy face now grimacing in ... what?.... defeat? ... "I submit....."

Yeah, that's what he would do when he got free, beat this fucking guy to a pulp and make him submit. He would strip the macho gypsy naked, tie him up spread-eagled and whip that magnificent body, watching the lash bounce off the muscles of his chest, his abs and his back. He would whip that huge cock and his naked ass. He would lash him, break him, humiliate him until that spectacular body writhed in agony and he screamed for mercy and surrendered to him. He would see the king of the gypsies hanging limp from the ropes, his body broken, whimpering over and over, 'I submit, sir I submit....'

"I submit.... I submit to that perfect ass, boy."

In a daze the ranger snapped back to reality and realized that Randy was talking to his boy, though his hypnotic eyes was still fixed on him. "That ass is like a fucking furnace, it feels so good" His eyes flashed at Petersen. "Take that gypsy's huge dick in your ass, man."

'The gypsy's huge dick in his ass.....' the words rang in the ranger's ears. He shuddered ... he was being subjected to an intense mind-fuck. He saw the big man's muscles flex as his hips slammed against the ass with gathering speed. He had seen his buddies fuck girls often enough, but he had never seen anything like this. The man was a fuck machine, a wild stallion, sweat dripping from his stubbled face and down over his sculpted chest as he jackhammered his boy's ass.

'... the gypsy's huge dick in his ass....'

His cock became a piston ramrodding the boy, whose head rolled back and gazed upward, his black hair flying over his handsome young face with every blow to his ass. Petersen saw the wild ecstasy in the boy's eyes and tried to imagine what he was feeling. His master was pounding his ass, that massive tool was driving deep into his gut What did it feel like to have this powerful bodybuilder inside you, pile-driving your ass? How could a man take it, even from a magnificent man like this? He tried to imagine..... 'the gypsy's huge dick in his ass' he could almost feel it

“You feel that, man?” Randy said, ostensibly to Pablo, but staring straight at Pete. “You feel the boss’s rod pounding into your ass? Makes your dick hard as a rock, eh man? Makes you wanna shoot your load. Come on, man, come closer.”

Hypnotized by the savage gypsy Pete shuffled forward, naked with his pants still pooled round his boots. He was so mesmerized by Randy’s eyes that there was something he didn’t realize, and wouldn’t have believed it even if he did. His long, uncut cock was standing out from his blond pubic hair stiff as a pole.

Randy reached forward, grabbed Pablo’s hair and pulled his head up so he was staring at the ranger’s cock inches from his face.

The boy knew his master well, knew from the start that Randy had to have this man, this arrogant, aggressively homophobic authority figure. He was one handsome stud, but he had insulted Randy’s boys and that was enough. Randy had no vanity except for one thing – his sexual magnetism, his ability to blow any man’s mind and make him do whatever he commanded.

This Chief Ranger, this tough, macho stud, was an alpha male who boasted of his drinking buddies, his sexual prowess with women, how they all fell for his muscular good looks and how he fucked them all. He was a special challenge and Randy always rose to a challenge

Pablo realized that Randy was pulling out all the stops and knew instantly what his role was to be. “Man, I love to fuck,” Randy yelled, “to feel my hard cock pounding that boy.” Pablo opened his mouth wide, inched forward and lowered himself onto the ranger’s cock, sucking it in gently until it came to rest deep in his throat. Then he swallowed.”

“Aah...aaah,” the ranger moaned, in his delirium not fully aware what was happening to him. All he knew was that he was feeling what the gypsy was feeling, the hot sensation in his dick. “Feel that, man?” Randy grinned. “Dick feels incredible, eh? Come on, man, let’s fuck.” The ranger saw Randy increase the tempo of his fuck and he matched him. His feelings for this man had gyrated between hate, admiration and a thirst for revenge, but now he felt a special bond with him as he gazed into his eyes and felt what the gypsy felt, fucked as he fucked.

He was reeling in a confusion of lust, not clear what he was doing – a cock in his mouth, the gypsy’s huge cock in his ass? He was delusional but, whatever he was doing, he knew he wanted to do it with this incredible man. Randy talked him through the rest, holding his gaze but addressing Pablo.

“Shit, your ass is hot, man. Makes my dick hard as steel ... feel that gypsy’s huge dick pounding your ass? Your ass is on fire, man, getting jack-hammered like that. You can’t take any more but you know my rule any guy I fuck has to submit to me before he can bust his load. You wanna shoot, man?”

“Yeah, oh yeah, I wanna cum, man. Let me cum....”

“Look at me, buddy.” Randy pumped his arms in the air, pounding ass, his fists clenched in a bodybuilder pose. “Look at this fucking man and submit to him. Watch that gypsy shoot his load in his boy’s ass Here it comes, man aaagh....!” The ranger had never seen anything more beautiful than this magnificent muscle god pumping his fists in the air, howling as he blasted his load into his boy’s ass.

The ranger had to surrender to the man’s power and beauty. He pulled at the ropes behind his back, his muscles tensed and he screamed, “I submit. I submit to you, sir. I’m cuuumiiiiing....” His cock exploded in Pablo’s mouth in the most intense orgasm of his life. The boy swallowed, gulp after gulp, squeezing every last drop of semen from the ranger’s shuddering dick. Next to them the black leather-master howled as he too busted his load deep in his boy’s ass.

There was a long silence – except for the rasping breaths and the pounding of their hearts. But finally Randy pulled out of Pablo’s ass and Pablo released the ranger’s cock. Randy walked round and faced the ranger, once again piercing him with his hypnotic blue eyes. “On your knees, man.” In thrall to this breathtaking man the ranger dropped to his knees. Randy closed his fist round his own cock and pointed it at his face. “My boy only got half of it. Open your mouth, big guy.”

The ranger meekly complied and Randy spurted a huge stream of jism straight into it, forcing the man’s gag reflex to swallow, again and again as more cum poured over his face and chest. When he was drained Randy shook his cock and said, “Now you know me, ranger. Like I said, I’m the King of the Gypsies.”

Petersen fell forward onto the ground, his face pressed against Randy’s bare feet, soaking them with tears.

Randy looked down at the broken ranger with a smile of satisfaction, then acknowledged the admiring gazes of Zack and the boys. “Awesome, man,” Zack grinned. “Fucking awesome.”

On the ground Petersen slowly regained his senses as his euphoria evaporated and the sexual fantasy faded. As conscious memory flooded back he winced in horror at what he had done, what he had felt. The overwhelming sensation was the taste of the man’s semen in his mouth, but remembering the blow across his face when he had spat before, this time he swallowed hard – then again.

As the gypsy’s juices flowed down his throat he felt totally degraded, humiliated and deeply ashamed. He was disgusted with himself for allowing himself to be seduced into acts he despised in others. All he knew was that he had to get away from these men. His hands were

still tied behind his back so he struggled to get up by bracing himself against Randy's legs and easing himself up against his naked body.

Halfway up he paused to get his breath, inhaled and tasted rancid sweat and cum. He gagged as he realized his face was buried in damp, black pubic hair, his face pressing against the gypsy's stinking cock and balls. His degradation complete, his body was wracked with a heaving sob. At last he struggled to his feet and found himself looking into the triumphant eyes that had seduced him into an orgasm that he knew he would always remember – and hate himself for.

"I'll untie you," Randy said in the deep voice that jolted the ranger with his recent agonizing memories. Randy untied his wrists and Petersen bent down, pulled up his pants and buckled the belt. "Listen buddy," Randy said gently, "you're pretty exhausted, in no shape to drive. Why don't you catch your breath first and have a beer with us?"

Pete's eyes flashed, his macho authority starting to reassert itself. "Go to hell, man. I hate your fucking guts. Fuck you all." He picked up his shirt and T-shirt off the ground and staggered through the bushes from which he had appeared a lifetime ago.

"Well," Zack grinned. "That was intense."

"Yea, sir," Darius said to Randy. "Hell I was sure you'd end up fucking his ass, sir."

"There's still time," Randy grinned mysteriously. "You gotta learn to read the expression in a man's eyes, kiddo. Don't believe everything he says. Just wait and see, guys. Hey, any more of that fish left? I'm fucking starved."

The ranger stumbled through the forest, back to the trail where he had left his truck. His mind was a blur of conflicting sensations, the most prominent a need for revenge. He flashed on his fantasy of beating the son-of-a-bitch to a pulp, tying him up and whipping his muscular body, swinging lash after lash across his chest until the man was begging for mercy. He saw the broken body hanging from the ropes, the dark gypsy face with the blue eyes sobbing in agony, groaning, "I submit I submit...."

As he ran he felt the crotch of his pants chafing his cock – it was rock hard he stumbled and fell heavily to the ground. Lying in the brush he gazed up at the sky and in his deluded mind fancied he saw the naked gypsy towering over him in triumph. "Damn you, man," the ranger howled ... "damn you to hell."

A few minutes later he was dragging himself to his truck, heaving himself in and slumping in his seat. He took many deep breaths and steeled himself to banish the gypsy's image from his mind. He had to get back to reality, back to his routine. He called dispatch on his radio and

said, "Hey, Petersen. I'm signing off for the day, Linda. See you tomorrow. Yeah, me too, girl. Look forward to it." Good. That felt better.

He punched a number on his cell phone and a voice said, "Hey, bud, what's up? You gonna join me and the guys in the bar later?" It was just what he needed, the company of his buddies ... but he heard himself say, "Er, not tonight, man. Rain check. Been a rough day and I got stuff to do. Later, buddy."

He shut off the phone and said out loud, "Stuff to do? What the fuck am I talking about?" He stared blankly through the windshield and in the distance through the trees glimpsed the sunlight glinting on the lake.

The lake, the beach. And suddenly he was back there, staring into the steel blue eyes, watching the gorgeous body pile-driving his boy, his muscles flexing, gleaming with sweat. The man had called him buddy, they had felt the same euphoria as they had both fucked the boy – his boy. What was the boy feeling – what was it like to have this gypsy's huge prick in his ass? Again those haunting words that he couldn't shake from his mind.

He could smell the man, his beery breath, his sweat, his cum still smothered over his face and chest. He could hear him ... "You wanna shoot, man?" "Yeah, oh yeah, I wanna cum, man. Let me cum... Aaagh!" He felt cum spurt pouring over his chest, the gypsy's semen pouring over his chest and face. He ran his hand over his chest, spreading the hot juice all over him, sticking his fingers into his mouth, tasting his cum his own cum!

He groaned out loud as he realized he had pulled out his own cock and busted his load over himself, fantasizing about the man who had made him shoot, wondering what a guy felt like getting his ass ramrodded like the gypsy had pounded his boy.

"Fuck ... fuck ... fuck." He slammed his hands down on the steering wheel in anger, confusion and frustration. "Gotta get out of here." He gunned the truck that skidded in the gravel and took off, bouncing over the track until it reached the highway. Which way, now, buddy – right or left Come on man? Where you going? Which direction

There was only one place. The ranger yanked on the wheel and spun the truck round in a U-turn.

Far removed from the dramatic events at the lake another scene was unfolding at the house. It was a much quieter, domestic little scene but in its unassuming way promised to add a unique chapter to the long, vibrant narrative of the tribe. Eddie would be the one to create his own simple story, different from anything the house had known up to now.

It began routinely enough with Eddie sweeping the courtyard outside the gate, nearing the end of his chores for the day. A bit like Cinderella, he grinned to himself, in his old shorts and ragged T-shirt, “though I ain’t working for no ugly sisters,” he thought. Far from it, he was tending house for a group of the most beautiful men on the planet and was proud to do it.

His mind was on his master Hassan as usual, and he absent-mindedly gazed up the hill in the direction of Mulholland Drive where the sexy Marine lived. Then he saw something that made him throw down his broom. He ran up the hill from the house and called out, “Hey, dude, you need any help with that?”

In front of him up the hill was a young man huffing and puffing, putting all his strength in a failing attempt to propel his wheelchair up the steep hill. He looked round with a broad smile in his fresh, open face and said, “Well now that you mention it, dude, I guess I could use a hand or two. I can usually make it up this hill – does wonders for the upper body – but I’ve been to the grocery store and all these bags make this old chariot a lot heavier.” He gave Eddie the once over. “Shit, you’ve got quite a build yourself, dude. Just the muscle I need.”

Eddie laughed and grabbed the handles of the wheelchair, saying, “Piece of cake, bro. I won’t even break a sweat. Just point me in the right direction.”

“Top of the hill on the left. Small apartment house, ground floor. Don’t worry there’s ramps to the front door – landlord put them in.” Eddie was right – it was a piece of cake, and he didn’t break a sweat. He pushed the chair up the shallow ramp, the guy fumbled with his keys and they went into his small, neat, one-bedroom apartment.

“Thanks a heap, dude.” A smile again lit up the young, good-looking face as he held out his hand. “Name’s Brandon.” Eddie shook it and grinned, “I’m Eddie. Here, let me help you put those groceries away.”

“Nah, I can do it,” Brandon said. “I’m real independent.” Eddie stood back amazed as the boy whirled his chair round the small apartment, deftly putting away groceries in the fridge and cabinets, nothing above head high. He finished in no time, grabbed two beers from the fridge and offered on to Eddie. “Here, dude, the least I can do.”

Eddie sat facing him and was immediately drawn to the eager, open face. Brandon took a swig of beer and explained, “I only moved up here a few months ago. I was living in a group home for the disabled but I don’t think of myself as disabled so I persuaded the welfare folks to let me live independently. Works a treat.”

“How did this happen?” Eddie asked, nodding at the wheelchair.

“Car wreck, when I was about ten. My dad was driving – drunk as usual – and wrapped the car round a tree. He wasn’t hurt but my legs were trapped and so ...” he shrugged “bingo. No more feeling in my legs. So I’m never gonna make it as a track and field star,” he laughed,

“though I do try out for the Paralympics – do pretty good too. See?” he grinned flexing the muscles in his well-developed upper body. “Anyway, my mom was a drunk too so they put me in a group home. Moved around a bit until I came here and I couldn’t be happier.”

Eddie looked at Brandon and frowned. “Dude, you say your legs don’t work but what about the rest ... like ... what about your cock?”

Brandon roared with laughter. “Shit, Eddie, you don’t mess around, do you? Cut right to the chase. Well, no worries on that score – my dick’s just fine. I cum all the time and shoot a lot of jizz – a regular gusher.”

“Hey, that’s what the guys always say about me,” Eddie laughed. “I can cum over and over.” Then he furrowed his brow and asked with his typical directness, “But ... I mean, how do you ... like what can you do?”

Brandon smiled and held it his right hand, curving it in a semi fist. “See this, dude? A guy’s best friend, especially if his legs don’t work. I got the strongest wrist in town. Hey, see that cupboard over there? Open it.”

Eddie did as directed and reared back. “Wow, dude, that is intense.” He was looking at the biggest collection of porn videos he had ever seen and they were all male. His peal of laughter rang round the room. “A dude after my own heart,” he said. “Wow you got some classics here, all the hot ones. You got Manning too, of course – don’t you just love that awesome body of his and that big hunk of meat?”

“Oh yeah, that guy can make me shoot any time, day or night. See I go for big, muscular guys ... handsome, macho bodybuilder types.”

“Shit, you should see my house then. You’d go apeshit – never stop gushing.” Eddie was still puzzled, though. “So, like, jerking off’s hot but I mean is that all?”

“Pretty much,” said Brandon cheerfully. “I don’t get too many visitors here, and even if I do ... well, you know ... bit squeamish and all.”

“Hell, dude,” Eddie said with wide-eyed enthusiasm. “You don’t have to settle for that. Doesn’t always have to be one off the wrist. I can think of something else right away.” He grinned conspiratorially. “Listen dude, there’s not much I’m good at except cleaning house and working as a bar-back, but there was one thing I learned in that bar sucking all those leather guys’ dicks night after night. Now there I’m a real expert – all the guys say so.”

Brandon’s eyes gleamed. “You mean you you would really do that? You wouldn’t mind?”

“Mind?! Hey don’t sell yourself short, stud. You’re a hot looking dude, great face and, like you said, great upper body. Plus I like you – and I love sucking cock. Hey, dude – you got the dick, I got the mouth. Bet you I can make you cum what three times at least?”

“You’re on, dude,” Brandon laughed and he reached for the remote control.

“Nah, that’s another thing,” Eddie said. “You won’t need the videos. I guarantee.”

While the two young guys were getting down to business, things were not so settled in the forest way above the city. Far from it.

The arrogant chief ranger, normally so authoritative and self-assured, a confident macho stud, had lost his balance. In fact, he was a mess. Barely aware that he had U-turned away from the highway, his logic, common sense, morals, all flew out the window as his truck bounced over the gravel path. All he could see before him were those defiant blue eyes in the stubbled gypsy face and the ecstatic glow on his boy’s face as he felt his master’s dick piston inside him “The gypsy’s huge dick in his ass “ ... couldn’t shake those words. What could it feel like....?

On the beach things had turned positively domestic. Randy and Pablo were at the water’s edge, disentangling the fishing tackle, getting it ready for the next spin on the lake. Zack and Darius were standing in shallow water skimming stones over the glassy surface of the water.

Suddenly Zack heard a sound and looked up at the beach. “Well what d’ya know?” he said softly. The other three followed his gaze and stared in awe at the tall shirtless ranger standing under the trees, his shirt hanging from his hand at his side, the sun playing through the leaves over the muscles of his bare chest.

They were stunned into silence – all except Randy who took it all in stride as if he had expected this. Which, of course, he had. He marched up the beach toward the tense ranger and said jovially, “Hey, Pete, good to see ya.” He came close and gazed at the ranger with a satisfied smile. “I been keeping that beer on ice for you.”

The ranger felt himself being drawn back into the pools of those limpid blue eyes. “You knew I would come back, didn’t you?”

“Pretty much,” Randy said, his dark, handsome face crinkling in a grin. “And I’m pretty sure I know what you came back for – and it wasn’t beer.”

“You son-of-a-bitch,” the ranger said softly.

“Yeah, I get that a lot,” Randy laughed. “But whatever you call me, we still got a lot of ground to cover, buddy I can call you buddy, right? See we’re gonna get real close, man, mighty close actually. And I think you’re about ready. Do you think you’re ready, chief?”

“Damn you, man. You know I am.”

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GO TO BOOK 23