Chapter 411 – “Finn’s Excellent Tarzan Adventure”

Miguel takes his boy Finn up to the Grady House, home of the handsome actor Grady, star of the blockbuster Tarzan movie, and his Italian lover Mario. Finn is stunned to meet the man he has jerked off to many times watching the movie. He gets a bigger surprise when the fun-loving Grady introduces him to a world of fantasy sex where Finn finds Tarzan lying naked on the ground waiting to get fucked.

When Miguel and his boy Finn woke next morning in the house they shared with Zack and Darius, Miguel began what would be a morning ritual from now on. He made love to Finn who instinctively raised his arms above his head on the bed hoping that his muscular master would pin his wrists to the bed while he fucked him. And Finn was not disappointed.

Miguel smiled down at him. “You get the hang of this real fast, kid. And you know what I want from you. I wanna see my boy spray his body with cum while I unload my jizz in his ass. You think you’re up for that, boy?”

“Try me, sir,” Finn grinned playfully. “I’m your boy … I do whatever you tell me.”

And so they climaxed together and spent the next few minutes hugging, kissing and, as Finn said, “making sure it’s all still real, sir.” Then he suddenly jumped out of bed. “Sir, I want you to relax while I go to the kitchen and get breakfast started. Darius showed me where everything is yesterday so I think I can do it.”

He pulled on his boxers and went to the kitchen. He started the coffee, took juice, milk and eggs from the fridge and started to whisk the eggs for omelettes. He was well into it when Darius came in butt naked. “Hey there little brother,” he smiled, hugging him from behind while Finn bent over the counter. Darius’s cock pressed against his butt and he said, “Hey, dude, has your ass been serviced yet but your stud man? ‘Cos if not my tool is ready – all ten inches of it.”

Finn giggled. “Too late, dude, I’ve already been pinned, prodded and penetrated and I loved it. But you can get in line if you want.”
“You know what, kid? You’re becoming what I’ve been called in the bad old days – ‘uppity’. And around here an uppity boy better keep looking behind him ‘cos his ass is fair game. Hey, you looking forward to your week in the Grady House, kiddo?”

“Yeah I am. I’ll be working for Mario and he seems like a real nice guy.”

“Oh he is way cool and drop-dead gorgeous, with that classy European thing he’s got going. He’s just the right guy for Grady who’s nuts about him. You’ll love their place – it’s like a fucking fortress. Randy and Mark set up the security there and when those guys draw a line in the sand nobody crosses it, trust me.”

“But why, Darius?”

“Well … we’re not supposed to talk about the Grady House. It’s, er … well you’ll see. Part of the reason for Mario’s visit here yesterday was to check you out, kid, like he once did with all of us. He’s the gatekeeper up there and you obviously passed inspection. He likes you.”

Finn had to be content with that. Darius tied an apron round his naked waist and Finn laughed, “Dude, what is it about you? You always look sexy even when you’re only wearing an apron.”

“Especially then bro. And when I’m feeling horny all I have to do is flip up the apron and my pal here is all set to tango.” He raised the apron, twisted his hips and his monster cock swayed between his thighs, making Finn roar with laughter.

Together they served breakfast and sat down with their men. “We’ll miss you two while you’re living the good life up there,” Zack said. “We’ll have to think of a fitting welcome home party for you … our version of the good life, eh Darius?”

“Oh, I’ve got it all planned out, sir,” Darius grinned, tapping his temple. “It’s all up here.”

After parting hugs Miguel and Finn went back to their room and packed their gear. “Won’t need much,” Miguel said, “it’s real casual up there. Grady and Mario keep it that way, though Mario always manages to keep up that cool Italian look. You’ll need some old clothes for the gardening, and one decent outfit for dinner and stuff. Don’t worry if you miss anything … those guys are real generous about handing out their own clothes.”

They packed quickly and hit the road in Miguel’s SUV. As they drove up the hill Miguel said, “There’s just one thing I wanna say before we get there, kiddo. There’s a saying in the tribe that what happens in the Grady House stays in the Grady House. That’s why the boys have all been so tight-lipped on that subject. They had the need for discretion drummed into them, and we have to be the same. OK, kid?”

“I’ll follow your lead, sir. Always,” he grinned.
Soon they were driving up to the big, solid metal gates, and Finn shuddered with excitement.

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They saw the security camera swivel to face them and a cheerful voice came from the intercom. “Hey, guys, welcome to the Grady House.”

“That’s Danny,” Miguel said, “you met him briefly at Steve’s house. He’s the chef here and house manager. Great guy.” The gates swung slowly open, Miguel drove in, and the gates closed silently behind them like a hermetic seal.

Finn was dazzled by the sight of the large two-story house and beautifully manicured grounds. Miguel drove to the parking area but there was nobody there to meet them. When they got out of the car a breathless Mario ran up to them, looking not at all like the elegant Italian they were used to. He was shirtless in jeans and boots with dirt on his bare chest and face.

“Mille scuse, amici,” he panted. “There was nobody here to welcome you. Danny is in the kitchen preparing lunch and the two figures you see in the distance in the shade of that tree are Brian and Grady running lines.

“Running lines?” Finn echoed with alarm. “Oh, sir, I don’t do drugs. The guys I used to know did coke, but I always said no …”

Mario gave a bewildered frown – and then burst out laughing. “Ah no, bambino, not lines of cocaine. Running lines in this house means something else entirely different. You’ll find out. But I’m so glad you are here, Finn, as I need your help. I was trying to erect a trellis over there but it was too heavy for me and toppled over. It knocked me over in the dirt and it’s now balancing, about to crush a whole bed of flowers. Miguel, may I borrow Finn to help me?’

“That’s what he’s here for, Mario.” Miguel grinned. “Don’t worry, I’ll go check on Danny in the kitchen and ‘talk gourmet talk’ as you put it yesterday. Off you go, kid.”

Mario took Finn’s arm and pulled him over to the far side of the grounds, far away from the two indistinct figures under the tree. As they walked Finn said. “Sir, I’m sorry about that stupid mistake about drugs. It’s just that the guys I had to mix with were a scuzzy crowd who did weed and all kinds of other stuff.”

“Non importante, amico. We are all conditioned by the company we keep – or used to keep as in your case. You have left all that behind and you will find the company in your new world to be not at all … come si dice? … ‘scuzzy’. And the only weed you are likely to come across will be the weeds that need pulling in this garden.
“Now look here what mess I have made of this. You see the offending trellis leaning there? We have been in a big fight and the trellis won. And now I am afraid that if I try to shift it it will fall and crush those flowers.”

“Oh, that’s no problem, sir,” Finn said. “You take one corner, I’ll take the other and we can pivot it into an upright position.” He was right. With two of them lifting the heavy trellis it was soon standing upright. “See those two posts, sir? That’s where it belongs. You stay there and hold it upright while I dig a shallow trench between the posts and it’ll slot right in.

Finn was wearing cargo shorts, boots and an old T-shirt. He pulled off the shirt, grabbed a nearby spade and started digging. Mario smiled as he watched the young man work. The trellis had served its purpose of putting Finn to work the moment he set foot in the place. That way, Mario felt, he would feel less intimidated by his surroundings, and eventually by Grady, as he would already feel he belonged here.

Mario watched Finn’s lithe young muscles ripple as he dug vigorously and the channel was soon completed. Together they dragged the trellis to the posts and tied it to them securely. “See?” Finn grinned. “Piece of cake, sir. What do you plan to plant here?”

“I thought I would train a climbing rose up it as Grady loves roses. Climbing roses bloom repeatedly through the spring and summer so I prefer them to rambling roses which bloom only once. My favorite is the altissimo climbing rose as it is deep red and Grady loves vivid colors.

Finn listened fascinated. “Sir, that’s exactly the kind of stuff I need to learn. Like I said, I’m new to gardening, I mean real gardening – not just the mow-blow-and-go I’m used to.”

“Oh, you will learn many things during the next week, amico. Just stick we me and we will have a great time.”

“OK, I’ll stay real close, sir.”

“But not too close, I hope,” came a cheerful voice behind them. “Leave room for me.”

Finn spun round to face the voice – and went weak at the knees.

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Finn’s mouth opened and closed but no sound came out as he gazed in disbelief – at Tarzan, or the man who played him in the movies.

Grady smiled his dazzling smile and said, “I’ve been hearing all about you Finn, and you’re as sexy as they all say, but nobody told me you couldn’t speak. Let’s see here, maybe I remember some of the remnants of sign language I once learned.”
Maintaining his smile he raised his right hand and his fingers started to work. Rooted to the spot Finn gazed dumbstruck at the man who oozed masculinity, with his flawlessly muscular build, movie-star handsome face, tousled hair and green eyes that danced with amusement. He was barefoot in old shorts and an oversized tank top that hung loosely on his perfect torso.

He was obviously having trouble with his signing efforts and Finn said in a squeaky voice, “No sir …” he cleared his throat. “No, sir, I can talk. But you’re … you’re …”

“I’m Grady, and you are Finn, you sure are. Miguel definitely knows how to pick ’em – you’re beautiful. Now, there is only one rule in the Grady house, Finn, which is that Grady gets to hug any new boy coming here for the first time. Call me the welcoming committee.”

In an instant Finn found himself wrapped in the strong arms of Tarzan, whom he had jerked off to so many times in the movie theater. His heart beat like a cannon and his dick got rock hard as the muscular body pressed against him and their cheeks rubbed against each other.

There,” Grady smiled, pulling away at last. “Consider yourself welcomed, Finn. You are officially one of us. And rumor has it that you are a gardener and you have come to help us with our landscaping.” Grady looked over Finn’s shoulder and frowned. “Ugh, and this grubby-looking fellow must be your assistant. A bit the worse for wear wouldn’t you say?”

“Oh no, sir, this is Mario, he’s …” Finn blushed deeply. “Oh sorry, sir, you know who he is.”

“Except I would hardly recognize him. The Mario I know and love is a refined, elegant Italian with flair for good clothes. This wretched hunk in filthy jeans with dirt streaked all over his face and bare chest is something quite different. Handsome in a rough-trade laborer sort of way, I suppose, but not the style I am used to. Definitely not our class, eh Finn?”

Finally Mario spoke. “Don’t answer him, Finn. He’s just being silly and teasing us both. He does that all the time. Ignore him, we have work to do.”

Finn grabbed his T-shirt and began to put it on but Grady said, “No, no, don’t you dare, Finn. You look perfect just as you are. I will stop ‘being silly’, as your assistant gardener calls it, I will …” he ran his fingertips across his lips … “shut my mouth, stand back and just enjoy the view.”

Mario gave an exaggerated sigh. “Pay no attention to him, Finn. Let’s get back to work.”

Grady watched with amusement and increasing lust as the two shirtless gardeners piled earth against the trellis in preparation for planting. Finn was shoveling hard but ‘paying no attention’ to Grady was difficult as he caught glimpses of the stunning man staring at them. And not just any stunning man. This was the famous movie idol, the man he had masturbated to in dark theaters and later searched for all over the Internet.
He had tried to find personal details about him but all he had come across was a vague mention that the actor lived in a house in the Hollywood Hills. And here Finn was in that very house, the movie-star’s home, the man who even now was standing only yards away leaning against a post, arms folded across his chest, wearing shorts and an old tank top.

“Concentrate, amico,” Mario urged when he noticed Finn slacking off and knew exactly why. “He plays games all the time and we must not encourage him.”

“Sorry, sir.” Finn was eager to show Mario (and by extension Miguel) what a hard-worker he was and he was resolutely digging when, out of the corner of his eye, he saw Grady stretch, yawn, then slowly pulled off his tank top. He leaned against a post with his hands behind his back, muscles flexing in his flawless physique, reminding Finn of the scene in the movie where Tarzan had been tied to a tree.

“Aaah!” Finn’s spade missed the ground, he stumbled forward and would have fallen had Mario not caught him. “I’m sorry, sir, it’s just that …”

“I know, I know, Finn, it is not your fault.” He turned on Grady and said sternly, “You are behaving assolutamente terribilmente! We are working very hard here and you are using all your tricks to distract us. What is it you want?”

“Oh, come on dude. Here I am, horny as hell, as usual, and I come across two hot gardeners at work, stripped to the waist, digging away, muscles flexing, sweat running down their faces. It’s a total fantasy. Any red-blooded male would be turned on by that. It sure makes my dick hard.”

“Sir,” Finn said, “I know what he means. Miguel and me already acted out that fantasy yesterday. I was working in the garden and Miguel saw me and pretended to be the master of the house. He pushed me on the ground, held me down and fucked me. It was great.”

“I’ll say,” Grady grinned. “Sounds good to me. Can I be master of the house?”

“See, sir, he wants sex.”

Mario sighed. “I believe you’re right, amico.”

“He wants to fuck you like Miguel fucked me.”

“Well …” Mario shrugged, “Not exactly. I think he has a slightly different fantasy in mind.”

“Damn right I do. Look at you, stud, the gorgeous Italian gardener, rough, bare-chested, covered in dirt, just like Mellors.”
Finn frowned and Mario said quietly, “The gamekeeper in Lady Chatterley’s Lover, amico. Grady always does fantasy with a literary flair.”

Grady was off and running. “Lady C., the lady of the house, can’t get enough of the big stud and regularly comes to him in the woods to get ploughed. Same here, only this time it’s the lord of the manor who comes across the gardener. Like right now.”

“That’s my cue, Finn. Don’t run away … won’t take long.” Mario got into character, stood tall and stared arrogantly at Grady. “So, padrone, you are here again,” he said in a gravelly, Italian accent, playing his part. “What do you desire of me this time?”

“What I always desire from you, stud.” He ran his hand through Mario’s tousled hair and over his grimy face, then both hands over his shoulders, his sweaty chest, and down over his abs to the jeans at his slim waist. “So fucking gorgeous. I’ve gotta have it, man. I need it so bad.”

Finn watched mesmerized waiting for Grady, the master, to push the gardener on the ground and fuck him as Miguel had. But his jaw dropped as Grady pulled open his shorts, let them drop and he lay on the ground on his back, butt naked. Mario stood astride him, slowly unbuttoned his jeans and pulled out his long, hard cock. Is this was the padrone wants?”

No! Finn thought. It can’t be. He had watched this macho Tarzan dominate his jungle world and now the same man was lying naked on the ground offering his ass? It was so shocking he thought he shouldn’t watch, he should leave. But he remembered the scene where Tarzan was tied up and beaten by the soldiers, the scene that had made him cum every time he saw it, and that’s what kept him rooted to the spot.

Suddenly he felt an arm slide across his shoulder and Miguel’s low voice whispered in his ear, “So what’s going on here, kiddo?”

Speechless, Finn jabbed a finger at the scene on the ground. “Ah yeah,” Miguel said softly. “Happens a lot around here. First time I saw it I couldn’t believe it, but it turns out Tarzan loves to get fucked.”

A thought occurred to Finn. “Have … have you ever fucked him, sir?”

“Oh yeah, and he’s a terrific fuck. He loves to fantasize. Well, he’s an actor, enjoys playing a part. Looks like this time he’s the young master getting fucked by his rugged Italian gardener, a bit like we did, kiddo, only in reverse. You can play with your cock while you watch – it’s kind of expected. Just don’t cum yet. Save it.”

In a trance Finn pulled out his rigid cock and stroked it as he watched the incredible scene. Mario spit on his cock while Grady hooked his hands behind his knees and pulled his legs back, offering up his ass. Mario knelt on the ground and in one effortless move slid his cock inside the naked muscle-jock.
“Is that what the signore came here for?” Mario said teasingly. “What he always comes for?”

“You know it is, man. Oh yeah, fuck my ass. I fucking love it, man.”

Finn’s eyes grew wide as he watched the dark, handsome gardener in jeans and boots penetrate the master with increasing speed and force until his cock was pile-driving in his ass. He leaned forward and pinned the man’s arms to the ground while the magnificent body writhed beneath him, his beautiful face thrashing from side to side in ecstasy.

Finn pulled his hand away from his cock several times as he was close to his climax and Miguel had told him not to cum yet. So he watched mesmerized and wondered until it was clear from the way Grady was gazing in rapture at Mario that he was being driven to orgasm. Mario smiled, “Is the master ready for me to fill his ass with sperm?”

“Fuck yeah. Do it, man.” Mario grabbed Grady’s cock and pounded it in his fist. Grady howled as he pumped jizz all over his spectacular body and felt Mario flooding his ass with cum.

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Mario gazed down at Grady’s sparkling green eyes as he gently pulled out of his ass and stood up. He turned and ruffed Finn’s hair. “You look dazed, amico, but I think you enjoyed our little charade judging by that pole sticking out of your shorts.” Finn blushed and started to stuff his cock back in, but Mario said, “No, not yet, Finn. You see we have not yet finished with the man lying naked on the grass, smothered in cum. You have a part to play in our little drama.”

Mario smiled at Miguel. “That is if your master will permit it.”

“Hey, Mario, he’s your assistant while he’s here so I expect him to do pretty much whatever you tell him to.”

“Grazie tanti, amico. Molto bene, Finn. Look at Grady still sprawled naked on the grass. A stunning sight, no? The stuff of fantasy I think. But I have something here that I often carry which will … how you say? … add a little spice to the drama.” Mario pulled from his pocket a ragged triangle of old brown cloth. He knelt down beside Grady, placed the cloth over his cock and tied the loose ends round his waist.

Mario stood up and Grady, ever the actor, played his part by lying spread eagled, legs splayed apart and his arms stretched out, elbows bent. His head fell to one side, eyes closed. Finn gasped, looked back at Miguel, then stared again at the ground. “What do you see, amico?”

“It … it’s just like in the movie, sir – when the soldiers capture Tarzan and leave him unconscious on the ground in just his loincloth while they decide what to do with him. He looks exactly like that.”
“But do you know what Grady is thinking right now, amico? I do, because I know him so well.”

“He wants to get fucked again, sir?”

“Eccellente – you learn fast, young man. But not that old gardener thing again – we don’t want to wear out an old fantasy. No, he wants something new. He wants the new boy. He wants to feel the new boy inside him. And you may have noticed, at the Grady House we try to give Grady what he wants – like the red climbing roses? And this time he wants you, Finn.”

Feeling a stab of panic Finn looked back anxiously at Miguel. “Sir, I don’t think … I can’t, sir. Not the guy in the movie, not Tarzan … it’s too … I’m too …”

“Finn,” Miguel said gently. “You know I would never ask you to do anything you don’t want to. But I would like to give pleasure to our hosts and I know it would give pleasure to you too. After all, my boy can do anything.”

“Yes, sir. And I really want to, but …” He looked down at Tarzan, naked but for his loincloth, lying sprawled on the ground, and his cock stood out of his shorts rock hard. He undid the shorts and let them drop round his ankles over his boots. His heart thumping he knelt on the grass between Grady’s legs and gazed in awe at the muscular Tarzan lying helpless before him.

Clumsily he pushed his legs back, pressed his cock against his ass … and lost his hard-on. “Ah,” he groaned in a half sob. “No … I … I don’t know why I … I can’t …”

Grady opened his eyes slowly as if regaining consciousness and looked up at the desperate boy. “Hello, Finn,” he smiled. “Don’t beat yourself up, kiddo. Just relax and listen to a story I want to tell you.

“That scene you like so much in the movie, where Tarzan is overpowered by the soldiers and beaten by them to make him talk. I couldn’t get it right at first because I didn’t know how it would feel, so I couldn’t act it. We did take after take and the director was getting frustrated – and then I had an inspiration. I knew how it would feel if the soldiers did something else.

“You remember that there were two older soldiers and a young rookie they ordered about. Well, I imagined that instead of hauling Tarzan off the ground and tying him up they left him there. The two older soldiers pinned his arms to the ground and they ordered the rookie to shove his cock in Tarzan’s ass. He was scared, as he had never done anything like that before, and he didn’t want to hurt the handsome jungle man.

“But as Tarzan came to he felt himself pinned and struggled to get free. Then he opened his eyes and saw the handsome young soldier kneeling between his legs. He gasped as he became aware what was going to happen to him. The rookie looked down at him, at that handsome face, at the writhing, muscular body, and heard the order from his superior …”
As he listened to the erotic story Finn’s cock stirred and grew harder. But Grady fell silent, closed his eyes and his head fell to one side as before. Above them Mario grinned and nodded at Miguel. Finn became aware of them, one on each side of the unconscious man. They dropped to their knees and each grabbed a wrist and pressed it into the ground with both hands.

Tarzan moaned, tried to touch his face but frowned when he was unable to move. His eyes opened, he realized his predicament and he struggled mightily, the muscles of his powerful body flexing and straining. When he realized it was hopeless he became still, gazed up at the boy kneeling between his legs – and their eyes met.

At that moment Finn heard Miguel’s voice. “You know what to do, boy.” He looked up at Miguel’s stern gaze. “You gotta shove your dick in Tarzan’s ass, while we pin him down. Make him suffer, boy. That’s an order.”

Finn was so lost in the fantasy that he had no time for doubt or reflection. It was real – the magnificent Tarzan was helpless before him, his master had given his orders – and his cock was rock hard. He grabbed one of the captive’s legs and pushed it up high. He looked down at his ass, jerked his hips forward – and drove his dry dick deep inside.

He was so immersed in the drama that he hadn’t stopped to think about lube. Grady’s ass was already slick with Mario’s cum but, even so, the first thrust hurt and he threw his head back and howled. “That’s it boy,” Miguel growled. “Now fuck that ass … fuck that ass. Hurt him, humiliate the jungle man. He’s tough but we want him to submit and tell us what we want.”

The scene felt so real that any pity he would ordinarily have felt for the captive was lost. It was his real master giving orders, the man he had sworn to obey. And overriding all that was the feeling in his cock and the homoerotic sight of the struggling Tarzan impaled on his rod. This was different from anything he had felt before. His orders were to fuck hard, so he did.

He let the leg fall over his shoulder and leaned forward. He cupped his hands over the man’s rock hard pecs and pressed down, pinning his body as the other men pinned his wrist. He had him totally helpless and he hammered his ass, gazing down at the handsome face with its chiseled features and tortured green eyes, grimacing and thrashing from side to side as his ass got reamed by the rookie’s pile-driving cock.

Finn was not sure how long he could hold back his own climax, and then he heard his master’s voice again. “That’s it boy, break him. The big man can’t take much more – even he has his breaking point.” Miguel reached down and pulled the loincloth back so the cock sprang up hard, with pre-cum oozing from it. “See that? He’s close to the end. Make him bust his load, boy, the sign of submission. Fuck him, boy. Pound Tarzan’s ass.”

Finn took his hands off his chest, held his leg up high and gazed down at his own cock pounding in and out of the hot ass, harder and deeper than he ever had before. The naked
body convulsed, the head flew back and the broken man yelled, “No … enough … I can’t take anymore. I give up, I’ll do what you want … I submit … aaagh … aaagh … !” Finn saw the captive’s cock erupt in a stream of white juice that splashed down on his heaving body.

Tarzan had been broken, he lay defeated, smothered in his own semen. Finn stared down at the erotic sight of the groaning musclehunk lying beaten beneath him. He had fucked him into submission and now, the final humiliation, he was gonna fill his ass with cum. “Aah … I’m gonna cum, I’m gonna cum … oh fuck … fuck … yeaahh!”

Finn couldn’t believe it … this was the gorgeous man he had watched on the big screen … Tarzan … the man he had jerked off to. And here was Finn pouring jizz in his ass.

Grady closed his eyes and his head fell to one side. Miguel and Mario released his arms, stood up and gently pulled Finn up, his cock sliding out of his ass. The three of them stared down at the ground, at the beaten Tarzan, broken and humiliated, sprawled unconscious on the ground in his torn loincloth.

“Fucking pornographic,” Miguel said. “And you did that, Finn. You fucked him, you fucking pounded Tarzan’s ass, dude. Shit damn I can’t let that go to waste.”

Mario put his arm over Finn’s shoulder and they watched Miguel stand beside Grady and pull out his cock. “Fucking beautiful,” he groaned while he pounded his cock on his fist. Soon Miguel’s body tensed and he blasted a stream of jizz that rose up high, then splashed down on the already cum-soaked body of the naked muscle-god lying beaten on the ground.

Miguel opened his arms wide and Finn ran forward and fell into them. “You were awesome, kiddo, what a fuck! You were fucking great. I’m so proud of you, boy.”

“But it was mostly Grady, sir, that scene he played out – I was totally into it.”

Mario smiled, “And you are just the kind of boy Grady likes, one whose imagination can match his. You see, Finn, Grady is quite a simple, upfront kind of guy – what you see is what you get. His greatest wish is to be ‘just one of the guys’. Except when he’s on a film set or having sex, and then his imagination let’s fly. He is the king of fantasy. Look at him down there now. He is still living the dream.”

Grady’s eyes were closed but his mouth suddenly opened in a gleaming smile. “I’m not dreaming, guys.” He opened his sparkling eyes. “I’m back to being me. Just one last word from Tarzan.” He jumped to his feet, adjusted his loincloth, pumped his fists in the air … and gave the famous Tarzan yell that echoed round the grounds.
He grinned, “You didn’t really think Tarzan was defeated did you? Tarzan always wins. Finn, you were tremendous. Hell, they should write you a part in the movie. I hope Miguel will let you play some more while you’re here.”

Suddenly there was another voice. “Sir, we assume from the yell that Tarzan has triumphed again and is now ready for lunch.”

Finn looked round and there was a smiling young man in a wheelchair. Grady said, “Ah, Finn, I want you to meet Brian. He is my boy, my caretaker, my script coach and, most important, my fount of all gossip. I live on fantasy and gossip – to me they are the absolute truth. Brian, this is Finn, recently starring brilliantly in The Downfall of Tarzan as the young soldier who fucks the jungle man into submission.”

Brian chuckled and shook Finn’s hand. “Glad to meet you at last, Finn. I see you have already been press-ganged into performing in Grady’s latest production.”

“And you missed a great performance, kiddo,” Grady laughed. “A star is born.”

Brian said, “Sorry I wasn’t here to meet you, Finn, I was running lines with Grady. Talking of which, sir, I have your script here. You still have a lot of work to do for tomorrow’s scene. You were stumbling over your lines horribly.”

“Yessir, coach. See, Finn, we’re currently shooting a sequel to the movie you saw. The working title is Tarzan Two but they’ll come up with something better than that. Usually work on the set involves a lot of action, but tomorrow it’s a talky scene and I hate those.”

“But you cannot work on an empty stomach,” Mario said, “especially as you have just spilled so much protein. So lunch is served, amici. Buon appetito.”

As they dispersed, Mario pulled Miguel and Finn aside. “My friends, I want to thank you for indulging Grady in all his fantasies as you did. I know he jokes a lot and seems carefree, but he is always under a great deal of stress because of his work.

“You cannot imagine the burden of carrying a big-budget movie on your shoulders as he does. Millions of dollars and the jobs of hundreds of people depend on him turning in a good performance and keeping up that charisma, not to mention the pressure of all the attention, the PR and public appearances. He is more or less confined to this house and I often see the exhaustion and even fear in his eyes when he comes home.

“So I do everything I can to make his life here pleasurable. And he loves to have visitors such as yourselves. For him sex is a great way of relieving stress, especially the silly fantasies he subjected you to.”
“Mario, we are so happy to be here,” Miguel said, “and it’s a pleasure to do what we can.”

“And as for the fantasies, sir,” Finn added wide-eyed, “I love them. I say bring ‘em on.”

As they approached the table under an awning they saw Brian pulling a towel out of the wheelchair’s saddle bag and saying, “Bend down, sir.” Grady obeyed and Brian wiped the cum off his chest. “You can’t eat lunch looking like that, sir. What would our guests think?”

Miguel laughed, “We’d think that there’s a whole lotta sex going on in this house, Brian, but you don’t hear me or my boy complaining, eh kiddo?”

“Definitely not sir,” Finn grinned.

Mario told them quietly, “Brian is the light of Grady’s life. He loves his simplicity and wide-eyed wonder, and the other boys too. When he is surrounded by all of them he is … how do you say … as happy as a clam at high tide? Is that right?”

Danny appeared from the kitchen and smiled at Finn. “Hey Finn, we met briefly up at Steve’s house but we’ll get to know each other better this week. Gentlemen, you’re in for a treat as Miguel helped me in the kitchen with lunch while you were all playing at gardeners-and-lords-of-the-manor. But right now, Finn, I could use your help serving it out here.

Finn was happy to be routinely included in the group and soon lunch was served at a round table under the big blue awning. While they ate Mario touched on a somewhat delicate subject.

“By the way, Grady and I have invited all the other junior boys to spend the day up here tomorrow.” He frowned. “Actually there is another reason for that and it has to do with Pablo’s behavior toward Finn at that meeting. It’s a senior boy thing, something to do with their code of honor. They pride themselves on their maturity into manhood, and they feel that when Pablo lost his temper and attacked Finn instead of welcoming him he brought dishonor to the senior boys.

“Bob tells me that the boys have their own way of dealing with that, but he felt it best for the junior boys not to be around when it happens – especially Pablo’s boy Tyler who idolizes Pablo and would be distressed to see him punished.”

Miguel added, “Yeah, and it’s especially tough on Darius. As Zack’s boy, he lives with Finn and me and we’re a close-knit family. But he is also Pablo’s lover from way back. So he’s gonna have to deal with Pablo’s hostility to Finn, who he calls his ‘little brother’. Tough balancing act.”

Finn was noticeably quiet and Miguel asked, “What’s up kiddo?”

Finn frowned. “All this bad stuff going on – it’s all my fault. If I had just kept my mouth shut when Pablo went off on me none of this would have …”
“No,” said Danny with surprising heat. “And let the great god Pablo trample all over you? We’ve all experienced that and you were right to stand up for yourself, Finn. Believe me, when it’s all over Pablo will respect you all the more for it.”

Grady lightened the mood. “And while the senior boys are getting their act together down there, we and the junior boys will all be having fun up here, far away from it all, hidden behind this crazy wall of security. It’ll be anything goes – a boys’ day out.”

“And you, amico,” Mario smiled, “will be one of the boys – your favorite thing.”

The rest of the meal passed in a much more festive atmosphere and when it was over Finn helped Brian and Danny clear it away and clean up the kitchen. Danny told them, with obvious delight, that his lover Tommy was coming by later to help with dinner and then spend the night.

Brian went out and bullied Grady into going over his script again and, while they sat under Grady’s favorite tree, Miguel said to Finn, “OK, kid, let’s take a walk round this garden and see where you’re gonna be working with Mario.”

There was a tranquility in their relationship now, after Finn had proved himself in so many ways and made Miguel proud of him. After they had strolled for a while, with Finn naming some of the plants they saw – those he knew anyway – Miguel pulled him down on a bench. He took Finn’s face in his hands and kissed him long and passionately.

“Finn, I think we’ve done it. We’ve crossed all the bridges and knocked down all the walls. I’m so proud of you, and our love is rock solid. You’re certainly a hit with Grady and you’ll no doubt be recruited for more of his little scenes. So now that you have banished all those insecurities you started out with when we first met, I think you are ready to try and help someone else who feels insecure. You will find it very rewarding. I’m speaking of Pablo’s boy Tyler.”

Finn looked at him in surprise as Miguel continued. “I spoke to Bob who says Pablo is anxious to try and heal the breach with Darius tonight and then face the senior boys tomorrow. But he is very protective of his boy and does not want him hurt by witnessing his punishment. So he wants Tyler to come up here right away, before the others get here tomorrow.

“Bob thinks Pablo has other reasons too for wanting him to come here. He asked Bob if Tyler could assist you in the garden. Personally I think Pablo considers work as houseboy to be demeaning and he likes the idea of his boy working at something skilled, where he gets his hands dirty, as Pablo does as a mechanic.

“And finally there is another reason too – I feel sure that Pablo wants to make amends to you. Tyler is precious to him and entrusting him to your care is his way of showing you respect.”
Finn was quiet as he pondered all this. “Sir, I don’t know Tyler well as I’ve never spent time alone with him, but I did get two things. First, he is shy and sometimes not too self-confident. Second, he worships the ground Pablo walks on. Eddy told me he led a quiet, sheltered life in the desert before he literally fell into the tribe – the very opposite of my life as a hustler.”

“Yeah, but mind you,” Miguel said, “Pablo has given Tyler quite an education since he became his boy, including lots of sex with the other guys. He’s been up here too and Grady welcomed him in much the same way as he did you – though probably with a different fantasy,” he smiled. “But you’re right, Tyler can still be shy and nervous when he’s away from Pablo and out of his comfort zone.

“Which is where you come in. I think you could be a good friend to him, Finn. You are tough and assertive – look at the way you stood up to Pablo – so I think Tyler might look up to you and enjoy working with you in the garden. Anyway, he’ll be here soon, so we’ll see if I’m right.”

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Soon after that there was a buzz at the gate, it swung open and in came the small yellow pickup truck that Pablo had bought for Tyler. Mario ran up to it and took Tyler in his arms as soon as he stepped out. “Welcome back to the Grady house, Tyler,” he smiled. “We have missed you. All your friends will be here tomorrow but Finn is already here, so come and meet him.”

As they approached, Miguel said quietly to Finn, “See what I mean? With those wide eyes Tyler looks like a deer in headlights.”

Mario said, “You all know each other already of course. “Tyler, Finn is here for a week to help me with the landscaping and learn techniques that will help him as gardener at the tribe’s house. I hear there is a possibility that you may work with him, so I suggest that you and Finn go and explore our grounds here so you get some idea of what it all involves?”

Finn glanced quickly at Miguel who nodded to him. “Good idea, sir,” Finn said. “Come on dude. Let’s check the place out.”

“OK, sir,” said Tyler shyly.

As they walked away, Finn said, “Tyler, you don’t have to call me sir. I’m a junior boy just like you … in fact you outrank me as you joined the tribe before I did.”

That made Tyler chuckle and gave him a little more confidence. They walked on in silence for a while, then Tyler plucked up the courage to ask, “Finn, is it true that before you met Miguel you were … I mean you worked as …”

“As a hustler?” Finn laughed. “Yeah, I sure did, but it’s not a life I would recommend, kiddo, so don’t try it.”
Tyler blushed. “Oh, I wasn’t thinking of that, sir … I mean, dude … but I bet you’ve seen a lot more of life than I have.”

“Hey,” Finn said as they approached the bench he and Miguel had sat on. “Let’s sit down and get acquainted, eh?”

So they sat and talked … and talked. And they got along well surprisingly quickly. They were a good fit, the tough young ex-hustler and the shy kid from the desert who listened wide-eyed to Finn’s stories of his life on the streets. Then Finn asked Tyler about his adventures with Pablo, and they swapped stories of their introduction to Grady, laughing about the different scenes they had acted out.

But then Tyler frowned. “Finn, there’s something I wanna say. Pablo told me about you and the senior boys and how he, you know …”

“Dude, we don’t have to get into that … it’s water under the bridge.”

“No, I do have to, ‘cos I know Pablo feels bad about it, but he don’t … you know … he’s so tough and proud that he wouldn’t, like, say anything.”

“Dude, you don’t have to apologize for Pablo.”

“Oh, I’m not, I would never do that. But I’m his boy and I want everything to be right between you and Pablo, ‘cos I love him so much. And he kind of told me that he wanted you and me to be friends and when I’m with you I can … like … do anything I want.”

Finn smiled, “You’re sorta beating around the bush, kid. I know a master and boy have a way of understanding stuff without actually saying it, but you gotta be a bit clearer for me, dude?”

Tyler took a deep breath. “Dude, when I first saw you the day you arrived I … I thought you were real hot, but of course I never said anything, even to Pablo. Then when he asked me if I wanted to work with you, I …” Tyler blushed and folded his hands over his shorts to hide his growing bulge.

“Tyler, if you and me are gonna be buddies we gotta trust each other to say what we mean. So tell me what you want.”

“I wanna suck your cock, sir … dude.” It came out in a rush and he blushed at his own boldness. “Because … it’ll my way of helping patch things up between you and Pablo and … and because … because I really want to.”

“And you’re sure Pablo would be alright with this?”
“Oh sure. I know he would.”

Finn smiled a roguish smile and stretched his arms along the back of the bench. “In that case, dude, I just got one thing to say … go for it.”

“You mean it, Finn?”

“Dude, when I tell a man to suck my dick I’m not kidding around. I mean it.”

Tyler stood up, looked down at Finn sprawled on the bench, legs parted in a wide manspread, and he managed a shy smile. He knelt down between the manspread, reached forward and unbuttoned Finn’s shorts. He reached inside and pulled out his already-hard cock.

“I took lessons from Eddie, sir, and Pablo says I’m pretty good at it.”

“Like I said, kiddo, just go for it.”

Tyler bent down and licked the head of his cock. He lowered his mouth over it but clumsily so his teeth scraped it and he pulled back. “Sorry, dude, he blushed.”

“First rule of eating dick, kid – no teeth.”

The next time all went well, despite a few gags and chokes, and Tyler was soon happily taking Finn’s cock deep in his throat. He remembered Eddie’s rules – long strokes, then short ones to bring the man close to his climax, then pause, leave him wanting more – and give him more.

As Finn looked down at the tousled brown hair and eager face his heart went out to the boy. Miguel had been right. Now that he was secure in Miguel’s love he was ready to help this young guy who was still feeling his way.

Finn’s tough life had equipped him with street smarts and a sense of what other guys need, while Tyler was, in some ways, still coming out of his shell, despite being the boss’s boy’s boy. Finn had had to soften his attitude … Tyler still had to toughen his, and that was harder to do.

As Tyler energetically went down on his cock Finn moaned, “Mmm, you’re real good at that. Ooh yeah, eat that hustler’s dick, boy. Make him feel good.”

That image spurred Tyler on and he used every trick in the book Eddie had shown him. The minutes went by, he grew more confident and he sucked harder and deeper, without gagging once. He licked, teased and sucked with increasing eagerness until he eventually felt his new friend’s cock shudder in his mouth.
He knew Finn was close, so he opened wide and breathed hot breath on the cock, then pursed his lips at the base and drew back slowly along the whole length as if drawing the juice out of him. At the same time he wrapped one hand round his balls and squeezed gently.

“Oh, shit,” Finn groaned, “that’s gonna do it, man. Damn that feels good. You wanna drink your buddy’s jizz? Do it, kid. You’re gonna make me cum … yeah, oh fuck … here it comes … swallow it, dude.” His cum flowed into Tyler’s mouth and the boy gulped hard.

When the flow finally stopped Tyler pulled back and smiled up at Finn, cum dribbling down his chin. “Epic, dude,” Finn grinned, “you’re a pro. Damn, Pablo must love getting sucked off by you. And now, just to prove there are no more hard feelings between your master and me … sit on the bench, dude.”

They switched places and Tyler sat uncertainly on the bench watching Finn drop to his knees and open Finn’s shorts. Tyler’s cock was rock hard, of course, and Finn went to work. As soon as his mouth clamped over his cock Tyler knew he couldn’t hold back as Finn had done. Finn had learned how to control his orgasm by servicing so many men in the past, but Tyler was still too eager and impulsive to hold back.

Tyler panted, “Dude, you look so hot sucking my dick … is it OK if I cum?”

Finn pulled back and his eyes sparkled. “How many times do I have to say this, kid? Just go for it. I’m dying of thirst here.”

Tyler laughed and he was still laughing as he climaxed, and it was Finn’s turn to swallow.

A few minutes later they sat side by side on the bench with Finn’s arm stretched over Tyler’s shoulder. “Well, dude, I guess that officially makes us buddies – and I don’t just mean fuck buddies. You feel OK?”

“Yeah … yeah I do … except …” His eyes brimmed with tears. “Finn I’m so worried about Pablo. What are those guys gonna do to him? I’m scared. I don’t want him hurt.”

Finn turned to face him. “Now listen, bro. They are not gonna hurt him. Those guys are all good, responsible guys – Jamie, the twins, Nate, and Pablo’s own lover Darius. You don’t think Darius would let anything really bad happen, do you? See, Miguel explained it to me – it’s kind of a rule of the tribe. A guy fucks up and he gets punished. It’s expected, and you know what? The guy wants it. It kind of purges him and shows his buddies how tough he can be.

“Especially Pablo – you know how he enjoys proving his toughness – he learned from the best, from Randy. So when you get back to him tomorrow evening he’ll be just fine … all hyped up and ready to wrap his arms round his boy. Now that’s something to look forward to, ain’t it?”
Tyler smiled and squeezed Finn’s hand drooping over his shoulder. Finn frowned, “But listen, dude, about tonight. Brian and Mario have probably assigned you a real nice room, but I don’t think you should be sleeping alone. Why don’t you bunk in with Miguel and me? I’ll have to check with Miguel, of course, but I’m sure he’ll be all for it. Would you like that?”

“I’d like it a lot, Finn. Thank you.”

Good. In a minute we’ll go find Mario and have him show us what he wants us to do in the garden. But right now we’ll just sit here in the sun and enjoy being new buddies.”

They leaned back, closed their eyes and Tyler felt a wave of relief and contentment sweep over him. As for Finn – he was a new man. Under Miguel’s guidance he had come a long way in a short time. From being a bitter hustler, to accepting the love of a kind man, to earning his place in the tribe, Finn had now turned outward and taken a boy under his wing – another decisive step into manhood.

Just as Miguel had intended

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Chapter 412 – “Pablo’s Tag-Team Punishment”

Pablo, the construction company’s macho young mechanic, faces punishment for attacking and insulting the tribe’s new boy Finn. First he has to make his peace with his own lover, the handsome black stud Darius. Then he faces the tribe’s group of senior boys, who subject the muscular shirtless mechanic to the public humiliation of being tag-teamed as the young men take their revenge one by one.

And so Pablo and his boy Tyler spent the night in different houses – Tyler up at the Grady House with Miguel and Finn, Pablo in his own apartment in the tribe’s compound down the hill. And each of them was at the start of the healing process after Pablo’s unacceptable impetuous behavior toward Finn when his anger had flared into a physical attack.

So that Tyler would not have to see Pablo’s punishment by the senior boys, Pablo had sent him up to Miguel and Finn. And that turned out to be a wise protective move for the shy boy. Miguel had gladly agreed with Finn’s request that Tyler sleep with them so as not to worry in bed alone.

And even now Tyler was losing his anxiety about Pablo as he watched Miguel and Finn strip naked ready for bed. He had always been slightly nervous of the powerful, rugged Hispanic, but he was reassured by Miguel’s warmth toward him. And Finn, with the assertiveness that came
from being a former hustler, was fast becoming a friend Tyler could trust and rely on though this difficult time.

Miguel and Finn were already in bed as Tyler blushingly undressed. “Er, sir, if you and Finn want to … like … have sex, I can always wait outside until you’re finished.”

“Not on your life, kiddo,” Miguel smiled broadly. “You’re our guest tonight and you’ll share our bed. And if we do make love, as we probably will at some point, you’ll be right here in the action with us – if you want to be. So get that cute ass over here right now.

“And take it from me, buddy,” Finn said, “when the master gives an order it’s an order. Better do what he says.”

Tyler smiled, gaining confidence, and he climbed into bed. Lying between the two boys, Miguel said, “I don’t know about you two but I’m bushed – it’s been a long, crowded day. So no fun and games just yet, eh? Sleep first.

“And before you nod off, Tyler, here’s another order for you. Don’t worry! You know Pablo is as tough as they come and he’ll sail through whatever the boys have in mind for him. Just rest and be ready for him when you get home tomorrow evening, ‘cos he’ll be hot to trot and need his boy more than ever.”

“OK, sir, thank you.” Tyler snuggled closer to Miguel and closed his eyes. But he still couldn’t rid his mind entirely of the man he idolized and his predicament. Even as he lay here with his new friends he wondered if Pablo and his long-time lover Darius were together. Would they be able to patch up their differences and put all this stupid stuff behind them?”

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At that moment Darius was asking himself the very same question. Late in the evening he had said to Zack, “Sir, I think I should go across the street to the compound and check in on Pablo. He’s sent Tyler up to the Grady House for the night so Pablo’s probably alone and wallowing in doubt, guilt, residual anger or whatever the fuck …”

“Good idea, kid. You two go back a long way and even though he behaved outrageously to your buddy Finn he’s gonna need support from someone. You’re a real cool guy, Darius. You’ve matured into a natural leader of the boys, strong, kind, and you keep your cool – unlike your buddy Pablo. You’re my kind of man, Darius, I’m proud to call you my boy. So go over there and try to sort that mess out. And if it means kicking ass, I know you can do that too.”

“Thank you for saying all that, sir. I’ll do my best.”

But as Darius left the house and crossed the street he knew it wouldn’t be easy. This whole mess had been tough on him because, in a way, he had a foot in both camps. He and Pablo
had a long history as they had been lovers for years. But now Darius was loyal to his small close-knit family of Zack, Miguel and Finn. He felt protective toward Finn, whom he called his ‘little brother’, so he had to confront Pablo’s hostility to him. As Miguel had said earlier, it was a tough balancing act.

When Darius went into the tribe’s compound dinner was over and the only signs of life came from the kitchen where the twins were cleaning up after dinner and prepping breakfast for tomorrow. They beckoned him in and Kyle said, “Hey, Darius, glad to see you. If you’re looking for Pablo, he’s downstairs in the gym, no doubt working off his anger, guilt, tension, whatever.”

Kevin added. “He needs a friend right now, though he would never admit it. You’re probably the only one who can cut through all the bullshit. Good luck, old buddy.”

Darius went downstairs to the basement gym and stood watching from the doorway. His dick got hard right away. Pablo was wearing only gym shorts and was working out hard, punishing the weights and himself. He was currently doing squats with a heavy barbell over his shoulders, flexing the exquisite ass that had excited Darius the first time he met him all those years ago.

Darius was wearing his usual black jeans, this time with a white tank top that showed off his black body to perfection, his ebony muscles gleaming under the gym spotlights. Pablo caught sight of him in the mirror and dropped the barbell on its cradle with a clang.

“What you doing here, man? You come to gloat? … tell me what an ass I am? … tell me what punishment you and the guys have come up with?”

“No … no … and no,” Darius grinned. “Just came to see how my buddy was holding up is all.”

“Well, sorry to disappoint you, dude, but I’m doing just fine … so there’s no need for you to stick around here. Nothing to see here.”

“Ooh, sounds like I’ve been dismissed.” Darius sighed wearily. “Dude, you can drop the attitude with me. You may be angry with the world – you usually are – but this is me, the guy who’s lived with you, loved you, fought with you and fucked you for years. We’ve been through much worse than this so let’s cut the crap eh?

“Actually your immediate problem is those squats. Without me as your gym partner you’re doing them wrong, leaning too far forward. Here, let me help you.”

“I don’t fucking need …” Pablo began until he saw Darius cross the gym, taking off his tank top as he walked under the spotlights that intermittently flashed on his naked torso. That erotic sight stifled Pablo’s protests and Darius smiled. After all these years he knew just what turned Pablo on most. Pablo had once said to him, ‘If you’ve got it flaunt it, and dude, you sure got it.’
So Pablo didn’t object when Darius came up behind him and got into position to spot him. While Darius curled his hand loosely round the bar Pablo took a few deep breaths and sank down in his next squat. When he rose up under the weight Darius held the bar lightly until Pablo was able to drop it back heavily into the cradle.

He stumbled back a step and felt his ass press against the big ten-inch bulge in Darius’s jeans. He felt his own cock stiffen, then came to his senses and said, “Dude, I know what you’re doing. You always think you can solve everything with the almighty black club, but not this time, man. I’m not in the mood for sex or company. So leave me alone.”

“OK, dude, I get it. To you I’m part of that hostile world you keep pushing away. But do you recall the day we first met and I clapped eyes on the globes of your perfect butt and flashed my ten-inch black dick? I said, ‘Dude, my dick and you’re ass – a match made in heaven.’

“It’s still true. It’s like they have a life of their own, kiddo. Whatever bullshit thing we’re going through they know exactly what they want. And my big friend down there is saying to me right now, ‘Please, sir, can I come out and play with that ass?’ So what’s your butt saying to you, dude? Same thing?”

“Darius you’re being stupid … and it’s not funny.” They looked at each other in the mirror and Darius dropped his head mournfully to one side and pouted. He could always make Pablo laugh and even now saw him trying to stifle a smile.

Darius grinned, “That’s it, let your ass do the talking for you. It’s just a butt-hole but it’s got more damn sense than you do. The butt-hole versus the asshole – and the butt-hole wins!”

Pablo gave in to Darius’s comedy routine and sat wearily on the bench. Darius sat beside him and they looked at each other in the mirror. Darius grinned, “Dude, you just said, ‘nothing to see here’, but I beg to differ. That ass of yours could make a grown man weep.

“Do you recall when you first came to the tribe it was just Randy and Bob, you and me. You and me worked in the garage together but we were suspicious of each other at first and kept our distance. But all the time your ass and my dick were eying each other until finally I came up with that ‘match-made-in-heaven’ line and we ran to the bedroom, tore each other’s clothes off and didn’t surface for a day and a half.”

“Yeah, I remember that day … it still makes my dick hard.”

“So what are we waiting for, buddy?”

Pablo smiled weakly at Darius. “Fuck you, man.”

“No, fuck you. Now you’re talking my language, stud. Bedroom?”
Pablo allowed himself to be pulled to his feet and together they left the gym, walked across the garden and up to the apartment Randy had built for them so long ago. Darius sprawled in a chair and said, “Let me see it, bro. You know what I like.”

Pablo turned his back to him and slowly lowered his shorts, pushing the waistband over the top curve of his butt, exposing the tan line above the white globes. Then lower so the perfect mounds came slowly into view until the shorts fell to the floor. He turned to face Darius who reciprocated by unzipping his jeans in short tugs so his cock became visible – inch … by inch … by inch … to all ten glorious inches.

They stared at each other stroking their cocks – and the pressures and tensions of the moment dissolved. “Man,” Darius groaned, “that never fails to get me going. Back on the first day you were a sexy boy but now … Jesus, you’re a total stud, the hot young mechanic with that Mestizo face, square jaw, slanted eyes and a body that won’t quit. I wanna hear you say it, bro – tell me what you want.”

“You know what I want. I wanna feel that long rod in my ass … I want you to fuck me, man.”

Their eyes bored into each other as they continued to stroke their dicks. Darius finally stood up, planted his hand on Pablo’s chest and shoved him backward until he fell on his back on the bed. Darius dropped his jeans, stepped out of them and stood buck naked at the foot of the bed. Pablo pulled his legs back and stared up at the dominant black buck.

The tough, brittle rebel, angry with the world, was gone, replaced by a lover – Darius’s lover. “I’ve missed you Darius. I got … sidetracked. Fuck me, bro. I want it so bad. I need it.”

“As always here when you need me, kiddo, you know that.” He knelt on the bed. “Lube?”

Pablo grinned. “Are you kidding? Just spit on that thing and give it to me.”

As he had done countless times before Darius smiled down at the handsome mechanic and slid his monster cock slowly in his ass. Pablo sighed and closed his eyes, feeling the blissful physical sensation that suddenly made everything right. He felt his lover pull back, inch by inch, then slowly enter him again.

He opened his eyes and said, “I love you, dude. However fucked up my life is I never stop loving you. I didn’t mean any of that crap I said earlier. I was just …”

“Don’t you think I know that, you dumbass? All that nonsense goes right over my head. I just look at your ass and … ooh man, it feels soohh good. Just lie back and enjoy.”
Pablo stroked his own cock while the ten-inch shaft worked his ass, easing in deeper with each long stroke. They gazed at each other in a communion of kindred spirits, blocking out the trials and tribulations of the world. They had met as boys, had fallen in love and grown together into manhood. They fought their battles, cussed, made up and laughed … and always it came back to this feeling of safety and solidarity.

At moments like this their troubles faded, nothing that couldn't be salvaged by their love and mutual support. Pablo sighed, “God that feels good. Man, I've insulted you by attacking your new little brother. You of all people. I gotta earn back your respect, dude. I need you to punish me. You know how to do that. Please, Darius …”

“It get it. No problem there, bro. Brace yourself.” Suddenly the gentle caress of Pablo’s ass became an onslaught. Darius pulled all the way back, paused … then plunged his massive cock in hard, pulled back and drove in again. Pablo howled as his lover’s shaft became a battering ram, pounding his ass. He stared up at the powerful young stud, his pale green eyes piercing down at him, his muscles flexing as he penetrated his ass.

Pablo gritted his teeth and absorbed the pain … he loved the pain … he deserved it … he needed it. This was his punishment and absolution by the lover he had offended, driving the demons of guilt from him. He would have taken more, anything.

But fierce and implacable as he seemed, Darius was firmly in control. Even tough guy Pablo had his limits and Darius knew just where they were. He understood that Pablo needed to do physical penance to regain his respect, so he pushed the agonized young mechanic to the edge of his pain threshold … and then over it for an instant.

“Here it comes, man,” he yelled. “This is from me and from Finn. Here it comes, boy!” He drove his pile-driving rod in hard and deep and watched as Pablo's head flew back, his mouth opened in an agonized scream and his cock poured cum over his writhing body while Darius blasted hot semen in the depths of his ass. His breath heaving Pablo stared wildly up at Darius, then his eyes closed and his head fell to one side.

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Darius drew his cock slowly all the way back out of Pablo’s shuddering ass and gazed down at him. “Hey, wake up sleeping beauty. What do you need, a kiss from a prince?” He leaned down and pressed his lips against Pablo’s. He pulled back and watched as Pablo’s eyes opened slowly, he focused on Darius and smiled. “Has my black prince come to save me?”

“Well, you ain’t no damsel in distress, dude, that’s for sure, but yeah, you could say I saved you … from yourself and all that bullshit self-pity you were wallowing in. Now maybe you’re ready to face the world, or at least the senior boys … starting with me.” He lay down beside Pablo and they propped themselves on one elbow facing each other.
“OK, kid, you ready to tell me all about it? It’s just you and me here, so you can open up to me and it won’t be posted all over the grapevine. Why did you do it, bro?”

“I’ve thought about that, Darius, and worked out what it was. It started with Miguel. When he came on the scene, deep down I was envious of him and felt threatened. I mean he’s such a fucking gorgeous stud and when he had that three-day love fest with Randy up at the lake …”

“… you thought he was gonna take your place with Randy? Jesus Christ, that is total paranoia, dude. You can be such a dork.”

“Well then I realized it had just been a fling – something Randy needed to get out of his system, you know, fuck the new man and all that. But I still felt a kind of animosity toward Miguel.”

“Damn, you should’ve just let the guy fuck you – that would have done the trick.”

“Yeah, whatever. Anyway, then he comes back one day with this boy in tow – a good looking, tough young hustler and I guess I was, I dunno … resentful, jealous, threatened? All of that probably. And at the meeting you guys were all over him – Jamie, Nate, the twins – all gushing how great it was to meet him. But I wasn’t gonna let him off so easy. I wanted him to see I was the boss’s boy and …”

“Jesus, that boss’s boy thing again. You’ve gotta get over that, dude. Sounds kinda stupid.”

“Yeah, whatever. So anyway I let rip with all that garbage about him being a hustler and maybe bringing diseases into the group. I mean, really trash talking him. But the worst part was when he stood up to me. He was tough but real cool, made sense, and I could see you guys knew he was right. Then he fucking turned and walked out on me. He had got the better on me and, dammit, I wasn’t gonna take that …”

“… you being the boss’s boy and all …”

“… so I ran after him … and I guess that’s when I lost it.”

“And that flying tackle Randy taught you came in real handy …”

“Yeah.” Pablo’s eyes gleamed. “Randy was real proud of that.”

“God, you two – you’re scary together.”

“You think so, dude?” Pablo grinned.

“There you go again, boy! Jeez you can be such an asshole. This is supposed to be, like, a confession, and there you go salivating over your damn football tackle. What I should really do is pound that ass again.”
“Is that a promise?”

They stared at each other … and burst out laughing.

When they calmed down Pablo looked at Darius earnestly. “See, dude, what scares me now is not how you guys decide to punish me. I can take any of that. I’m scared that I’ll lose their respect. I mean, they’ve always looked up at me as …

“No – do not say the boss’s boy. Tell you the truth that crap lessens their respect for you – they laugh it off. You don’t get it, dude. They admire you for what you are, not who your dad is. You are a hot tough mechanic, a natural born leader – not to mention drop-dead gorgeous. So stop trying to copy Randy and be yourself. You’ve got a boy of your own to take care of now. How is Tyler, by the way?”

Pablo brightened and his eyes sparkled, “Oh man, I love that kid. He’s come such a long way since we met. He’s still a bit shy sometimes, but I find that kinda sexy. And just before you came over here he called me from the Grady House. Says he’s getting on great with Finn …” Pablo chuckled. “Seems they already sucked each other’s cocks …”

“… always a good ice breaker,” Darius grinned.

“… and he asked if he could sleep with Finn and Miguel tonight. I said sure, better than being alone all night. He seems to like Finn a lot and really wants to work with him as a gardener.”

“Looks like Tyler’s got more sense than his master,” Darius teased. “That young Finn was a great choice by Miguel. He’s real bright, knows his own mind and he’s great in the sack. He worships Miguel. Me, them and Zack have become a real tight little family. Trouble with you, kiddo, is you never took time to get to know them.”

“Huh, well I don’t think I’d be exactly welcome over there right now.”

“Dude, you gotta take it one step at a time, this penance thing. You just got pounded by me and next come the senior boys tomorrow. After that, when all the dust has settled, you come across the street and make your peace with Finn, Miguel, Zack and me. I think I can promise you a, er, warm welcome. I can see it now, a hunky shirtless mechanic facing four leathermen who have a grudge to settle. Yeah, a real warm welcome, dude.

“And tonight we’re gonna sleep together, you and me. Zack won’t mind a night to himself – a leather master jerking off to himself in the mirror, no doubt. He does that occasionally.”

The lovers pressed their naked bodies against each other and closed their eyes at last. But before he drifted off into sleep Pablo said, “Thanks for everything, dude. Er, you and me … we’re OK now, aren’t we Darius?”
“Kiddo, we were never not OK. From the first day we met. Solid as a rock.”

They woke next morning to a knock on the door. It was the twins bearing breakfast trays. “We don’t usually do room service, except for Bob and Randy,” Kyle said, “but we thought that today of all days you could use a good cooked breakfast, Pablo.”

“What can you mean?” Darius grinned impishly. “The condemned man ate a hearty meal?”

“Darius!” Kevin protested, but Darius laughed, “Ah, no sweat, boys, the guy’s as familiar with my sense of humor as he is with my cock.”

“You just said a mouthful there,” Kyle smiled.

“Thanks for the food, guys,” Pablo said. “Er – see you later?”

“We meet at noon,” Kevin said. “Us, Jamie, Nate … and you two, of course.”

“The tribunal,” Darius said sonorously.”

“Stop it, Darius,” Kyle said, “this is not funny.”

But they knew what Darius was doing, and it worked. His silliness cut through the tension and he and Pablo sat down to a fairly relaxed breakfast. Speaking with his mouth full Darius said, “Course, you know that when we’re down there I have to put on my senior boy hat and stop being your lover – well, we’re always lovers, dude, always will be, but you know what I mean.”

“Yeah, I get it, bro. Any idea what they have in mind?”

“Nah, they’ll wing it – make it up as they go along. But I don’t think they’ll go for the obvious kind of physical punishment, like tying you up and flogging you. That’s all a bit last year and they know you’re so tough you could take all that without blinking.”

Darius pondered. “My vote would be for humiliation. I mean, dude, you came on real macho at that meeting with Finn, doing that Randy-caveman kinda thing. They’ll wanna see the arrogant fist-swinging mechanic cut down to size. Like I said, they don’t like all that boss’s boy bullshit.

“And that would be the way you can regain their respect too. Show them that you’re man enough to survive humiliation and still be a leader. Now that’s where you can take a leaf out of Randy’s book. That stud gypsy has been punished, pummeled and left lying beaten in the mud before now, and always he rises up from the muck like Swamp Thing, tougher and more dominant than ever. Then he usually fucks Bob to prove he’s still the man – and Bob loves it.”
Pablo chuckled. “Dude, you really are the tribe historian, aren’t you? You should write this down. You’ve got most of it on video already.”

“Which reminds me, kid, do you mind if I film some of this? Great for the archives and for your reputation too. Show the whole tribe how gutsy you are – can take anything and still be the leader of the boys.”

“Ah, film whatever you like, dude. I gotta go to work.”

“You’re going to work?”

“Sure, put in a couple of hours, then come back and face the music.”

“Cool, dude. That’ll show ‘em. All in a day’s work – no big deal.”

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There was probably another reason too, which became apparent when Pablo walked through the gate just before noon. He was in full chief mechanic mode. Shirtless as usual, in grubby jeans and muddy boots, his face and body were streaked with oil and grease from working on the heavy equipment at the construction site. A classic macho icon, he strode across the garden to where the boys were waiting for him.

At the previous Finn meeting the senior boys had sat shoulder-to-shoulder along one side of a table and Finn had sat in a chair facing them. It was pretty much the same now. Seated at the table by the pool, Jamie and Darius were in the middle with Nate on one side of them and the twins on the other. Except that this time the man facing them was not Finn but Pablo.

Jamie began the meeting with a short speech. “Pablo, none of us likes this. The boys in this tribe, seniors and juniors, normally circle the wagons when one of us is in trouble. But you dishonored us with your impulsive attack on a new boy and not only insulted Finn but, even more serious, his master Miguel too by harming his boy.

“What hurts the most, Pablo, is that this tribe had always been a refuge for boys who’ve had a raw deal in life. All of us here fit that description – me and my skinhead pal running wild on the streets, the homeless twins living rough, Nate a lonely kid far from home. You yourself were rescued from a gang of thugs, Pablo. Not to mention junior boys like Eddie, sucking dicks for tips in the back room of a bar, and Brandon living a brave and difficult life alone in a wheelchair.

“The tribe rescued us all, welcomed and nurtured us.

“Then along comes this damaged young guy, living the degrading life of a hustler to survive. Miguel finds him, sees promise in him, and gives him a chance of salvation. Finn is just taking
his first nervous steps on the path to redemption that we all took, when you, the ‘boss’s boy’, block his way. You heap scorn on him, reject him, attack him and drive him away. Way to go, Pablo. What you did runs counter to everything the tribe stands for.

“So the men have left it to us to exact punishment, which is why we’re here. It’s up to us to decide the form of punishment. Before we do, Pablo, have you anything to say?”

Pablo sighed. “Jamie, everything you say is true and makes me feel ashamed. As you know, it’s never easy for me to apologize, but I do now. I let my anger take over, and other things too – jealousy, fear, resentment, all kinds of irrational shit. By all accounts young Finn is shaping up to be a great kid and he sure didn’t deserve what I did to him.

“My dad Randy made the rules for the tribe and one of them is that when a guy fucks up as bad as I did he pays the price. Randy expects it and so do I, so I’m prepared for anything you guys dish out.”

Darius smiled wryly to himself – Pablo just had to get that boss’s boy thing in there somewhere. But Jamie said simply, “Thank you for saying that, Pablo. OK, guys, any suggestions?”

The twins glanced at each other and Kevin spoke up. “Kyle and Nate and me talked earlier about this and decided that the old-style stringing him up and whippin’ him wouldn’t work as Pablo is tough and would hardly feel a thing. But Nate came up with a novel idea. Nate?”

“OK, mates,” Nate began, in his Australian drawl. “Jamie made a powerful speech there, and we have to act. So the way I see it is this. It’s all very well for a bloke to apologize and I’m sure Pablo is sincere. But I wanna see how remorseful he feels. So instead of us choosing what punishment fits the crime let the bloke himself decide. It’ll give him a chance to show us what he thinks he deserves.”

The boys consulted among themselves, then Jamie said, “It’s agreed. Pablo, it looks like the ball’s in your court.”

Pablo glanced at Darius who smiled with a slight nod. Humiliation Darius had said. So be it. Pablo stood up and looked around him. Off to the side was a square high wooden table that the twins used for serving meals outdoors. Pablo strode over to it, picked it up and carried it to the middle of the lawn. He looked around again and picked up several towels from poolside chaises which he threw over the table to soften the sharp edges.

He stood at the end of the table, leaned forward and lowered his chest flat on the table, arms reaching forward, his ass hanging over the back edge, feet on the ground. Darius realized what he was doing and took his cue. He went to the work shed, came back with four short lengths of rope and handed one each to Jamie, Nate, Kyle and Kevin.
Ritualistically the four young men tied the ropes – the twins round Pablo’s ankles at one end of the table and Nate and Jamie to his wrists that dangled over the front. Then all four limbs were tied to the table legs at each corner, so Pablo was spread-eagled over the table on his stomach, his head hanging forward over one end, his ass hanging over the back end.

Darius approached from behind, reached under Pablo and loosened his pants, then pulled them down over his ass and round his knees.

The stage was set.

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“Lunch anyone?” Kevin said. “It’s all ready in the kitchen. We just have to bring it out.”

In a few minutes the table was set and the men started to assemble. Bob had been meeting upstairs with the cop Mark, Jamie’s man, and they came down together. Pretty soon Randy and Zack came home from the construction site, bringing with them Randy’s kid brother Ben, the site’s assistant mechanic.

Brandon came from the office, down the ramp in his wheelchair, and wheeled himself up to the table, and Nate’s fellow Aussie Adam came from next door to join them. Last to come was Eddie who had been cleaning rooms upstairs. He came out in a rush and tried to act as cool as everyone else but it was obvious he was bottling up his excitement at being present during such a major tribal event.”

What made the whole scene slightly surreal was that everyone round the poolside table totally ignored the muscular mechanic tied face down to the table a few yards away in the middle of the lawn, near naked, his pants round his knees, bare ass hanging over the edge of the table.

Most of the senior men were there but considered it none of their business. The senior boys were doing what they had to do to one of their own. The three junior boys followed their lead, leaving it all to the senior boys, though they exchanged quick excited glances between them.

The meal proceeded as normal, the men mostly taking business and Eddie regaling the boys with the events up at the Grady House, related to him by Finn in a long phone call.

About halfway through the meal Darius got up and people assumed he was going to pee. But instead he stopped behind Pablo, casually unzipped his pants and pulled out his long, hard cock. He spat on his hand and pushed wet finger fingers into the helpless ass to lubricate it. Then he braced his hands on the small of Pablo’s back … and drove his cock firmly in his ass.

The only sound Pablo made was an almost inaudible groan, even when Darius increased the speed and force of his shaft driving into his ass. Darius didn’t take long. It was almost as if he had got horny during the meal and had left the table for a quick jack-off before resuming his
place. He was an impressive sight, a handsome black jock in black jeans and tank top, his muscles rippling as he matter-of-factly fucked ass.

And when he eventually unloaded his jizz inside the bound man and pulled out his cock it was as if he had just masturbated. He calmly cleaned his cock on the edge of one of the towels, shoved it back in his jeans, zipped up and resumed his place at table, continuing his conversation with Zack from where they had left off. It seemed like Pablo had not even got fucked, except for the trickle of cum running from his ass down his leg.

“We’ll bring out the dessert – fruit flan,” said Kyle without missing a beat. Kevin added, “Might take a few minutes.” They got up and went toward the kitchen but stopped as they passed Pablo. They looked into each other’s eyes and kissed – which everyone knew was a prelude to sex. Kyle stood behind Pablo, Kevin at his head, and what followed was inevitable.

Holding each other’s gaze across Pablo’s back they moved, as always, in unison. Pablo’s ass was already slick with Darius’s cum so Kyle’s cock slid in easily. And simultaneously Kevin pulled Pablo’s face up by the hair and shoved his cock into his mouth. The men and boys glanced up from the table as it was always an erotic sight to see the beautiful twins having sex, making love with their eyes, especially when they were spit-roasting a rugged, oil-streaked mechanic roped helplessly over a table.

With no need of words their eyes told each other when they were ready and together they spilled their loads inside the prisoner, one in his ass, the other in his mouth. This time Pablo’s groan was louder and he choked once. And when the twins pulled out and his head fell forward, cum dribbled over his stubbled chin and more oozed from his ass.

When the twins had left the table Darius had got up too, grabbed his camera and circled unobtrusively, filming the twins performing their effortless double act – for the archives.

It was clear by now what Pablo’s punishment was to be … and his humiliation. Tied face down in the middle of the garden he was to be systematically gang-fucked. The fuck he could take, but the degradation was extreme, even more so because he was being used so casually, like a husky young mechanic who had been captured and tied down, to be used as a fuck slave, tag-teamed by a group of horny men.

But the really shrewd part of Nate’s suggestion was that Pablo had chosen this extreme form of punishment for himself, knowing the humiliation it would bring. Creating and enduring this self-imposed humiliation was his way of making amends, and everyone around the table felt admiration for the senior boy even as he suffered.

It wasn’t long before Jamie stood up and stretched, a tanned blond surfer in his usual board shorts and loose tank top. The other men barely reacted as he left the table and took up his position behind Pablo. He unlaced his shorts and pulled out his cock. Placing his palms on the ass cheeks he pulled them apart and spat down on the hole, then pushed his rod inside.
As reflected in his earlier speech, Jamie’s resentment was a bit stronger than the others as his cop Mark had instilled in him law-and-order discipline. So he hammered the ass harder and longer than the others until he heard Pablo moan loudly. Only then did he pull all the way back, then plunge in deep and shot his juice inside him with a satisfied sigh. He felt a tap on his shoulder and turned to face Nate who was already stroking his cock.

“Oh, yeah, sure, Nate,” Jamie said. “Go for it, dude.”

“Thanks, mate.”

As one cock pulled out another plunged in and Nate grinned over at Adam as he pounded ass. The young Aussie’s happy-go-lucky attitude to life showed now that his turn had come. He didn’t want to hurt Pablo – didn’t want to hurt anyone – so for him the fuck was symbolic, his contribution to the group punishment. He had also been turned on by the sight of the muscular young jock tied down and serially fucked, so he had built up a head of steam and it didn’t take long before his body flexed, he groaned loudly and his cock erupted in Pablo’s cum-slick ass.

He pulled out, buttoned up and resumed his place next to his man Adam. He was the last of the senior boys to have taken his turn, but there were still three pairs of wide eyes that stared pleadingly at Jamie and Darius.

The junior boys – Eddie, Brandon and Ben – knew that this was the senior boys’ show but they too felt they had a stake in it. They already considered Finn, a new junior boy, as one of them and they were angry that he had been mistreated. It fit the tradition of the boys’ circling the wagons as Eddie gazed longingly at Jamie and hissed, “Dude …?”

Jamie glanced at the other seniors who shrugged and nodded, knowing that this would be the ultimate humiliation for Pablo, being triple teamed by three junior boys. “OK, Eddie,” he said.

Eddie was out of his chair like a shot and Ben and Brandon followed him. Eddie, as the self-proclaimed ‘senior junior’ boy took up position behind Pablo’s ass, while Brandon and Ben went to his head. Eddie looked down at Pablo’s perfect ass, cum now flowing liberally from it and down his legs. “Wow, awesome, dude.”

Motor-mouth Eddie was unable to stay silent even at such a serious moment as the humiliation of Randy’s boy. He yanked his cock out of his shorts, pushed it into the helpless ass and moaned, “Totally awesome.” He looked across Pablo’s back at his buddies and said, “You first, Ben.” And so Pablo suffered the ultimate indignity of being spit roasted by two junior boys. As Eddie’s cock drove into his ass he raised his head and took Ben’s cock in his mouth.

Brandon sat in his wheelchair and watched, realizing the full impact of what was happening. Ben, the shy young gypsy, was not only Pablo’s assistant on the construction site, he was also Randy’s kid brother. When he had first come to the house he and Pablo were instant rivals at
first, the brother and the son competing for Randy’s favor. So now Ben was face-fucking his boss and his one-time rival, asserting himself as he had rarely done before.

The ever-dramatic Eddie was so turned on by the whole thing that he couldn’t hold back. He climaxed with a loud “Yeaaaah!” as he unloaded in Pablo’s ass. But he was still directing this part of the drama and said “Come here Ben.” Ben was only too eager to pull out of Pablo’s mouth, take Eddie’s place at the other end and push his dick in the cum-drenched ass.

Brandon, the most sensitive of the boys, had been deeply affected when he saw from the office window Pablo’s unwarranted attack on the new boy Finn. Now he wheeled up to Pablo’s head, pushed it up by the chin and gazed into his tear-filled eyes. “Pablo, I don’t want to do this because I have always admired and looked up to you. But Finn is a good boy and I consider him a friend. I hated seeing him get hurt … so Pablo, this is for Finn.”

Pablo, like his dad Randy, loved and admired Brandon, and he now groaned, “I’m sorry, buddy. Really sorry.” It was probably his most heartfelt apology of the day and he did not resist as Brandon put his hand behind Pablo’s neck and pressed his head down to his cock as he sat in his wheelchair. Pablo bent low, opened wide, sucked in his cock and swallowed hard.

As Pablo got butt-fucked by Ben – the shy young gypsy he had nurtured – and face-fucked by Brandon – the brave boy he loved – he felt purged, through humiliation, of some of his guilt. He made a silent promise to curb his anger and follow Randy’s example of protecting all the boys.

A similar sense of reconciliation imbued the rest of the group gathered there, especially Ben and Brandon who smiled at each other across the man they both loved in their own way. It was by silent mutual consent that they reached their climax together, their eyes fixed on each other, sensing and hoping that this was the final act of a painful episode in the tribe’s story.

They filled Pablo’s ass and mouth with their cum, paused to regain their breath, then pulled out, buttoned their pants and returned together to the table. And Pablo lay alone, exhausted, humiliated and helplessly bound, the juice of eight young men running down his legs and over his chin, tears of remorse brimming in his eyes.

It was a scene of degradation, but also of triumph. Pablo had made a mistake and he had paid for it, choosing as his punishment an extreme penance that proved not only the sincerity of his remorse but also his strength of mind and body. He had endured what his hero Randy had so often endured, and no more would the boys laugh off his claim to be the ‘Boss’s Boy’.

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“And that’s a wrap, guys,” Darius said, shutting off his camera.

The senior boys got up and reenacted their opening ritual in reverse. The twins untied Pablo’s ankles, Jamie and Nate his wrists. Darius helped him slowly off the table, took him in his arms
and kissed him long and hard. “Kiddo, I have never been prouder of you or loved you as much as right now.”

He rubbed Pablo’s chafed wrists and grinned. “But like I told you before, kid, next you gotta come and make your peace with our little family across the street – Zack, me, Miguel and Finn.” He grinned roguishly. “Like I said, a tough shirtless mechanic facing four leathermen who have a grudge to settle. Quite a scene.”

Pablo managed a weak smile. “After what I went through here, bro, piece o’ cake. Bring it on.”

The twins were very solicitous. “Pablo,” Kevin said gently, “would you like us to bring you lunch on a tray in your room while you rest.”

“Hell no,” Pablo said, pulling up his pants and buckling his belt. “Thanks but no thanks guys. Ben and me gotta get back to work eh, kid?” Ben nodded eagerly. Pablo looked over at Randy at the table. “You need that forklift back in service, don’t you sir?”

“Like yesterday, man.”

“OK, junior let’s get on it.” He slung his arm round Ben and walked him to the gate, shouting back over his shoulder, “Later, guys”. A minute later they heard the sound of slamming doors and the screech of tires as Pablo’s truck roared away.

At the table Zack roared with laughter. “Randy, that boy of yours beats everything. He gets tied down, gang fucked, spit roasted, then jumps right back up and he’s back to work. Tough as nails – and we know where he gets that from. He’s just like his old man – I’ve seen you do that many times. You gotta be proud of him, bro. He’s a chip off the old block.”

Randy preened. Zack couldn’t have said anything to make him prouder. “OK, Darius,” Zack said, “we gotta get back to work too.” As they walked away he added, “You did great, Darius. Tough but fair and loyal to your buddy. You’re the perfect man for him, bro.”

Jamie and Brandon went back to the office, the twins back to the kitchen, and the Aussies, Adam and Nate, to their house next door. Eddie left for the Grady House, eager to share all the juicy details of today’s drama with the gossip-hungry group up there.

That left Bob, Randy and Mark finishing off their drinks. After basking in the praise from Zack Randy had become rather morose. “What’s up, buddy?” Mark asked. “Tough to see your boy go through that, uh?”

“Yeah, it was too much. Oh, I know it’s what he chose but … it was too much.”
“Randy,” Bob said gently, “look at it this way. You know how protective you are with the boys. Imagine if you saw some stranger beating up on young Finn the way Pablo did. I know you, man … you would tear the guy limb from limb and throw away the pieces, you know you would.”

Randy grinned, “Yeah, guess you’re right.”

“So Pablo got what he wanted, what he needed so he could regain respect from the boys, and especially from you. I think most of that was for you, Randy.”

“Man, you sure know what buttons to press in me.” Randy grinned, “I gotta say, though, the sight of all that group fucking and spit roasting sure made me horny. I, er, don’t have to be back on the site for a while. Do you two feel like … ya know …?”

Bob looked at Mark who smiled and shrugged. “I’m in – provided you’re the one on the spit, Randy.”

“I think that can be arranged,” Bob said. “Let’s go.”

And together the construction worker, the cop and the businessman went into the house.

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While peace settled on the tribe’s house, the action was heating up at the Grady House where the junior boys had been invited to celebrate the acceptance of Finn into their group of “amigos” as they styled themselves. As the workday wound down they started to gather, but there was one unexpected visitor.

The gate buzzer sounded and Danny looked at the security monitor. “It’s Pablo, sir.”

“Perfetto, Mario smiled. “Buzz him in.” Mario met Pablo as he drove in and jumped down from the truck. “Pablo, a long time since we saw you here. Benvenuto a casa, amico.”

“Hey, Mario. Looking more elegant and sexy than ever. Sorry I’m such a mess, but I came straight from the construction site – you know all that oil and grease and stuff.”

Mario stood back and looked him up and down. “Amico, ‘all that oil and grease’ is much sexier than elegant clothes and I think you know it. When Grady sees the greasy shirtless mechanic he will grovel at your feet. But I think it is your boy you have come to see, no? Tyler is such a sweet boy, and you are raising him well.”

“Where is he, Mario?”
“He is somewhere in the grounds with Finn. Those two boys are getting along so well, already working together on the garden.” Mario paused. “Er, advance word on the grapevine, via Eddie of course, is that your, er, difficulty has been resolved and peace is restored, non è vero?

“Yeah it’s true, more or less. A few loose ends. Er, would it be OK if I went and looked for the boys, Mario?”

“Just what I was about to suggest, Pablo. They will be pleased to see you – both of them. And afterwards, an aperitivo, no?”

Pablo ventured into the extensive grounds, impressed by their size and expert landscaping, a tribute to Mario. At first he couldn’t see anyone but then caught sight of two distant figures working on a patch of garden at the far side. As he approached he stopped and watched them, unseen by the boys.

They were both working, digging and weeding, and stopping frequently to examine things that caught their interest. Finn was doing most of the talking, with Tyler gazing at him and listening intently as a pupil does to a teacher. Suddenly they laughed gleefully, hugged briefly and got back to work.

Tears came to Pablo’s eyes and he felt ashamed. Here was his boy happily embracing his new friend Finn, the very boy he had treated with scorn, attacked and driven away. God he had been stupid. He went closer and suddenly Tyler looked up, broke into a beaming smile and rushed forward into his open arms.

“Hey, kiddo, so how’s the gardening racket eh?”

“I’m loving it, sir. There’s so much to learn, and all these bright colors. And … I kinda like getting my hands dirty, just like you, sir.” Pablo held him close. He had earlier phoned Tyler to reassure him that he had survived his ‘penance’ intact, but now it was great to feel his lithe young body pressed against him.

Over Tyler’s shoulder he saw Finn shifting uneasily and starting to move away. He pulled away from Tyler and said, “Hey, Finn, don’t go, please. I have something important to say to you.”

Tyler said, “Should I leave you two …”

“No, kiddo, I want you to hear this. Let’s sit down, eh?” They sat on the grass in the shade of a tree and Pablo looked Finn in the eyes. “First of all, Finn, I want to thank you for making friends with Tyler right off the bat. I want you two to be buddies – and obviously Tyler has more sense than I do.”

He hesitated. “Which brings me to the hard part. Finn, I was a damn fool when we first met and treated you like no newcomer to the tribe should be treated. It wasn’t you, it was me and my
hang-ups, suspicions, and my damn stupid anger. Everyone says you’re a great guy and I see now that they’re right. I was the only idiot. This afternoon I paid the price for that and got punished by the senior boys. After that, Darius tells me, I should also do penance to your little family of four …” he grinned. “… four tough leathermen apparently. I wanna do that.”

“It’s important too that I try to make amends to Miguel for hurting his boy.

“But most of all I wanted to make things right between you and me Finn, after our rocky start.” He frowned, not sure how to continue. “Dude, I don’t deserve it, but will you give me a hug to show me there are no more hard feelings?”

Finn laughed, leaned over and hugged Pablo’s shirtless body tight. “Sir, the only hard feeling I have right now is in my cock. Even though you didn’t take to me at first I always thought you were one of the hottest guys in the tribe and I’m a bit jealous of Tyler. Maybe one day he’ll share you with me, if Miguel approves.”

“Approves of what, kiddo?” They had not heard Miguel approach and he now stood towering over them.

Pablo leapt to his feet, hesitated, then held out his hand. “Miguel, will you, er … will you shake my hand?”

On the ground the two boys held their breath and looked up at the rugged Hispanic and macho Mestizo staring into each other’s eyes.

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Chapter 413 – “Tyler & Finn – A Test Of Friendship”

The final acts of Finn’s acceptance by the tribe play out. First Miguel and Pablo temporarily swap boys – the hunky Hispanic fucks freckled-faced Tyler while the rugged mechanic ploughs new boy Finn. Next, Eddie officially welcomes Finn to the tribe with a sex act that has the assembled tribe cheering. And finally the macho mechanic and his boy submit to four leathermen in a joint master/boy initiation.

There was a long frozen moment as Pablo and Miguel locked eyes while Pablo held his hand out waiting for Miguel to shake it.

Miguel’s feelings toward Pablo were uncertain after what Pablo had done to his boy Finn so recently. He had insulted him, attacked him and dashed his hopes for a friendly welcome into
the tribe. Miguel had seen Pablo only briefly after the attack and received a brief apology. But then he had brought Finn up to the Grady House and they had not seen Pablo since – until now.

Hence the tense moment, which could have gone either way. The boys held their breath … then relaxed as Miguel's face broke into a smile and he gripped Pablo's hand in his. The boys exhaled with audible relief and Miguel looked down at them. “Pablo and I need to talk, so don’t you guys have work to do?”

“Yes sir,” they said in unison and went back to digging and weeding, exchanging what they thought were secret grins, but which both men noticed. And the boys’ reaction set the tone of the conversation that followed.

They walked some distance away and sat at a wooden table under a tree facing each other. “Thank god for the boys, eh?” Miguel said. “They have a simple common sense that could put us to shame. They took an instant liking to each other – and that was that, no bullshit.”

There was an awkward silence until Pablo broke the ice with, “Man, I know this is gonna sound lame, but I’m really sorry for …”

“No, no wait, man. Me first … I got a few things to say. Listen, Pablo, when I first came to the tribe and did that crazy thing with Randy, going off together for three days and fucking our brains out, one of the many guys I offended was you. I can only imagine what you thought of me, an outsider sweeping in and running off with Randy, Bob’s lover and your dad.”

“Ah, no sweat, dude. Every guy in the tribe has fallen under Randy’s spell at some time. The man’s a sex magnate.”

“No, that’s too easy, Pablo. It takes two to tango and I was just as much at fault, although all of you guys’ anger was directed at Randy and I kinda got away with it. I apologized to Bob but never said anything to you, and I regret that.

“And I imagine that when you saw me come back that day with Finn in tow your resentment of me tainted your reaction to him. When I arrived in the tribe Randy had welcomed me with open arms and a three-day fuck, so you weren’t gonna give my boy such an easy time of it.”

“No, man, I …”

“Come on, dude, I’m pretty close to the mark, aren’t I?”

Pablo sighed. “Yeah, I guess it did go down pretty much like that. Then my anger kicked in and … Jesus … I’m ashamed of myself, Miguel. Finn is a great kid and …”
“OK, no more apologies, eh? I offended you, you offended me so we’re quits. Let’s call it a draw. Look at those boys over there, dude, working, laughing, getting on like a house on fire. We should take a leaf out of their book and be friends. After all, we have a lot in common.”

“Yeah we do at that, especially our boys. Damn, they’ve both had a rough time. We should make it up to them … something that proves you and me have really buried the hatchet … and something that gives them a little thrill. Any ideas?”

Miguel grinned. “As a matter of fact …”

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After more plotting the men went back to where the boys were working and they looked up, faces smeared with dirt. They searched for signs in the men’s faces to see if they had settled their differences, but what they got instead confused them.

Miguel looked at them and winced. “Couple a’ grubby young punks, wouldn’t you say, buddy?”

“Yeah … kinda sexy, though,” Pablo grinned. “Hell, I know what tough, dirty work is and it always makes me fucking horny.”

“I hear ya, dude. And I guess these boys feel the same. Did you hear that yesterday while they were working out here they sucked each other’s dicks?”

“No kidding? And you allowed that?”

“Well, I haven’t got round to punishing my boy yet.”

Being talked about like this confused the boys and made them a bit nervous, but kind of excited too. What was going on?

“You gonna fuck his ass?” Pablo asked casually. “Is he a decent fuck, your Finn?”

“Great fuck … great ass. He only recently learned to take it up the butt and now he can’t get enough of it. What about your kid Tyler?”

“Oh boy, he loves my dick up his ass, that right kiddo?”

“Yes sir,” Tyler said smartly.

“Hey, man, you wanna check him out for yourself?” Pablo asked, as if the idea had just occurred to him.

“Hmm, that’s real generous of you, Pablo.” Miguel frowned. “So what do you get out of this?”
“Ain’t it obvious? Finn’s ass, of course. Hell, when I got here and gave him a no-hard-feelings hug he said it made his dick hard. Called me one of the hottest men in the tribe and hoped one day that Tyler would share me with him – if you approved. So do you, buddy?”

Miguel stroked his chin, then grinned. “Hell why not? Now we’re such good buddies, nothing wrong with a boy swap once in a while. It’s what friends do, eh … share?”

By this time Finn and Tyler were squeezing each other’s hand in nervous excitement. There was something sexy about their masters bargaining over them like they were boys to be traded like pieces of ass between two hot and horny men. And they both had a feeling the men were doing this to turn them on – which they were – and which it did.

Miguel pulled a tube of lube from his pocket. “Left over from last night. Your boy need lube?”

“Not with me, he takes it any way he can get it. But with you … ah, I guess maybe you should.”

“Same with my kid. OK, stud, let’s do it.”

Miguel pulled off his shirt and they stood together, each one bare-chested in jeans, towering over the boys – Pablo facing his own boy Tyler, Miguel facing Finn. And the ritual began to unfold. As the boys watched spellbound, the men turned to each other and kissed – a sign of reconciliation which they now affirmed by the act of swapping boys.

They changed places so Miguel was smiling down at Tyler and Pablo at Finn. In unison they pulled their cocks out of their pants and lubed them up. At the same time the boys quickly pulled off their T-shirts and shorts and lay naked, offering their asses.

The men dropped to their knees between the boys’ legs and Miguel smiled across at Finn. “You up for this, kiddo?”

“Absolutely, sir.”

“Same here, sir,” Tyler said to Pablo.”

And so the game began. Again the men moved in unison, hooking the boys’ legs over their shoulders and easing their cocks slowly and gently into their asses. They were much more careful and restrained than when they fucked their own boys. This was, after all, a healing of wounds. The boys had become buddies quickly, and then Miguel and Pablo had reconciled. And now the ultimate gesture of forgiveness – each man offering his boy to the other.

The major imperative now was to give the other man’s boy pleasure. As he buried his cock in Finn Pablo smiled down at him. “This is my way of welcoming you to the tribe, Finn, after my
false start. Some guys just say ‘welcome to the tribe,’” but I prefer actions to words. How’s it feel, kiddo?”

Finn looked up at the mechanic’s chiseled Mestizo features and the bare muscular torso streaked with grease. “Feels awesome, sir, but I knew it would. Tyler talks about you nonstop as we work together – how much he loves you and loves to feel you inside him. Now I know what he meant. You look so hot, sir, and your cock feels so good in my ass. Don’t stop, sir, please.”

Next to them Tyler was looking up at the handsome Hispanic and taking deep breaths as the thick rod slid inside him. Miguel smiled down at the wide-eyed freckled face. “Remember when Bob brought you and your buddy Ben down to that hotel and we all had sex in your room? That’s when I knew I wanted a boy of my own – and the result was your new buddy Finn here.

“I never got to fuck you that time, so now this is my way of thanking you for Finn. Man, you’ve got a great ass. Pablo is a lucky man … he fuck you every night does he?”

“Sometimes twice,” Tyler grinned, blushed and glanced over at Pablo. “But I’m glad he let you fuck me. Please … don’t hold back, sir. I can take it. Pablo knows that.”

“That true, man?” Miguel asked Pablo. “Sounds to me as if these boys of ours are really hot to trot. What say we turn up the heat?”

Pablo grinned. “My boy can take it, just like he said. Let’s give it to them, dude. But don’t let them touch their cocks.”

Both men leaned forward and pinned the boys’ wrists to the ground above their heads. Then the gentle ass massage accelerated into a fiercer, deeper fuck. Having exchanged boys the men were not as sure of their limits as they were with their own boy, so they fucked in unison, careful to slow down at the first hint of pain.

But the boys felt no pain as they lay side by side gazing up at the fantasy of the square jawed Hispanic and rugged mechanic, muscles rippling as they rose and fell above them. They glanced at each other, sharing the same wild sensation that brought them even closer together.

The same feeling of intimacy gripped the men. Recent adversaries, they now came to fully appreciate each other’s dominant sexual power and were turned on by each other as well as their boys. It was a perfect foursome and Miguel grinned at Pablo. “Man, this is hot, watching our boys get fucked together. We should do this more often.”

The gentle fuck got faster and fiercer and lasted as long as they could all hold back their orgasms. But the heat generated by the two pile-driving men and their ecstatic boys could have only one conclusion. “Damn I’m close,” Pablo panted

“Me too, stud. How about you boys? You ready to bust your nuts?”
“Yes please, sir,” the boys said together.

The men released the boys’ wrists and they reached over and stroked each other’s dick. “Jeez,” Miguel grinned, “that looks hot, doing each other. Hey guys, let’s go for a quad climax, think we can do that? Count us down, Pablo.”

“Damn, I’m ready right now,” Pablo panted. “This is such a fucking turn-on, a real ball-buster. OK, here it comes, guys. Fuck yeah … let’s do it, men … Now!”

It really was a quadruple orgasm as their shouts rang out over the garden. The boys pounded each other’s cock into a shower of cum that splashed over their bodies while the men thrust in deep and poured hot juice inside them. Their hearts beat wildly, their breathing was ragged as the boys stared at each other – and started to laugh. The men joined in and it was a merry foursome as the men fell on top of the boys and stifled their laughter with a kiss.

But eventually, “Hey, Pablo … get your hands off my boy?”

“You want him back?” Pablo asked Miguel in mock surprise.

“Well,” Miguel shrugged, “I guess. I mean, we could swap back don’t you think?”

The boys looked at each other, eyes sparkling, and each reclaimed his own master by climbing on top of him. “OK, OK … we get the message, boys.”

As they all lay together on the grass Pablo said, “You were right, Miguel, we should do this more often. I kinda envy your little family – you two, Zack and Darius – living all together.

“Well you’re sorta part of it in a way,” Miguel said, “you being Darius’s longtime lover. When you come to think of it it’s a real tangled web. Zack and me are lovers, so are you and Darius, who is also Zack’s boy. You love your boy Tyler, I love Finn and these two have become buddies. Sometimes it’s hard to know how to divide your time. Only answer to that is to all live together. I think Zack would go for that.”

“Hm, yeah. Only thing is to find a place big enough to accommodate all six of us.”

Their musings were interrupted by the approach of Mario, being dragged toward them by Eddie who was saying, “See, I told you, sir. They’re all together in a heap and it looks like they all just did the wild thing. That’s a turn up for the books. Who’d a thunk it?”

Mario laughed, “Eddy, mi amico, my fragile grasp of English is not helped by your language. But signori, despite my young friend’s fractured English I see that he is correct. You do appear to have done what we Italians would call la cosa selvaggio, loosely translated as the wild thing. At least I thunk so.”
“You thunk right, Mario,” Pablo grinned.

“Which I assume is cause for congratulations and a celebration as you appear to have successfully, er … come si dice? … buried the hatchet, no?”

“And not between each other’s shoulder blades, Mario, contrary to some gloomy expectations.”

“Eccellente! E congratulazioni. And the celebration comes next as people are starting to gather for a group dinner. The junior boys, I believe, want to welcome Finn in their own way as one of them.” Mario smiled down at them, all of them near naked and covered in dirt and grass stains. “And next you will all want a shower, I think … thunk?”

“Pablo, Tyler has a room of his own here, which …” Mario smiled playfully “… I believe he has not used yet, preferring instead to share the room of Miguel and Finn last night. But you, er, might wish to do the same, as the shower in that room is very large. Several of our previous guests have told me that it comfortably accommodates four. Just a suggestion, signori.

A suggestion which they gladly took, provoking many startled glances as Eddie proudly led the dirty, cum-splashed, half naked foursome through the gathering crowd and into the house.

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At that moment, in the master suite down in the tribe’s compound, Bob was waiting with Mark for Randy to come home from work, so they could all go up to the Grady House together. Bob had wanted some time alone with Mark to discuss some matters with the cop, who had always been in love with Bob and now formed a close threesome with him and Randy.

“Mark, I wanted to mention the meeting the senior boys had when they convened to decide on Pablo’s punishment. I think you know that Darius films most of those meetings …”

“… for prosperity …” Mark grinned.

“Yes, for prosperity as Darius insists on calling it,” Bob chuckled. “Anyway he often gives me a copy of it to keep me informed, and this time I thought you would like to see part of it. Your boy Jamie took charge at this meeting and I’ve cued the disc up to the part when he opened it with a short speech. He clicked on the remote and Jamie came on the screen addressing Pablo.

“Pablo, none of us likes this. The boys in this tribe, seniors and juniors, normally circle the wagons when one of us is in trouble. But you dishonored us with your impulsive attack on a new boy and not only insulted Finn but, even more serious, his master Miguel too.

“What hurts the most, Pablo, is that this tribe had always been a refuge for boys who’ve had a raw deal in life. All of us here fit that description – me and my skinhead pal Larry running wild on
the streets, the homeless twins living rough, Nate a lonely kid far from home. You yourself were rescued from a gang of thugs, Pablo. Not to mention junior boys like Eddie, sucking dicks for tips in the back room of a bar, and Brandon living a brave and difficult life alone in a wheelchair.

“The tribe rescued us all, welcomed and nurtured us.

“Then along comes this damaged young guy, living the degrading life of a hustler to survive. Miguel finds him, sees promise in him, and gives him a chance of salvation. Finn is just taking his first nervous steps on the path to redemption that we all took, but you, the ‘boss’s boy’, block his way. You heap scorn on him, reject him, attack him and drive him away. Way to go, Pablo. What you did runs counter to everything the tribe stands for.”

Bob clicked off the TV and there was a momentarily silence as Bob looked at Mark whose eyes brimmed with tears. “God, he’s beautiful, isn’t he Bob? That speech was perfect – he defined the tribe exactly. I am so proud of my boy – he has matured into just what I hoped for.”

“He’s a great credit to you, Mark.”

“I gotta do something to show him how much I love him, Bob. I sometimes take him for granted – always expect him to be there naked on the bed when I come home from work. Maybe a trip out to Uncle Mike in Palm Springs so we can spend time together and he can visit his pal Larry.”

“Good. Just thought you should see that, Mark. There’s something else I wanted you to know. I haven’t mentioned it before so as not to jinx the deal, but you know the house next door where the old couple live? Randy has always helped the old folk out by keeping the place in good repair at almost no cost and they love him for it.

“They always knew Randy and I wanted to buy the place if ever they moved. Well now they have health issues and have decided to move into an easier place, a condo …”

“And you’re buying the place?” Mark asked eagerly.

“It’s what Randy wants, really. He wants to buy it for me, he says, a house of our own. Of course he’ll cut down the hedge and it’ll become part of the compound – one big extensive property. And it means that this suite will be empty, along with the other rooms on this floor that nobody uses much. The whole upper floor would become one large space for a group of guys to live in. You and Jamie would still have the whole ground floor, of course.

“See, Mark. I love this tribe and I’ve always wanted it to be more centralized instead of spread out over so many small houses. So, er, there are all kinds of possibilities,” he smiled mysteriously.

Mark smiled warmly at his handsome friend. “You’ve got a master plan in that devious mind of yours don’t you old buddy?”
“Well yeah, I do have a plan … still have to work out a few details. There would be a lot of negotiation and it would mean quite an upheaval in the tribe, but we can handle any problems that arise. We always have in the past.”

“God I love you, man.” Mark came close and smiled into Bob’s eyes. “You know how much I always want to…” He trailed off as they heard the screech of breaks outside and a door slam. “Ah, Randy’s home,” Bob said. “Later, Mark, I promise. Right now we have to go and join the festivities at the Grady House.

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When the three men, along with Jamie, arrived at the house and the gates swung open the festivities were already in full swing. After the pall of gloom that had hovered over the tribe lately, following Pablo’s treatment of Finn and the resulting animosity, the mood had lightened on the news that most of the broken fences had been repaired and peace restored.

As Miguel’s chosen boy, Finn had already been welcomed by all the men and by the senior boys. Pablo had taken his punishment and made amends with Miguel and Finn. Finn had been befriended from the start by Eddie (the self-styled ‘senior junior’ boy), and more recently by young Tyler. And now it was the turn of the junior boys – Eddie, Ben, Brandon, Brian and Tyler – to welcome Finn into their group.

As always at the Grady House things were casual and light-hearted, with the hosts Grady and Mario blending in almost like a couple of guests.

Grady had spent most of the day at the studio shooting scenes for the sequel to his popular Tarzan movie. It had been a tough day, requiring many takes for what Grady called the long ‘talky’ scenes, rather than the action scenes he preferred. Brian had spent hours with him running lines for the parts he found hard to memorize. When Grady returned from the studio he had jumped into the festivities with great relief, becoming ‘just one of the boys’ which he loved.

The twins had come up to help the young chef Danny prepare dinner and they asked Miguel, the executive chef at a five-star hotel, to supervise them. The handsome Ranger Pete was there with his boy Brandon, and the fireman Jason had accompanied his boy Ben. Even the normally reclusive Hassan, the hunky Arab/Asian Marine, had come with his boy Eddie.

The men naturally gravitated to each other and were sitting in a group with beer and wine. Bob chose this moment to tell them about his and Randy’s purchase of the house next door to the compound, which would be their home.

“About time you two had your own house, guys,” Pete said. “And it’s perfect ‘cos when the two lots are knocked into one the house becomes part of the compound. I kinda wish Brandon and
me lived closer. We love that little bungalow of ours and we’ve been real happy there but I’m always uneasy about leaving him there on his own, away from you guys.”

“Same here,” said Hassan. “You know me, always a bit of a hermit, but I think I’ve outgrown that little guest house hideaway of Steve’s. Hell, I’m a well-paid Marine Captain – about time I bought a place of my own. And it’s not fair to Eddie up there. He’s the life and soul of any party but up there in the hills it’s a party of two and a guy can go stir crazy. I think it’s time for me to join the land of the living and look for a place for Eddie and me closer to you guys.”

Randy glanced at Bob, then turned to Zack. “Zack, my boy Pablo was telling me about the, er, little party he had up here earlier with Miguel and their two boys. Seems like you all have quite a complicated thing going on there.

“I mean, shit, talk about a tangled web. Miguel is your man and Darius is your boy, and Darius is Pablo’s lover from way back. And it seems your two boys are hitting it off real good and Darius calls Finn his little brother. Sounds a lot like family to me, and Pablo and his kid should be part of it. And I’d be OK with that. Except your house is too small for all six of you.”

“Course,” Bob said casually, swirling the wine around in his glass, “soon there’s gonna be the whole top floor of the house vacant. If you all were to move in there, that would leave your house empty, Zack, right across the street from us.” He shrugged. “Just saying …”

Mark grinned at Bob and said quietly, “You are too fucking devious, man. Do you always get what you want?”

“I hope so, officer – maybe even my favorite cop … later.

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Suddenly Eddie’s voice pierced the air. “Guys … guys … listen up. Hey, guys, quiet! This is me talking.”

Pete grinned. “No kidding. Like you said, Hassan, life and soul of the party.”

Eddie was standing on a stool waving his arms like a windmill. And finally the he got the silence he wanted. “Guys, as the senior junior boy it’s my job to welcome Finn to the select group of junior boys. We don’t admit just anyone off the streets.” He winced. “Oh, shit, dude, that didn’t come out like it should have. By streets, I wasn’t referring to your previous job as … oh shit …”

Finn laughed, “Dude, you should quit while you’re ahead. Sure I was a hustler, but I ain’t the only one who came into the tribe off the streets. Let’s see a show of hands, guys.” Many hands shot up amid a roar of laughter.
“OK, OK,” Eddie conceded, “we get your point, Finn. I myself was in the back room of a bar sucking dick until the day Darius walked in and from then it was off to the races …”

“You’re losing the plot, dude,” Brandon shouted. “Just cut to the chase.”

“OK, OK,” Eddie said, raising his palms. “As I was saying before I was interrupted — or actually interrupted myself I guess you could say …” the murmurs got louder. “… OK, the thing is, us boys want Finn to become one of us, making us the ‘five amigos’ …”

“Six,” said Brian sitting next to Grady who was having a blast and whispered, “That’s my boy.”

“Six?” Eddie frowned. “No, wait, let’s see — there’s me, Brandon …” He sensed he was losing his audience again and shouted, “OK, OK, six then, I take your word for it. The thing is, we always welcome a new guy in some kind of special way. Us boys got together and thought of gang fucking him, but that’s kind of old by now — been there, done that. Then we thought about lining up and let him suck our dicks, like pulling the train. But that would take too long and you guys might get hungry for dinner.

“You can say that again, kid,” Randy roared — “I’m fucking starved.”

He was joined by a chorus of agreement and Bob shouted above it, “Eddie … the chase? As in cut to …”

“Jeez, you guys are a tough room. Worse than that back room where I … Alright, alright, here it is. So us boys elected just one of us to give Finn his welcome present — a master blow job. We took a vote and it was unanimous. I mean that back room I mentioned was not only a great talking point, it produced the primo deep throat … ta-da!” He spread his arms. “Yours truly.”

Amid cheers and catcalls Eddie jumped off his stool, grabbed the back of Finn’s chair and pulled him into the middle of the lawn where he sat in full view of the whole group. Playing the scene to the hilt Eddie waved his hand at Finn, “Behold — the party boy. And behold,” pointing at himself with both hands, “his welcome committee.”

Milking the moment dramatically he picked up a glass from a nearby table, took a swig of water and gargled. He stretched his jaw, ran his fingers over his lips and cracked his knuckles. (Though nobody quite understood what cracked knuckles had to do with a blow job.)

In fact the natives were getting restless again and Mario pleaded, “Bambino, we have foreplay in my country too, but this is … ridicolo.”

Grady roared with laughter. “What my friend is trying to say, Eddie, is — shut up and suck!”

Eddie gave him a defiant look. “Sir, this is a master at work here. But OK, here goes.”
He knelt between Finn’s manspread legs, unbuttoned his shorts and pulled out his semi-hard dick. He began with the tease – flicking his tongue at the head, running it down the length of the shaft and licking his balls. He was so adept, even at the tease, that Finn’s cock was hard in seconds. Eddie pulled back and waved his hand at Finn’s cock with a “Ta-da” worthy of a magician producing a wand from a hat.

Then, at long last, he got down to business, lowering his mouth slowly down the shaft, not stopping until it was deep in his throat. He paused dramatically with no sound of gagging, and this feat alone brought cheers from the audience and a deep groan of satisfaction from Finn.

From then on it was vintage Eddie, using his full bag of tricks to excite the new boy – bringing him close to his climax again and again, then pulling back and subjecting him to the exquisite frustration of denial. He squeezed his throat muscles round the shaft, relaxed them and exhaled hot air over it, pulled all the way back … and repeated the whole sequence.

The raucous cheers had died down to an awed silence at the spectators watched Finn’s face fall from side to side in obvious ecstasy. An irreverent Ben called out mockingly, “But tell us how you really feel, dude.”

“Aaah,” Finn groaned and opened his eyes. “If this is what joining the boys means, sign me up, guys.” He smiled at Miguel who was overjoyed to see his boy the center of attention and having such a great time.

It was the longest, most elaborate blow-job any of the spectators had seen or experienced themselves, although they had all been treated to an Eddie special at one time or another. Some of the boys had tears in their eyes as they watched the initiation of their new friend Finn.

Finn himself was being driven crazy – in a good way – and the crowd was mesmerized for a while, but after long minutes had passed their enthusiasm became tinged with impatience. And they were all getting hungry. It fell to young Tyler, the shyest of them all, to speak for the whole group as he said plaintively, “Eddie, I want my dinner.”

The spell was broken and Pablo hugged his boy. “Spoken like a real man, kiddo, and I think he speaks for us all Eddie. You think you can make Finn cum at last?”

Eddie pulled off Finn’s cock and gave Pablo a withering look. “Dumb question, dude. Can Eddie make a man cum?! Duh!”

“I would really like you to, buddy.” Finn smiled. “If it’s OK with you.”

“I was just getting fired up,” Eddie grumbled, “but if that’s what you all want. Watch it and weep, guys.”
It took him mere seconds. “He attacked Finn’s cock, aggressively sucking, squeezing and making Finn howl. “Jesus, dude, that’s fucking … man, you’re gonna make me … I’m gonna … fuck … I love you guys … aaagh!” His body bucked in the chair, his head flew back and his cock exploded in a pent-up load of jism deep in Eddie’s throat.

The crowd rose in a boisterous standing ovation while Finn’s cock drained in Eddie’s mouth. Then Eddie pulled off, sprang to his feet, smiled triumphantly and waved the back of his hand over a dry chin. “And not a drop was spilt,” he boasted, to renewed cheers.

“But wait … there’s more,” he shouted. He pulled out his own cock and stood over Finn sitting stunned in his chair. “This, gentlemen, is what’s known in the trade as the ‘coo de grass’.” He grinned down at Finn and after just a few strokes of his cock said, “Welcome to the five … er, six amigos, dude. You’re one of us. This is from all the boys … yeeaaaah!”

Cum spurted from his cock and splashed down on Finn’s upturned laughing face, running down his forehead, his cheeks, and dripping from his chin onto his neck.

Eddie pulled him up out of his chair and raised his arm in the air like a triumphant prizefighter. “Gentlemen, let’s hear it for Finn, the newest member of our tribe.”

Amid the cheers and whistles Miguel jumped up and hugged Finn and then Eddie. “Guys, Finn and I wanna thank you all for making us feel so welcome. And a special thanks to Eddie for that spirited performance.”

Miguel grinned, “It was Charles Dickens who said his technique was to ‘Make them laugh, make them cry, make them wait.’ And Eddie, you certainly did all three.”

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The saga of Finn’s admission to the tribe was nearing its end. He and Miguel had personally gone through a rocky start where the damaged, suspicious hustler had to learn that kindness really did exist, and that it was possible, and joyful, to fall in love with a man like Miguel.

Together they had navigated the choppy waters of acceptance by the tribe, starting with Miguel’s lover Zack, then the other senior men and senior boys. Finn had been befriended first by Eddie, then Darius and Tyler, but had run up against the brick wall of a hostile Pablo, a drama that had only just been fully resolved today.

And finally the ebullient Eddie had rolled out the welcome wagon on behalf of the junior boys in his uniquely garrulous and theatrical style, where he had made the spectators laugh, a few of them cry – and all of them wait.

In fact they had waited so long that the moment the cheering stopped, dinner was brought out and served by Danny and the twins, and the men fell on the food like a voracious horde. And
over it all Mario and Grady presided in their understated way, happy to put the celebrity life temporarily behind them and become an integral part of such a colorful band of men and boys.

The evening proceeded in a predictably raucous manner, replete with one-upping jokes and near constant laughter.

Bob did manage to refer again to the project close to his heart of reorganizing the tribe’s living arrangements. Actually, the first part of that had already begun with the imminent addition of Pablo and Tyler to the family of Zack, Miguel and their two boys. That would signal not only the start of a new chapter in their lives, but also the close of the chapter of Finn’s admission to the tribe. In this, though, there was still one final act to play out – as soon as they got home.

So it was no surprise to anyone that they were among the first to leave the Grady House as the rest of them lounged over coffee and brandy. There were effusive farewells and extravagant thanks to their hosts Grady and Mario, with promises to return soon. “La nostra casa è la vostra casa, amici” Mario assured them with a broad smile. Miguel said to them all. “Thanks again, guys for embracing Finn the way you have. It means everything to us.”

The small party left in separate trucks – Zack, Miguel, Darius and Finn in one, Pablo and Tyler in the other. But that separation was about to be erased for good."

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When they got back to Zack’s house Darius said, “Hey, guys, the night is still young. How about a nightcap – drinks in the garden, eh?

“We’ll get them,” Pablo said. “Tyler, Finn, follow me.”

While those three were rattling round in the kitchen Zack sat with Miguel and Darius in the balmy air outside. Zack said, “Er, I wanted to make sure. Are you two really on board with the prospect of Pablo and Tyler becoming part of our little group?”

Darius said, “If you ask me if feels like a family already. I mean, Pablo’s been my lover for years, and Tyler has taken a real liking to ‘my little brother’ Finn. All of us living together would just make it kind of official.”

Zack looked at Miguel who said. “I totally agree. I think it would be great for Finn to have a buddy like Tyler who looks up to him. I saw how it makes Finn think of himself as a man, rather than just the new boy on the block. Course, there’s still the question of space. I mean, us three couples should have our own separate space, even though we’re all living together.

“Hey, dude,” Zack grinned, “look who you’re talking to. We run a big construction company, so whatever we wanna build, we build. And that upper floor across the street is huge – we can remodel it into whatever configuration we like after Bob and Randy move into their own house.”
He frowned pensively. “No, I was thinking of something else. I mean, us four have become real close. You’re my man, Miguel, Darius is my boy and Finn is Darius’s ‘little brother’. Pablo’s a pretty dominant guy, like his dad Randy. I wonder if he could adapt to living with us.”

Darius grinned. “Might take a little persuasion. I know Pablo as well as I know myself. All he needs is to prove that he’s tough enough to be one of us. He needs to show Tyler as well as us that he’s an equal. And that’s easily arranged. A little – er – ritual? An initiation?”

“Right there with you, dude,” Zack grinned. Just then Finn came out with chips and dip that he set on the table. “Hey, kiddo,” Miguel said. “Leave that for a minute. You’re coming with us.” The four of them ran into the house, avoiding the kitchen – conspirators hatching a plan.

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When Pablo and Tyler emerged with a selection of drinks and snacks they found the garden empty. “They must be taking a leak, or something,” Pablo said. “No need for us to wait though. Zack told us to make ourselves at home. Talking of which, kiddo, how would you feel if we made our home with these guys?”

“I think I would like it, sir. Only, I would still be your boy, wouldn’t I? You wouldn’t have to share me with Zack and Miguel?”

“Hell no, I don’t share you with anyone, kid, unless we want to. I’m just as tough as those guys and, like I’ve told you before, I’ll always protect you and you’ll never have to do anything you don’t want to.”

They suddenly looked up and Pablo grinned – “Uh-oh”. Coming from the house were three leathermen and a leatherboy – all in black leather pants, Zack shirtless, Darius with a studded leather harness across his chest, Miguel and Finn in open leather vests.

“Shit damn, no need to guess where this is going,” Pablo said. “Looks like a fucking inquisition. Some kind of initiation is it?”

“Pretty close,” Zack said with a gleam in his eye. “See, all this talk of you and your boy joining our group. Not a bad idea in principle but, as you see, we’re a tough crowd of leathermen and we’re not sure if you would measure up, dude. Besides, what you did to Finn … seems every damn guy in the tribe has punished you for that – except me, the founder of this little group.”

Far from being intimidated, Pablo stood up defiantly, the macho stud mechanic facing the black leather-master. “Oh come off it, man, we all know you wanna show off to your buddies by working me over. Well bring it on, dude.” Pablo pulled off his black T-shirt and locked eyes with Zack, flexing the muscles of his bare torso. “I can take anything you dish out, stud. Here I’ll make it easy for you.”
Pablo walked over to the tree where ropes hung more or less permanently from a high branch. “Looks like you've got the arena already set up. This where you throw the Christians to the lions?” He reached up and slid his hands through the leather restraints at the end of the ropes.

“OK, leatherman, what’s it to be? No lions, I guess, they're so Ancient Rome. Whips, maybe … a good flogging? Or you gonna force me to suck all your dicks or gang fuck me? Or a good old spit-roast? Whatever, man, I can take it.”

Zack grinned at Miguel who shrugged, “Gotta admit, bro, he’s got the right attitude. He’s as arrogant and macho as you would be in the same circumstances. He fits right in.”

“Yeah, but talk is cheap. Let’s see how he squeals with my big black rod up his ass.”

“Hey, just a minute here, sirs,” said Finn, who was standing next to Tyler. “I know I’m the low man on the totem pole in this group, but don’t I get a say in this? It’s one thing to initiate the master, but what about his boy? If there are gonna be two boys in this family – Tyler and me – don’t I get to check out the boy while the men are checking out his master?”

Finn felt Tyler tense next to him but Finn turned, winked at him and kissed him on the cheek. Then Darius spoke up. “He’s got a point, guys. Master on master, boy on boy – the classic initiation. Leave it to me, guys. I know about this stuff – damn, I’ve filmed enough of it. Call it set decoration.

The men smiled indulgently and Finn squeezed Tyler’s hand as Darius got to work. From an old box of toys under the tree he pulled another set of wrist restraints and clipped them to the same rope as Pablo’s. Next he pulled out two leather collars and went up to Pablo. With the twinkle in his eye that Pablo always loved, Darius said softly, “You look so fucking hot like that, dude. Love you, bro.”

Darius buckled the collar round Pablo’s neck then went over to Finn and Tyler and gave the other collar to Finn. “You wanna do the honors, dude?”

Finn took off Tyler’s shirt, smiled at him and gently buckled the collar round his neck. “Don’t worry kiddo,” he whispered, “you’re gonna love it.” He led him over to stand chest to chest against Pablo, then raised his arms and slid his hands through the second set of restraints. The final piece of ‘set decoration’ was when Darius linked the two collars together with a short rope.

The scene was set. Darius picked up the camera he had brought out of the house and said, “Establishing shot, guys.” He got a wide-angle shot of the garden, then closer on the master and his boy pressed against each other, arms raised, wrists bound, with a two-foot length of rope linking their collars. Pablo smiled at Tyler. “Don’t worry, kid, we can always slide our hands free if you want to.”
“I don’t want to, sir. I think this is kinda hot. I know Finn would never hurt me and you wouldn’t let him.”

“That’s my boy,” Pablo grinned and kissed him. Right on cue Darius moved in for the close-up.

Zack said to Finn. “OK, Finn, let’s get this show on the road.” They shook hands and Finn said, “Sir, I haven’t fucked Tyler before so I think I need lube ‘cos …” Darius sidled up to him – “right there with you, brother” – and gave him a tube of lube. Zack and Finn pulled their cocks out of their pants and Finn lubed his. Zack said mockingly. “You need lube, Pablo?”

“Duh!” Pablo said indignantly.

“Good answer, bro. OK, this is it … you two wanna join us let’s see if you got what it takes.”

Finn took his cue from Zack who walked behind Pablo, unbuckled his belt and pulled his pants down round his knees, while Finn did the same with Tyler’s shorts. “Let the fuck begin,” Miguel shouted.

The men acted in unison but the comparison stopped there. Zack growled into Pablo’s ear, “Randy’s always boasting how you can take his savage fucks, and god knows you take Darius’s ten inches often enough. So let’s see …” He drove his dick in hard and deep and Pablo ginned mockingly. “That all you got, stud?”

The thrust jerked Pablo harder against Tyler while Finn eased his cock slowly and gently inside him. “Aaah, oh yeah, that feels so good,” Tyler sighed. “Yeah, fuck me, dude. I love it.”

And so the action gathered speed as the black leather-master ramrodded his cock deep in the mechanic’s ass and Finn gently made love to Tyler’s. Miguel watched the spectacle in awe, master and boy tied facing each other, submitting to a double butt-fuck as the price of admission to the group. Darius knew he was capturing one for the archives as he circled unobtrusively.

The greatest impact was felt, naturally, by the two inductees, with an intensity caused by more than the invasion of their asses. They had made love often, of course – but never like this. Tied together, gazing into each other’s eyes, their physical closeness brought a greater emotional bond than they had ever felt before. They were each feeling the identical sensation as the men behind them pushed them hard against each other, chest to chest and groin to groin.

“You doing OK, kid,” Pablo asked. “We can stop anytime.”

“I’m feeling great, sir, this close to you. I don’t wanna stop.”

In this precarious situation Pablo felt an even greater imperative to protect his boy. When Zack plunged in hard and deep Pablo reflexively jerked his head backward but, joined by their collars,
that jerked Tyler’s head forward with a look of alarm. Pablo soothed him by locking their mouths together in a passionate kiss as the assault on their asses continued.

But above all was a feeling of joy, ecstasy even, as Zack’s cock piston inside Pablo and Finn eased gently in and out of his new friend. Pablo and Tyler were united in a wave of physical excitement as their chests and abs rubbed together, their cocks grinding against each other straining to cum. It was a relief to hear Zack say, “Hey, Finn, you wanna bring it home, buddy?”

“Ready when you are, sir.”

“Come on guys,” Zack said to Pablo and Tyler. Show us how much you wanna join us. You know what we want from you. Do it, guys.”

They were more than ready. As their bodies and cocks churned against each other Pablo smiled at his wide-eyed boy. “Let’s show ‘em, eh kiddo? I love you, boy. Cum for me … cum with me.” He shouted, “This is us, guys … we’re here, and we ain’t leaving. Yeaahh!”

Their bodies shuddered, they kissed hungrily, and their cocks erupted against each other, while Zack and Finn filled their asses with juice in a physical act of welcome. When they were drained Miguel rushed forward and quickly untied their wrists and unbuckled the collars.

Tyler fell into Pablo’s arms and Miguel wrapped his arms round Finn. “You did great, kid. You are definitely my man.” Finn felt a tap on his shoulder, turned and there was Tyler with a big grin on his freckled face. Pablo shook hands with Zack and Miguel, and Zack said, “OK, men, now for that drink. And let’s start planning this big new home of ours.”

As the men and boys sat round the table Darius got one last shot of the newly united family, then lowered his camera and yelled, “And that’s a wrap. And when I say wrap I really mean a wrap! The saga of brother Finn’s entrance into this tribe seems to have lasted for ever. So I pronounce this chapter well and truly closed. Now let’s get on with our lives”

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Across the street in the compound’s large ground-floor apartment another couple was making plans – the cop Mark and his boy Jamie, the blond surfer. Having just got home from the Grady House they were kicking back in the small garden behind their apartment, just the two of them, and Mark said something he had been holding back until they were alone.

“Jamie, earlier today Bob played me part of the video Darius shot of the senior boys meeting yesterday. He wanted me to see that little speech you made to Pablo about what makes the tribe special – about how it’s always been a refuge for boys who’ve had a raw deal in life. Man, I don’t mind telling you it brought tears to my eyes. It was so eloquent and right on target.”

“I was only saying what I feel, sir.”
“But that’s the point, Jamie. Your feelings are what I love about you … plus the small fact of you being a drop-dead gorgeous young jock. Jamie, I don’t express my own feelings often … it comes from being a cop, I guess. And sometimes I think I take you for granted – you know, you’re always there on the bed waiting for me to fuck you when I get off my shift.”

“Highlight of my day, sir,” Jamie grinned.

“Mine too, buddy. But seriously, you make me so damn proud of you, and I want us to spend time together so I can really show you the love and respect I feel for you. I’ve got a ton of comp time coming at work so how about we take off for a week somewhere, you and me? Maybe go out to the desert to see Uncle Mike and your pal Larry in Palm Springs?”

“Thank you for saying that about me, sir, and I’d love to get away together. As a matter of fact there’s something I wanted to tell you – get it off my chest. It’s about Mike and his boy Larry. You know that trouble they had some time back when Larry was fooling around with some guy and Mike thought Larry would leave him?”

“Sure but that was all smoothed over wasn’t it?”

“It was, but it seems Larry’s gone off the rails again, something more serious this time. He called to confide in me and asked me not to spread it around, but I’ve been wanting to tell you.”

Mark sighed and shook his head. “Yeah, Larry had the same wild early life as you, but then you met me and he went back to that abusive family. He had it rough and never had much of a chance until he met Mike and they fell in love. But I guess he still has that bad seed buried deep inside. I’m sorry to hear that ‘cos I love old Mike as we all do. So are you saying you’d like us to go out to the Springs so you can check Larry out and see if you can help?”

That’s about it, sir. I just think that he needs a pal right now. We go back a long way and I’m probably one of the few guys he can talk to. Things are rough between him and Mike right now, but you know Mike – doesn’t want the tribe to know, thinks he can sort it out by himself.”

“Sounds pretty urgent to me,” Mark said. “I think I can swing it to start my leave tomorrow – you know, family emergency and all that – and I think I can persuade Bob to give you a week off from the office.”

Jamie chuckled. “I think you could persuade Bob to do anything, sir, he’s so crazy about you.”

“Good, that’s the plan, then. But Jamie, I wanna do something for you right now. Whatever you want. Close your eyes and make a wish.”

Jamie smiled and shut his eyes. “Hmm … I wish … I wish I could open my eyes and see a gorgeous blond cop in uniform standing there, about to arrest me for … say … lewd conduct.”
“Man, I am about to prove to you that sometimes, as in all good stories, wishes really do come true. Wait right there.”

Mark went into the house, leaving Jamie to dream

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Chapter 414 – “The Jock To The Cop – Payback Time, Officer”

The handsome blond police officer Mark is proud of the way his boy, the hot young jock Jamie, has matured into a leader of the boys. He rewards him with a fantasy where the cop arrests the surfer and forces him to service him sexually as the price of release. But later, the macho jock turns the tables on the cop and roles are reversed. “It’s payback time, officer. Now let’s see how much you can take.”

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Jamie, barefoot in his usual board shorts and loose tank top, lay back in an old Adirondack in the garden waiting for Mark to come back out of the house. His eyes were closed and his mind wandered. He loved moments like this.

His life with Mark usually followed a routine – a routine he had come to love over the years. The culmination every day came when the uniformed blond cop got home hot and horny after patrolling the streets of L.A. on his motorcycle, expecting to find his surfer jock on the bed naked – which he always was – waiting to get fucked – which he always did.

But it wasn’t always so routine. Mark was as good as any of the men at playing out sexual fantasies, a specialty of the tribe. They were an oversexed bunch of men and boys, but too many standard sex acts could get repetitive so they had learned to be creative. Subscribing to the belief that a man’s largest sexual organ is his brain, their imaginative minds created fantasies that would have fit right into any good porn video.

Jamie knew that the best fantasies were the ones most true to life – situations that felt real. The classic was the real-life situation when Mark had met Bob for the first time. It had become the stuff of legend in the tribe, often repeated or imagined when a guy needed to get his rocks off alone. His eyes closed, feeling the warmth of after-dinner brandies, Jamie now luxuriated in running all the details of the story through his mind.

Bob, the handsome business executive who could have been a clone of Superman – or Clark Kent rather, in his business suit – had headed home after a business lunch where he had closed a deal, but it had had taken three martinis to do it. He was too drunk to go back to the office and decided to go straight home. He knew he was also way too drunk to drive, so he took
the quiet way home through the winding roads of Griffith Park, the hilly, semi-wilderness area in the middle of the city at the edge of the Hollywood Hills. [See Chapter 18]

There was very little traffic and, despite the martinis, he managed the narrow roads well until he realized he had taken a dead end. Cursing silently he did a U-turn in the isolated, rustic road and almost immediately saw the red light of a cop in his rear-view mirror.

This time he cursed out loud. A drunk-driving ticket would mean the loss of his driver’s license and even his job. So when he pulled over and lowered the window he prepared to bargain with the cop who had got off his bike and strode up to the car. But when Bob looked up he was staring at what he later described as the most beautiful cop ever to straddle a Harley.

Jamie smiled to himself, eyes still closed, as he imagined Bob’s first sight of the stern-faced Mark asking for his license and registration. He also imagined Bob’s reaction when Mark made him exit the car, put his hands on the roof, spread his legs and submit to a pat-down – standard police procedure.

Jamie well knew that Mark was a strict by-the-book cop and had prepared to write him up for an illegal U-turn and driving under the influence. Jamie smiled as he imagined the gorgeous Bob pleading that there must be some way of settling this that avoided a citation.

Jamie stroked the bulge in his shorts as he remembered the story of how their eyes had met and Mark had led Bob through the bushes to a clearing where he had ordered him to slowly remove his jacket, tie, shirt and tank undershirt. Willing to do anything to avoid a DUI ticket Bob obeyed even when the cop ordered him to drop his pants and shorts.

The price of going free was to masturbate in front of the cop until his muscular body tensed and he sprayed jets of cum across the clearing. The mesmerized cop had gasped, stroked his own bulge and cum in his uniform pants. Then, in embarrassment, the cop walked away, got on his bike and roared away.

The postscript to the story was that Mark had forgotten to give back Bob’s driver’s license so he came to the house the next day to return it. Bob invited him into the house where Mark met Randy. And the rest was history. Mark had fallen in love with Bob (probably the minute he lowered the car window in the park) and, after several years of rivalry with Randy, had fallen in love with him too – the triumphant trio at the top of the tribe.

With a blissful smile on his face, his eyes still closed, Jamie was scarcely aware that he had pulled his rock hard cock out of his shorts and was stroking it, lost in the fantasy of the anxious business executive gazing up the blond cop and pleading for some way to avoid arrest.

“What the fuck …?” The sudden stern voice seemed like part of the fantasy – until Jamie opened his eyes.
There he was – the very same blond cop who had almost arrested Bob. And he was just as severe as he had been that day in his black uniform, eyes hidden behind mirror sunglasses.

The shirt was open at the neck with a triangle of white T-shirt underneath, his biceps straining under the short sleeves. The contours of his muscular torso were etched under his shirt that slanted down from the wide shoulders over the flared lats and down to the belt round his slim waist. The black serge pants, silver stripe down the sides, were tucked into high, shiny motorcycle boots.

He whipped off his sunglasses and his blue-gray eyes pierced Jamie’s. “What the fuck are you doing, boy? Sitting out here jerking off … a gross act of public indecency. What are you, a piece of cheap trade waiting for a customer to come along and suck that thing sticking out of your shorts?”

Jamie leapt to his feet. Startled by Mark and still engrossed in the scene of the businessman and the cop, he could half believe this was real – (the best fantasies were the ones that feel real). Jamie lapsed into the fantasy and hurried to defend himself. “No, sir. I’m not a hustler, sir. I was just … just thinking,” he said lamely.

“Looked like more than that to me by the size of that boner. What were you thinking about, your girlfriend?”

“Er, no … not exactly sir.”

“OK that’s it. You’re on a charge of lewd conduct. You got any drugs on you?”

“No, sir, I don’t do …”

“Surfers can be big druggers. Hold your arms out to the sides.”

Jamie obeyed and the cop patted him down. Jamie flashed on the image of Bob being patted down in the story – and now it was happening to him, in a small garden not unlike that clearing on the park. His heart beat wildly as Mark came close, reached behind him and ran his hands down his back, lingered over his butt, ran down his thighs then dug his fingers in his crotch.

“Hm, clean so far, but I gotta do a cavity search. Drop the shorts and grab your ankles.”

Jamie unlaced his board shorts and let them drop round his ankles as the cop pulled on a latex glove. Jamie bent forward and grabbed his ankles as ordered, the cop walked behind him and pushed a finger in his ass, then two, then three. Jamie inhaled sharply as the fingers probing his ass almost made him cum.
Mark suddenly pulled out and Jamie straightened up and pulled up his board shorts. “OK, you’re in the clear, boy, no drugs. But I still have to arrest you for lewd conduct.” The cop unclipped handcuffs off his belt, pulled Jamie’s arms them behind him and cuffed his wrists.

Jamie remembered Bob’s plea for leniency and tried something similar. “Sir, if you charge me I’ll get thrown out of college and it’ll be tough for me to get a job with an arrest record.”

“Should have considered that before you started jerking off, thinking about … whatever you were thinking about.”

“Sir, is there no other way we could deal with this? Isn’t there anything I could do so’s you’d let me go?”

Mark looked at the handsome young surfer, his tank draped loosely over his muscular torso, and the cop’s own cock got stiff in his uniform pants. “Please, officer, I’ll do anything,” the young jock said plaintively, his blue eyes staring straight at the cop.

“Maybe there is,” the cop said. “Get on your knees, boy.” Jamie was now deep into the fantasy and obediently dropped to his knees in front of the police officer. His face was level with the bulge in the cop’s pants and he watched mesmerized as he unzipped, pulled out his hard dick and pointed it at Jamie’s face.

“Kid like you, you know what to do.” Jamie’s jaw sagged and the long thick shaft slid all the way down his throat. Of course, Jamie had sucked Mark’s dick hundreds of times, but this was different as they both locked onto the fantasy of the young surfer forced to suck off the powerful cop to avoid an arrest.

The cop grabbed the surfer’s tousled blond hair, pulled his head forward, then pushed it back, forcing his mouth down on his cock again and again. Instinctively Jamie pulled at his wrists cuffed behind his back wanting desperately to touch his own cock.

The cop held Jamie’s head in a vise and his rod pistoned in his mouth. Was this punishment, or was the cop getting off on it? The answer came as he started to choke and the cop pulled out. “You get off sucking a cop’s dick, boy?”

Jamie looked up at the square-jawed police officer and mumbled, “I … I … yes, sir. Is that it, sir? Can I go now?”

“Hell, no! Good looking kid like you? Cops have a saying – the hotter they are the more they pay. And you’re gonna pay big, kid.” Mark leaned down and un-cuffed one of Jamie’s wrists. He pressed his boot on his chest and shoved him down on his back on the grass. His head was close to a tree and the cop pulled his arms up above his head, wrapped them round the tree trunk and re-cuffed his free wrist.
He stared down at the blond surfer, lying helpless on his back, arms stretched up, hands cuffed behind the tree. “Oh yeah,” he growled, “you’re gonna do just fine, boy.”

Mark grabbed Jamie’s shorts, pulled them down over his feet and flung them aside. Then he grabbed Jamie’s tank top and yanked hard so it ripped right off. He paced round the blond surfer handcuffed naked to the tree and tossed the shredded tank on his bare chest. He stood over him, legs wide apart and stroked his cock, still standing rigid out of his pants.

“So, kid, you said you’d do anything to avoid getting arrested – that true?”

“Yes, officer.”

“So you know what I’m gonna do to you, eh?”

“You’re gonna fuck me in the butt, sir?”

“Damn right. And I’m doing you a favor. Know what would happen to a hot young stud like you if I took you down to the station? Some of those cops down there can be real mean. Couple a’ guys would hold you down while another one ploughs your ass. Then they’d switch and you’d get tag-teamed and spit roasted by all of them. When they’d had their fill gang fucking you they’d chain you naked to the bars of the cell, cum running from your ass and mouth, and leave you for the next shift of cops to take their turn. Could go on all night. That what you want?”

“No, sir, please, sir.”

“So what do you want, boy?”

“I want you to fuck me, officer. I want to feel your dick in my ass … please, sir.”

“Man, there’s nothing like watching a hot young jock beg to get his ass ploughed.” The cop slowly unbuttoned his shirt, exposing the white T-shirt stretched over the slabs of his chest. He pulled the shirt out of his waistband and shrugged it off. Jamie gasped at the sight of the cop stripped down to his T-shirt, muscles clearly etched underneath, short sleeves pushed back from his biceps, part of the shirt hanging loose over the black belt round his tight waist.

Mark knelt between his legs and slapped Jamie’s rock hard cock. “Damn, you really do want it, don’t you boy? You get turned on by a horny cop?” He slapped it again, making Jamie howl.

“Nah, can’t have that, boy. Gotta take care of the noise.” He picked up the shreds of Jamie’s tank, twisted it into a gag and tied it round his mouth. “No we’re ready for business, stud. Lucky for you my cock’s already wet from your spit.”

The cop pushed his legs back and drove his cock in his ass in one long, hard thrust. Jamie’s head flew back and he yelled into the gag, then stared up at the rugged cop as he began a long,
steady fuck of his ass. The hard thrusts quickly changed into a slow massage of his ass, the kind of loving fuck Jamie was so used to.

The surfer longed to touch the muscular body rippling under the T-shirt, clinging damp with sweat now, but he was helpless, bound and stretched naked on the ground, so all he could do was gaze in awe. His desire increased and he gasped into his gag as the cop reared back on his knees, reached behind his own neck and pulled off the T-shirt. The cop looked magnificent, stripped to the waist, the muscles of his stunning body flexing as he fucked.

Many times Jamie could have cum, gazing up at the cop and feeling his cock moving in his ass, but Mark sensed this and always paused just in time. Mark too came close to his climax again and again, thrilled by the sight of the young blond jock lying gagged and bound beneath him. He had cum hundreds of times in that ass, but now he wanted something different.

Like Jamie, Mark too thought often of that long-ago scene in the park when he had made Bob strip and jerk off. He even suspected that Jamie might have been dreaming of that just now waiting for him. He was once again coming dangerously close to his orgasm and knew that Jamie was too … when he suddenly pulled out of his ass and leapt to his feet.

Jamie was surprised … disappointed and confused. Mark leaned down, untied the gag and unlocked one of the cuffs. He pulled a bewildered Jamie to his feet and said, “It’d be too easy to cum in your ass, boy. There’s one more thing you have to do before I decide to let you go.”

He pushed Jamie back against the tree, pulled one arm behind the tree, the one still wearing the handcuffs, and cuffed it to a small branch behind it. The right hand he left free. He walked away, turned and faced the boy, just as he had faced Bob that first time from across the clearing. Jamie inhaled sharply, knowing what was happening. This was a replay of the scene he had fantasized about so often.

Instinctively he stroked his cock with his free hand, gazing at the shirtless cop in his uniform pants and motorcycle boots. Mark was staring at him, at the naked jock standing against the tree, one hand cuffed behind him, the other curled round his cock.

Just as the naked business executive had been forced by the cop to ejaculate that day to avoid arrest, that’s how Jamie came now. The fantasy was coming to an end and, as reality crept slowly back, Jamie realized that reality with Mark was even more exciting than any fantasy. It was the image of Mark he loved most, stripped to the waist in black uniform pants and boots.

He was not only the most beautiful cop he had ever seen, he was his master, Jamie was his boy, and they were in love. He gazed at Mark as the cop pounded his meat faster and faster, staring at Jamie with those steady blue-gray eyes. Just like that first time, the cop had got what he wanted – to see his handsome prisoner naked, jerking off looking at him and … “aaaah!”
Twin streams of juice spurted toward each other and splashed on the grass as the cop and the boy shot their loads gazing at each other, just as Bob and Mark had stared at each other in disbelief that day.

When their cocks had pumped dry Mark walked up to the naked boy and unlocked the cuffs. He picked up his shirt and T-shirt and slung them over his shoulder. “OK, kid, I won’t arrest you this time, you’re free to go. Just don’t let me catch you jerking off like that again …”

Mark walked away and said over his shoulder, “… unless you’re with me.”

He went into the house and Jamie slumped back in his chair and closed his eyes. When he opened them again Mark was back, wearing just boxers, ready for bed. He smiled down at him and said, “Fucking beautiful, Jamie. Games with you are so damn hot. You’re the perfect guy for me – and now we have a whole week together. Come on, buddy, let’s go to bed.”

Jamie got up, Mark threw his arm over his shoulder and as they walked inside Jamie said, “Just one thing you got wrong, sir. You said I was free to go, but that’s not true. I’m as tied to you as I was cuffed to that tree.”

“We’re tied together, kiddo.” Mark grinned, “Hmm, now there’s an idea for a whole nother fantasy.”

In the morning Mark and Jamie were still dozing in bed when there was a knock at the door.

It was the twins. “Sir,” Kyle said, “we’ve just taken breakfast up to Bob and Randy and they were wondering if you two would care to join them.” Kevin added, “There’s enough for four.”

They thanked the twins and Mark said to Jamie, “Not often those two invite company … breakfast is usually their special time where they discuss issues of the day – or fuck – or both. That’s why the twins usually serve breakfast in their room.”

“Sir,” Jamie grinned slyly, “I don’t think you would ever be unwelcome up there – breakfast, discussions, sex, whatever – especially sex.”

“Well this time it’s strictly social, kiddo, ‘cos we got a trip to go on.”

They pulled on shorts and T-shirts and a few minutes later knocked on the door to the master suite and went in. The twins had set the large table in the living room for breakfast and Bob and Randy were already eating. “Come in, come in,” Bob smiled. “I know you two are eager to hit the road so this is just to make sure you’re well fed before you leave.
After some small talk – mostly about the recent saga of Finn, Miguel and Pablo – Jamie said to Bob, ‘Sir, I wanted to make sure again that it’s OK for me to take off from the office at such short notice. I don’t like leaving you shorthanded like that, with no office manager.”

Bob smiled, “Like I told Mark, Jamie, it’s no problem at all. Your assistant Brandon seems to have everything under control. That kid always surprises me about how much he knows and how on top of things he always is.”

After a slight hesitation Jamie said, “Sir, maybe now is not the time but there is something I’ve been meaning to bring up for a while now. You’re right about Brandon. He works really hard, always there bright and early and always willing to work late when we’re extra busy. He knows everything as well as I do and I don’t think of him as my assistant anymore, more like a co-manager. For example, he does payroll and handles all personnel issues single-handedly.”

“He’s a great kid,” Randy said enthusiastically. Brandon had always been a favorite of his. “He should get a raise.”

“Er, I was thinking of a bit more than that, sir. I would like him to have a title, like … associate office manager, and give all personnel stuff to him as the Human Resources Director for both the company and the household, with a corresponding pay raise. The company is so big now we should let him hire an assistant.

Bob smiled at Mark then at Jamie. “Funny thing, Jamie, but I’ve been thinking along exactly the same lines. I hadn’t got as far as titles yet, but your suggestion seems perfect. I’ll run it by Zack, as he’s the only Company Director not here, but I’m sure he’ll have no objection.

“Randy and I are having drinks with Pete and Brandon in their bungalow later to talk about all the moving ideas that are afoot that could involve them teaming up with Hassan and Eddie to buy Zack’s house. I’ll be happy to tell Brandon of your decision. Pete will be thrilled, I know.”

Mark grinned. “As always, Bob, you seem to have everything planned out and under control. Hey, Randy, how do you ever keep this guy in check?”

“Oh, I have my methods,” Randy grinned. “One thing he don’t have control over is me, and he knows it.” Mark might have disputed that but he kept quiet.

“Anyway,” Bob grinned, “now you two are off for an way-overdue vacation at Uncle Mike’s where I predict, Jamie, your personal skills will be called on again – to handle your pal Larry.”

Jamie sighed. “Yeah, I’ve been on touch with him a lot lately – phone calls, texts – and I get the sense he has some major problems. It’s not just that thing he had a while back where he upset Mike by fooling around with some guy. That was a tempest in a teapot, but I have a feeling this is something more serious.”
“If anyone can get through to the guy, Jamie can,” Mark said.

“Thank you, sir.”

“Hey,” Randy jumped in, “what’s with this ‘sir’ thing anyway between you two? I thought that now Jamie’s the big hot stud you two were kind’ve equals, best buddies.”

Jamie grinned. “We talked about that, sir, and I told Mark I wanted to carry on using ‘sir’. That’s how I think of him – the big dominant cop – and I like it … kinda sexy.”

“I get that, Jamie,” Bob said. “I remember the first and only time I called Mark sir – that time he pulled me over in the park and I pleaded with him not to arrest me for drunk driving.”

Mark laughed. “Funny you should mention that, old buddy. Last night me and Jamie were kind of fantasizing and, well …”

“Did it involve uniforms?” Bob smiled. Mark chuckled and Bob said, “You hear that, Randy? I think a certain young surfer got arrested last night and god knows what he had to do for the cop to get out of it.”

“Yeah,” Randy growled, “well if I’d been there it would have been a different story. I’d have worked over the cop and his boy – tied together.”

Mark laughed, “You psychic or something, man? That’s what we’ve been talking about – next thing on our fantasy list. Maybe when we get back you can do the honors.”

“Happy to,” Randy said with a roguish grin.

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Half an hour later Jamie was sitting contentedly beside Mark in his truck as they drove east out of the city on the 10 Freeway headed for the desert. As usual on trips like this they rode the first few miles in comfortable silence, relishing their shoulder-to-shoulder proximity and savoring the prospect of a week together. But eventually Mark broke the silence.

“I’m real proud of the way you handled the subject of Brandon, Jamie. One thing I’ve learned as a cop is that burying your own ego is a good first step in becoming a leader of men. You have great leadership qualities.”

“I wasn’t aware of burying my ego or anything, sir. I love Brandon, who never lets his handicap get in the way and makes me forget he’s even in a wheelchair. But mostly it’s a question of merit. He’s great at his job, a huge asset to the company, and deserves every penny he earns and more. I can see why Pete is so crazy about him.
“Randy too. Remember, sir, when Eddie first discovered the kid struggling to wheel himself up to the little apartment he lived in alone? He mentioned one word to Randy who went up there right away and installed those pull-down shelves he needed.” [See Chapter 222]

“Yeah,” Mark grinned, “and as I recall the only payment Randy wanted was a blowjob that Brandon was happy to provide. Brandon said later that the thing he loved about Randy – apart from the obvious – was the fact that the big gypsy didn’t treat him with the usual kid-glove sympathy that most people did, which he always hated. Randy treated him almost like one of his crew – even yelled at him when Brandon dropped the shelves. He loved that.

“That’s the thing about Randy. He may be the rough, tough fist-swinging gypsy a lot of the time but when it comes to the boys he can be as tender as a bear with his cubs. What he loves about Brandon is his guts, his independence, rising above every challenge that a boy in a wheelchair can face. I’m so glad Brandon’s got you for a boss, kiddo. You’re perfect for him – prefect for me, if it comes to that.”

They lapsed into silence again, each with his own thoughts. Jamie glanced surreptitiously at Mark and smiled at the fact that he was wearing the black ribbed tank top that was Jamie’s favorite and always turned him on. Mark had worn it the first time they ever took a trip together – even before Jamie could admit his attraction to the cop – and he had worn it every time since.

Jamie chuckled, “Do you think we’re in a rut, sir?”

“Uh? What makes you say that?”

“Oh, I dunno … like that black tank … you wear it every time we go on a trip.”

“Oh? Well, next time I’ll wear something else. Will that get us out of the rut, d’ya think?”

“Don’t you dare, sir, I love that shirt. I could cum just looking at you in that. And if we are in a rut, it’s one I really like. I guess it’s inevitable that when two guys have been together for a while they pick up habits and set routines – like every time you get home from work and I’m lying naked on the bed waiting for you.”

“Yeah, well that routine ain’t ever gonna change, boy, even if I have to tie you to the bed.”

“Is that a promise, sir?”

Mark laughed. “You know, a guy can keep to a routine he likes but it’s healthy to tweak it sometimes, do things just a bit different now and again.”

“How do you mean, sir?”

“Well … let’s just say you’ll know it when you see it.” And Jamie had to be content with that.
A few miles further on they were nearing the halfway point of the trip – and they both knew what that meant according to their usual routine. Jamie wondered if today would be any different and he held his breath as they approached the unobtrusive turn-off from the highway. For a moment Jamie thought Mark was going to drive straight past it but at the last minute he swerved over to the right and took the exit.

He turned and grinned at Jamie. “Just can’t get out of that rut, dude.”

From the small secondary road Mark took another turn-off onto a dirt track that lead into a seemingly empty expanse of desert scrub and sagebrush. But in the distance there was a stand of trees that somehow withstood the desert heat and wind, and that’s where Mark headed, while Jamie’s cock got hard in his shorts at the thought of what he knew would happen.

Mark stopped the truck behind the trees and when he turned off the engine there was a sudden silence broken only by the desert breeze rustling the trees and the monotonous chirp of cicadas.

They sat for a moment, alone in the middle of nowhere, then Mark smiled. “Can’t get out of that rut, Jamie.”

They got down from the truck, went to the back and Mark pulled down the tailgate, ready for the classic porn scene where the dominant man bodily picks up the younger guy, sits him on the tailgate, and pulls down his shorts. He shoves him back on the flat bed, raises his legs and fucks his ass. It was a scene they had played out many times.

Jamie was wearing board shorts as always and started to unlace them. But Mark stopped him. “Like I said, dude, it’s good to tweak the routine once in a while.”

Mark was wearing cargo shorts and sneakers, no socks, and of course the black ribbed tank. In a quick succession of moves he dropped the shorts, pulled himself onto the truck and lay on his back on the tarps spread over the flatbed. He reached up and out to the corners of the flatbed and grabbed the ropes tied to the rings used for tying down cargo.

Jamie gasped, staring down at the blond god with the chiseled Nordic features, butt naked except for unlaced sneakers and a black tank stretched over his muscular torso, spread-eagled on his back in the truck. Jamie dropped his own shorts, pulled off his shirt and climbed onto the truck. He stood astride Mark and gazed down at the erotic sight of the handsome near-naked cop. Only one thing was missing.

Jamie dropped to his knees straddling his chest, reached up to the corner of the flatbed and tied the rope round his wrist, then tied the other wrist. He pulled back on his knees and watched as Mark looked up at his wrists and tugged on them, his muscles rippling under the tank top.
“Oh Jesus,” Jamie groaned. “Fucking hell.” How many times he had thought he had never seen Mark look more gorgeous, and now here he was again staring down at ‘the most beautiful sight he had seen’ – the stunning muscle-god in just a black tank tied down in a truck, his square-jawed face thrashing from side to side, tousled blond hair falling across his brow.

Jamie scooted back on his knees between Mark’s legs and spat on his cock. He raised the captive’s legs and spat on his ass, then eased his hips forward … and drove his cock deep inside the helpless cop. Mark’s howl was caught by the wind that carried it across the empty desert as his body writhed and his biceps bulged, pulling at the ropes binding him.

Jamie leaned forward and planted his palms on the stabs of Mark’s chest, feeling his pecs flex under the thin fabric as he drove his cock in his ass. The cop who only yesterday had forced Jamie to submit to him, had made him suck his cock, had handcuffed him and butt-fucked him, was now lying helpless beneath him and getting his own ass ploughed.

“It’s payback time, officer,” Jamie growled. “The tough son-of-a-bitch cop is getting a taste of his own medicine, his ass pounded by the young jock he tried to arrest. Let’s see how much you can take before you beg for release.”

Jamie knew Mark could take a lot. He had been fucked by the biggest savage of them all, Randy, and taken a pounding before he submitted. So now Jamie turned up the heat, pile-driving the man’s ass as he pressed down on his chest, pinning him to the floor of the truck.

But Mark took it all. “Fuck you, boy. You think you can beat me, make me beg? Think again kid. You’re pretty tough but you’ll never make me cum, you’ll never hear me beg to a kid like you. Do your worst, asshole. Let’s see what you got.”

So Jamie really opened up, pulling his cock all the way back, then plunging in deep – deeper each time. His shaft was a piston driving into the cop’s ass and he watched the pain in his face as his head thrashed from side to side and his muscles flexed against the attack on his ass.

It was a major fantasy for Jamie, watching this macho icon of power and authority now a prisoner, suffering the pain and humiliation of getting his ass reamed by a boy. The sight of the muscle-god straining beneath him drove Jamie wild. “Feel that rod in your ass, officer? You can’t take any more, man, you know you’ve gotta give up, you’ve gotta cum and beg me to stop. Submit, man … bust that load … yeah, fuck … fuck … cum … aaagh!”

The howl was Jamie’s as his cock exploded in the cop’s ass.

For a moment Jamie was dazed as his cock drained. He blinked, then opened his eyes and saw Mark smiling up at him. Mark’s cock was dry as a bone … no trace of jizz on the black tank. He had not cum … he had won.

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Or maybe not …

Jamie looked down at Mark’s long cock standing up as proud and defiant as a flagpole, challenging him. And Jamie knew how to rise to the challenge, with a surefire weapon he used daily – or rather Mark used daily.

“Think you’re so tough don’t you?” Jamie scoffed. “Here’s something even you can’t beat.”

He moved forward on his knees until he was straddling Mark’s waist. He spat on his hand, reached behind him and shoved wet fingers in his own ass. He locked eyes with Mark, with a sardonic smile … and lowered his ass down slowly until the hole made contact with the head of Mark’s cock.

Mark inhaled sharply knowing what he would feel next – the same exquisite sensation he thought about every day and got to experience when he came home to find his boy naked on the bed. He gazed up at the surfer’s tanned, handsome face and ripped body and felt his cock being slowly wrapped in the velvet warmth of his ass that sank lower and lower until Jamie was sitting on his cock buried deep inside him.

Jamie smiled down at him, then rose slowly, inch by inch, and paused at the top, massaging the head with his tight ass before descending again. He repeated that erotic process again and again until he knew Mark was on the verge of orgasm. Then he stopped, let Mark’s lust subside, and began over.

“Ever heard of edging, officer – bringing a man to the edge of his climax, then denying him? It can drive a man wild, make him beg for release. And if it’s a hot young jock’s ass doing it to a man’s cock, wow. ‘Course, if the man is tied down there’s not much he can do – except suffer.”

And so Jamie rode the cop’s shaft and tormented him in the way he knew best. He knew Mark could never resist his ass – had no defenses against it. Jamie brought him to the edge of orgasm again and again and Mark groaned, “I’m gonna cum … I’m gonna cum … yeah …” only to writhe in frustration. “No! I gotta cum … fuck you boy … fuck you.”

“You already are fucking me, officer,” Jamie smiled, “but it ain’t doing you much good.” He leaned forward, braced his hands on Mark’s biceps and pinned them to the tarp on the truck’s floor. He bent his head, brushed his lips on Mark’s mouth, then kissed him hard.

He pulled back and smiled. “Welcome to defeat, officer. The big tough cop is gonna learn how to beg.” Still bracing his hands on Mark’s biceps he lowered his ass on his cock again and gave it the same tantalizing treatment. He knew Mark so well. After years of experience he knew exactly when he was about to cum in his ass. And he used that knowledge now to his advantage … and to Mark’s exquisite frustration.
“You know you can’t take much more of this, officer. Here, you wanna cum …? He rode his cock then stopped. “… Nah, I don’t think so …”

Mark knew he couldn’t survive this. Whenever he fucked Jamie he was in total control, built to his climax and shot his load when he chose to. But now he was being driven wild with desire. “OK, boy, you win … now let me cum.”

Jamie chuckled. “Oh that ain’t gonna do it, man. You gotta do better than that. Like I told you, I love to hear a macho top man beg. And you’re gonna beg, officer … you’re gonna beg the young jock who you arrested and who’s now torturing your dick by riding it.”

Jamie raised his hips and, and in a series of short movements, his tight sphincter massaged the hard, sensitive corona of Mark’s cock, but repeatedly denied him release. Mark’s magnificent body flexed and strained, his cock was on fire and he groaned, “OK, I give up … I wanna cum so bad … please … let me cum … I beg you … please, sir, I’m begging you … I submit … I beg you, sir … aaagh!”

Jamie sat down hard on Mark’s cock that erupted at last in Jamie’s ass as his body convulsed, head thrashing wildly from side to side. It was too much for Jamie. Hearing the handsome cop begging in desperation, watching his muscular body writhe in bondage, Jamie grabbed his own cock, pointed it down at Mark and pumped another load of cum over his face and all over the black tank top, which had never looked sexier than it did now.

He rose up off Mark’s shuddering cock, quickly untied Mark’s wrists and fell forward on top of him. Mark folded his arms round him and they lay together in the truck as their heartbeats subsided while the unseen cicadas continued their staccato noise.

Jamie raised his head and smiled at Mark. “Is that what you call tweaking the routine, sir?”

“It’s what a call a spectacular fuck, dude. So let’s hear no more about being a rut.”

“Yes, officer. You’re the boss – most of the time.”

“Fuck you, kid,” Mark chuckled as they climbed down off the truck and pulled on their shorts.

As they sped down the freeway toward the Palm Springs exit Jamie said, “Sir, last night and this morning we’ve had a whole lot of sex. D’you think the whole week’s gonna be like that?”

Mark laughed. “Would you mind?” Then more seriously, “But I have a feeling you’re gonna be busy checking on your pal Larry. You say you two had a lot of phone contact lately? What’s his problem? Does he sound depressed?”
“No, sir, the opposite, actually. Sounds excited about something, can’t stop talking … but …” He trailed off, not wanting to voice his suspicions, fearing how Mark would react.

At last they drove through Palm Springs and pulled up at the gates of Uncle Mike’s spacious home. Mike was a still-hot-looking middle-aged man who had seen and done it all as the owner of the most popular leather bar in the city for many years. He had become popular with the tribe, especially Randy who looked up to him, the only man who called Randy ‘boy’.

The tribe had adopted the name of ‘Uncle’ Mike when he first told them of his reclusive young nephew Brian, living a lonely wheelchair existence in a moldering trailer park way out in the desert. It was Brandon who had rescued the boy, convincing him by example that a wheelchair need not be an impediment to a full and rewarding life. Brian discovered this spectacularly when he wound up as the much loved boy of the movie-star Grady, the big-screen Tarzan.

Not long after that Larry had shown up. He and Jamie had once been a pair of skinheads running wild on the streets until they ran up against the tribe. Mark had glimpsed some good in Jamie and had taken him on as his boy. Larry had gone back to an abusive family in St. Louis where he had spent several miserable years until, bitter and resentful, he had run away to California and sought out his only friend, his old pal Jamie.

Luck was on his side as Mike had been visiting the tribe and, despite the big difference in their ages, they had struck up an improbable May/October relationship and fallen in love. They now lived a comfortable life in Mike’s house, both working in the bar, and Larry running his small, motorcycle repair business during the day. All had gone well, except for one bad patch where Larry had had a brief fling with a younger fuck buddy.

That had been resolved, so Mark wondered what could be happening now. As a cop he had seen many instances of the old saying, ‘you can take the boy off the streets but you can’t take the street out of the boy’. He knew only too well that you could pluck out a toxic plant but often the bad seed lay buried deep, waiting to break the surface when least expected.

But those gloomy thoughts vanished when the gate opened and Mike came out to greet them with his broad avuncular smile. “Shit damn, officer, what is it about you that makes you look sexier every time I see you? Something in the water is it? If so, man, I’d like a sip of that.”

They shook hands and Jamie ran round from the passenger side. “Come here you hunky young buck and give your old uncle a thrill.” Mike hugged Jamie tight, then pulled back and looked at them, especially at Mark’s tank top smothered in dry cum. “Uh-uh, at a rough guess I’d say you two made a pit stop on the way here, the kind you’re famous for. What, did the mean cop arrest you and fuck you, Jamie.”

“Well, not exactly, sir,” Jamie grinned. “Er, is Larry home?”

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They saw Mike’s face cloud over. “Yeah, he’s in his room, Jamie. He’ll be pleased to see you. He’s … er … well, you’re an old buddy. You’re probably just what he needs right now.”

Jamie ran into the house and found Larry in his room sitting on the bed. He shot up when Jamie came in, ran over to him and hugged him – a little too tight for comfort.

“Hey,” Jamie said, “what’s up, dude? You seem real stoked … what’s got you all wound up?”

“Ah, nothing special, bro. Just high on life I guess. Listen, I was about to make a run out to Hassan’s little old house way out there in the desert. You know Mike and me keep an eye on it for him. Wanna come? I’m parked out back, through the garden.”

“Sure,” Jamie said. “Give us a chance to talk … catch up. I’ll just go tell Mark.”

Jamie had a good idea what the problem was but wanted to make sure before he discussed it with Mark and Mike. He went back out to the gate and said, “Sir, is it all right if I go out with Larry for a while? Do you want help unloading our gear?”

“Two bags?” Mark grinned. “I think I can handle those myself, though I’m still a bit weak after that pit stop. Go have fun with your buddy.”

Mike frowned and made a move to say something but Jamie was gone, through the garden and out the back gate where Larry was waiting in his truck.

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As they drove out into the desert Larry talked non-stop, a stream of consciousness. He was fidgety and when he wasn’t talking he was grinding his teeth. Jamie was sure now.

“Larry …” he interrupted. “Larry, listen to me. Are you tweaking? You on speed? Crystal meth is it?”

“Oh not really. I’m clean now – been clean for four days. But me and a guy in the bar do it sometimes and it sure makes you focus like hell. Makes cleaning up the bar a breeze… I go through all that shit like a tornado. And dude, you should try it for watching porn. I can jack off for hours, it’s unbelievable. So what if I can’t get a hard-on. This is, like, real cerebral.”

As he droned on Jamie wasn’t sure what to do or say. He himself had had a brief run in with meth when he fell in with the wrong crowd at the beach. Mark had discovered him and almost threw him out. The prospect of life without Mark made Jamie come to his senses real fast and he had begged for forgiveness. He now hated the stuff as much as Mark did who, as a cop, saw its evil effects on the streets every day.”
“Larry, this is not good, dude,” Jamie said, realizing instantly how lame that sounded. “Er, does Mike know?”

“Nah, can’t tell him, he’d throw me out on my ear. That’s why it’s so good that you’re here, dude. We can party together – just like old times, uh? And no need to tell Mark, eh? Just between you and me?”

For a second Jamie thought of making him stop the truck so he could get out and run back to Mark. But he knew he would not be able to reason with Larry, and besides, he genuinely wanted to help him. “What about Larry’s Bikes, that motorbike repair shop you started?”

“Ah, that’s kind of on hold right now. I’m having too much fun, dude.” Jamie gave up for now. Maybe he could reason with Larry when they got to Hassan’s place.

So Larry chattered on until they saw Hassan’s small house sitting in the distant haze of the dunes. Larry pulled off the road and bumped along the long sandy trail to the old, sun-bleached house sitting forlornly in the middle of nowhere. They got out, Larry fished the key from his pocket and they went into the cool darkness, blinking hard after the glare of the sun outside.

“Let’s go down to Hassan’s basement.” Larry led a hesitant Jamie down the stairs to the dark mirrored basement, a gym-cum-playroom where many fantasies had been played out, especially by Hassan and Mark. “Man, I’d love to watch the Marine and the cop work each other over like they do sometimes. Hell, they’d have a lot more fun on crystal, don’t ya think?” he laughed. “They’d go for days. Maybe I’ll score some for them. Then I’ll do some lines, jerk off watching them have sex and lose all track of time.”

“Larry, stop. You know how Mark feels about that stuff. Dude, I hate to see you like this. Let’s just sit down, try to relax and talk it through.”

“OK, bro, but let’s do this first. Reason we came out here is ‘cos I keep my stash here.” He went to a small bag hidden in the corner and in a few minutes had four lines of the white powder on the table. He rolled up a dollar bill and snorted two lines, then handed the bill to Jamie.

“No, Larry, I never touch that stuff. I know what it can do to a guy.”

“OK, dude, all the more for me,” and Larry snorted the other two lines.

“Larry, please, let’s get out of here and go back to Mike’s. The guy loves you for god’s sake.”

“OK, but we gotta make a stop on the way at my dealer’s. Gotta replenish my supply.”

Jamie had had enough. He jumped to his feet and said, “Larry, I’m your buddy and I can’t watch you do this to yourself. I gotta make you stop. You’re obviously not gonna listen to me or even Mike, so maybe Mark can knock some sense into you.”
Larry leapt up and confronted Jamie, his wild, dilated eyes only inches away. “The fuck he will. That sanctimonious cop would only bust me, butt-fuck me and throw my ass in jail. And you’re just like him – all high and mighty, like your own shit don’t stink. You were my buddy when we used to run together on the streets and now you won’t even let me have a little fun. Oh yeah, living with your gorgeous cop, mister big-shot office manager or whatever the hell you call yourself, while I’m stuck out here in the fucking desert. I gotta do something for fun.”

He poked Jamie in the chest. “So listen to me, asshole, I got a good thing going here and you ain’t gonna fuck it up.”

“Well I sure as hell am not gonna go with you to your fucking dealer, Larry.”

“Damn right you’re not, ’cos you’d get your cop to bust him too and then the shit would really hit the fan. No, asshole, you’re not going anywhere.” He took a swing at Jamie and in seconds they were grappling on the floor. Larry had the unnatural strength of a guy high on meth, with no impulse control, while Jamie merely tried to protect himself. They were in a clinch, headed for the wall when Larry grabbed Jamie’s head and banged his forehead against the mirror.

Stunned, Jamie sank to his knees and went limp. He was dimly aware of being dragged across the floor and his hands being pulled behind him. It was some minutes before his head cleared and he found himself sitting with his back against one of the upright support beams, his hands tied behind it. Instinctively he yanked at the ropes but realized they were bound tight.

“Yeah,” the voice sneered, “ironic ain’t it? Your buddy Randy once taught me all about knots and tying ropes. Bet he never thought I’d be using it on the cop’s boy.”

“Larry, please, you’re only making this ten times worse. When Mark finds out how you ...”

“Yeah, well maybe he won’t find out ’cos I won’t tell him. I gotta think this through.”

He frowned, suddenly his shoulders slumped and he became plaintive. “Jamie, we were such good buddies, I loved you dude, like a brother. But we’ve turned out different – like one good brother and one who’s just plain bad. But don’t ya see? I need this meth shit to make me feel good, and I can’t go back to prison, dude. So I can’t let you fuck everything up, Jamie.”

His voice grew soft as he reached down and felt Jamie’s forehead. “You OK, dude? I didn’t mean to hurt you, buddy ... and I didn’t mean those things I said about you and Mark. You’re a good guy, Jamie, and so is Mark and I’m real glad you’ve got such a good life together. But Mark’s still a cop, and cops think only one way. I’m real sorry about all this, but don’t worry, dude, I’ll come back and set you free once my head’s cleared a bit. It won’t take long.”
He kissed him on the head, then walked to the door. He turned and there were tears in his eyes as he said, “I love you, dude, I really do. I hope you can believe that.” And he was gone.

Jamie heard the car door slam, the truck roared away and left only silence.

Jamie eyes brimmed with tears too, and not from fear. In the last few minutes he had seen into Larry’s soul and he felt desperately sorry for him. He was in danger of losing his lover, home, business and friends.

They had been buddies, good buddies, and they probably still were somewhere in this wreckage. Fate was scary. Strange that he’d had the luck to be the good brother, thanks to Mark, while Larry had that bad-brother seed growing inside him despite the love of a good man like Mike. There but for the grace of God, Jamie thought.

But Larry had been right about one thing. Mark was a cop and Jamie knew exactly how harshly he would react. What a mess. Jamie looked around the room that suddenly looked so sinister, then smiled ruefully. At least Larry had left the lights on.

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At Mike’s house Mark was starting to get anxious. “They’ve been gone a long time, Mike. Where do you think they went?”

“Not sure,” Mike shrugged. “These days I’m not sure about anything. Except one thing, Mark. I’m pretty sure I know what the problem is with Larry. Drugs. God knows after all these years out here I can recognize the signs. Just when things were going so well, too. We were as much in love as ever, he worked hard and had repaid all the money I put up for his bike repair shop.

“But he’s different with me now, and he’s neglecting his business – could lose it. I’ve tried to reason with him but he just threatens to run away and that would be a whole lot worse for him. I can’t throw him out, Mark, I love him so much. I’m not getting any younger and this kid is probably my last best hope for love. I’m scared of losing him, Mark, and I was pinning my hopes on Jamie, a friend his own age who knows him so well. Maybe he can connect with Larry.”

Just then they heard a car door slam outside and in a few seconds Larry came in. He looked wild, hair all over the place, eyes dilated, grinding his teeth. “Larry,” Mark said. “Where’s Jamie. Is he with you?”

“No he’s not,” Larry growled and went through to his room.

Mark’s body tensed. “Mike, the boy’s as high as a fucking kite.” He got up and strode after him, followed by Mike. Larry sat on his bed with his back to them and Mark shouted, “Answer me boy. Where the hell is Jamie? What’s happened to him?”

Mark clenched his fists and Mike’s eyes filled with tears.
Chapter 415 – “Larry Fights His Demons”

The motorcycle mechanic Larry has deep problems that enrage the cop Mark when he attacks Mark’s boy, the young jock Jamie. Jamie placates the cop by making euphoric love to him. Then the two shirtless, grease-stained mechanics, longtime buddies, face off in an old garage. “I’ve got a score to settle with you, buddy.” To resolve their differences one subjects the other to rough sex, tied to his own workbench.

Larry clenched his jaw in sullen defiance as Mark yelled again, “Tell me, boy, what have you done to Jamie? God dammit if you don’t talk I’ll fucking arrest you and …”

“And what?” Larry whirled round wild-eyed and sneered. “You’ll fuck my ass, drag me to jail and let your buddies fuck me. I know how you cops are. I told Jamie I ain’t going back to jail. I ain’t done nothin’ wrong.”

Mark reached down, grabbed Larry’s arm to pull him off the bed but Larry held the bed tight and wouldn’t budge. Mike intervened and try to pull Mark back. “Back off, Mark, this ain’t doing no good. Can’t you see he’s ill? Throwing him in jail ain’t the answer.”

Tempers flared and the anger mounted. “He’s damn well gonna tell me where Jamie is. Get out of my way, Mike. I have to protect my boy.”

“And I have to protect mine, officer. From police brutality.”

“Fuck you, man. The kid’s wasted – in that state he could have done anything to Jamie.”

“Let me talk to him then. He’ll tell me.”

“Oh yeah? You don’t seem to have done such a great job so far, letting the boy run wild, out of his mind on drugs.”

Mike glared at Mark. “Fuck you, boy, you don’t talk to me like that. You may think you’re the law but not around here you’re not. This is my house – I’m the boss and I can throw you out like I’d throw a noisy drunk out of my bar.”

All of Mark’s cop instincts kicked in and he was preparing to use force on both men …

And then his cell phone rang.

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After Larry had driven away from the isolated house Jamie had calmly reviewed his situation. He couldn’t get free. Maybe Randy had taught Larry how to tie knots but had evidently not told him about the escape knot. There was no escape.

Worse, they had not told Mark and Mike where they were going. And in his wild drugged out state and his paranoid delusions about going back to prison, Larry was hardly likely to tell them where he had left him. No knowing when Larry might come to his senses Jamie couldn’t rely on him to come back and untie him. Oh, he had expressed his love for Jamie before he left, but Jamie knew that on meth paranoia obliterated common sense.

He knew Mark would be frantic to find him. Maybe he would try to beat it out of Larry, but Jamie hoped not. In spite of everything Jamie felt hugely sorry for him. He liked Larry, had loved him like a brother, and he felt a strong impulse to help him solve his problems.

Mark would certainly come looking for him but it might take him a long time before he came out this far and checked on this lonely house. No use yelling either. There wasn’t another soul for miles. He felt helpless and increasingly nervous. He could die out here … “Shut up, Jamie, and get a grip,” he murmured.

He thought of a possibility, though it was a long shot. His cell phone was in his shorts pocket, but that wasn’t much good with his hands tied behind him. But just maybe … He drew his heels toward him raised his hips and tried to bounce. He felt the phone jiggle in his pocket but it was in too far.

He took a deep breath and concentrated. Next he managed to twist his hips onto his side so the phone was between him and the floor. His wrists were starting to chafe behind him but he scraped his hip back and forth against the floor and felt the phone change position in his pocket. It took a while, and it hurt, but he managed to move the phone bit by bit until … it fell out on the floor. “Fuck,” he said out loud.

He scooted on his ass round the pole so his bound hands were on the other side and he could touch the phone. By stretching painfully behind him he managed to flip it over on the floor. He scooted back to his original position and looked down at the phone beside him … face up!”

Stretching to the side, scraping his arms against the pole, he could just get his finger to the phone. So far so good, but the biggest challenge came next. He knew from past experience that the cellphone signal out here was weak and spotty. And worse, he was down in the basement. Chances were not good. He pressed speaker, then contacts, then the button for Mark … and held his breath. It dialed and … ‘Call Failed.’

Damn. He could just see the signal bars on the phone flickering from none to one or two. So he kept trying. After three tries it dialed, and rang! Mark’s urgent voice … “Hello.”
Jamie yelled down to the floor, “Hassan’s House … tied up.” He looked down at the phone and it was dead, no signal. Had it failed before he spoke? Had Mark heard him? The phone was dead now, so nothing to do but wait. He leaned his head against the pole, closed his eyes and tried to visualize Mark jumping in his truck and racing out here to him.

The silence was what really got to Jamie. Down here in the basement he could not even hear the desert breeze or the repetitive chirp of the cicadas. He felt a sense of desolation, totally alone and possibly nobody knowing where he was except a strung-out guy who wouldn’t tell.

He tried to stay calm, think positive. He wasn’t sure how long he sat there on the floor, bound to a post – not long really – when he thought he did hear a sound. Yes, a vehicle, a door slam, then footsteps on the floor above. Maybe Larry had come back, Jamie thought, and planned how to reason with him.

But then … his heart leapt. Mark’s voice shouting “Jamie … Jamie!”

“Down here, sir,” he yelled as loud as he could. Footsteps on the stairs, the door opened and Mark burst in.

“Jesus Christ, what the fuck? Are you alright, Jamie?” Mark went to work on the ropes. “I’m fine sir … wrists a bit chafed is all.”

“And a cut on your forehead. Did he do this … your pal Larry?”

“Yeah, we scuffled … but Larry’s not well. He has a problem.”

“Damn right he does … with me!”

Mark’s concern for his boy was quickly superseded by anger at Larry. “Damn him!” he growled. But when he pulled Jamie gently to his feet and into his arms his relief at holding his boy alive and well tempered his anger. “OK, let’s get you out of here and take a look at that cut.”

Mark put his arm round his waist but Jamie said. “I’m OK, sir, I really am. I can walk. But when he bent down to pick up his phone from the floor his head spun and he lurched forward. Mark caught him, steadied him, and Jamie said, “Just a bit dizzy, sir, that’s all.”

Sit there for a minute, kid, and take a few deep breaths before we tackle the stairs. Jamie sat down and Mark looked around the room. His professional cop’s eye saw the remaining specks of powder on the table where Larry had snorted the lines. He wet his finger, touched the powder and licked it. “Meth.” He looked down at Jamie. “Did you do any of this stuff, boy?”

“Sir!” Jamie said indignantly.
“I’m sorry, Jamie, of course you didn’t. I’m sorry.” Mark saw the small bag lying on the floor by the table, picked it up and looked inside. “This is his stash, I suppose. Well he won’t need this where he’s going.” He shoved the bag in the waistband of his shorts, helped Jamie up again and supported him toward the stairs.

A few minutes later they were in the truck and Mark gave him some water, then opened a small first-aid kit. He sterilized the small wound on Jamie’s face and put a Band-Aid on it. “Not deep. You’ll probably have a bruise though. How’d it happen?

“I hit my head against a mirror.”

“You mean he banged your head against it.”

As they drove away from the house Jamie could see Mark was seething and that worried him more than any other aspect of the whole affair. When Mark was in cop mode he played it by the book and could be implacable. His own words bore this out.

“I’m gonna throw the fucking book at that asshole – assault and battery, kidnapping, not to mention possession of a Grade A drug.”

“Sir, please don’t say that. Larry’s not a criminal, he’s just got a medical problem.”

“Medical problem?!?” Mark barked. “Jamie, he’s a fucking addict. He’ll do anything for his next fix. He attacked you, tied you up, left you in that cellar, and wouldn’t tell anyone where you were. You could have died in there and that would have been negligent homicide. That would have put him away for life. I could have lost you Jamie … I can’t imagine life without you. That kid is a threat to himself and to others, the definition of a person who needs incarceration.”

Jamie sighed, not sure how to respond. Finally he said determinedly, “Sir, please pull over. Please pull over and stop.”

Mark thought the boy wasn’t feeling well so pulled to the side of the road and stopped. He turned and faced Jamie who stared at him with steady blue eyes. “Sir …” He cleared his voice. “Sir, would you please stop thinking like a cop and think like a man, like the generous man I know and love?”

Mark tensed and clenched his fists. “Fuck you, boy, if you think I’m gonna …”

“You can hit me if you like, sir, but I’m gonna have my say. Larry was my friend a long time ago and we looked out for each other. Our paths diverged and I got lucky and became your boy while he went back to a place where no one loved him. But when he ran away from there and came back here he was still my buddy … and he still is. And now he’s in trouble. And when a
friend’s in trouble I gotta help him, sir. It’s what friends do. Sure, he acted stupidly and hurt me a bit, but real friends take stuff like that.”

Mark unclenched his fist and remained silent while Jamie chose his words carefully. “Sir, do you remember when you found me with some surfer bums doing drugs? You reacted like you just did now. You went apeshit, said I was no longer your boy and you were gonna throw me out. You took me to get this tattoo removed, this one right here on my arm that you gave me to prove I was your boy and you loved me. It was the most precious thing I had so I ran away.

“But you know what happened? You told me what you told me just now – you couldn’t imagine life without me, so you came after me and took me back. You know why? Because you loved me, and in the end you forgave me. If you hadn’t we wouldn’t be here now and I’d be back on the streets again. Well I love Larry enough to forgive him too.”

Jamie’s voice got gentler. “I remember what young Brandon once said to me. He’s had a tough life in a wheelchair but said that even when the going gets rough he always looks for the love in people, and he found that in spades from the tribe. He told me if I ever I felt confused, I should just let love guide me and I’d be OK. And … and that’s what I’m trying to do right now, sir, with my pal Larry. Because he needs love now more than ever.”

There was a long silence in the truck. Then Mark started the engine and, his jaw clenched, he drove them back to Mike’s house without saying another word.

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When they pulled up at the house Mike was at the gate waiting for them. They got out and Mark said gruffly, “Where’s the boy?”

“He’s in his room, sleeping.”

“He’s probably crashing,” Jamie said. “It’s what they call it when a guy comes down after a few days’ ‘run’ of meth. He crashes and falls into a deep sleep. He could sleep 12 hours or more.”

“Not before I’ve …” Mark said making for the gate but Mike grabbed him and held him back. “You’re not gonna touch him, boy. That kid is mine, under my protection and I don’t care if you’re the toughest cop on the beat, you don’t go near him.”

Mark yanked his arm away and glared at him, but suddenly Jamie leaned against the truck and said faintly, “Sir, I’m feeling a bit … could I go to bed, sir?”

Mark’s concern for his boy again banished all other thoughts. “Sure you can, kid, I should have thought of that. I’ll come with you.”
As they left Jamie threw his arms round Mike in a tight hug and said in his ear, "Don't worry, sir. It's gonna be OK, I promise. I'll take care of Larry."

When they reached the guest bedroom Mark watched as Jamie took his clothes off, a sight that always roused Mark. And now was no exception, in spite of his tension and convoluted feelings. "Kiddo, you should get some sleep too. How are you feeling? Is there anything I can do?"

"I'm feeling fine, sir. But there is something you can do for me."

"Anything, Jamie."

"Please make love to me, sir. I need that so bad right now."

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He lay naked on the bed just as he did every day when Mark came home from work, and gazed up at him nervously. Mark said, "You are so beautiful, Jamie. Inside too, where it really counts. It wasn't you I was angry at. I couldn't be angry with you."

"I don't want you to be angry with anyone, sir."

"I know, Jamie, but when you didn't come home with Larry and he was so stoned out of his mind, I panicked. Then you called and all I heard was 'Hassan's house, tied …' then the phone went dead. I was frantic, and when I saw you tied up in that room with a cut on your face, I reacted as any cop would, especially a cop sworn to protect his boy. My reaction was to throw the book at the man who did that to you. I've still gotta decide what to do to him."

"Sir," Jamie said plaintively. "Please make love to me. I want it so bad."

Mark smiled at last. "And you don't think I do? Look here." Mark dropped his shorts and his cock sprang out hard and hungry. Let's forget all this for a while and pretend I've just come home from my shift, horny as usual."

"Sounds good to me, sir." Jamie stared up at the cop as he stripped naked and towered over him. Trembling with anticipation Jamie threw his arms above his head, slid his heels back on the bed, raised his legs and offered his ass to his master as he did every single day.

Mark knelt on the bed between his legs, leaned forward and pinned Jamie's arms to the bed. He bent down and brushed his lips across Jamie's mouth, lightly at first, teasing, then harder into a passionate open-mouthed kiss, their tongues playing with each other as they exchanged breaths. Finally Mark pulled his face back and smiled. "Feel safe now?"

"Safe as houses, sir. Thank you for rescuing me."
“Any time, kiddo. It comes with a price though … this.” Still holding him down Mark rubbed the head of his cock against his boy’s ass. “You want this?”

“Hmm … not really.” Then he smiled the mischievous smile Mark loved so much. “Just kidding!”

“Kidding or not you’re gonna get it, boy. Go on, ask me.”

Jamie stared up at the square-cut, Greek-God features with the blue-gray eyes and tousled blond hair. “I want it so bad. Please, sir, fuck me … fuck your boy’s ass. Let me feel it, sir.”

“Like this?” Mark pushed the head of his cock against his hole until it popped over the sphincter and rested in the warm inside.

“Aaaah,” Jamie sighed. “When I feel that it makes everything right. Make love to my ass, sir.”

“I’ll do better than that, kiddo. I’ll make love to you – my favorite thing in life.”

And so he did. Smiling into his boy’s wide blue eyes he slid his cock slowly into his ass. When at last it touched the sensitive depths Jamie gasped and pre-cum started to ooze from the head.

“Don’t you cum boy. Long way to go yet.”

“Easier said than not done, sir,” Jamie grinned. “You being the most gorgeous man on the planet and all.”

“Flattery may not get you everywhere, boy, but it’ll sure get you the finest fuck the police force can offer.”

The banter died down as they got down to business. It was a long, tender, loving fuck. Yesterday they had played out the fantasy of the cop and his prisoner and Mark had fucked the young jock hard to punish his captive. But this was different – different time and place, and different need. There had been so much tension, fear and ugliness today that now was a time for healing. Their love-making now was a catharsis – equal parts affection, remorse, reconciliation and affirmation. Look for the love …

And so the cop and the surfer made long leisurely love, kissing and licking while the master’s cock massaged the boy’s ass, bringing him close to his climax many times, then pulling back and starting again.

Mark released Jamie’s arms and braced his hands instead on the bed by his face. Jamie reached up, ran his hands over the slaps of Mark’s pecs and traced the cleft between them, feeling the muscles flex under the light covering of blond hair. He bumped his fingers over the ridges of his eight-pack abs, then down to the nest of blond pubic hair and curled his hand round the shaft as it eased in and out of his ass.
It went on and on, changing tempo, changing position. Mark pushed Jamie on his stomach and stared down at the perfect white globes and his own cock moving rhythmically in and out of it. He pressed his hands on the small of his back holding him down while he rode his ass. Soon Jamie was on his side, looking back over his shoulder and kissing Mark who leaned over to his face as he fucked him.

Finally they reverted to their original position, Jamie on his back, his legs over Mark’s shoulders as the cop gazed down at him and stayed still, his cock buried in his ass. “Jamie, whatever happens, never forget, never doubt that I love you. You’re my beautiful boy and always will be. God knows I’m not perfect, and you’re right, sometimes I act more like a cop than a man.”

“I know you love me, sir – I do now. For a long time I was insecure, always afraid you might stop loving me, but eventually I wised up and saw the truth.”

Mark smiled. “Wised up – good choice of words, kiddo. In some ways you’re wiser than me, even though you’re younger. You and Brandon too, it seems. What was it he told you? When the going gets rough he looks for the love in people – let love guide you and you’ll be OK? Man, that kid knows a thing or two – words to live by.”

“Words to fuck to also, sir,” Jamie grinned. “Things did get rough a while ago but look at us now … we found love … didn’t have to look far, it never went away. So now would you make me cum, sir, without me touching myself? You can always do that.”

“How long d’you think that’ll take, stud? How many seconds?” Pinning Jamie’s arms to the bed again, Mark pulled back his dormant but still hard cock, paused, then drove it in again, deeper this time. A few more thrusts and Jamie’s body was shuddering. “You gonna cum for me Jamie?” Mark smiled. “Show me you still love me even though I behaved like a cop?”

“Is that an order, officer?”

“Damn right it is.”

“OK sir, here it comes … oh fuck it feels so good. I love you, sir … I’m gonna cum … aaaaah …”

The sight of Jamie’s cock spurting jizz over his tanned, muscular young body thrilled Mark and he moaned, “Ah yeah, that’s it kid … so fucking beautiful … yeaaah …” Jamie felt his master’s cock erupt in his ass and flood it with his juice – the healing balm that makes everything right – even when the going gets rough.

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They lay in each other’s arms in silence for a while catching their breath. Jamie had a faraway look in his eyes and Mark asked him, “What you thinking about, buddy?”

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Jamie sighed, “I was thinking about Mike. He loves Larry so much. It must be so tough to watch someone you love go through this shit, as if he’s slipping away from you.”

Mark sat up suddenly. “Dammit you’re right. I gotta go to him.”

“Sir,” Jamie said anxiously, “please don’t be . . .”

“Don’t worry, Jamie. After what we just did … you straightened me out. Young Brandon always looks for love, you say. That’s what Mike must be doing right now – and he ain’t finding it anywhere. Damn I’ve been a fool.” He got up, pulled on his boxers and left the room.

He looked quickly round the house and in the garden but there was no sign of him. Larry’s room. Must be there. The door was closed and he opened it quietly. Inside the dimly lit bedroom Larry was fast asleep and Mike was sitting by the bed gazing down at him. Mike’s shoulders were hunched and his cheeks streaked with tears.

He was unaware that Mark had come in – unaware of anything but his sleeping boy. Mark walked silently across the room, came up behind Mike and laid his hand gently on his shoulder. As if in a daze Mike simply placed his hand over Mark’s, not shifting his gaze away from Larry.

Mark sat beside him and spoke softly. “He’s doing just the right thing, Mike – sleeping. Like Jamie said, after a run of meth it’s what they call crashing. The body’s natural reaction, restoring itself, letting the metabolism get back to normal. He’ll sleep long and deep. Probably won’t wake until tomorrow morning.”

Mike turned his head away from Larry and looked at Mark through tired, pained eyes. “And when he does wake are you gonna arrest my boy for possession and what he did to Jamie?”

“No, Mike, no. I’m so sorry I said all those things to you. I was scared and angry and my cop instincts blinded me to the values of friendship. But Jamie put me right. I just made love to him, and that’s what you and Larry will be doing again before long – after we’ve taken care of him. Can you forgive me for being such a poor friend?”

Mike managed a watery smile. “Ah, don’t beat yourself up, boy. Friends go through stuff like that, and you were only trying to protect your boy, like I was mine – still am.”

“Yeah, and that’s the priority now, Mike, looking after your boy. Right now, after all those drugs, he needs to hydrate. What you have to do is wake him up enough to give him water. He won’t be aware what’s going on but he’ll drink, then go back to sleep. I’ll get the water.

He went to the bathroom and came back with a full glass. With some difficulty Mike lifted Larry’s head up and he half woke, bleary eyed. Mark held the glass to his lips and he managed to swallow most of it. Mike lowered him gently back on the bed and he fell again into a deep sleep.
Jamie came into the room and said, “I’ll be happy to sit and watch him if you like, sir, so you can get some rest.”

“Thanks, Jamie,” Mike said, “but I’ll stay with him a while longer and then I think it’s enough if we just check in on him from time to time.” Mike looked at them both and smiled. “Helluva welcome we’ve given you guys. This is supposed to be your vacation and you fall into this big pile of shit. I’m sorry, guys, really sorry.”

Mark grinned, “Mike I’ll do a deal with you. I’ll stop apologizing if you stop apologizing.”

“Deal,” Mike said. “Hey you two must be hungry. I should …”

“You should do nothing, Mike. Jamie and me can rattle around in the kitchen, set up drinks and pull together something to eat. Half an hour OK?”

Mike agreed and turned his gaze back to Larry, feeling a lot easier in his mind.

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And so the dust settled. Larry was safely in bed deep in sleep as the three men sat in the garden over wine and a light meal. Mike had left the French windows of Larry’s room open onto the garden so they could hear in the unlikely event that he should wake and call out.

But their conversation was not about Larry at first. Mike didn’t want to dwell on the subject so he asked for all the gossip on the long saga of Miguel’s new boy Finn. They told him of Finn’s rocky introduction to the tribe, including his initial rejection by Pablo.

“Ah, the boss’s boy,” Mike chuckled. “Only to be expected that young stud would throw his weight around at first. He’s so much like his dad Randy. Randy has to test every man who’s new to the tribe so Pablo does the same with new boys. But I hear you put him in his place, Jamie. I’ve had to do the same with Randy several times. I know how to deal with him. When I call him ‘boy’ I think he’s a bit afraid of me.”

“Well you’re the only guy he is afraid off,” Mark said. “Except Bob. Bob can make Randy do anything – jump off the roof if he asked him to.”

Jamie laughed, “That would be no big deal for Randy. If he jumped off the roof he’d get right up without a scratch and walk away. But you know, young Finn is a tough kid too. He took it all in stride. Until he came face to face with Grady. That struck him dumb. Seems he went to see Grady’s Tarzan movie several times and beat his meat each time – usually at the scene where Tarzan is tied up and whipped.
“And suddenly there he was in the gorgeous flesh, larger than life. Finn thought he had died and gone to heaven when he and Grady played out the fantasy where the beaten Tarzan lay on the ground and Finn fucked him.”

They were happy to see Mike roar with laughter. “Damn, I should come into town and drop in on you guys more often. When I’m with your crowd I always feel I’m in the middle of a porn movie.” Pretty soon, when they had relaxed after a few glasses of wine and lots of laughter Mike felt more comfortable getting back to the subject of Larry.

“Guys, I’m feeling out of my depth with this problem – a new feeling for me. As a longtime bar owner I’ve had to toss out many drunks in my time. “And if anyone is high on drugs I give them a list of 12-step programs and treatment places – and then throw them out. You have to be on the lookout for signs of anyone using or dealing drugs in a bar. Zero tolerance on that … could lose my license faster than you can say methamphetamine – as you well know, Mark, as a cop.”

“Yeah, I’m often called on to respond to situations like that. Always a tough one.”

Mike sighed. “But when it’s a guy you love it’s a whole different ball-game. Conventional wisdom calls for tough love – don’t enable them, keep your distance. ‘Course I can’t do that with Larry. He’s my boy and I love him. But when he finally wakes up …” he shrugged “… what then?”

Jamie put his hand on Mike’s wrist. “Sir, you know that a long time ago I fell into the same trap as Larry. Hung out with this gnarly group of surfers at the beach and did crystal with them. But Mark stumbled across us and went predictably apeshit. Talk about tough love … but he didn’t throw me out. But it was kinda rough to shake off the need for another bump of the stuff now and again, and Larry will be the same.”

“So, how did you beat it, kiddo?” Mike asked eagerly.

“Work. The company had a big new project and Brandon was struggling in the office. He pleaded for my help – partly because he needed it and partly to help me, I think. That kid is incredible. He sensed the problem and instinctively knew what would help – hard work. So he threw problems at me and I got so immersed in them I didn’t have the time or inclination for another bump. I think it would help Larry too, sir.”

“You’re probably right, Jamie, but the bar is out. Can’t have him working there again yet. That place has all the triggers that made him use in the first place – guy he met there. Working there would send him right back.”

“What about the bike repair shop, sir?”

Mike heaved a sigh. “He hasn’t been there in weeks. It’s badly neglected. I don’t see how …”
“Let me try, sir. I remember when you first bought the place for him it was a total mess and I helped him clean it up.”

“Yeah,” Mark grinned, “and when he came back you were both filthy – two shirtless mechanics covered in grease. God knows what you got up to – some homoerotic fantasy by the look of it.”

“Well, let’s just say Larry and I christened the place and got to know each other a whole lot better, sir. But Uncle Mike, would you let me talk to Larry tomorrow about the repair shop?”

“Hey, if you can get through to the boy, it would be a load off my mind. But at the first signs of trouble you back off. I don’t want you hurt again, Jamie.”

“No sweat, Mike,” Mark grinned. “I’ll make sure that don’t happen. This here’s my boy.”

That night, before Mark and Jamie went to their guestroom, Mike asked them to help him move a small single bed into Larry’s room. He wanted to sleep near Larry, but sleeping with him might wake him up. Hence the spare bed which they managed to move in quietly.

Larry didn’t wake up all night and slept, as Jamie had predicted, right through to the next morning. When he finally stirred Mike came and sat by his bed. Larry opened his eyes blearily, winced and shut them. He frowned, opened his eyes again and gazed up at the ceiling in confusion. As memory came slowly back he groaned, “Oh shit … oh shit …” His gaze came into focus and he found himself looking up at Mike. His voice was hoarse.

“Oh … you’re still here, sir. Are you gonna throw me out?”

“No Larry. I’m not gonna throw you out. I love you.”

“Did … did Mark and Jamie leave? Or is the cop hanging around to arrest me?”

“No, kiddo. They’re still here and Mark is not going to arrest you. And I’m not gonna throw you out, because I love you. But because I love you I am gonna ask you to listen to Jamie. He’s been a real good friend through all this. He’s worried about you and wants to help. You should drink this water here, plenty of it, then take a nice hot shower.”

Larry was too confused and weak to object. He took a long drink of water then let Mike help him up and into the shower. The hot water went a long way to reviving him and he started to actually feel good. The long sleep had helped to restore his body and the residual effect of the drugs still numbed his brain like the mellow after-effects of an anesthetic.

He let the water stream over his face and body for some time, then dried off, wrapped a towel round his waist and emerged into the bedroom where Jamie stood smiling at him. Larry saw the
Band-Aid on his forehead, memory came flooding back, and he winced. “What you still hanging around for, dude? Thought you’d have had enough of crazy Larry by now. You waiting around for the next crisis?”

“Dude, the next crisis has already hit – in the kitchen. I was trying to pull breakfast together but I fucked up big time. I burned the toast, then tried to make an omelet but when I broke the eggs they slipped out of my hand and on the floor. It’s a slippery mess. I’m hopeless, Larry, and I really need your help.”

Larry smiled weakly. “As I recall you never were any great shakes in the kitchen, dude. But OK, the cavalry’s coming to the rescue. Let’s go and see what we can salvage.” He pulled on shorts and a T-shirt and Jaimie followed him to the kitchen.

“Holy shit, what a fucking mess. You’re a real fuckup, dude, you know that? OK, there’s the mop. You clean up the floor while I do more eggs and toast.”

Jamie grabbed the mop and smiled to himself as he swabbed the floor. Hardly a fuckup, Jamie was working cunningly to portray Larry as the expert, boost his confidence and make him concentrate on work.

Soon order was restored and Larry was giving the orders. “Fresh juice in the fridge. Get out the yoghurt and berries, Mike likes that, and put the coffee on. You do know how to make coffee, don’t you?”

He caught Jamie grinning to himself and stopped cooking. “Fuck you, dude,” he said with a wry smile, “you planned all this didn’t you?”

Jamie smiled and opened his arms. “Come here, asshole.” Larry hesitated, then stumbled forward into a warm hug and his confidence collapsed.

“Shit, Jamie, why are you being so decent to me after what I did to you? Damn, I can’t believe I behaved like that. I’m sorry, dude. It was the drugs, I wasn’t thinking straight, I couldn’t …”

“Larry, Larry, that’s in the past, and we gotta concentrate now on the future.”

“But Jamie it’ll happen again, you know it will. I’m scared, Jamie. See it’s got to the point where I need that stuff … it’s something inside me that … I can’t kick it. It’s me that’s the real fuckup.”

“Larry, cast your mind back to those days when we were running wild getting into all kinds of crazy trouble. While you were ranting and raving who was it that got us out of all the scrapes?”

“You did, bro.”
“Damn right, and I’m gonna help you now — you gotta let me. But first things first … the toast is burning again.”

As they resumed working Jamie said casually, “Er, that repair shop of yours. How’s that going?”

“It’s not, dude. I kinda gave up. It’s a fucking mess.”

“Well what say after breakfast we go take a look? Hell, we cleaned it up once, remember? We can do it again.” Larry looked confused and was about to protest, but Jamie said, “Please, Larry, we’re buddies, we go back a long way. Please let me help. It’s what friends do.”

Larry grinned. “Fuck you, Jamie, you always were the bossy one.”

“Good. I’ll take that as a yes.”

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Breakfast in the garden under the morning sun was a surprisingly peaceful affair after all the angst and drama of yesterday. Mark and Mike had decided to leave the field clear for Jamie to do his thing. Mark still harbored some residual resentment against Larry for hurting Jamie, and Mike was still confused and anxious inside. By contrast Jamie was bright and talkative and kept Larry amused with stories of the tribe and the saga of Finn.

“Man, I wish I’d been at the Grady House for that scene where Grady played the young lord of the manor getting butt-fucked by Finn the gardener. Who told you about that, Jamie?”

“Eddie of course, the fountain of all the gossip in the tribe.”

“He’s such a great kid,” Larry said. “I miss him.”

It was Larry who eventually brought up the repair shop. “Sir,” he said to Mike, “Jamie and me were thinking of driving over to the shop to check on things. Would that be OK with you?”

“Sure, why not?” Mike said casually. He was privately thrilled that Jamie had managed to persuade him but didn’t want to intervene in Jamie’s subtle act of steering Larry toward work. Mark smiled and nodded at Jamie in silent encouragement.

And so, half an hour later, they were in Larry’s truck driving the short distance to the workshop, and Larry tentatively brought up a touchy subject. “Er, do you know what Mark did with my stash, dude? Did he flush it?”

Jamie smiled, “He said he destroyed it, but he didn’t flush it. You’re not supposed to flush drugs down the toilet unless you want a bunch of fishes swimming around stoned to the gills.”
Larry smiled at Jamie’s joke but felt a pang of panic at having none of the stuff ready to hand. The fear of all users was being unable to satisfy their craving. Jamie sensed the sudden tension but fortunately they were pulling up to the repair shop in a small cluster of old garages.

Larry unlocked the bottom of the roll-up door and pushed it all the way up. “Jesus,” Larry groaned as they went inside the garage and he flipped on the light. It was a sorry sight. The floor was a greasy mess where an oil drum had leaked over it. Scattered all over the place were empty oil cans, tools, bike parts and other assorted debris, and the skeleton of an old bike Larry had been cannibalizing for parts.

As they surveyed the wreckage Jamie flashed on what it must have been like for Larry all alone in this desolate little garage working hard to repay Mike and build the business. His heart went out to him again. But he said cheerfully, “Well, better get started.”

The place had been shut up for so long, with the desert sun beating down on it, that it was stuffy and like a furnace. They were both wearing jeans, boots and old T-shirts, and the shirts came off right away in the stifling heat. The cleanup was hard work but they both felt something gratifying about working together, buddies again.

As they worked they stole admiring glances at each other. Jamie, of course, had the lithe muscled body of a surfer. Larry had formerly worked out hard at the gym, though not recently. But the drug increased his metabolism and dehydrated him so the muscles of his fat-free body were ripped.

There was a small trash dumpster outside that filled up quickly and, after a couple of hours, the space was looking a whole lot better and more organized. “Let’s take a beer break,” Larry said. “I think the mini-fridge in the back office is still on and there should be some left.”

A few minutes later they were lounging in the old metal chairs in the small office knocking back the beer, their bare chests and faces smothered in grease and sweat. Larry grinned, “Damn, looks like all the oil and dirt’s come off the floor and onto us. You are a fucking mess, dude – and it looks good on you.”

“You’re looking pretty swift yourself, bro. Man that body is real cut, not an ounce of fat. Looks terrific.” They drank in silence for a while, then Jamie took a chance. “You may not wanna hear this, dude, but all the time we were working I had a boner in my jeans. Kinda reminded me of that first day we came here and cleaned the place up and ended up looking like we do now.”

“Yeah, I remember,” Larry said tepidly, feeling the ice get thin under his feet.

Jamie said, “And you remember how that ended up – you holding me down on the workbench and fucking my ass? Man, you were rough. I swore I’d turn the tables and get my own back on you, but I never did — not so far anyway,” he grinned suggestively.
Larry shifted uncomfortably avoiding eye contact. Then he gazed at Jamie. “I gotta level with you, dude. That shit I been doing … it has a weird effect on a guy. Makes you feel great, real sexy, and I can watch porn for six, eight hours beating my meat. But it’s kinda all in the mind – not in my dick. Can’t get a hard-on and it’s difficult to cum, but it don’t matter ‘cos I feel so damn high just stroking my limp dick and watching the porn.”

He paused and took another swig of beer. “Downside is that it spoils you for any other kind of sex. When a guy on crystal comes onto another guy in a bar, first thing he asks is ‘do you party’ – code for crystal. It’s a whole different kind of sex, and you can’t have it any other way. It’s why I haven’t had sex with Mike for weeks. I still love the hell out of the guy. If only I could get him to do a bump or two and party with me …”

He saw Jamie stiffen and quickly added, “No, scratch that, dude. That was a stupid thing to say, crazy talk. I would never insult Mike like that. But what I mean is, like right now. Sure, part of me would love to have you take your revenge – that old fantasy of two sweaty, greasy mechanics fucking. I been looking at you too, buddy, and you are more fucking gorgeous than ever. But I can’t fuck with you, not like we did before, ‘cos regular sex is not the same anymore and I couldn’t get it up anyway. Nobody wants to fuck a guy with a limp dick.”

“I do.”

Larry blinked. He wasn’t sure if he had heard Jamie right. “You … what?”

“Larry, watching you working hard out there, all sweaty and smothered in oil, got me real stoked. I looked at that workbench and imagined you … Ah, never mind.”

Larry saw the disappointment on his buddy’s face and said, “All you wanna do is fuck me, dude? Like payback for that first time here? Jamie, I love you, dude. You’ve been a real friend though all this crap so … well, if a limp dick wouldn’t put you off … I guess I could give it a try.”

Jamie laughed. “Hell, not the most enthusiastic come-on line I’ve ever heard but, what the fuck, let’s ‘give it a try’ as you say. But we gotta do it right.” Jamie went out to the main workshop and pulled the garage door down shut. He switched off the fluorescent lights leaving only one bare bulb hanging down over the workbench, then looked around – good, plenty of ropes.

“OK, stud. Get your ass out here.”

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A few minutes later the shirtless blond jock paced round the workbench saying, “Fucking hot, dude. Man that looks good.”

He was staring down at the handsome, dark-haired mechanic lying on his back on the workbench, his bare chest and face streaked with grease. Beltless black jeans clung to his slim
waist, his ass hanging over the end of the bench, boots on the floor. His arms were stretched up to the corners of the bench, wrists roped to the bench.

Jamie gave the single bulb above him a push and it swung moodily back and forth above the bound man, alternately lighting his face, chest and abs gleaming with sweat. “Perfect,” Jamie breathed. “I swear to you, dude, you have never looked more sexy than you do right now.”

Larry tugged at his bound wrists. “Not sure about the ropes, dude. Feel kinda scared.”

“Oh you should be scared, man. See I got a score to settle with you – several. Like that time you tied me down right here on this bench and skewered my ass with your big dick. I swore I’d get you back for that. Then yesterday, you slammed my head against the wall and left me tied up in that cellar. You insulted me, my man Mark, and that good man who loves you. You sexy mother-fucker, you’re a piece of work, you know that? And you’re gonna get what you deserve.”

Again Larry struggled. “No, dude, you’re scaring me. I’m not into this. I told you sex is different for me now. Maybe if I could do a couple of lines …”

“Not his time, dude. No drugs this time. Just my big hungry dick in your ass.” Jamie ripped open Larry’s jeans and pulled them down from his waist, over his ass and let them drop round his boots. As Larry had said, his dick was limp but Jamie was taking a chance that a combination of fear and a rough fuck would change that. He pushed Larry’s legs up and pulled them back over his shoulders, jeans and boots behind Jamie’s neck.

Larry looked up at the chiseled features, the blue eyes, the dirt-streaked blond hair falling over his forehead, and at the muscular body leaning over him. He sensed a slight stirring in his own cock. “You gonna fuck my ass, dude?”

“Damn right I am. You don’t fuck with me and get away with it, man.” Larry watched as Jamie unbuttoned his jeans, pulled out his iron-hard cock and spat on it. He tensed as he felt the head of his dick press against his ass … then … aaagh!” The bound mechanic screamed as the shaft drove hard into his ass, pulled back and plunged in again, then again, deeper each time.

“No, it hurts too bad. Stop, man. Pull out … pull out.”

“No chance. This is what you need, mother-fucker. Take a deep breath and look at my eyes.”

Jamie may have looked out of control but he knew exactly what he was doing. Larry needed to be shocked out of his dependency on drugs for sex. He needed another craving to take its place, the kind all the men and boys of the tribe had, the hunger for a hot macho stud to fuck and get fucked by. Jamie knew that the sex Larry had had with Mike was the loving, tender kind of a mature man in love. But sometimes, surely, he needed this.
It was what the tribe called a Randy fuck, a caveman fuck as Jamie leaned down, pressed his hands on the mechanic’s oily chest and gazed into his eyes while his rod pistoned in his ass. The single bare bulb swung above them, alternating sinister light and shadow on the pornographic scene of one young mechanic butt-fucking another.

Larry was groaning now, the pain decreasing as he gazed at Jamie and drifted into a sexual euphoria. But this time the euphoria was not drug induced. He was not watching a screen and stroking a limp dick. He was staring up at a handsome young jock, his buddy, feeling his rod pile-driving his ass … and his own dick stirring back to life.

Jamie’s eyes were staring down at him like lasers as he reamed his ass. They had an intensity that mesmerized Larry, pulling him back from that malevolent world he had drifted into and lost his mind and his soul. Larry moaned, “I love you Jamie. Fuck me, do it hard … I need it, man. Yeah, that’s it … you’re making me hard, bro. Untie me, let me touch my cock.”

“No, Larry. No more jerking off. If you really love me you’ll cum for me like this. What’s it gonna take? Pain? You really wanna feel it?” Jamie’s eyes flashed and he fucked harder than he had even fucked Mark, pounding his ass like a jackhammer. He looked down at Larry’s cock that was now rock hard and shouted, “Let me see it shoot, buddy. Do it, man. Do it for me, do it for Mike. We all love you, dude. Come back to us. Do it!”

Larry’s eyes opened wide, his body convulsed and he pulled frantically at his bound wrists. “Aaagh,” he screamed. “I love you Jamie … aaagh!” He felt Jamie’s juice pouring in his ass and his own cock exploded with jets of semen that splashed down on him and mixed with the oil and sweat on his heaving chest.

Jamie stared down at his exhausted buddy and panted, “Welcome back, dude.”

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Jamie released Larry, he pulled up his jeans and they faced each other. Larry’s eyes gleamed. “Jamie, that was incredible – I didn’t think it was possible. Dude, I need more, a lot more.”

“What? What do you mean, buddy?”

“It’s hard to explain, Jamie, but … see, doing that drug is a whole new feeling, different from anything else, a kind of ecstasy. I know that it’s terrible for a person but I needed that high and thought I could never match it with anything else. But I just did, Jamie. We just did. It was, I dunno … the sex, the bondage, the pain, your dick in my ass, the love in your eyes, all of that. And you took it to the extreme. It’s better than drugs, even more intense.

“Only difference is that the drug high can be got from a couple of lines of powder. What we just did takes a lot more – and I want more, Jamie. I want to feel, really feel. I want to shrug off all that other crap. It’s meaningless but what we did means something. I loved it, I need it. I want
to prove to you and myself I can kick the other shit. I want to make amends to you, I want to be punished for what I did – punished and loved all at the same time, like just now.

“I know what we did you can’t do every day of the week and I wouldn’t want it. But I want to be able to love again, Jamie. I want to love Mike the way he deserves to be loved. Because I know now that love is the best drug in the world.”

“You know, Larry,” Jamie smiled, “Brandon once told me that when the going gets rough for him he always looks for the love in people. And if you ever feel lost, just let love guide you.”

“That’s it, Jamie, Brandon’s right. But right now, just this once to get me over the hump, I need to feel it physically, I need it rough, need it to hurt. Can you do that for me, Jamie? Right here and now. You’re the only guy in the world I could ask for that. Can you, dude?”

Jamie smiled at Larry’s gleaming face. “Sure I can, dude. And this is just the place, just as we are – two sweaty, greasy mechanics one pulling the other back from the edge of the cliff and teaching him a lesson he won’t forget. We’re gonna be here longer than we expected, though, and we don’t want the guys to worry. You should call Mike.”

Larry pulled out his phone. “Hello … hello, sir … this is Larry … your boy Larry. Sir, I think everything’s gonna be OK. It’ll take a while so we’ll be here longer than we thought. But I’ll be back, sir, so wait for me … don’t give up on me, sir. I love you.”

Larry switched off the phone. “He said he’d never give up on me, dude, ‘cos he loves me. I gotta do this for Mike, Jamie. Help me, buddy.”

Jamie’s voice got harsh. “OK, over here, boy, under those chains hanging from that beam.”

The macho dark-haired young mechanic stood there shirtless, grimy with sweat and grease, beltless black jeans hugging his slim waist. Slowly he raised his arms to the chains.

Jamie stared at him and thought to himself, ‘I guess there’s a whole lot of ways a guy can look for love. And this is one of them …’

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Chapter 416 – “Tough Love & Rough Sex”

The young blond jock, the cop’s boy Jamie, distracts his buddy Larry from his drug problems with a rough-sex version of tough love. The arrogant young mechanic kneels shirtless on the garage floor, body streaked with oil and grease, in degrading defeat. Turned on by the scene the cop Mark submits to similar treatment from his boy. But finally Uncle Mike shows his boy Larry that the only drug that really counts is love.
Jamie stood back and gazed at the pornographic sight in the middle of the garage. The dark-haired mechanic was stripped down to black, beltless jeans and boots, his face and bare chest streaked with oil, his wrists tied to chains hanging from the ceiling.

The chains were attached to a winch used to hoist a motorbike for easy eye-level work. Jamie now turned the winch and watched the mechanic’s arms rise up slowly until they were stretched upward, his feet still on the ground.

Jamie went to the back office, got another beer from the mini-fridge and took up position in an old metal chair facing Larry from about fifteen feet away. Lit only by weak fluorescents in the ceiling the room was hot and humid with an oppressive, sinister feel.

Sprawled in the chair Jamie locked eyes with his captive across the room in total silence except for a dripping tap in the corner and the sound of Larry’s heavy breathing. Jamie took occasional slugs of beer, his eyes fixed on his helpless prisoner as if deciding what to do with him, what punishment to deliver.

As Larry gazed at the muscular young jock, stripped to the waist, his tousled blond hair falling over his square-cut grease-stained features Larry felt an anticipation running through him like an electric current. It was not unlike the excitement he felt whenever he chopped crystal with a razor blade and ritualistically scraped it into prefect lines. He experienced now, as then, the tingling anticipation of the rush he would soon be feeling.

That was Jamie’s plan – to replace one euphoria (uncontrolled and harmful) with another – a sexual euphoria that, in skilled hands, would do no harm. He stood up and, ignoring the bound Larry, looked around the garage where shelves held tools and spare parts. Jamie selected a small flat length of wood, a paddle that Larry used as a paint stirrer. Next he found a length of thin rope and two plastic spring clothespins used for clipping wet rags to a line.

He put the clothespins in his pocket, approached Larry, draped the thin rope round his neck and looked into his eyes. “Man, you look so fucking hot like that. But I can’t have a buddy who’s messed up on drugs, so I gotta show you there’s another way. Starting like this.”

Jamie curled his hand round the back of Larry’s head and pulled his face forward into a grinding kiss. The natural passion of the two men was intensified by the sultry heat of the gloomy garage and the tense situation of one young mechanic about to suffer at the hands of another.

When they pulled apart Larry moaned, “I love you, man. Help me. Punish me. I need to feel it.”

Jamie traced the wooden paddle over Larry’s bare chest and abs, then slapped his body with short, rapid blows of the flat side, making Larry wince and jerk at the chains as he felt the
stinging blows. It was not so much the pain that excited him as the wild sensation of being helplessly bound, at the mercy of another young man just like him.

Jamie growled, “You said you wanna feel it, buddy. OK, try this.” Jamie pulled the two plastic pins from his pocket and Larry gasped as Jamie clamped them on his nipples, then slapped them from side to side with the paddle, jerking the pins hard in a prolonged bout of tit torture. Larry howled and his head thrashed from side to side, his dark hair flying across his face.

When Jamie felt the man had suffered enough he stepped back and said, “Let’s see if it’s having any effect.”

He ripped open Larry’s jeans and let them drop round his feet, exposing his semi-hard dick. “Well, we’re getting there,” Jamie grinned. “This should help.” He dropped to his knees, took Larry’s cock in his mouth and sucked it hard and repeatedly, feeling it stiffen in his mouth. “Fuck,” Larry groaned. “Fuck, man … that feels so damn good.”

Finally Jamie pulled his mouth off his dick and stared at the now-erect penis. He grabbed his balls and slapped them lightly with the paddle. Larry’s groans got louder and when Jamie began to hit the cock from side to side with the paddle the groans became screams.

“Now we’re getting somewhere,” Jamie said. “First a little cock and ball torture – now for the tits.” He stood up. “Brace yourself stud. This is gonna hurt.” He swiped the paddle at one of the clothespins, wrenching if off the nipple and Larry’s head jerked back with a howl. Then the same with the other tit and another yell as the pin ripped off and flew across the room.

“Shit, fuck, man,” Larry yelled, “that fucking hurt.”

“Yeah but you’re dick’s as hard as a rock. This is gonna hurt too.” Larry flexed his abs as Jamie gut-punched him with both fists. Then he pulled the thin rope from around Larry’s neck, raised his arm and brought it down across his back, then repeatedly across his pecs and abs. Larry’s naked body writhed as he tugged frantically against the chains, pulling back in a hopeless attempt to avoid the worst of the pain.

Jamie, like the other boys in the tribe, had been well trained by Randy and Zack in scenes like this, taught to hurt a man only enough to bring him to the limit of his pain threshold and then back off. So as Larry felt the rope lash his body the pain became tolerable and, watching the shirtless muscle-jock raising his arm again and again he yelled, “Yeah, do it stud. I can take it … I need to feel it. Fuck yeah, I fucking love it, man. Such a fucking high. Do it!”

Jamie was turned on by the sight of the stripes in the oil and grease on Larry’s chest and the image of the naked mechanic in chains, pants round his boots, his stretched muscles flinching under the lash. “You wanted to feel it, man, to feel the sting, the head-rush of getting whipped by your buddy. Look at that fucking dick oozing pre-cum. Now you’re gonna know how good it feels to beg another man, buddy.”
Jamie raised his arm and curled the rope round Larry's bare ass. “Aaagh … no! Stop. Man.”

“I said you’re gonna beg, big guy. Let me hear it.” Jamie whipped his ass again and saw the white mounds bounce under the lash as Larry howled. “OK, OK, please stop, man, I can't take anymore. Please, man, I'm begging you. No more ....”

Jamie threw down the rope and ran his hands over the sensitive flesh of the striped chest, causing Larry to yell as his fingers brushed over the raw nipples. “That’s better, dude. Now you feel the euphoria of pain and domination, no chemicals needed, just the love of a hot buddy. You gonna do whatever I tell you, stud?”

“Yes, sir,” Larry groaned, reveling in the sensation of being totally dominated by another man, chained up completely at his mercy. He had been dominated by the drugs that controlled him but this was way more of a rush, a whole new world.

Jamie wound the winch down, lowering the chains and Larry instinctively sank to his knees, his arms still stretched up tight. Jamie stood before of him, unbuttoned his jeans and pulled out his iron hard dick. “You see that? You see that rod with pre-cum dripping from the end. I’m gonna give you a choice, man – more flogging or you suck my dick. What's it to be?"

“I'll suck your dick, sir.”

“Hmm, nah. You look so good under the lash. You need more.”

“No, sir, please, have mercy. Let me suck your dick. I’m begging you sir.”

Ah the ecstasy of total humiliation. The young macho mechanic always considered himself the hot stud around town. He often worked in the leather bar, showing off behind the bar under the red lights, serving drinks shirtless under the admiring gaze of the leathermen who fantasized about getting fucked by him. And when he worked alone here in the garage he sometimes caught sight of himself in the old mirror in the back office. He admired himself and flexed his muscles, even pulling out his cock and jerking off to his own mirror image.

And now here was the arrogant bar-tender, the stud mechanic, naked on his knees, arms stretched up in chains at the mercy of the young blond jock. His body striped with oil and grease he had suffered bondage and domination, the paddle, the whip, cock-and-ball torment, and tit-torture. And now, broken and degraded, he was begging for mercy, begging to suck his captor's cock pointing straight at his face. It was total humiliation – total exhilaration.

“OK, man,” Jamie said, “you look so damn hot, such a sexy mother-fucker that I wanna cum down your throat. I wanna watch that handsome face eating dick, so I’ll have mercy on you. You suck my dick real good and no more whipping. Open up, boy.”
Larry’s jaw sagged open and Jamie drove his shaft down his throat. Larry gagged and choked and Jamie pulled out. “Hey, man, if you can’t take dick we better go back to the whip.”

“No, no, please, sir,” the mechanic said desperately. “No more whipping. Fuck my face, sir. I wanna eat dick. I can take it.”

Jamie stared down at the rugged face, at the spit oozing from the open mouth and down his chin, tears mixing with oil streaks as they ran down his cheeks. The degrading picture of the once-arrogant mechanic now humbled was a huge turn on for Jamie. “Damn, that is so fucking hot – I gotta shoot a load down your throat, boy.”

He pushed his dick in again, gentler this time, partly because he didn’t want to hurt Larry and partly because the mere sight of the chained mechanic had brought him to the edge of orgasm. He grabbed Larry’s tangled dark hair and pulled his face forward onto his cock. He watched his own cock driving in and out of the handsome face and knew he had to cum. As his cock pistoned harder and harder in his captive’s mouth Jamie groaned, “Fuck, that’s hot … I’m gonna cum … damn, I’m gonna cum … yeah, drink it, boy … aaagh!”

Larry gulped hard as the pounding cock exploded in his mouth, pouring hot jizz deep down his throat. Then Jamie pulled out and blasted the last of his juice over the dark, macho face.

Jamie stared in awe at the pornographic image of the beaten young mechanic kneeling on the floor, his tortured body slumped in exhaustion hanging from the chains binding his wrists. His dark hair hung down over his handsome face that was smothered in oil, sweat and semen, tears streaking his cheeks, cum flowing from his sagging jaw and dripping on his heaving chest that was marked with stripes of the whip.

“You gotta see this, dude,” Jamie murmured. He went to the back office and took the mirror off the wall. He dragged a chair over next to his and leaned the mirror against it facing Larry who raised his head and groaned, “Damn, that’s fucking hot, man. I gotta cum, buddy. I gotta cum.”

Jamie went to him and freed one of his wrists. Then he turned the winch raising the chain a few feet so Larry was hanging from one arm, knees bent, feet dragging on the floor. He stared at himself in the mirror, a picture of a once-proud muscular young mechanic, now broken and humiliated hanging in chains. It was one of the most homoerotic images he had ever seen.

Jamie sat in his chair next to the mirror and said, “Beats all that porn you watched hour after hour stoned out of your mind with a limp dick in your hand. Look at yourself, man, and the guy who broke you – an alpha male beaten and tortured into total submission, begging for mercy. You’ll have no trouble busting a load this time, dude.

“But I first I gotta hear you apologize for what you did, strung out, attacking me and leaving me tied up. And while you’re at it apologize for bad-mouthing Mark, a cop who was just doing his
duty. But most of all I wanna hear remorse for Mike, the man who loves you and whose love you rewarded by putting him through hell.

“Look at that broken man in the mirror, dude, and watch the final degradation. You’ve been dominated, strung up in chains, beaten, face-fucked and made to beg. The ultimate humiliation now is to blow your wad as a sign of remorse for being such a complete asshole.”

Larry wrapped his free hand round his stiff dick and stroked it slowly. Hangin from one arm he stared first at the victorious blond jock, then at the rugged young mechanic sobbing in defeat, tears streaming down his face. “I’ve been a total asshole – hurt the guys I love most. Forgive me, buddy, please. I love you Jamie.” He pounded his cock and blasted a stream of semen that splashed down at the feet of the man who had broken him – an act of abject submission.

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For a moment Jamie watched mesmerized as his old pal Larry hung limply from the chain, sobbing, his tortured body smothered in sweat, grease and semen, his tormented mind starting to clear in the catharsis of pain, remorse … and exhilarating sex.

Then Jamie sprang into action. He quickly released Larry and helped him over to a chair. He sat opposite him, knees touching, and held his hands. “You OK, Larry?”

Larry raised his head … and grinned. “Fuck, dude, when you do it you really do it. That was an unbelievable experience. So fucking sexy, so much better than getting high on meth and jacking off to porn.”

Jamie nodded. “Like I said, buddy, exchanging one high for another. Of course, sex can be addictive too but the difference is there are other guys involved and there are always checks and balances, especially in the tribe where Randy is real strict on controlling things so no one ever gets hurt. He watches out for everyone and protects them – especially the boys.

“And in his own way Mike is like that, though his approach is more low-key, less ‘caveman’ than Randy. Randy would have done what I just did to you – only it would have been a lot tougher. Mike is tough too but when it comes to someone he loves he hesitates, not sure what to do.”

Larry gripped Jamie’s hand. “Dude, I gotta go to him. Right now. Damn I’ve been a total dick with that guy. I love him, Jamie, and I hope he loves me enough to forgive me.”

“So let’s go find out,” Jamie smiled. “You fit to drive?”

“Fit for anything, dude, thanks to you.”

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At the house Mike and Mark were sitting in the kitchen anxiously awaiting news of the boys. Mike had been buoyed by the quick call from Larry that things were going great and that they would be home later than expected. That was before Larry was stretched in chains, unable to make a phone call or much of anything else, at the mercy of his buddy Jamie.

When they heard Larry’s truck screech to a halt in the gravel outside they tensed, having no idea what to expect. Whatever they might have imagined it could not have lived up to the sight that met their eyes when Larry burst through the door, his eyes gleaming with an excitement Mike had not seen for a long time, a far cry from the unnatural gleam of dilated pupils.

And his face and body! Still shirtless his chest was smothered in what looked like a mix of grease, sweat and semen, and marked by the obvious stripes of a whip. His face was just as filthy with dried cum on his forehead, cheeks and chin. Jamie followed close behind looking much the same, minus the whip stripes and semen.

“Jesus Christ,” Mark said, “What have you two been up to – no, I don’t think I want to hear.”

Mike stood up and Larry threw his arms round him in a tight hug. It was the first time in weeks Mike had felt warmth and affection like this from Larry and he held on tight. When Larry finally pulled away he grinned, “Sorry sir, I’ve made you as messy as I am. But don’t worry, sir, I’m not high … at least not in the way you think. I guess I’m high on love and sex and … high on life.

“See, Jamie and I talked about drugs and I explained the euphoria I got from drugs, how it was different from anything else and I needed the meth to feel it. But he told me there were other ways to get high without shoving stuff up my nose – he said we had to replace one euphoria with another. And dammit he was right. Here’s what happened.”

Mark made a sign to Jamie that they should leave Mike and Larry together but Larry insisted. “No, please stay, sir. I want Jamie to be here – without him none of this would have happened.”

So they sat round the kitchen table and they let Larry talk … and talk. He described everything in excited detail from start to finish, blow by blow, holding back none of the vivid scenes of one young alpha male dominating another – first butt-fucking him tied to his work bench, then chaining him up, whipping and paddling him and climaxing with the searing memory of the beaten mechanic slumped in chains staring at himself in the mirror.

“It was such a high, sir, I got everything I deserved and I loved every fucking minute of it. The feeling of being tied up at the mercy of another man, a gorgeous man like Jamie here, was such a trip, different from anything else and much better than a pathetic jerking off on meth.”

Finally he stopped, his chest heaving with excitement and Mike grinned at him. “So what you’re saying kiddo is all I have to do is chain you up every night, whip you, torture you and leave you begging for more. Well, that should be a piece of cake.”
Larry laughed. “No, sir, that’s not what I need at all. That’s the kind of scene those leather guys in your bar fantasize about. But it only worked because I love Jamie and I realized that love, all kinds of love, is the best drug of all.”

“And what kind of love do you want from me, kiddo?” Mike asked gently.

Larry reached forward and stroked Mike’s face. “The kind of love you’ve always given me sir, before I lost my way with all that shit I was sniffing and treated you so badly. I want to make it up to you sir, to make love like we always used to, then fall asleep in your arms. And when I want another fix of that wild, bondage and domination stuff …

“Hell, you don’t have far to look, kid,” Mark laughed. “You’ve got a whole tribe of men who get off on that stuff all the time. Just ask Randy, especially after a rough day on the construction site, or drop into the leather household of Zack, Darius, Miguel and Finn. They’ll be pleased to work you over real good and send you flying to the moon, screaming all the way.”

“Or,” Jamie said, “you could get a repeat performance from me, dude … any time. When you feel the urge just insult me real good and … we’re off to the races.”

When the laughter died down Larry frowned, “Sir, I know I’m not out of the woods yet. I’ll still get those bad urges for the drug, but now when I feel it I’ll come for help to you, or Jamie or … even Mark, now I know he’s not gonna clap the cuffs on me and arrest me.” He grinned roguishly. “Although, after today, getting cuffed and arrested by a gorgeous stud cop like you, sir, may not be such a bad idea.”

Mike smiled at him with his old, wise smile. “Larry, I’m real happy to hear you talk like this – open and sharing everything with me and these guys. There are things I’m gonna suggest like you going to CMA meetings – you know, Crystal Meth Anonymous 12-step programs. I have a list of the Desert Cities meetings …”

“And I’ll be happy to go with you, dude.” Jamie added.

“Thanks Jamie,” Mike said. “But right now, Larry, I’d like to take you over to our favorite spot in the far corner of the garden and … like, get to know you again, I guess.”

“Yeah, I want that too, sir. Let me get cleaned up first … you don’t want me like this.”

“The hell I don’t!” Mike laughed. “I’ve never seen you look hotter than you do now, grease, sweat, jizz and all. And I bet that gorgeous body is feeling real tender right now.” He reached out and ran his hand over his chest and flicked his nipples.

“Aaagh,” Larry recoiled. “How did you know, sir?”
“Larry, I’ve been around the block a few times, especially running a leather bar for so many years. And those leather guys you mentioned are not all just talk. We’ve had our moments. I can tell you stories that would make your hair curl – if it weren’t such a greasy mess.”

They stood up, Mike put his hand gently over Larry’s shoulder and smiled down at Jamie. Mark old son, you have a boy here you can be real proud of. The best buddy a boy like Larry could ever have. We’ll see you later. Right now my boy and I have things to say, and do, to each other.” They walked off together across the garden.

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Mark smiled at his boy. “Mike’s right, Jamie, I am proud of you – damn proud. What you did to Larry to get his mind off drugs was a stroke of genius, and it seems to have worked.”

“Thank you, sir. But you know, when Larry was talking a mile a minute, real hyper, didn’t he look and sound like he did when he was high on drugs?”

“That’s only to be expected, Jamie, for a while anyway. Reminds me of once when I went to a dinner with my cop buddies and one of the guys there had been a recovering alcoholic for some time. He got up to make a speech and as he talked it sounded for all the world like he was drunk – same exaggerated mannerisms, same sounds, even to slurring his words. I thought he had fallen off the wagon and I looked at his glass expecting to see liquor. But no … just water.”

“So what was it, sir?”

“It’s sometimes called ‘dry drunk’ where a guy who has stopped using still shows some of the same actions and attitudes of when he was still on booze or drugs. Something to do with neuro memory – it’s hard-baked in a guy. Larry was high on the sexual excitement you had given him – replacing one high with another – so he sounded like he did when he had been high on meth.”

“So Larry was right when he told Mike he was not out of the woods yet?”

“Absolutely, he’ll need a lot of support in the coming weeks, starting with regular CMA meetings. I’m glad you offered to go with him. And one important thing I’ve learned is to remove the triggers that made him use – guys he got high with, places he associates with drugs, even the rituals of chopping the crystal into powder with a razor blade and rolling a dollar bill to snort with.

“And in Larry’s case, sex. He seemed to associate sex and drugs so he couldn’t do one without the other. That’s why your remedy was perfect. Showing Larry graphically that he didn’t need to do drugs for sex – great sex could be had in other ways. Larry himself nailed it when he told Mike, ‘I’m not high … at least not in the way you think. I’m high on love and sex … high on life’.”

“But what happens when we leave at the end of the week, sir?”
“Yeah, that’s a toughie. You know, I used to patrol the Skid Row area in downtown L.A. and saw druggers all the time. In that atmosphere there were triggers all over the place, it was nigh on impossible for a guy to ignore them and keep off drugs.

“So what Social Services did was to remove the guy from a place soaked in drugs to a quiet suburban sober-living house of about six guys on the other side of town – ordinary houses you’d never even notice driving down a leafy residential street, about as different from his previous drug hangout as you could possibly get.”

Jamie frowned. “Are you, like, suggesting that Larry should go to a place like that?”

“No, not exactly,” Mark chuckled. “But I am thinking that, when we leave here, Mike and Larry should come with us for a couple of weeks, if Mike can leave the bar in the hands of an assistant manager for that long.”

“Sounds great, sir, but I was thinking Larry should find refuge in hard work. Wouldn’t it be dangerous for him to have all that idle time on his hands?”

Mark smiled conspiratorially. “He wouldn’t. See, while you were gone I was speaking to Bob on the phone. He was a bit stressed because that big move they’ve all been talking about has already started. He and Randy will be moving this week into the house they bought next door. Randy always kept it in great trim for the old couple who lived there so it only needs minor cosmetic work to be ready for him and Bob.

“Next, their old apartment and the whole of the main house’s second floor, above us, will be remodeled for Zack and his family – Zack, Darius, Miguel and Finn, Pablo and Tyler too. At the same time Pete and Brandon, Hassan and Eddie will team up to take over Zack’s old house across the street, which has already been divided into two separate apartments – a duplex.”

“Sounds like a shit-load of work, sir.”

“Which is why Bob’s a bit stressed. Typically Randy is going at it like a bull in a china shop and it’s all shoulders to the wheel. Luckily work at the construction site is kinda slow for the next few weeks, so Randy and Zack have pulled Pablo, Darius and Ben off their regular jobs to work on the house. But that means certain maintenance jobs are being neglected. One in particular.”

Mark ginned. “Seems Randy has been complaining to Bob that some of the guys’ vehicles and especially all the motorbikes the guys use, all need urgent tune-ups. Pablo and Ben will be too busy. So where to find a mechanic to fill in for a few weeks and work on the bikes?

“The guy would be working under Randy and that tough son-of-a-bitch don’t let any of his crew slack off. He don’t allow any time for distractions – except for sex after work and on the lunch hour,” Mark grinned.
“Randy himself likes a beer or two but, man, the slightest hint of drug use and he’d go totally apeshit. And if a guy needed to stifle his craving for drugs by getting high on rough sex as Larry did with you, Jamie, Randy would be right there to oblige – and the guy wouldn’t forget a manhandling by that savage gypsy in a hurry.”

Mark grinned. “So I’m asking you, kiddo, where do we find a guy who’s an expert bike mechanic and would be available for a couple of weeks to work for Randy?”

Jamie threw his head back and laughed. “You have it all planned out, don’t you sir?”

“Well, I still have to run the details by Bob but I’m sure he’ll go along.”

“I think Bob would agree to anything you suggested, sir. Just flash the badge and threaten to arrest him and he’d fall to his knees.”

“Hm, yeah, Bob on his knees …” Mark mused, then snapped back to the present. “And the main guy who needs to approve is Mike. But I have a feeling he’ll be all for it for Larry’s sake, provided he can leave the bar for two weeks. Mike loves and admires Randy like a son, though they’ve had their fights like any dad and his boy. I think the idea of Larry working under Randy would appeal to him, no matter how rough the treatment.”

Mark smiled at Jamie. “But enough about all that, kiddo – what about you and me?”

“You and me, sir? What about us?”

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“Stand up, big guy,” Mark said. They stood facing each other and Mark gazed at the muscular young jock stripped to the waist. His tangled blond hair and face were streaked with motor-oil, his muscular body smothered with dirt and grease. “Fuck, you look incredibly hot like that, stud. That story Larry told of the shit you put him through, the way you worked him over, especially that last bit where you made him kneel to you – it turned me on, man. I was nursing a boner watching you all the time he spoke.”

“So what you gonna do about it, officer?”

Jamie assumed he was about to get his ass ploughed, so he was surprised to see Mark slowly pull off his T-shirt. It never failed to make Jamie gasp seeing the shirtless muscle-god barefoot in jeans that hugged his tight waist.

“Were his hands tied when you made him kneel?” Mark asked.

“Yeah, he was helpless staring at my cock. He knew what was coming – the final humiliation.”
Mark’s blue-gray eyes stared at Jamie as he slowly sank to his knees. Jamie’s cock jerked in
his jeans as he realized what was happening, and he almost creamed his pants when the cop
clasped his hands behind his back.

As Mark knelt his jeans pocket opened slightly and Jamie caught a glimpse of steel at the
pocket. He knew instantly what it was. Even off-duty Mark was always the cop and always
carried his badge and handcuffs with him, an old habit of being prepared to subdue a man if
necessary. Only this time he was not about to subdue anyone. Quite the contrary.

Jamie reached down, pulled the cuffs out and cuffed one of the cop’s wrists. Mark was kneeling
back against the heavy butcher-block table in the middle of the kitchen and Jamie pulled his
arms back round the center table leg and cuffed the other wrist. He stepped back and stared
down at the shirtless blond cop leaning his head back against the edge of the table, staring up
at the hot young buck standing over him.

Jamie sneered, “Seems like we’ve been here before, officer. You look tough but you’re a
glutton for punishment. Last time we tangled I fucked your cop ass. This time it’s gonna be a
dick down your throat. I just got through face-fucking that stud mechanic in chains, and now it’s
your turn, officer.” He pulled open his jeans and yanked out his long stiff rod. “See this, officer?
You want it, don’t you?”

Mark’s response was to let his jaw sag. Jamie grabbed his blond hair, pulled his face back and
drove his cock into the open mouth and down his throat. Unlike Larry earlier Mark didn’t gag
once, but his eyes filled with tears as the head of the boy’s cock pushed against the back of his
throat again and again. “Now you know how the mechanic felt, man, tied up helpless and
forced to eat dick.”

Mark loved getting topped by his boy. First, as he had said, he had been stoked by the thought
of Jamie chaining Larry and working him over. And second, he had told Jamie how proud he
was of him, and now wanted to prove it in a graphic way by submitting to his boy, a shirtless cop
forced to kneel and eat the young stud’s dick.

Jamie stared down at the amazing sight of a cop being humiliated like this, a fantasy even more
pornographic than the mechanic in chains getting the same treatment. “Fucking beautiful, man,
a macho cop getting his face ploughed, helpless in his own handcuffs.”

Jamie’s rod pistoned in his mouth and tears were running down the cop’s face before Jamie
slowed down and pulled out. “I’m not gonna make you drink my jizz, officer. I wanna beat my
meat while I look at you on your knees telling me how much you want this.”

Mark gulped and groaned, “I love it, man. That story of you and the mechanic. I wanted to take
his place – a cop chained up like he was, getting whipped, his cock and balls beaten, tits
tortured, then humiliated on his knees with cum slamming in his face.”
“Yeah, big tough cop like you, that’s some fucking fantasy. Well you’re gonna get it, big guy. Let’s hear it, officer, let’s hear how much you want it.”

“Fuck, yeah,” the cop groaned, “I wanna see you shoot that fucking load, man. I wanna feel it. Give to me, stud … I want it bad … I … aaagh!” He was blinded by a stream of jizz slamming in his face. His jaw dropped and the next blast filled his mouth and he swallowed hard.

The picture was so graphic, so hot, that Jamie came again and again, staring at the shirtless blond cop on his knees, hands cuffed behind his back, his chiseled Greek-God features getting drenched in semen that poured down his forehead and cheeks, out of his mouth and down his chin, dripping on his bare chest.

“Man,” Jamie yelled, that looks so fucking gorgeous. Man I want you to get off on me too just looking at me.” He reached round and uncuffed Mark’s right hand. He lifted his left arm up high, bent it back over the table and cuffed it to a metal grate on the table.

He stepped back and said, “Yeah, that’s how Larry was, kneeling with one arm chained up, the other hand free to work his cock. I wanna turn you on, man. I wanna watch you cum just looking at me, getting off on me.”

Jamie sat in a kitchen chair facing him. He put his arms round the back of the chair and linked his hands tight behind him, as if he were cuffed to the chair. He struggled and moaned, trying desperately to get free.

Mark gazed at the erotic image of the muscular young stud tied to the chair, shirtless in jeans and boots, filthy with dirt, grease and sweat as if he had already been worked over, struggling to get free to avoid more punishment.

And Mark went wild, grabbing his own cock and pounding his cock, weaving an elaborate fantasy of his own. “Man, that looks so fucking incredible,” Mark groaned, “a young jock tied to a chair and worked over by a gang of thugs. His master’s a cop, but they’ve cuffed him too and they’re forcing him to watch his boy get thrashed.” Mark struggled to free his bound arm, leaning forward, his muscles bulging. Jamie played into it, writhing in the chair, wincing under the blows, face getting slapped from side to side, blond hair flying.

“No,” Marked yelled. “Stop … I’ll do anything … you want me to cum? Is that what you want? OK, I’ll cum … anything.” He pounded his cock frantically … “I give up … shit, I’m gonna cum … I’m gonna cum. I love you Jamie … aaagh!”

Mark shot a ribbon of juice across the floor, held his breath and spat another and another. When he was drained his head slumped forward and Jamie raced out of his chair to release him. They fell on the kitchen floor rolling over in each other’s arms, kissing, licking, biting … and laughing. “Fuck,” Mark said, “you looked so damned hot, dude. You are fucking sensational, so much fun to play with. Nobody does it like you, kid. We gotta do stuff like that more…”

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Whenever you say, officer. But right now d’you think we should check on Mike and Larry, make sure they’re OK?"

Mike grinned. “I wouldn’t worry about those two, kiddo. I think they can take care of each other real well.”

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Mark was right, of course. When Mike and Larry had reached their favorite spot in the garden, a grassy area under big shade trees, they sat on the grass facing each other.

Larry launched right in. “Sir, I feel so ashamed at the way I’ve treated you lately. I don’t know how to apologize for …”

“Then don’t try, kid. I think I know what you’re feeling, kinda confused after all the shit you put yourself through, and then that wild scene with Jamie, god bless him. I tell you, one of the few good things about getting older is getting wiser. Hell, if you don’t get wiser what’s the point of getting old? I’ve been around the block more than a few times, and running a bar you pretty much see and hear it all.

“So I do have some idea of what you’ve been going through and, like you said, you ain’t out of the woods yet. We got a lot of work to do and I want us to concentrate on the future, our future, rather than feeling grief about the past. But none of it will mean a thing unless we’re good, you and me. Are we good, Larry?”

“Sir, however it may have seemed, I never stopped loving you. After Jamie got through with me in the garage the only thing I could think about was asking you to take me back. I don’t deserve it, but I need to know you want me back, sir.”

“Larry, you say you never stopped loving me. So what do you think? That I can turn love off like switching off a light. No, kiddo, that light burns too bright, you don’t just snuff it out. Of course I love you, boy, and by my age you get to know what love really means. To me it’s like you never went away, but if you need, sure I’ll take you back … and I mean really take you.

“Why the hell d’you think I wanted you the way you are, all messed up, smothered in grease and Jamie’s cum, your body all tender, covered with whip marks and your tits on fire? Man, when you described what Jamie did to you I wished it had been me in Jamie’s place. You should a’ called me to come and watch. I could have brought some of the guys from the bar. Hell, we could have sold tickets.

“Let me look at you, boy. So he strung you up to the chains on that hoist, whipped you and paddled you, the whole game – bondage, domination, cock and ball torture, tit torture, butt
fucked, face-fucked – straight out of the leatherman’s handbook. And you loved every minute of it – you got high on it.”

Larry grinned at Mike, loving his enthusiasm, realizing all over again why he loved him so much. “So is that what you’re gonna do to me now, sir – the price of having me back?”

“Nah, Jamie’s a tough act to follow and you’ve had enough of that for a while. Oh, maybe when all this is over I’ll visit you in your garage, or drag you out to Hassan’s house in the dunes and work you over in his dungeon. But I don’t just want you to trade one addiction for another – crystal high to caveman sex. See, you can get high on a whole bunch of other things too.”

“Such as?” Larry smiled.

“Well, something as simple, and complicated, as love. Personally I think that’s the highest high you can reach. Let’s see now.” Mike stood up and stared down at Larry lying shirtless on his back on the grass. “That hot young stud mechanic down there has been beaten, fucked both ends and left bruised and tender on the ground waiting for the next high.

“So along comes this old guy – well,” Mike grinned, “a middle-aged guy, mature let’s say, and the kid thinks, ‘Can I get high with him? Nah, maybe not, I need a tough young jock like the one who just worked me over’. But the man looks down at him and rubs the bulge in his jeans.

“What happened to you, kid?’ the man says. ‘Looks like someone beat you up good. Damn, whoever did it left you there looking filthy. Why don’t you get comfortable? Take off those boots and disgusting jeans. You could use some tender loving care right about now, eh?’

“So the kid kinda likes the sound of the older guy’s voice and yeah, maybe he could use a little TLC at that. Won’t make him high like the last guy, but hey, he could use the rest before his next fix of rough sex. So he does what the guy says and gets naked.”

Mike watched as Larry sat up, reached forward and pulled off his boots. Then he lay down, arched his back and pulled his jeans down over his ass and bare feet and tossed them aside.

Mike grinned, stroking his bulge harder. “’Yeah,’ the guy says, ‘bare-ass naked, that’s better’.” Mike knelt beside Larry. “Let’s see how bad that guy hurt you, kid.” He ran his hands lightly over his chest, barely touching his flesh tenderized by the paddle and whip, but enough to make him jerk and groan. “That bad, uh?” Mike said, tracing the whip marks with the tip of his finger.

When he touched his raw nipple Larry yelled in pain. “Yeah, tit-torture will do that. Hm, when I was a kid and bruised myself my mom used to say she would kiss it better. And it worked.” Mike bent down and touched the nipple with the tip of his tongue, then licked both tits gently as Larry moaned in ecstasy.
“OK, what about the mouth?” Mike said. “Guess that got pounded by the guy’s dick too. Let’s see here. He bent down again and brushed his lips lightly over Larry’s, building into a full-on, tongue-teasing kiss. When at last he pulled back Larry stared up at Mike, not with the same gleam as when he was high but with a softer warmth and a barely audible, “Thank you, sir.”

“So,” Mike said, “Face fucked and butt-fucked was it? OK, let’s check out the damage to that ass.” He reached between Larry’s legs and felt him flinch as his fingers stroked the sphincter and pushed in slightly.

“Damn, it’s still filled with jizz. The guy must’ve emptied a massive load in you, kid. It’s real tender too. Only one cure for that. You ever hear the saying ‘hair of the dog’ – having another drink to clear a hangover? That’s what your ass needs. Like when you fall off a horse, best thing is to get right back on and ride again. Except that this time you’re the one being ridden.”

Mike knelt between his boy’s legs and pulled his cock out of his pants. “Not exactly a dry fuck ‘cos that jock lubed you up good, boy. So let’s test that hair-of-the-dog thing, eh?”

Larry raised his legs, gazed up at Mike and felt his thick cock ease inside him and slide in deep. He moaned in ecstasy and Mike grinned, “That good, uh? Yeah, some of us don’t need whips and chains. Just a plain old simple fuck hits the spot.”

Just as Jamie had given Larry the full treatment so did Mike – in a totally different way. While he fucked slowly he leaned down and licked the boy’s tits again, then his sensitive chest, his neck and face, ending with another breath-sharing kiss. Then he ran his fingers through Larry’s thick dark hair and stroked his face tenderly.

“You feel the high, kiddo?” he smiled. “Like I said, a guy can get high on a bunch of things, but for my money you can’t beat good old-fashioned love. Well, maybe not so old-fashioned, eh?” he chuckled, fucking faster.

Larry’s face fell from side to side moaning, “Aaah, that feels incredible, sir.” He looked up at Mike’s smiling face. “I love you sir … I love you making love to me. Makes me feel so …”

“High? Feel so high?” Mike grinned. “Seems that’s the name of the game these days, the word du jour. Well, we can play that game too, kiddo, with a word of our own – high on love.”

Larry reached up, pressed one hand against Mike’s hairy chest and wrapped the other round his cock. But Mike swatted that hand away. “You don’t need to touch it, kiddo. As I recall, the other guy made you cum while you couldn’t touch your cock. We can do that. Stretch your arms out to the sides. Larry obeyed but smiled, “You’ll never make me cum like that, sir.”

“You underestimate the power of love, kiddo. Plus a little help from our two tender friends here.”
Mike quickly accelerated the fuck as pre-cum oozing from Larry's dick. “Never say never, kid. You’re gonna cum big-time... right now!” Suddenly Mike reached down and squeezed Larry’s ravaged nipples hard, rolling them in his fingertips while he pounded his ass with his cock.

“Aaagh!!” Larry’s scream echoed round the garden, his head thrashed from side to side, his body bucked ... and a stream of cum spatred from his cock all the way to his neck and heaving chest. He was dimly aware of Mike’s own howls as he pumped his load in his boy’s ass.

When Larry’s spasms stopped and his heartbeats subsided he opened his eyes and stared up at Mike’s smiling face. “Was that high enough for you, kiddo?” Larry pulled Mike down on the grass beside him and lay wrapped in his arms.

Their screams had reached the kitchen where Mark and Jamie were relaxing over a newly opened bottle of wine. “See,” Mark grinned, “I told you those two could take care of each other.” They waited a while, then Mark said, “But maybe we should go check on them. Those were howls of pleasure, I think, but we better make sure.”

When they reached the spot in the garden they found Mike lying on his back on the grass. Larry was curled up next to him fast asleep, his head resting on Mike’s chest. Mike grinned up at them and said softly, “Sssh, let him sleep. Long way to go yet.”

The following week was full of optimism, though there were inevitably moments when Larry felt the old craving return. But the difference now was that he sought help from Jamie or Mike – or even Mark. Jamie used energetic distraction, Mike tenderness and love, while Mark took a more disciplinarian approach, reminding Larry that giving in to his craving would hurt others.

Mark phoned Bob who eagerly agreed to Mark’s suggestion that Mike and Larry should come and stay for a couple of weeks. “If it’s distraction Larry needs he’ll sure find it here with all the work going on. It sure as hell distracts me, with Randy in full construction-boss mode throwing orders in all directions. If I say he’s a pain in the butt for me I mean that literally. When he’s all wound up like this he takes his stress out on me, or more precisely on my ass. Not that I’m complaining.” Mark could imagine the roguish grin on Bob’s handsome face as he said it.

And Mike greeted Mark’s idea with relief. “Dammit, Mark, you’re a lifesaver. I’m on pretty firm ground while you’re here but I was worried about when you left. A couple of weeks with the guys, especially in all that activity, will remove Larry from all the triggers – a whole different environment where he won’t have time to think about drugs. And if I know the boys there they’ll circle the wagons round him like they do when any of them has a problem.”

Mike naturally had some heart-to-heart chats with his boy, who was thrilled at the idea of a few weeks with Jamie and the rest of the tribe. “So remember,” Mike said, “you’re not in this alone, kid. This week you’ll have me and the guys here, and then when we hit town the fun starts.”
“Thank you, sir,” Larry said. “And Jamie says Randy’s pissed ‘cos all the bikes need service and tune-ups and there’s no one to do it as they’re all working on the construction. ‘Course, working for Randy maybe kinda rough but,” he grinned, “I’m no stranger to a bit of rough.”

“Tell me about it,” Mike grinned. “This week I think you should stay away from the bar ‘cos that’s where a lot of your drug triggers are. I’d like you to concentrate on your bike business and get the garage up to speed again. I’m bombarded with questions from guys in the bar about when you’ll be back in business.

“Hell, you’ve seen all those bikes in the parking lot. They could keep you in business for years. The guys take them to this guy in Palm Desert but they’d much rather deal with you ‘cos they know you’ll give them a fair deal.

“And I’ve been giving some thought to when we eventually get back here too. With all the business I can put your way I think you should hire an assistant. There’s a young guy hangs out at the bar and he’s always talking about bikes. Guy like that would be good company for you, give you a chance to help a younger guy get a start, and he’d help you grow the business.”

And so the week went on with the same optimism, plenty of laughs and relaxation interspersed with the more serious side. Larry went to a couple of CMA meetings ("Hi, my name is Larry and have a meth problem") with Jamie staunchly by his side. Jamie urged him to take Mike’s advice about fixing up the garage and they worked happily together in the place that still resonated with their earlier sexual shenanigans – which were not repeated, tempting though it was.

Mike and Mark spent a lot of time together too. Their friendship was not unlike the relationship between Mike and Randy, where Randy looked up to Mike as a father figure, and Mike admired and loved Randy, though he never hesitated to call him ‘boy’ when he misbehaved.

They were all a real close-knit foursome by week’s end when they finally set out on the trek back to the city. Mark persuaded Mike and Larry to ride with them – “God knows there are enough trucks and bikes in that house if you need transportation.”

“It was a light-hearted group that hit the road. Mike asked mischievously if they were going to make a pit-stop halfway as Mark and Jamie usually did so a horny Mark could bend Jamie over the truck and get sexual relief in his boy’s ass.”

“Not likely,” Mark laughed. “Knowing this horny quartet we’d never make it back to L.A. They’d be sending out search parties.”

And when they did get back to L.A., despite all of Bob’s descriptions, they were not ready for the scene of controlled chaos that met their eyes. It was raucous activity everywhere, trucks unloading supplies that were carried to one of the three remodeling sites – Bob and Randy’s new house; Zack’s soon to be vacated house; and the whole second floor of the tribe’s main
house. Men and boys were working flat out, and in the middle of it all, like a towering gypsy ringmaster, was Randy shouting orders.

Bob came out to meet them and smiled. “Gives a whole new meaning to that old phrase ‘excuse our mess,’ don’t it? Welcome to bedlam, guys. Ooh, here comes the boss”

Randy spotted them and broke free of the turmoil for a minute. He cut a striking figure with his long black hair, rugged gypsy features, heavily stubbled jaw, and wearing his usual sweaty tank top, filthy jeans and muddy boots. “Good you’re here, we can use all the help we can get.”

He shook Mike’s hand warmly, gave Mark a sweaty hug, and looked at the boys. “We’ve been hearing all kinds of crazy stuff about what you two have been getting up to. You can tell us more at dinner tonight. But right now … hey Eddie, get your ass over here.”

Young Eddie had been hovering nearby and now came running over, his eyes sparkling.

“Kid, help Larry and Jamie carry all their gear to the guest room in Mark’s apartment. Then soon as you can, Jamie, Brandon is swamped in the office trying to budget out all this stuff and do inventory control. Mike and Mark, go with Bob to our new house next door. He wants to fill you in on everything that’s going on.

“And Larry, when you’ve stowed your gear go find Pablo who’ll show you the bikes and you can see what needs doing. Ton of work, but you won’t be working for Pablo, he’s busy on the construction. You’ll report directly to me, like everyone else round here.” Then out of the blue he suddenly flashed that gleaming smile that made men go weak at the knees. “I’m sure glad you’re here, guys. A real pleasure to see you again.”

Then he turned away and yelled, “Hey, careful with that damn beam over there or you’ll smash it through the fucking window. It needs two of you.” Then to the young gardeners, “Finn, Tyler, I want that hedge between the houses torn down pronto to give us access between them.”

He strode away, back into the fray. Bob smiled at Mark and Mike and shrugged, “Told you so.” He put his arms round their shoulders and led them next door. Jamie looked at Larry and laughed. “I guess we got our marching orders dude.”

An excited Eddie helped Jamie and Larry unload their gear from the truck and as they carried it to the house he said, “Dudes, I have sooo much to tell you. You will … not … believe …”
Chapter 417 – “The Boss Tames The Young Mechanic”

Randy rules! The gypsy construction boss carries his lover Bob over the threshold of their new house and takes ownership of his ass. Then he finds the new motorcycle mechanic Larry about to get high at work. Enraged, Randy ties the naked young jock to the bike and savagely pounds his ass. “You wanna get high? I’ll give you the biggest high you ever had, boy.” He takes Larry for a spectacular ride where they “fuck the bike”.

As the talkative young Eddie helped the newly arrived Jamie and Larry carry their gear to Mark and Jamie’s ground floor apartment he gushed, “Dudes, it has been total crazy time around here with all this construction going on.

“Course, Randy’s the ringleader – or do I mean ringmaster? Same difference. Anyway, during the slow period at the construction site he’s got the guys working on the remodeling here and says we got a two-week window to finish it. He’s assigned jobs to all the guys.”

“And what’s your job, Eddie?” Jamie grinned when Eddie took a rare pause for breath.

“Oh me.” Eddie preened with self-importance. “Well I am Randy’s lesion.”

“Liaison, Eddie.”

“Yeah, that’s the one, dude – like, his go-between. He chose me as his coordinator between all the guys, cos I’m friends with everyone here. So I run errands back and forth among the guys and if anyone has a beef with Randy or anyone else I sort it out. It’s a real important job.”

“I’ll say,” said Larry grinning playfully. “Plus it keeps you in the know on everything that’s going on eh? All the little dramas and secrets? Suits you down to the ground.”

“Damn straight, dude.” Eddie grinned impishly. “Hey you’re no slouch at understanding the way things work around here, Larry. You’ve been talking to Jamie ain’t you?”

“But talking no more, Eddie,” Jamie said. “Randy has already given Larry and me our assignments. And anyway, shouldn’t you be liaising?”

“Damn, yeah. I was supposed to get the latest estimates from Brandon and take them to Randy. I gotta go. I gotta go.” He ran to the door and called back over his shoulder, “Welcome to the fun-house, dudes.”

Larry laughed, “He’s having the time of his life, ain’t he?”
“Sure is. It looks like everyone else is too. They love group efforts like this when the whole tribe is working together with Randy calling the shots. I mean, come here to the window and look at that out there. Where in the world would you ever see a sight like that? A bunch of shirtless muscle-hunk construction guys – like a scene from a porn movie. Even Jason and Adam are in on the act, and they’re not even involved in the move.”

Larry gazed in awe at the group standing on the lawn having a quick meeting – the gypsy boss Randy and his son, the mechanic Pablo; the black hunks Zack and his boy Darius; the Hispanic stud Miguel; the handsome Aussie Adam; and the fireman Jason, straight out of the fireman’s calendar. All of them stripped down to jeans and boots, bodies streaked with dirt and sweat.

“OK, dude,” Jamie said, “we better get our asses out there too. We’ll just dump our gear in here, sort it out later. Mark and I won’t be moving out of our apartment that takes up all the ground floor and has two guestrooms.” Jamie smiled, “Will you and Mike be needing one room or two?”

“Asshole,” Larry grinned. “All we need is one bed and each other.”

“I thought so. You better go and check in with Pablo, and I gotta go and help poor Brandon in the office coping with the paperwork for all this on his own.”

“Give him my love,” said Larry. “He don’t know it but his words were a lifesaver for me – that thing he told you that when the going gets rough just look for the love in others. Sure worked for me.” They left the house and went their separate ways.

On the other side of the compound, through the gap in the hedge that Finn and Tyler had hacked away, things were quieter as Bob showed Mark and Mike over the new house he and Randy had bought.

“I love it,” Bob said. “It’s so light and airy and it has a garden of its own with big mature trees. But when Finn and Tyler have removed the whole hedge it will be part of the compound, real close to the kitchen, which I like ‘cos I’ll be close enough to keep an eye on the twins. They work too hard and I want them to hire a young assistant.”

“Hm, working for those gorgeous twins a kid would think he’d died and gone to heaven,” Mike said. “So this will be the new inner sanctum, eh Bob, home of the tribe’s founders?”

“Guess you could say that, Mike, but we aren’t gonna isolate here. We’ll entertain a lot and the house has several guest rooms so next time you and Larry come visit you’ll stay with us. And, er … Bob blushed slightly, we hope that you’ll be spending a lot of time here, Mark.”

“Try keeping me away, big guy.”
Mike said, “I’m just amazed Randy and the guys fixed this place up so fast.”

“Well, he always maintained it well for the old couple who lived here – they loved him like a son – so there wasn’t much to do except a few modifications and painting. Randy worked hard on it all last week while you were in the desert. Nate, our house manager, supervised the move-in of furniture. There’s still boxes to unpack, but as you see it’s pretty much habitable already and tonight will be our first night sleeping here. Ah, there’s the boss now.”

They looked over to the gap in the hedge where Randy was talking to Miguel’s boy Finn and Pablo’s boy Tyler, the young gardeners for the whole compound. He was apparently talking about the removal of the rest of the hedge and the junior boys looked up to him with wide-eyed attention. “You’re doing a great job, kids,” Randy said ruffling their hair. “I’m proud of you.”

Praise like this from the boss was a big deal and as he left they exchanged beaming smiles. “What a guy,” Mike said as Randy approached.

“So, Mike, what do you think of the house I’ve remodeled for my man here?” It was quite obvious to Mike that Randy was doing all this proudly for the man he loved.

“Terrific,” Mike smiled. “A real love nest, and a fitting home for the tribe’s two bosses. You guys deserve it after all you’ve done over the years putting together this big family of yours.”

Randy was smiling at Bob with the little-boy glow of a kid who had just given his dad a birthday present he made himself. The look was not lost on Mark and Mike, and Mark said, “OK, Mike, time we went out there and check on what we can do to help this happy band of laborers, eh?”

“Right there with you, officer.” Mike grinned at Randy and Bob – “Later, guys” – and they left the couple alone staring at each other.

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“So here we are, buddy,” Randy said with a hint of shyness. “You know I did all this for you, don’t you?”

“For us I hope, Randy. And who would ever have guessed that there would be an ‘us’ all these years after we first met?”

“Huh,” Randy scoffed, “I made sure there would be, even if it meant tying you up.”

“Which it often did, as I recall.”
“Yeah,” Randy grinned. “Problem was I didn’t understand at first what the fuck was happening to me when you showed up. It was all brand new. All I knew was I didn’t want to lose you and the only way to do that was to tie you up in that old motel room.”

“The act of a real caveman,” Bob grinned. “The irony is that you never did have to tie me down even in that motel. I wanted to stay as much as you wanted me to.”

“Yeah but when I untied you next morning and went to work you were gone when I came back.”

“I tried to stay away from the crazy gypsy construction worker, but I drove around Hollywood in a daze and found myself back in the motel parking lot. I was devastated to see you come back drunk with that barmaid Sheila and go into the room. So it hadn’t meant anything to him, I thought, and I sat there in my car feeling blank, not sure what to do.

“But then Sheila came storming out of your room complaining that you seemed miles away and couldn’t even get it up. I waited, then went up to the window and saw through the blinds the big fierce gypsy lying on his back in his boxers staring at the opposite wall. I knocked at the door and you wrenched it open angrily thinking Shelia had come back. When you saw me we didn’t speak, but you opened the door, I went in and …”

“And the rest is history,” Randy said. “Do you realize this is the first proper house we’ve ever had to ourselves? After the motel we got the building here that we turned into separate apartments when the other guys started to show up. But this place, this house, is ours, buddy.”

Bob smiled. The gleam in Randy’s eye now was no longer the little-boy glow of a kid giving his dad a birthday present. Far from it. This was a look Bob knew well — the roguish look of a construction worker in filthy work pants, muddy boots, and a tank top over his muscular torso. He had been working hard, under pressure, giving orders, and he now needed to let off steam in the way he knew best.

Bob looked at the dark gypsy face with its chiseled features, stubbled jaw and shaggy black hair, mesmerized by the pale blue eyes that always made Bob go weak at the knees. He knew exactly what Randy needed — and what he would claim as his right.

“It’s a tradition,” Randy said “that when a guy gets a new house, the day he moves in he carries his bride over the threshold. Well god knows you ain’t no bride, big guy, but you’re not too big to be carried.” Randy lowered his head, pushed his shoulder against Bob’s stomach and heaved him up over his shoulder like a sack of coal — the caveman version of a fireman’s lift.

He kicked open the front door, carried his load through the jumble of furniture in the living room, kicked open the bedroom door and heaved Bob off his shoulder and onto the bed. Bob bounced on his back, regained his breath and smiled up at Randy. “I guess that’s the gypsy version of romantic ritual, eh buddy? But I’ve always wondered, when the happy couple gets inside and the door closes behind them, what happens next?”
“What the hell do you think happens, asshole?  They fuck.”

“Hmm, dumb question,” Bob murmured as Randy stared down at him with a look that could only mean one thing. Bob knew how to turn the horny construction worker on even more than he already was. Lying on the bed he pulled off his white V-neck T-shirt, kicked off his loafers, arched his back and pulled down his jeans.

Randy stared down at the naked dark-haired man with his handsome features, dark brown eyes, and flawlessly muscled body. Normally after a hot sweaty day on the construction site he would have focused on one thing – the gorgeous man he was about to fuck – and he would have thrown himself on him. But now, looking down at his naked lover on the bare mattress of the unmade bed it was different. And the view overwhelmed him.

This was Bob, the man he loved, and the bed was in their new house. It was a new chapter in their lives and suddenly the whole scope of their past and their future opened up for Randy. He blinked, hardly able to believe that this beautiful, kind, alpha-male, loved by everyone, was the man he lived with, the man he loved – worshipped – and the man who loved him. As always when a wave of happiness swept over Randy it brought a stab of fear that it wouldn’t last.

Bob was his life – his whole life – and it threw Randy for a loop, the same as it had that first day in the old motel room. The man had few insecurities, but he had always been nervous that Bob might leave him. By now he knew deep down that wouldn’t happen, but he still needed reassurance from the gorgeous man lying naked on the bed.

“You do like the house, don’t you, buddy?  If there’s anything you don’t like I can change it.  I just wanna make you happy.  You think you can be happy here?”

“Randy, I love our new house, it’s perfect.  As for being happy, I could be happy anywhere, even in that shabby motel, as long as you are there with me.  Don’t you get it?  This is us, dude – me, you, this house, our family hard at work outside.  This is our life.”

“Fuck, man.  I’ve never wanted you as much as I do right this minute.”  Randy yanked off his tank top, ripped open his work pants and pulled out his huge cock, hard as a hammer.  And now he threw himself on top of his lover, kissing him ferociously, licking, biting, pinning him down.

Bob felt the whole weight of the muscular body almost crushing him and inhaled the sweaty, greasy smell of hard labor.  This was what Bob lived for, being totally overwhelmed by this extraordinary man.

Finally Randy pulled back and Bob gasped as those hypnotic pale blue eyes pierced his.
“You’re mine, you sexy mother-fucker,” he growled.  “And your ass is mine … it belongs to me.”  This time Randy didn’t even pause to spit on his dick.  He knelt between Bob’s legs, pushed them up … and plunged his dry cock in his ass.”
“Aaagh!” Bob’s head jolted back and his body reflexively jerked upward, his ass impaled on the massive shaft. As always that first searing jolt of pain radiated from his plundered ass throughout his body. It would have been unbearable but for the blue eyes staring down at him, mesmerizing him. The pain became a wave of ecstasy that engulfed him as he fell under the spell and the domination of the wild gypsy.

“Fuck, me, Randy. Please, man, I need you so bad. Yeah, that’s it, buddy. Pound my ass … it belongs to you.” While Bob drifted into a parallel world where pain was pleasure and lust became love, Randy too was transformed. The civilized man desperate to please his lover and not lose him now morphed into the feral caveman who dominated his prey with physical force.

His massive shaft pistoned in Bob’s ass, pile-driving deeper and deeper, faster and harder. Bob reached up and clamped his hands over Randy’s rock hard pecs, clawing at them, digging his fingers into the solid flesh in a futile ritual attempt to push him off. Randy smiled down at him. “No, buddy, you can’t get free from me. You can’t ever get free. ‘Cos you’re always gonna need this – and you can’t get it anywhere else.”

The savage gypsy’s shaft became a ramrod, pounding the ass of the muscle-god writhing beneath him with increasing force, bringing him to his pain threshold and the edge of orgasm again and again. He would back off and slowly massage his raw ass with his cock, staring into his eyes and sending Bob into a welter of desire. “Do it again, man. Fuck me harder … I love your cock in my ass. Let me feel it …”

Randy stared down at his lover’s sculpted, square-jawed face and increased the pressure again, but this time when he reached the edge of Bob’s pain tolerance and his orgasm he didn’t pull back. Instead he teased him, fucking him with short deep stabs that kept him on the knife-edge of frustrated desire and denied climax, driving him wild, begging for release.

As sweat dripped down on him Bob desperately pounded Randy’s chest with his fists, which had no effect on the muscular gypsy who grinned, “You know that’s not gonna work, dude. Only makes me up the ante. Like this.”

He grabbed Bob’s wrists, pushed his arms back and pinned them to the bed. Then he leaned down and clamped his mouth over Bob’s in an airtight kiss where they shared the same breath back and forth. The tantalizing edge-of-orgasm fuck continued while Bob depended on his lover for the breath of life. He lost touch with reality, drifting in a trance where conscious and subconscious melded into one, totally dominated by the powerful gypsy, totally in his power.

But at last Randy pulled off Bob’s mouth and smiled into his eyes. “See what I can do to you, man? That’s why you’ll always come back for more. You want me to have mercy on you? Let me hear it. I wanna hear you surrender your ass to me. I wanna hear Superman beg for mercy.”
Hypnotized by the deep voice and steel blue eyes Bob did as ordered. “Please, sir, I can’t take anymore … I submit … I gotta cum … I want it so bad. My ass is yours … belongs to you. Fill it with your juice. Please, sir, I beg you.”

“That’s better,” Randy growled. “That’s how I want my man – I gotta own him. Sure, I’ll let you cum, but I don’t have to fuck it out of you, dude. We don’t need that, not you and me. This is enough …”

Randy stopped moving, his cock buried deep and motionless in his ass. And he stared down at Bob, their eyes locked, seeing their own reflection in each other. This was the climax, that magical moment where they entered the secret world they alone shared. Reflected in their lover’s eyes like infinity mirrors they became one, body and soul, drifting together.

From somewhere far away Bob heard the deep, soft voice say, “Now I’m gonna make you cum, man, while I pour my sperm in your ass. Do it now, buddy. Do it for me.”

Even Bob’s orgasm was an out of body experience. Seeing only the smiling blue eyes, feeling only the warmth, Bob was aware of his lover’s juice flooding his ass and his own cock spurting cum over his own trapped body. With no sense of time or place it was impossible to know how long the orgasm lasted. Forever maybe.

Bob didn’t re-enter the real world and regain his senses until he once again felt the weight of his lover on him, felt his arms round him, inhaled the bitter-sweet smell of his sweat and heard his heavy breathing in his ear.

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There was a knock at the door. They weren’t sure how much time had passed. “Come in,” Randy shouted. The door opened and Eddie stood there, his jaw dropping. “Ooh, sorry, sirs, you’re busy. I’ll come back.” But he showed no sign of retreating and Randy grinned, “You spying on us kiddo?”

“Who me, sir?” Eddie protested wide-eyed pointing at his blameless self.

“Just kidding,” Randy laughed. “I don’t care if you were, Eddie. You should have come earlier. You’d have seen something you could really go blab about to the other boys.”

“Me, blab, sir?” I don’t gossip. I know you guys say that I talk a lot, which may be true once in a while. ‘Course, I see a lot in my rounds cleaning guys' bedrooms, like that time that I … well never mind about that. But I never breathe a word to the other guys, no sir. I am – what do they say? – the very soul of derision, sir.”

“*Discretion*, Eddie,” Bob smiled, holding back laughter. But what was it you came to tell us?”

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“Oh, yeah … that, sir. Well, you know my job is the lesion … liaison, sirs, so the twins asked me to come and tell you that they’ve set up a buffet lunch in the garden. It’s yuge, sirs, so all the guys can nibble when they feel like it. Oh, and by the way, sir, someone put a pole through a window – smashed it real good.”

“Shit damn, I knew that would fucking happen – I warned them.” Randy sprang off the bed, shoved his cock back in his pants and buttoned them up. He flung his tank top over his shoulder and strode toward the door with a thunderous look on his face.

“Er, so that was just a slam-bam-thank-you-man, eh?” Bob grinned.

Randy turned and the thunder on his face turned to sunshine. “I ain’t finished with you yet, asshole. Tonight we’re gonna sleep in this house for the first time and I want it to be a night to remember. Maybe time for you to get your own back, eh? Eddie, go tell everyone to break for lunch and get some food. After that I want you and Nate, if he’s got time, to help Bob arrange the furniture in here.”

“You want us to make up the bed you guys are gonna share tonight, sirs? It’ll be an honor.”

Randy left and went back to the main house to inspect the damage. “Fucking mess,” he growled but that was his only reprimand. He still felt Bob’s glow, he knew the guys were working flat out and anyway, stuff like this happened all the time in construction. He headed for the office.

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When Jamie had got home earlier and walked into the office Brandon looked up from his computer with a huge smile and opened his arms. “You’re home, dude! Cavalry to the rescue.”

Jamie bent down to his wheelchair and gave him a tight hug. “Do you need rescuing, buddy?”

“Well, I do have a feeling I’m going down for the third time.” He grinned at the eye-level bulge in Jamie’s board shorts. “Not that kind of going down, stud. I mean going down as in drowning.”

Jamie pulled up a chair and Brandon said, “I got the budgets mostly squared away but I’ve still gotta log the invoices and do the inventory.”

“OK, kiddo, let’s get down to it. Trouble with a project like this, once you’re in the weeds it’s hard to get out of them.”

They worked as a team for quite a while and when Randy finally came in to the office (post housewarming) they had their heads down over their computers. “Hey, guys, how’s it goin’?”

“We’re getting there, sir,” Brandon smiled. “Keeping our heads above water.”
“I appreciate the work you’re doing here, guys. I don’t get in here to tell you that often enough. Brandon could you call the warehouse and tell them to bring over a four-foot square pane of tempered glass? Some clown out there put a rod through the window. And when you’ve done that I want you guys to take a lunch break. The twins have set up acres of food out there.” As he left Randy ruffled Brandon’s hair affectionately, which he always did whenever he saw him.

Outside on the lawn the men and boys were massing round the buffet table taking a breather, then splitting into informal groups with heaping plates of food. When Randy came out from the office he saw the twins bringing out yet more food and called out, “Hey, thanks a million you guys. Whatever happens around here we sure ain’t gonna starve.”

Kyle grinned, “Well you know what they say about the military and construction crews, sir – an army marches on its stomach.” Kevin added, “Bon appétit, sir.”

The men sat round a table together and took the opportunity to plan what came next. Bob came out and joined them and the glances exchanged between him and Randy left little doubt among the others what they had been up to. “So how did the christening go, fellas?” Zack grinned.

“Well let’s just say it wasn’t your average baptism, Zack,” Randy said. “Whatever sounds you heard it sure wasn’t a kid crying. OK, guys, now let’s take stock. Our new house is pretty much done. Just a question of arranging stuff inside and I’ve asked Nate and Eddie to take care of that. How about upstairs Zack?

“We got a ways to go yet, buddy – Darius, Pablo, Miguel and me – but the heavy lifting is done and it’s mostly paint and refinishing now, so us four can handle the rest. My old place across the street is pretty well done too, don’t you think? We had already divided it into a duplex for two couples so it should be perfect for Pete and Brandon, Hassan and Eddie.”

Bob expressed some misgivings about Hassan, wondering if he would be able to adjust to life so close to the noisy clamor of the tribe after his quiet life in the hills.

“Yeah, well, that’s up to him to work out,” Randy said impatiently. “We still got work to do on their house. I want the place to be totally wheelchair accessible. It’s already got ramps in most places and it’s a piece of cake to add the rest. But yesterday I noticed two doors that are not wide enough. The kid won’t be able to get through them, so we gotta widen them. It’s not hard to do and I’d like your help with that Adam, Jason and your boy Ben.” They readily agreed.

“There’s one other thing. I don’t want Brandon to be told what we’re doing for him. The kid’s real independent and he mustn’t feel he’s giving us extra work because he’s in a wheelchair. He hates to be reminded of that and I don’t want him hurt, so let’s low-key it, OK guys?”

The men exchanged looks, all thinking the same thing. Randy never ceased to surprise them. Most of the time he was the big tough gypsy boss, throwing around obscenity-laced orders, pushing guys to their limit. But when it came to the boys, especially Brandon – for whom he had
a special affection and admiration for his courage and independent spirt – Randy was as generous and loving as a man could be for a handicapped kid.

“Also, I want you guys to be careful not to trample the garden more than necessary. Those young kids, Finn and Tyler, have worked hard on it so far and now they’re hacking away at that hedge between the buildings, tearing it down so this will be one big property. I want them to know how much we respect the work they’re doing.

“Mike, old buddy, Pablo tells me he’s already met with your boy Larry and talked about what the bikes need. He’s out back in the garages working on them now, so I’ll check in on him later. Right now I want a fucking beer.”

As Randy had said, Pablo had put Larry to work almost as soon as he and Mike had arrived that morning from Palm Springs.

Of course, like everyone else, Pablo had heard via the grapevine every detail of the events in Palm Springs – Larry’s problems with crystal meth, Mike’s despair and Mark’s anger at Larry for attacking his boy Jamie in a drug-fueled rage.

But Jamie had taken his old pal Larry under his wing and his immediate remedy was to distract him with work, cleaning up his motorbike repair shop where Jamie had replaced Larry’s drug high with a different high – raw hard-core sex. And it had worked, at least for now.

But Larry, Mike and everyone else knew that there was still a long way to go in Larry’s recovery, which began with removing him from the triggers that enticed him to get loaded. Hence these two weeks in town with Mike and the guys, where he would use his mechanic’s skills working on the tribe’s many motorcycles.

Pablo, like all the boys, was sympathetic to Larry’s problems. The boys were famous for circling the wagons when any one of them was hurt or damaged, so Pablo expressed his enthusiasm for Larry as he took him to the garage in back where the motorbikes were stored.

“It’s a godsend having you here, dude. With all the construction going on right now here I sure don’t have time to work on these bikes like I usually do. But they are kind of an obsession for Randy. After Bob, his Harley is the thing Randy loves most. When he’s been working hard he lets off steam by fucking Bob then taking off on his bike for a fast run in the hills.

“But his bike always has to be running perfectly, which is why I would like you to work on Randy’s Harley first. Most guys wouldn’t notice there was anything wrong with it, but Randy does. You’ll probably find the timing is off by a bit. Check the chain tension, the cables, plugs – you know the kind of thing. You’ll know any problem when you see it, guy with your experience.
You’ll find all the tools here you’ll ever need. I gotta get back to work, so I’ll leave you to it, dude. Holler if you need anything, OK?”

After all the hubbub of their arrival in the middle of the noisy construction Larry suddenly found himself alone in the quiet garage behind the house. It was really the first time he had spent time alone since Jamie and Mark visited them, and the silence felt peaceful but … kind of weird.

And when he looked down at Randy’s gleaming Harley it made him nervous. He didn’t doubt his own mechanical skills – god knows he had worked on enough bikes in his time – but this was Randy’s machine, the thing he loved second only to Bob as Pablo had said.

Still, he threw his leg over it, got the feel of the saddle and kick-started it. He listened and heard something that didn’t sound quite right. He switched the engine off and got down beside the bike on kneepads. Yeah, it would take a while but he could fix it.

He concentrated on his task and worked for some time, but after a while the silence got to him and he became more nervous about working on the powerful machine, Randy’s pride and joy. He started to lose focus and became distracted, thinking about what Pablo had said to him. Pablo and the other guys had been kind to him – but were they being overly kind, faking it because they knew of his problem?

His familiar old paranoia kicked in, one of the aftereffects of meth use. He could imagine the guys talking about him right now, being all superior talking about the druggie in their midst and how they should all be nice to him. Stop this, he told himself, he had to get a grip. But his concentration was shot and when he dropped a spanner on the floor the clang startled him.

He was jumpy and his hand was shaking. This is just the way he had felt so often working in his garage back home. And that was always when he reached for the remedy. God, he wished he could do a bump now. But his stash was long gone and he … wait … wait a minute. Like most users Larry kept a small emergency stash hidden away for just such a moment as this.

He frowned, thought hard … and yes, that’s where it was. He had forgotten about a small backpack he had brought from home and left in Mark’s truck that they came in. It was parked right outside the garage. He walked outside thinking ‘just one bump would do it’. That couldn’t do any harm – just enough to help him concentrate on Randy’s bike. Meth sharpened his focus and he always worked better that way.

He fished around in Mark’s truck and felt his backpack. He took it into the garage, unzipped a hidden pocket inside and … yeah, there it was. He felt better already – just one quick bump. He pulled out a small, two-inch-square plastic baggie and … he needed a surface to cut it? He looked at the big shiny expanse of the gas tank on the Harley. Ah, the perfect place.

He sat astride the bike, the gas tank just in front of him, and poured a generous helping of crystal on it. There was a razor blade in his bag that he always used to chop it, which he did
now. He divided the power carefully in two lines, took a dollar bill out of his wallet and rolled it into a tube. As he lowered his head he saw his own face reflected in the shiny black gas tank, getting larger and larger as he bent closer to the lines. Just one bump ... that's all he needed.

Then suddenly ... "What the fuck?!"

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Larry jerked his head up in time to see the ferocious look on the gypsy's face, his eyes blazing. "What the fuck is this, boy?" Randy stared down in disbelief at the two lines of powder on the gas tank of his precious bike. He swept his hand over it and the powder and razor blade flew across the room.

"You asshole ... you shit for brains mother-fucker!" he roared. "Bringing this fucking shit into my house! I can't fucking believe it. You're in here getting loaded while that beautiful man of yours is out there telling me how happy he is you're back together. That man is a friend of mine, you son-of-a-bitch, a good friend, and anyone insults him insults me. Fuck you, boy. Fuck you!"

Terrified, his heart beating wildly Larry looked up at the towering gypsy, fierce as a raging stallion. He felt himself being shoved forward over the gas tank then his legs being pulled back so his ass was hanging over the back of the saddle. He felt his jeans being ripped open and pulled down clear of his ass, held his breath and ... "Aaagh!!"

He almost passed out as his ass erupted in pain, impaled on Randy's massive dry shaft piercing him down to the gut. Desperately he reached forward and clawed at the handlebars, as strong hands pressed into the small of his back pinning him to the bike, his face pressed against the shiny gas tank where only moments before he had chopped the powder -- just one bump.

"Aaagh!!" He screamed again as the weapon plunged in again, then again. Randy's savage fucks were legendary but he never lost control -- or rarely. This time was different. All he could think of was Mike, that kind, generous man who was reaching for happiness with this boy, this fucking asswipe who was betraying him. Mike was like a father to Randy, the father he had never known, and now his anger was out of control.

"I'm gonna rip you open, boy, I'm gonna make you wish you'd never seen that fucking stuff, let alone used it my house -- in my house!" Terrified, racked with pain radiating from his ass, Larry sobbed as he gripped the handlebars hard and tensed to withstand the ferocious attack, pinned down on the bike by the brutal construction boss pile-driving his ass with his massive rod.

It was a savage fuck and Larry was close to passing out, willing the pain to stop. But the young mechanic's screams had no effect on Randy and he could have done permanent damage to his ass as he reamed his ass.
But the image of Uncle Mike was still before him, smiling and talking about the boy he loved … the boy he loved … In the depths of his anger something in Randy knew he could not hurt the older man by ruining his boy. Still raging he yanked his cock brutally out of the boy's ass, making his scream even louder.

“Fuck you, boy … fuck you,” he kept yelling as he stormed round the garage picking up lengths of rope from the floor and staring down at the shuddering body stretched out on the bike. He grabbed him and flipped him over on his back, ass on the saddle, his back on the gas tank. He pulled the jock’s arms up and expertly tied his wrists to the grips on the handlebar.

His head resting on the front of the gas tank the petrified young mechanic stared up at Randy pacing the room, his muscles flexing under the lights in the garage roof. Randy pulled off his tank top and flung it aside as the boy begged, “Please, sir … please …I.”

“Not a word! Don’t you say a fucking word, asshole or I’ll …” Randy still held a length of rope that he lashed across his chest. “I am this close to injuring you, boy, so keep your fucking mouth shut.” He grabbed Larry’s T-shirt and ripped it clear off. Then he pulled off his boots and hurled them across the garage. He pulled his jeans down, tossed them aside too and glared with satisfaction at the muscular mechanic now tied down naked to the Harley, at his mercy.

Larry had never in his life felt so helpless as he stared up at the swarthy giant, his muscles flexed, stubbled jaw clenched, his laser blue eyes piercing him. He wanted to beg for mercy but had been forbidden to speak. He winced and tensed as Randy lashed his chest and his abs with the rope. “Fuck you, boy – only one thing assholes like you understand.”

Not again, Larry thought, terrified of that gypsy’s rod piercing him again. Desperately he yanked at his wrists roped to the handlebars and tried to twist off the bike, but Randy had already raised his legs and pressed his back down on the gas tank. Larry moaned, then howled as the cock plunged in deep again. As the shaft pistoned inside him he closed his eyes, trying to withstand the pain … but in his daze it hurt slightly less than before.

Randy was a complex man and his mind was crowded with conflicting thoughts. First the fury that this young idiot was actually using drugs in his house, then the thought of the anguish he would see on his old friend Mike’s face when he learned that his boy was using again.

But Randy was always protective of the tribe’s boys and as he looked down at this terrified boy those old instincts kicked in and he saw a troubled young man fighting demons. He recalled Mark’s account of how Jamie had forgiven Larry and focused all his energy on helping his old buddy. He thought of Brandon, the kid who had fought his own handicaps with courage and determination. His problems were physical and this boy’s were psychological, but no less real.

None of these thoughts came into sharp focus for Randy, but they tumbled around in his subconscious mind until his raw caveman savagery gave way to some kind of restraint, or at least thoughts of mere reprisal. Whatever, he had to punish this kid, make him see that he was
the boss, never to be defied. And there was one way to show the boy that – the quality he had
that made him the dominant force and unquestioned leader of the tribe.

And so he fucked – as only Randy could. The ferocious jackhammering slowed to a steady,
driving penetration of the boy’s ass, repeatedly pulling back, then pushing in deep, massaging
the sensitive inner sphincter, pulling back and driving in again. Fucking was second nature to
the feral gypsy – it was what he used to dominate rivals, exact revenge on enemies, punish
wrongdoers, … and make men fall in lust with him – and then in love. Either way, his domination
was total and a man would never forget being fucked in the ass by the King of the Gypsies.

And that’s the transition Larry was going through now as he opened his eyes and stared at the
rugged construction boss bending over him, pinning him to the Harley and pounding his ass.
Randy had ravaged his ass, tenderized it, but raw as it was, the feeling of the huge dick pushing
inside him had become almost exhilarating. The pain had lessened, or at least was ignored,
replaced by an ecstasy, a euphoria as he stared up at the muscular body driving into him, at the
fierce, swarthy face, square stubbled jaw and long black hair swirling round his head.

But most of all it was the eyes, those pale blue eyes piercing him like lasers. And then the
voice, the deep hypnotic voice. “Look at me boy and feel my dick in your ass. I could rip you
wide open but there is a fine man out there who loves you so I’m doing this for him. I know you
love him too, even though you behave like a total asshole, but I will be watching you and the
slightest sign that you do anything to hurt that guy I will personally destroy you. Is that clear?!”

“Yes, sir,” Larry sobbed.

“Think of me as the master you obey at all times. You will love and honor Mike, and you will
never go near drugs again. Or you’ll answer to me. You understand me?”

“Yes, sir. I promise, sir.”

“Right. But you gotta prove it. You’ve gotta surrender to me, and you know how to do that.”

Randy leaned forward and pressed his palms on Larry’s chest, pushing his back hard on the
gas tank, his raised ass even more vulnerable to the merciless cock driving relentlessly inside
him. “Look at me, boy. You know what you have to do.”

Larry gazed up at the hypnotic blue eyes set in the dark, macho face … and he was lost, as so
many men had been lost before him, drawn inexorably into the force field of the gypsy’s sexual
magnetism. It wasn’t just fear that made Larry submit to him. It was awe … and desire. The
feeling of being completely in his power thrilled him.

This incredible man had dominated him, tied him down to his motorcycle, had whipped him and
fucked him – was still fucking him. He could feel the piston in his ass, feel his sweat dripping
down on him. And he could see those eyes, couldn’t look away. His body was on fire ... he
shuddered, tensed ...his cock reared up and ... “Aaagh”.

He blasted jets of semen onto his chest and all the way to his face. Cumming again and again
his climax seemed endless, as if the massive cock was pushing his juice out of him. He yelled
and spat more when the jolt of pain came as the long shaft suddenly pulled out of his ass.

Randy threw his leg over the bike and stood straddling him like a colossus, pounding his cock in
his fist until Larry saw the muscles flex and heard the triumphant roar as a flood of semen
slammed in his face, in his mouth, over his neck and chest until he felt he was drowning in the
gypsy’s sperm. He sobbed with relief that his torment was over, and with the joy of total
surrender to this spectacular man as he gulped down his bitter-sweet sperm.

His breath heaving, dripping sweat, the shirtless construction boss said, “Now you know kid.
You do not mess with me or my friends or I will destroy your ass.” He swung his leg back off the
bike and untied his wrists. He picked the defeated young jock up bodily and threw him naked
across the saddle face down, head and arms hanging down one side, bare ass over the other.

Randy growled, “Just so you’ll remember this day, punk ...” He lashed the rope across the ass
half a dozen times making Larry howl. Then he tossed it away, walked round the other side of
the bike, grabbed Larry’s hair, pulled his head up and stared down at the tearful face.

“No here’s what’s gonna happen, kid. I’m gonna go and tell Mike I fucked your ass. I won’t
tell him why, I’ll leave that to you. And you’re gonna get back to work on this bike. I know
you’re hurting and your ass is real sore, but that’s a good thing. I want you to feel it. And I
wanna find the bike in perfect condition when I come back to check on you. Is that clear?”

“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.”

Randy let the head drop, then picked up the small plastic bag that had fallen on the floor. He
walked over to the sink in the corner, emptied the remaining contents of powder in the sink and
turned the tap on full. “And that’s the end of that story,” he growled.

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In the garden Eddie had been hovering, dying to know what was happening in the garage. His
eyes opened wide as he saw the boss come striding round the corner, shirtless, his eyes
gleaming as they always did when he had fucked. “Where’s Mike?”

“He’s in the office with Bob and the boys, sir.”

“Right.” He jabbed a finger at Eddie. “Now listen up, kid. I want that boy in the garage left
alone. So don’t even think of going round there, get it?”
“No, sir. I mean yes, sir.” It took every ounce of self-control for Eddie to do as ordered.

When Randy burst into the office Mike, Bob, Jamie and Brandon all looked up startled. “Mike,” Randy said, “I just got through butt-fucking your boy. I won’t say why, I’ll leave that to him. I’ll just say that he deserved it, and you’ll agree.”

A look of anger crossed Mike’s face and he started to stand up but Bob pulled him down and said gently, “Is Larry OK, Randy?”

“Sure he is – his ass is real sore is all. He’s working on my Harley and I want him to finish it ‘cos I’m gonna take it for a run. Best that he’s left alone to do it. Mike, just so you know, you’ll have no more trouble with any of that shit that’s been going on recently, I guarantee it. That’s all been flushed away, in more ways than one.”

Randy left as abruptly as he came in and they heard him shout, “OK, guys, I want that window replaced as soon as the glass gets here. Adam, Jason, Ben, I’m gonna go check on Finn and Tyler, then let’s make a start across the street, OK?”

“In the office Mike shook his head. “The man is fucking amazing.”

Bob gripped his arm tight. “Don’t worry Mike, Randy always does what has to be done. If he says Larry’s OK I’m sure he is. He would never really injure a boy of yours.”

Mike managed a grin. “I believe you, buddy. I would trust that man with my life – my boy’s life too. OK, let’s get back to these fucking figures here.”

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When Randy had left the garage Larry lay across the bike for a few minutes catching his breath. He slowly, painfully, pulled himself up and stood up unsteadily, his ass aching. He pulled on his jeans and boots and, as he bent down, saw Randy’s old tank top he had tossed on the floor. He picked it up, used it to wipe Randy’s cum off his face and body, then held it to his face, bit into it and inhaled the pungent smell and taste of man-sweat and semen. His cock stirred in his jeans.

He stuffed the tank in his back pocket, got down on his kneepads and looked at the bike. Earlier his focus had wavered and he had sought refuge in meth. Now he shuddered at the thought of that and found that Randy had made his focus sharper than ever. He wanted to please the man more than anything, which meant getting the bike just right.

He knew just what needed doing and got to work. Even the stiff boner he had in his jeans didn’t distract him from the work, although he did wonder what was going on. That fuck had been … rough, agonizing … wonderful, exhilarating. He recalled the image of the handsome gypsy towering over him, fucking him, jerking off all over him. Was he in lust, in love with Randy?
His eagerness to please the man made him work fast and accurately until he leaned back on his haunches and looked at the machine with pride. He had done it. But when a few minutes later he heard Randy’s unmistakable footsteps approaching he got nervous. Would the boss be satisfied, would he be pleased? Would he be angry again if Larry had fucked up?

He would soon know. “All done, boy?” Randy asked.

“I … I think so, sir.”

Randy slung his leg over the saddle and kick-started the engine. As it roared into life he frowned, cocked his head and listened. Then a gleaming smile spread over his swarthy face as he said, “Pitch perfect. Now that is music to my ears, kid. Purring away like a satisfied cat. Oh yeah, I gotta take this baby on the road.”

He rode the bike slowly across the garage where the helmets were stored, and put one on. Then he flashed a grin at Larry. “You done, great, kid.” He picked up another helmet and flung it at Larry. “Here, put it on, boy, and hop on. You wanna get high? I’ll give you the biggest high you ever had.”

After an instant of surprised hesitation Larry did as ordered and climbed on the seat behind him. Randy reached back grabbed Larry’s wrists and pulled them round his stomach. “Hold on to me tight, boy. This ain’t gonna be no stroll in the park.”

They roared out of the garage and across the parking lot under the amazed eyes of the other men and boys. In seconds they were racing up the hill and in minutes had reached Mulholland Drive the spectacular road that runs along the spine of the Santa Monica Mountains which divide the city proper from the San Fernando Valley.

There was not much traffic (most through traffic took one of the freeways) so Randy made the most of it, swooping through the many bends and turns, speeding along with the city sprawled out far below on their left and the Valley and San Gabriel Mountains to the right.

The two shirtless men on a Harley were quite a sight and made motorists look up in awe as they sped by. Larry’s heart was pounding, his arms wrapped around Randy, hands clasped tight round the ridges of his washboard abs as he rested his cheek against his bare back.

As he gained in confidence and trust he became aware of the scenic view, the speed, the road racing beneath them, wind streaming over his face and body … and most of all of the shirtless gypsy, his muscles rippling under Larry’s tight grasp. As they went round bends and leaned into the curve, one side then the other, they were like one body joined together. Randy turned his head and yelled over his shoulder, “You OK, kid? You feel that fucking machine between your legs – like we’re fucking it.”
Randy’s exhilaration was contagious and Larry felt euphoric. He was sharing his euphoria with the man who not long ago had been pounding his ass. And now he was here on the top of the world, the city far below them, flying along, his hands wrapped round the boss’s bare waist. And as he clung to his naked flesh, pressing hard against his back, Larry’s cock was rock hard.

As they sped for mile after mile, his cock rubbed against the bare back and started to shudder. “Sir,” he shouted in Randy’s ear, “I think I’m gonna …”

“You wanna bust a load, boy? Me too. Help me out here …”

Hardly able to believe what was happening Larry clung on tight with one hand while the other moved down to the bulge in Randy’s work pants. He pulled them open, groped inside and pulled out his thick rod, hard as steel. “I’m gonna open her up, kiddo,” Randy shouted, opening the throttle to top speed, “so let’s do it, boy. This is what it’s all about, kid.”

Grabbing Randy with one hand Larry leaned his cheek against his back while his other hand reached round and pounded the boss’s cock. With the exhilaration of speed, the wind on their bare flesh, their bodies grinding together, it didn’t take long.

With his hand wrapped round the shaft that had so recently been in his ass Larry pumped harder, faster until he heard Randy yell, “Yeah, that’s it boy. Like I said, biggest high you ever had. I’m gonna cum, I’m gonna bust a load. Fuck yeah … Aaaagh!” His howl of joy was carried away on the rushing wind as his cock exploded first all over the gleaming black gas tank, then flying up onto his own chest and abs.

When the cock was drained Larry released it and ran his hand all over the hard muscles of his semen-soaked chest and abs. “I’m gonna cream my pants,” he shouted. “I love you, sir. I’m gonna shoot … yeaaaah!” He had to cling to Randy now with both hands as his cock pumped jizz in his jeans and he yelled in his ear, “I did it, sir. I did it.”

“Good boy … I knew you would. You’re one of us, kiddo.”

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Half an hour later they roared through the gate of the compound to the astonished looks of the tribe. Randy’s cock was still hanging out of his pants and as he got off he shoved it back in and buttoned up. When Larry got off the bike everyone could see the big wet patch at his crotch.

Randy put his hands on Larry’s shoulders and looked at him with a penetrating gaze. “OK, boy, what’s past is in the past, and I mean buried deep in the past. You made your mistakes but you’re a good boy or Mike wouldn’t love you so much. Now go make your peace with your man.”
Larry hugged Randy, “Thank you, sir. I love you, sir.” He kissed him, then broke away and ran to Mike. “Sir, I’ve got so much to tell you. First of all I let you down, sir, and was gonna get high again but Randy showed up and …”

“Hey, hey, it’s OK, Larry. I guessed that’s why Randy did what he did, and I’m also sure that Randy pretty much settled the issue once and for all. He doesn’t take boys for a ride that he doesn’t approve of. And by the looks of things that was a pretty wild ride, eh?”

Larry blushed. “Yeah, it was pretty extreme, sir.” He frowned, “Sir, do you think it’s possible for someone to be in love with two guys at the same time?”

Mike smiled. “It depends on the guys. Er, if you’re referring to Randy, I’d say yes, definitely. In fact most of the guys in this tribe are in love with Randy, though some wouldn’t admit it.”

“So I can still be your boy, sir, and love you like I always did?”

“I’d be upset if you didn’t, kiddo. Come on, let’s take a break and you tell me all about your big adventure with the King of the Gypsies.”

As so often happened in this tribe of volatile men, while one problem was winding down another one was cranking up. Across the street was the house that Zack and his family were vacating. It had been bought jointly by the Marine Hassan and the forest ranger Pete, who would be moving into it with their boys Eddie and Brandon.

But Bob had earlier expressed to the men a nagging worry he had. “The only guy I’m a bit concerned about is Hassan. I mean, he’s a real stoic Marine, has always kept himself to himself. That’s why he’s been hiding away in Steve’s little guest house in the hills all these years. I think he agreed to the move mostly for Eddie’s sake. I hope he won’t have a problem adjusting to a life close to Pete and Brandon, right across the street from the rest of the tribe.”

As it turned out, Bob’s fears were prescient. Hassan had been out all day and when he got home he came down from his little house to check out his new home. Bob had been right that it had been mostly for his boy Eddie’s sake that Hassan had agreed to leave his refuge in the hills and come down to ‘join the land of the living,’ as Pete had said playfully.

It was unfortunate that when Hassan left his quiet, bucolic hideaway and arrived at the new house he had found a scene of noisy remodeling activity. The contrast between this, surrounded by a noisy group, and the peaceful solitude he had just left, hit him square in the eyes.

Hassan had had a stressful day at the base among raucous Marines and had looked forward to kicking back alone in his little house in the hills. So in that tense frame of mind this circus was exactly what he wanted to get away from. And was this what his life was to be from now on?
At the center of the activity were Eddie and Brandon, best friends from way back, excited at the prospect of living so close together. “Hi, sir,” Eddie called out. “Looking great ain’t it. Great party place … were gonna have a whole lot of fun here together.”

Talkative Eddie was known for putting his foot in his mouth, but this one was a doozy. In one short sentence he had succeeded in pressing all Hassan’s buttons and describing exactly the kind of future he didn’t want. It didn’t help that as he turned to leave he literally fell over Brandon in his wheelchair and sprawled on the floor.

Hassan lost his cool. He had always liked Brandon but now, as he picked himself up, that affection went out the window. “Dammit, boy, can’t you look where you’re going with that damn thing? This ain’t gonna work. I can’t live like this with all this noise, plus a boy in a wheelchair.”

Brandon winced at the mention of his chair but kept calm. “Sir it won’t always be like this. This is a duplex so we’ll be living separate lives, you and Eddie in one half, Pete and me in the other.” Hassan glared at him, as if one of his young Marine recruits had talked back to him.

“Fuck you, boy. I don’t want some kid dictating to me about the way I’m gonna live my life. I’m a fucking Marine captain and I call the shots. And I say this ain’t gonna work. You claim to be so damned independent but there’s no getting around the fact that you’re handicapped, you’re confined to a wheelchair and you get in people’s way. No, this ain’t gonna work. Either the wheelchair goes or I go. I’m getting the fuck out of here.”

As he stormed out he brushed past Pete who had just got home and had heard what he said. Hassan jumped in his jeep and sped away. Pete’s angry instinct was to follow him, but he had to look after his boy first.

Brandon had burst into tears. Eddie, stunned, quickly but his arm round his friend. “Dude, he didn’t mean that. He gets like that sometimes after a rough day on the base. But he’ll come round, you’ll see.”

“But you heard what he said, Eddie. He looked down on me for being in a wheelchair and said he can’t live with a handicapped boy. You heard, either the wheelchair goes or he goes. It’s all fucked up Eddie and it’s all my fault for being handicapped, so fucking different. The tears started flowing again … and that’s when Pete walked in.

“I heard all that, kid. Did Hassan injure you?”

Brandon quickly blinked back his tears. “No, I’m fine sir. “I … I think he was just mad cause he backed over me in my chair and fell on the floor. Like Eddie said, maybe he didn’t mean it, sir.”

“The hell with that,” Pete shouted. “No one speaks to my boy like that. Fuck him. He’s damn right about one thing. This ain’t gonna work.”
At that moment Bob came in, having heard the shouting. But before he could speak Pete growled, “This ain’t gonna work, Bob, the deal’s off. Take care of my boy – I’ve got a score to settle with that fucking soldier.” He spun round and stormed out.

Bob looked at Brandon and Eddie and sighed. “Oh dear, here we go again.”

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Chapter 418 – “Turf Battles – Marine versus Ranger”

The hunky Marine captain Hassan is rattled by the prospect of living close to Forest Ranger Pete and his boy Brandon. The soldier loses his cool, insults and belittles the boy … and pays a price. Enraged Pete attacks the Marine and a vicious fight ends with the soldier surrendering his ass to the Ranger. Hassan wants to make amends to Brandon who says, “There is one way you can do that, sir – something I always wanted.”

As a first responder to the crisis Bob’s immediate responsibility was to tend to the wounded, a role he was routinely called upon to fill. In this case it was Brandon who had been wounded – emotionally if not physically.

Bob knelt beside Brandon’s wheelchair and gently touched his arm. “Brandon, whatever happened here, I’m sure it was in no way your fault. Can you tell me what caused all this?”

Brandon kept a stoic silence. “Eddie?” Bob asked, but the usually garrulous Eddie was also uncharacteristically silent.

“OK, I get it,” Bob smiled. “Boys never criticize their masters, which is as it should be – usually. But there’s obviously something bad going down here and if I’m to have a shot at solving it I must know what was said. If you tell the truth you won’t be betraying anyone, so I have to insist that you tell me. Brandon?”

Brandon brushed a hand over his eyes to dry them and sighed. “I’m sure it wasn’t Hassan’s fault, sir. He backed up against me in my chair and fell on the floor and that made him mad.”

Eddie jumped in out of loyalty to Hassan. “Like I told Brandon, sir, Hassan sometimes gets like that when he’s had a rough day on the base. I saw how stressed he was so when he swore at Brandon and said, ‘Can’t you look where you’re going in that damn thing,’ he didn’t mean it.”

Bob frowned. “He swore at Brandon?”
Once Eddie got going he couldn’t stop and usually put his foot in his mouth – as he did now. “I mean, sir, it was true when Hassan said he’s a Marine captain and he calls the shots. But he didn’t mean it when he said that Brandon claims to be so independent but the fact is that he is handicapped, confined to a wheelchair and he gets in people’s way. And it was all bullshit when he said either the wheelchair goes or he goes. He’ll calm down and be back here, you’ll see.”

In his rush to defend his master Hassan Eddie had succeeded in doing the opposite, spilling the whole story and even quoting Hassan’s own words. Bob had to tread carefully.

“Eddie’s right, Brandon. This was just a flash of temper on Hassan’s part, and you are in no way to blame.”

Brandon looked at Bob with pain in his eyes. “But it’s true, sir. What Hassan said is true. I kid myself that I’m independent and no different from the other guys. But I’m faking it. Face it, my legs don’t work. Like Hassan said, I am handicapped, I am confined to a wheelchair and always will be, and I do get in people’s way. I understand why he wouldn’t want to live in the same house as me. Who would?”

The tears spilled over again. And that’s when they saw Randy standing in the doorway. “He really said that to you, kid? He actually fucking said that?”

Startled, Brandon said, “Please, sir, I didn’t ….”

“Where’s he gone?”

“He went home, sir,” Eddie said, “but he didn’t mean it. He was just in a bad mood and …”

But Randy was out the door. Nothing could enrage the fierce gypsy more than a guy who dared to hurt young Brandon, whom Randy loved and admired so much. All his boy-protective instincts reared up.

Bob ran out of the house after him and tugged on his arm just as he reached his truck. “Randy, please, please don’t go up there. You’ll escalate things and make everything ten times worse.”

“Did you see that boy in there,” Randy roared, eyes blazing. “He’s in tears … handicapped?! … in everyone’s way?! I’ll fucking kill the son of a bitch.”

“Randy,” Bob pleaded, “don’t go charging up there. Pete has already gone up to deal with Hassan. If there’s a massive fight Brandon will think it’s all his fault. It’s what he thinks right now. Listen, he’s the one we should be focusing on. He loves you, you’re his hero, so he needs to hear from you.”

Randy clenched his jaw, his breath heaving, but after long seconds he said, “Fuck you man.” Bob breathed a sigh of relief, he had won this little skirmish. “Fuck you, man” was what Randy
always said when he backed down after Bob won an argument. He allowed himself to be pulled back in the house.

Brandon looked up at Bob and said, “Thank you, sir. This is all my fault and …”

“Brandon, will you stop saying that,” Bob insisted gently. “Listen to me. What you said is true – you are different – but so is everyone. We’re all different from each other. I mean, take Eddie here … and, say … Pablo. One of them is a tough, macho, physical guy but Eddie is …”

“Hey, wait a minute, sir.” Eddie protested. “I’m tough too. I could drop that guy any day of the week. I’ve been taking karate lessons and if Pablo and me tangled I would damn well…”

Brandon sputtered and started laughing. “Dude, I love you so much. You can always make me feel better no matter how tough things get. Give me a hug, kiddo.”

As Eddie bent down and the boys hugged Bob looked at Randy with a smile and murmured quietly, “See buddy – make love not war.”

Randy softened and knelt down beside Brandon. “Kiddo, I’ve never told you this but you are my hero. You’re tough like me and I like that. Dammit, boy, you’ve had enough put-downs in your life and your attitude has always been ‘fuck ‘em all’ ‘cos you know you’re as good as anyone, better than most. So this latest asshole to insult you … you can shake that off too. Now I can go and beat the guy up for hurting you – matter of fact I’d like to do that if you want me to …”

“No, sir,” Brandon smiled. “Thank you for the offer but I don’t want that. See, when a guy accuses me of being handicapped or, even worse, a ‘cripple’, I don’t want him beaten up, but what I can do is to prove to the guy that he’s talking bullshit. I have to educate him that a boy in a wheelchair may be a bit different, as Bob said, but he’s just as good as any other boy.

“As for the beating up part, I have a feeling that Pete is doing that right now, but I don’t want guys fighting over me.” Brandon looked up at Bob. “Sir, I would like to go up to Hassan’s house and stop them fighting.”

Bob frowned, “Oh, I don’t know about that, Brandon. I don’t want you getting in the middle of a man fight – you could so easily get hurt.”

“You see, sir? Even you think I need extra protection just because my legs don’t work.”

“Brandon …” Bob blushed with embarrassment. “I didn’t mean …”

“Well I’m going too,” Eddie butted in. “I got your back, dude.” Eddie was concerned for his friend but also he didn’t want to miss out on an event like this. He was like the kid in the schoolyard who yells “fight! … fight!”
Bob saw the determined look in Brandon’s eyes, the same look he had seen so many times in Randy, a look you couldn’t contradict. Bob sighed and came up with a compromise. Hassan’s home was the small guesthouse on the large property of Doctor Steve, Randy’s brother and therapist to the tribe, a man whose cool professional wisdom Bob had relied on before.

“OK, look,” Bob said. “I will let you two go up to Hassan’s house provided I call Steve before you get there. You’re to do just what he tells you. He’ll make sure nothing gets out of hand.

“Like the referee at a wrestling match, sir?” said Eddie, his eyes gleaming with excitement.

“No, Eddie, definitely not a referee. More a peacemaker. And you, my boy, mustn’t get involved by running a ringside commentary either. You mouth could only make things worse.”

“Sir, I…” Eddie started to protest but, silenced by Bob’s stern look, he saluted, “Aye-aye, sir.”

“We’ll take my truck,” Brandon said resolutely. A long time ago Pablo and Darius had equipped the small truck with hand controls for Brandon, giving him even more independence. As they prepared to leave, Randy ruffled Brandon’s hair and grinned, “Go get ‘em, tiger.”

“Not exactly the right tone to set, Randy,” Bob said reprovingly as they watched them leave.

“Ah that boy can take care of himself. I’d bet money that he’ll solve the whole damn thing.”

Bob pulled out his cell phone and called Steve. “Hi, buddy, it’s Bob. Something’s happened and we need your help.”

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Steve was standing on his pool deck with his lover, the architect Lloyd. And even as Bob was finishing his explanation of the problem they heard Hassan’s jeep come through the gate and pull up in the driveway. The steep gravel path down to his guesthouse led past their house and they saw Hassan storm by without a word and disappear down the hill.”

“Hm,” Lloyd said, “black as thunder. The storm’s gonna break when Pete gets here. What you gonna do, buddy, forbid him to come in?”

“Nah, that wouldn’t do any good. According to Bob Hassan committed the cardinal sin of insulting and hurting another man’s boy. The tribe has strict rules about that. And he made it worse by telling Brandon he was handicapped, getting in everyone’s way. That’s the worst thing you could say to that kid who prides himself on his independence. Poor kid folded up, Bob said, blaming himself, saying it was true, he was in the way.”

“Jesus, poor Brandon. I’ve always had a soft spot for that boy.”
“Everyone loves him, Lloyd, and Pete worships him. Everyone knows that Pete will be mad as hell and has to confront Hassan. The irony is that those two guys are the quietest and most laid back of them all. You know Hassan, keeps himself to himself, holed up in that little guesthouse. And Pete is a real easy-going guy, never picks a quarrel with anyone.”

“Yeah,” Lloyd agreed, “they are both macho alpha males, great looking, admired and respected. But there is a big difference, Steve. Hassan’s a military man, a Marine captain, used to those young recruits obeying his every word as he prepares them to fight. Pete, on the other hand, spends his days patrolling the forests and parks, protecting nature, overseeing a staff of nature lovers. You could say Hassan is a man of war, Pete a man of peace.”

“You put that very well, Lloyd, but like you said, Pete’s an alpha male – and his boy’s just been insulted. I think we’re about to find out he may not always be so peaceful. That sounds like him now.”

Steve had left the gate open and they heard the powerful engine of Pete’s Forest Ranger truck. Pete came round the side of the house and said to Steve and Lloyd, “Sorry to bust in like this, guys, but I got some business with …”

“Yeah, Pete, we know. Bob phoned and told me the whole story.”

“Is Hassan …?”

“Down in his house, buddy. But try not to …”

But Pete was gone.

***************************

When Hassan had stormed out of the house all his fighting instincts reared up and buried any shreds of guilt for the way he had spoken to Brandon. “Fuck ‘em. Fuck them all,” he growled.

His military job consumed most of his day and all he wanted at the end of the day was the peace and quiet of a small house where he could relax with the boy he loved, whose exuberant chatter he found endearing and amusing. But now he was supposed to live with two other guys, one of them in a wheelchair, right across the street from the whole fucking tribe. Now that the house deal had been made he felt trapped.

He drove up the hill simmering with anger, his jaw clenched. And if his mind flashed momentarily on the tearful boy in the wheelchair it was instantly stifled by his rage.

He had rushed past Steve and Lloyd and down to his house where he grabbed a beer, shrugged off his shirt and sprawled in a chair on his front lawn in his fatigue pants and khaki tank top.
He took deep breaths to calm himself but almost immediately heard voices from up at Steve’s house. He looked up and saw at the top of the path, silhouetted against the sun, the tall muscular figure of the Ranger. Even from this distance he looked sinister and grew even more so as he ran down the steep path in his dark green uniform pants, his muscular body evident under a beige T-shirt. And when he came close Hassan saw the rage in his eyes.

Still sprawled in his chair Hassan growled, “Leave me the fuck alone, man. I’m in no mood …”

“You arrogant fucking prick,” Pete shouted. “Leave you alone?! After what you did to my boy? You think just because you’re an asshole son-of-a-bitch Marine you can wreck my boy?”

Hassan finally stood up, expecting to intimidate the Ranger by towering over him as he did most men. But Pete was as tall as him and matched him in his physique and the blazing look in his eyes. “You think you scare me, soldier? Listen, man, I’m not one of those raw recruits you scare shitless. That’s what you mother-fucking Marines do, uh, beat those kids down and humiliate them to toughen them up? Well my kid has been humiliated plenty in his life just because he’s in a wheelchair, and he’s tougher than those so-called soldiers will ever be.”

Pete was digging Hassan in the chest and the soldier pushed back. “Fuck you, man. Nobody insults the Marines while I’m around. Maybe your kid is tough but he’s still in a fucking wheelchair and that ain’t ever gonna change.”

It became a shoving match as tempers flared to a point of no return between the Ranger with the square-cut All-American good looks and the swarthy Arab/Asian Marine captain. Hassan snarled, “You’re just a park Ranger, dude, a fucking tree-hugger, so don’t even think of messing with a Marine, ‘cos you will lose, asshole.”

He shoved Pete hard so he stumbled backward but remained on his feet. As Hassan advanced menacingly Pete regained his balance lowered his head and charged forward. His shoulder smashed against Hassan’s stomach and they both crashed to the ground.

They rolled over the grass, over the gravel and into the hillside brush, fists flailing, trading blows and kicks, struggling for the advantage. All their anger, frustration and alpha male hostility exploded in a savage fight that tested the strength and endurance of the equally-matched men.

After rolling in the brush Hassan ended up on top kneeling astride Pete lying in the dirt. He grabbed the neck of the Ranger’s T-shirt, pulled his face up and slapped it from side to side. Enraged Pete bent his leg and crushed his knee up into his rival’s balls. As Hassan jerked back with an ear-splitting scream, Pete pulled his leg back further, pressed his boot against the soldier’s chest and shoved hard.

The soldier reared up, still holding Pete’s shirt that ripped off him as Hassan lurched to his feet and staggered backward, arms waving wildly, one hand gripping the shreds of the shirt. Pete
was on his feet instantly and pressed his advantage. He slammed his fist in the soldier’s gut making him double up in pain.

Pete grabbed Hassan’s tank top and yanked it to pull him upright, tearing the shirt clear off. He slammed the back of his hand across Hassan’s face sending him sprawling in the dirt. Pete stood over him but Hassan hooked his foot round Pete’s leg, pulled hard and brought him down in the dirt too.

Their breath heaving, they crawled in the dirt and slowly staggered to their feet. The two shirtless fighters, their muscular bodies scratched and covered in dirt and sweat, circled each other warily, a Ranger and a Marine locked in a vicious fight.

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Up by the pool Steve and Lloyd gazed down at the frenzied action below. “Aren’t you gonna do something, Steve?” Lloyd asked anxiously. “I’ll help you break it up if you want.”

“Nah, one thing I’ve learned in this tribe is never to get in the middle of a fight between two raging bulls like that. The two-way fight would only end up as a four-way free-for-all. What Hassan did to Brandon was inexcusable and any man would avenge his boy as Pete’s doing now. The tribe’s rules virtually demand it.

“But that’s beside the point, Lloyd. There’s more to this than just a fight over a kid in a wheelchair. I’ve seen turf wars erupt in the tribe like this before. It’s almost inevitable in a group of dominant alpha males like this – a primal urge to protect their territory. And all that house-moving going on in the tribe is a big shift in territory.

“The plan is for Pete and Hassan to share a duplex along with their boys. Before now they’ve had their own places, each one king of his castle. Now they’re like two proud stags butting heads to prove their supremacy before sharing territory. Brandon’s problem was just the catalyst, the spark that lit the brushfire.”

They heard a truck pull up outside. “Ah, the plot thickens,” said Steve. “Bob said that Brandon and Eddie were on their way. I’m not sorry they’re here but we gotta play it carefully.

In a few minutes Brandon came round the side of the house, barreling along in his wheelchair, closely followed by a panting Eddie. “Hello, sir,” Brandon said, “what’s going on? They’re not fighting are they?”

“Yes they are, Brandon, but this is not your fault. In a way they’re not fighting over you … they’re like rival stallions rearing up and flexing their muscles. But they won’t really injure each other. When men fight in this tribe they all have a deep-rooted restraint that prevents them from doing real damage.”
The two boys came to the edge of the deck and look down at the fight in progress far below. Brandon watched in horror while Eddie felt more than a twinge of excitement and wished he had Darius’s camera handy. Eddie was never worried about his rugged Marine being bested in a fight, but Brandon always saw his master Pete as a gentle, loving soul, never one to pick a fight.

The four of them stared intently at the scene in the brush down below. Steve, Lloyd and Eddie were so engrossed by the action that they didn’t notice Brandon silently rolling back and wheeling himself away. In fact they were unaware of his absence until they suddenly caught sight of him careening down the hill in his wheelchair.

“Holy shit,” Eddie said, “I gotta go help him, sir.”

“No, Eddie, no!” Steve ordered. “Four would definitely be a crowd. Brandon is doing what he thinks he has to do. Let’s wait and see.”

“You sure about this, buddy?” Lloyd asked.

Steve winced. “Not entirely, but Brandon’s a tough kid and I have a gut feeling that the solution to this lies in his hands. Keep your fingers crossed, dude.”

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The exhausted men were still sparring, but with less energy now as they faced each other. Pete moved backward stumbled over a rock and fell to the ground, stunning himself as he fell into the brush. Hassan advanced on him but suddenly heard, “NO!”

He whirled round and saw Brandon racing toward him. Reflexively he raised a protective foot and his boot caught one of the wheels of the boy’s chair. Inevitably it tilted over on its side sending Brandon sprawling on the grass.

And that changed everything.

Hassan stared down at the ground aghast at what had happened – the kid lying on his back, his wheelchair on its side beside him, wheels spinning. ‘What have I done?’ he thought. This sweet kid, so brave, trying to stop the fight, and he had kicked him out of his chair! He ran over and asked anxiously, “You OK, kid? Are you hurt? Let me help you up.”

“No thank you, sir,” Brandon said, uninjured. “Don’t worry, sir, this happens a lot and I can handle it. I don’t need anyone’s help.” He even managed a grin. “You know what they say, sir – if you fall off a horse the only thing to do is to get right back up on it.

Brandon rolled on his stomach, pulled himself over the grass to his wheelchair and skillfully maneuvered it to its upright position. Then he grabbed the arms and pulled himself up strongly
until he was able to twist round and drop down in the seat. He bent down and picked his black-rimmed glasses up off the ground, checked them out and put them on.

He grinned up at Hassan. “That’s the main thing – glasses not broken. Me neither. You see, sir? I can be very independent in spite of what you said earlier. I really wouldn’t be in anyone’s way, sir.”

Hassan was overwhelmed by the boy’s calm acceptance of his situation, by his brave, bright smile behind his glasses. And what the hell had he done – insulted the kid and fought his master? Damn, he’d been a fool. He dropped to his knees beside Brandon and touched his forehead. “You sure you’re OK, kid? Is there anything I can do – wheel you back up the hill?

“No thank you, sir, I’m fine. And I’m not angry, though I can’t say the same for Pete, sir.”

Still on his knees Hassan became aware of Pete’s legs beside him. He looked up at the scowling face and bowed his head in remorse. “You sure you’re OK, kiddo?” Pete asked.

“Never better, sir,” Brandon smiled. “But how are you?”

“Oh, a few cuts and bruises that you can take care of later. Oh, here comes Eddie.”

Finally released by Steve Eddie had raced down the hill and now skidded to a halt. “Dude, we saw everything. You were amazing, stopping the fight and all. You OK? Steve wouldn’t let me come right away or I would have been here with you when …"

“Eddie,” Pete interjected. “Would you and Brandon give us some room here? I have a score to settle with Hassan. This is between him and me.”

Eddie and Brandon pulled back to the guesthouse patio and watched from there. Towering over the kneeling Marine Pete grabbed his thick black hair and pulled his face up to look at him. “Man, I’ve always admired you – up till now. But you insulted my boy in the worst way possible, and I gotta make you pay for that. It’s what any man would do – what you would do if anyone attacked Eddie.”

Hassan said nothing but the subdued expression on his dark, handsome face was evidence of his contrition. His anger had abated, replaced by a realization of the boorish way he had behaved, taking out his frustrations on the harmless boy he admired, and then the Ranger he respected and had never quarreled with before.

A proud Marine captain, Hassan did not have it in him to apologize verbally but he needed to prove his remorse … he needed it as a man and a soldier. So he did not resist when Pete
raised his leg, pressed his boot on his chest and shoved him on his back on the grass. Pete stared down at him more in sorrow now than in anger.

“I’m sorry we had to fight, soldier, but it was inevitable. And so is what comes next. A Marine is a hard man to hurt and humiliate, and there’s only one way to humble a macho stud like you.”

Pete leaned down and ripped open Hassan’s camouflage fatigue pants. Then he hooked his boot under his back and flipped him over on his stomach. He reached down and yanked his pants down clear off his ass and down round his boots. The near naked soldier lay still, face-down on the ground arms stretched up before him.

Brandon squeezed Eddie’s wrist. “You OK to watch this, dude?”

“Try stopping me,” Eddie said. “Hassan’s a tough guy. If he can take being chained up and tortured in the war he can take anything.” Eddie’s eyes were gleaming.

Pete unzipped his uniform pants, pulled out his cock and spat on it. He stroked it rigid and dropped to his knees between Hassan’s splayed legs. He pressed his hands on the small of Hassan’s back and raised up off his knees. Supported by his feet on the ground and his hands on Hassan’s back, his body was arched, his cock pointing straight down at the solid mounds of the soldier’s ass.

Suddenly his hips fell, his almost-dry rod plunged into the ass and the muscular body bucked beneath him.

“Aaagh!!” The scream echoed round the hills as the soldier reflexively reached forward, dug his fingers in the dirt and tried to drag himself forward in a futile attempt to escape the pain of the rod spearing his ass. Pete pulled back, plunged in again and his cock became a piston, pile-driving the helpless soldier.

“This is for my boy, captain, for the boy you looked down on and made him feel useless. You need this, man. Real bad.”

Used to making love to Brandon, Pete was a gentle man by nature and never had occasion to fuck savagely like the Randys or Zacks of the world. Until now. He still nursed a grudge against the Marine and wanted to make him suffer. Which he did now, with the soldier’s ass impaled on the Ranger’s cock driving in deeper and deeper.

As the shaft slammed into his ass Hassan gritted his teeth and flexed his muscles to withstand the pain, just as he had during the war so long ago when Mark had chained him to the wall and tortured him by pounding his ass.
This time he was not chained, of course, and he could probably have powered out of his torment. But like all Marines he had a code of conduct. He knew he had acted shamefully, dishonored himself and the Marines, and accepted the punishment he deserved.

It was a stunning sight to the men standing high above by the pool, and the tense boys watching from only a few yards away. The rugged, macho soldier, his magnificent body pinned naked to the ground, was writhing and howling in pain, clawing at the earth, as the shirtless Ranger hammered his ass. It was a homoerotic spectacle of a handsome dark-skinned Arab-Asian submitting to sexual humiliation from a Ranger with chiseled All-American looks.

Pete’s anger was being purged, slowly replaced by feelings of sexual lust as he pounded the Marine’s hot ass. He suddenly pulled out, flipped Hassan over on his back and stared down at the handsome, agonized face, tears flowing from his almond-shaped eyes. He rammed his cock back in the soldier’s ass and watched his face contort in a soundless scream. Pete leaned forward, pressed his hands on the rock-hard slabs of Hassan’s chest … and their eyes met.

There was a slow transformation in both men from rage and rivalry to something close to respect, bordering on desire, as they gazed into each other’s eyes. Pete’s cock became less brutal, slowing down to a deep massage of the Marine’s ass as the Ranger said, “I never wanted it to come to this, man, never wanted to fight you or torture your ass. But I had to avenge my boy.”

“I know that, man,” Hassan said breathlessly. “He’s a great kid and I was wrong to take out my anger on him. Fuck, me, man. Take your revenge. I deserve it.”

And so a bond began to build between the two equally matched alpha males, a bond forged in the crucible of anger, rivalry, combat and revenge. It was not unlike the union between Hassan and Mark, captive and captor, that took root in that desert dungeon so long ago and grew into a love that still existed to this day.

Now the blue eyes of the American Ranger and the deep brown eyes of the Arab soldier bored into each other. Their bodies, scratched and bruised from their fight, were now infused with more benign feelings – the solidarity of comrades who have tested each other in battle.

They were both men of the tribe so it was almost inevitable that this mutual admiration would assume sexual overtones, and Hassan instinctively moved his hand down to his cock and wrapped round it. “You’re a beautiful man, captain,” Pete said. “Let’s put this rivalry behind us.”

He bent down and pressed his lips against Hassan’s in a churning kiss. When he pulled back, Hassan said, with a hint of a smile. “Agreed. Fuck me, dude. You’ve whipped my ass … now shoot your jizz inside it. I wanna cum, dude.”

And so, after so much pain and fury it came down to this, as it did so often in the tribe of impulsive, passionate men. Two handsome men staring at each other with lust in their eyes,
their cocks shuddering on the verge of orgasm. “I’m gonna cum, man,” Pete said. “I’m gonna cum in your ass. Let me see you shoot, soldier.”

“Fuck yeah, I wanna feel your juice inside me,” Hassan groaned, pounding his cock in his fist. “Here it comes, man. Fuck … fuck … aaahh.” They tensed, flexed and heaved deep sighs as the Ranger poured juice in the ass of the Marine whose own cock erupted with semen that splashed over his muscular olive-skinned body.

After their cocks drained Pete pulled out and smiled down at Hassan. “How about becoming neighbors, captain – you me and our boys?

“Sounds like a plan, Ranger. Come here.” He pulled Pete on top of him and they kissed again.

A short distance away Brandon and Eddie beamed at each other with shining eyes. They high-fived each other and Eddie said, “You wanna be my neighbor too, dude?”

“On one condition, kid. That you stop rattling off at the mouth like you do.”

“Fuck you, man, no way. That’s a deal breaker right there.” They stared at each other, sputtered, and burst out laughing.

Hassan pulled up his pants and the men picked up their ripped shirts. Hassan flung his shredded tank to his boy Eddie and Pete threw his tattered T-shirt to Brandon. The boys looked at each other … and exchanged the shirts in a small but significant sign of unity among them.

As they turned to face the climb back up to Steve’s house Hassan grabbed the handles of Brandon’s wheelchair. “Here, kid, it’s a steep path. Let me push you.”

Brandon smiled. “Thank you for the offer, sir, but I can manage on my own. I always can.”

Pete grinned at Hassan and shrugged. “He can too.”

So Hassan walked up the hill with Pete and the boys followed behind. Brandon had turned his chair round and was wheeling it uphill backwards – it was easier that way – with Eddie walking proudly beside his friend.

Steve and Lloyd had watched the entire scene and when the group got up to the pool there were drinks and food already set out on the poolside table. “Come on guys,” Lloyd said, “you must be hungry and thirsty after all that outdoor exercise. Take a seat and relax before you go in and clean up. There are two T-shirts here to replace your own that seem to be, um, a bit worse for wear.”
Steve beamed a satisfied smile, happy and mildly surprised that the quarrel had been resolved so quickly, thanks to Brandon’s dramatic intervention. Always the psychologist he watched closely for signs that the situation really was on the mend and of how it would go from here. He was not disappointed as he watched Hassan being especially attentive to Brandon, even overdoing it a bit to compensate for the guilt he felt for his former behavior.

Brandon readily engaged Hassan in eager conversation, asking him many questions about the life of a Marine and the recruitment process Hassan was in charge of. He even remembered that Eddie had once appeared in one of the training videos, as a young recruit saved by the captain, which is how he had eventually become Hassan’s boy.

Meanwhile Pete and Eddie talked – or rather Eddie talked and Pete listened with amusement.

Although Eddie and Brandon were old friends, ever since Brandon’s first contact with the tribe, they had never had much to do with each other’s master. And now Hassan was impressed by Brandon’s insightful questions and keen interest in the soldier’s life. He was also learning just how independent Brandon was as he passed the food, poured the drinks and moved around so effortlessly. Like so many men before him, Hassan soon lost sight of the wheelchair.

None of this was lost on Steve who even suspected that Brandon was putting on something of a show of independence for Hassan’s benefit. Brandon was a bright kid and Steve suspected that, with a view to a peaceful future, he felt he still had something to prove.

While the rivalry between Hassan and Pete appeared to have been settled, the fact remained that the two couples would be living in the same duplex, albeit in separate apartments, and thereby spending more time together. It was also an undeniable fact that Brandon was in a wheelchair and always would be. So proving that he really was as independent as the other boys, in every aspect of his life, was probably still on Brandon’s agenda.

Eventually it was time for the men to go indoors, get cleaned up and take care of all the cuts and bruises from the fight. “Both guestrooms are at your disposal, guys,” Lloyd said, “with a shower in each.” Hassan was the first to leave the table, with a departing smile for Brandon.

After a few more minutes of casual conversation Brandon glanced at the chair Hassan had vacated and said, “Oh look, Hassan left his clean T-shirt on the back of his chair.” He flashed a look from Steve to Eddie, then spoke to Pete. “Sir, can I take it to him?”

They had all noticed Brandon’s determined expression and tone of voice and Pete smiled. “Good idea, kiddo.”

“And sir … is it OK if … I mean, if I …”

“Brandon, I have a feeling you’re way ahead of us here, but you have my full permission to do whatever you think is right – under the circumstances.”
“Same goes for me too, dude,” said Eddie brightly, not wanting to be left out but not quite sure what he was agreeing to.”

“Thank you, sir, and thanks, Eddie,” Brandon grinned. “Take care of my man here while I take care of yours.” He wheeled himself back from the table and rolled into the house.

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The door to the first guestroom was ajar and as Brandon approached he saw Hassan sitting on the edge of the bed, slouched forward, forearms on his thighs, staring blankly at the floor. Brandon eased his way in and cleared his throat. “Excuse me, sir, but you forgot the T-shirt Lloyd provided for you. May I come in?”

Hassan looked up and his face brightened. “Sure, Brandon, get over here.”

The boy wheeled himself to face the soldier, their knees almost touching. “Here’s the shirt, sir. It should fit. Extra-large – just like you, sir, larger than life.” Brandon blushed slightly and blinked behind his black rimmed glasses. “Us boys often get together and talk about the men in the tribe, and we all agree that you are massively sexy, like one of those porn movies about soldiers in uniform.”

Hassan smiled, “Thanks, kiddo – I think.”

“Oh they mean it as a compliment sir, though they all agree you’re hotter than any picture they’ve ever seen.” Brandon laughed, “Those Marine recruitment videos you make where you are the big tough captain … you could sell them on the Internet. Guys would gobble them up, you’d make a fortune.”

“I kinda think that might be against military rules,” Hassan chuckled.

“Maybe so, sir. But the other thing the boys find so sexy is your, like, air of mystery, that strong silent thing you got going.”

Hassan sighed. “Yeah, but maybe too strong, too silent.” Brandon cocked his head looking puzzled. “What I mean is … hell, kid, I don’t often open up to guys but you’re kinda easy to talk to. That air of mystery you mention is actually shyness, believe it or not. I’m not easy around guys socially, like when the whole tribe is gathered for dinner. I’m no good at small talk so I don’t say much. Don’t get me wrong. They’re a great bunch of guys. It’s just that I …”

“Just that you’re a Marine, sir?”
Hassan ruffled Brandon’s hair. “You are smart as a whip, kid. Yeah I guess that’s it, I’m a soldier, always have been – it runs in my blood and makes me what I am. It’s why I lost my temper with you and …”

“You don’t have to talk about that, sir.”

“I do, Brandon, because I feel real bad about it and don’t know how to make it up to you. See, I’ve always spent my life with a bunch of hardcore soldiers. We’re trained to fight so we don’t exactly work on our social skills. And now, every day I’m surrounded by young recruits, most of them rookies, flexing their muscles, looking for a fight, testing their strength and the strength of their buddies.

“A commander has to be real tough with guys like that. The Marines’ method is harsh treatment, talk down to them, enforce discipline. It’s what they except and they respond to toughness. I’m good at that, but the trouble is when I come off base I don’t leave it behind. I’m always a bit that way. That’s one reason I love Eddie so much. His big-eyed optimism and enthusiasm are enough to loosen any guy up, even a big bad Marine.

“But you see, Brandon, that hard-hitting military attitude is why I flared up with you and trash-talked you, treated you like a rookie Marine.”

“Oh, one thing’s pretty certain, sir, I’ll never join the Marines. I don’t think I’d pass the physical.”

Hassan laughed. “But dammit, you were right, kid. You are amazingly independent. I guess I never got to know you before, but now I’m paying attention I see that you’ll be terrific as a neighbor. That’s why I’m so ashamed of the way I treated you. I wish you’d tell me how I can make it up to you.”

“Oh, I’ll think of a way, sir. But in the meantime we gotta take care of those cuts and bruises. Stay right there, sir. Leave everything to me.”

Brandon wheeled into the bathroom and reached up to the medicine cabinet. He pulled out cotton swabs, peroxide, and Band-Aids, held a face cloth under a warm tap then went back to the soldier who was looking a lot brighter than when Brandon had come in.

“Now don’t move, sir. This may sting a little.” Brandon leaned forward and gently ran the damp towel over Hassan’s face, his neck and arms. Then he cleaned the dirt off his chest and abs. As he brushed the towel over his nipples Hassan flinched and Brandon said, “Ooh, sorry, sir.”

“Don’t apologize, boy. Felt kinda good.”

Brandon leaned closer and dabbed the cuts and scratches with peroxide, and Hassan winced. “Told you it would sting, sir. Why is it that real tough guys who take punishment in fights and bounce right back up can’t stand needle-pricks and peroxide stings?”
Hassan gave a dazzling smile. “Just cowards at heart, I guess.”

Brandon applied Band-Aids to a couple of open cuts and smiled. “There, all done. Good as new, sir.”

“Thanks, kiddo.” Their faces were close and Hassan stared into the big round eyes behind the glasses. He reached up, carefully removed the glasses and set them on the bedside table. He curled his hand behind Brandon’s neck, pulled his face close … and kissed him tenderly. Brandon responded eagerly, probing the soldier’s mouth with his tongue, building to a passionate air-tight kiss where they shared the same breath.

When they finally separated Hassan said, “Jesus, you are a great kisser, kid.”

“Something I learned from Eddie, sir. I told you, I can do anything the other boys do – even better than some.” He blushed slightly. “Sir, just now you asked me to think of a way you could make it up to me for the way you acted … and I have. See, Eddie’s always going on about how great it feels to get fucked by a big handsome Arab soldier. Eddie being Eddie I often think he exaggerates. I would love to find out, sir.”

Hassan stood up and looked confused. “But what about Pete? He already beat me up for attacking his boy. What the hell would he do if I fucked his boy?”

“Oh, Pete gave me permission to do whatever I thought was right. And it feels right, sir. ‘Course if you don’t want to I understand and would never …

“It’s not that, kid. I do want to but …” he shrugged helplessly. “I wouldn’t know how to start …”

“You gotta learn to trust me, sir, and leave everything to me. Quickly, expertly, Brandon pushed his shorts down over his ass, leaned forward and pulled them off his feet along with his sneakers. He rolled up beside the bed and easily transferred himself from the chair to the bed. He pulled off his shirt and lay naked on his back. He put his hands behind his knees and pulled back his legs, offering his ass to the soldier.

“Ta-da!” he grinned. “Told you. I can do everything the boys do – even get fucked.”

Hassan stared down at him in surprise. “Damn, kiddo, that’s some body you got on you. Who knew? Guess I wasn’t paying attention.”

“Try wheeling a wheelchair most of your life, sir. It’s like an all-day gym workout … builds up your upper body real fast. So now you know, what you gonna do about it soldier?”

Hassan grinned, “Fuck you, boy.”
“Yes please, sir.”

Hassan was turned on not only by Brandon’s youthful muscular build but by his fun-loving attitude and infectious smile. They banished all tension, all uncertainty and negative thoughts. It felt like all was right with the world. And yes, Hassan wanted to make love to him.

He ripped open his camouflage fatigues and pulled out his long thick cock. Seeing a jar of lube on the bedside table (courtesy of Lloyd) he dipped his fingers in and lubed his cock. He knelt on the bed and leaned tentatively over Brandon between his raised legs. He rested his hands on Brandon’s chest, hesitated, then changed his mind and braced them on the bed.

Brandon smiled, “Don’t worry, sir, I won’t break. If I was gonna break I’d have done it years ago. And don’t forget, I get fucked daily by Ranger Pete, and you know how rough he can be.”

“I sure do, kid. I have the wounds to prove it.” He pressed the head of his cock against Brandon’s ass. “Stop me if it hurts, kiddo.”

“Stopping you ain’t the problem, sir,” Brandon grinned. “It’s getting you started!”

“Fuck you, boy. That mouth’s gonna get you in real trouble.”

“Spoken like a true Marine captain, sir … aaah!” He sighed deeply as he felt the soldier’s rod spear his ass and push in deep.”

Suddenly Brandon was staring up at the face of a fierce soldier, with its dark-skinned square-cut Arab features, slanted brown eyes and jet black hair. This was the strong silent Marine who dominated his recruits, and now dominated Brandon. After all the flippant talk, there was no doubt now that the captain was in charge.

His jaw clenched, his muscles flexed as he grabbed Brandon’s wrists and pinned them to the bed above his head. “You asked for it boy. You wondered what it felt like to get fucked by a Marine. Well this is it, boy.”

Hassan didn’t hold back. He had said he never quite left behind his role as a powerful hard-hitting military officer, and that’s what Brandon saw and felt now as the captain’s cock rammed his ass. Stripped to the waist, his muscular body still bearing the scars of battle, the swarthy Arab was a fearsome sight and Brandon shuddered under the onslaught of his pounding shaft.

Brandon narrowed his eyes and conjured fantasy images from stories he had heard of the powerful, handsome Marine. This was the man who had chained the blond, muscular soldier Mark to the wall of an interrogation cell in the Arabian Desert, had tortured him and fucked his ass as he was now doing to Brandon.
It was also the same man who had suffered brutal payback when Mark had got free and subjected his magnificent body to even worse torture and a savage fuck. And even now both men would go to Hassan’s house in the California desert and re-enact those brutal events.

This was the alpha male who had fought Randy for admission to the tribe, leaving them both crawling bruised and naked in the dirt. And it was the same man who a short time ago had done battle with Pete in revenge for insulting his boy.

And now that rugged Marine was pinning him to the bed and pile-driving his dick in his ass. He should have been scared – and was a little – but he knew the man wouldn’t hurt him. But as sweat poured down on him from the gleaming body above him the pain in his ass got close to his limit … and then suddenly stopped.

He opened his eyes wide and saw the swarthy face smiling down at him. “Now you know how it feels to get your ass reamed by a Marine, kid. But soldiers can make love too.” His cock was now easing slowly in and out, caressing his ass – making love to it. It went on for a long time as they smiled at each other, and then Hassan’s smile got playful and he teased Brandon.

“So, looks like we’re gonna be neighbors, eh boy? I’ll get horny and come visit Pete and we’ll roll the dice to see who gets which boy. When I get you you’re gonna submit your ass to my huge cock and then we’ll tag team you – first the Ranger, then the Marine fucking your sweet ass in turn. Think you can take that?”

“Definitely, sir. I love your cock in my ass, sir.”

“And then, when you’re exhausted after a long fuck, I’ll make you shoot your load, just like I’m gonna do now. ‘Cos you know I can’t you boy?”

“Yes, sir. Definitely, sir.”

“OK kid, here it comes.” Suddenly Hassan reverted to the savage fuck of the ferocious Marine captain, his cock driving into his ass, sending shafts of pain and pleasure from his butt all through his body. “You feel that, boy? Now you’re gonna feel that soldier’s jizz in your ass. You ready, boy?”

“Yes, sir. Fuck me, sir. You’re making me cum … Fuck, I’m gonna cum … aaagh!”

He felt the Marine’s cock explode in his ass while his own cock reared up and spurted cum up high enough to splash on the soldier’s chest as he drove in deep one last time.

Hassan released Brandon’s hands and stroked his face as Brandon ran his hands over the captain’s cum soaked chest. He smiled, “Well, kiddo, you sure proved that you can do whatever the boys do – and then some. Man, we’re gonna be such good neighbors, the four of us. But right now I better deliver you back to the Ranger or it’ll be my ass that’s in trouble. You ready?”
“Aye-aye, captain. You’re the boss.”

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When they joined the others out by the pool Brandon announced to Pete. “Sir, I have a confession. Hassan fucked my ass – and I loved it.”

“Well I should hope so,” Pete laughed, “cos there’s gonna be a lot more where that came from now we’re all living next door to each other.”

Pete stood up, shook Hassan’s hand and grinned, “You owe me one soldier. Now you gotta loan out your boy to me. I hear he can drive a man wild sucking his dick. Best little cock sucker in town, I’m told.”

“Best in the west, sir,” Eddie shouted. Then to Brandon, “This is so cool, dude. We gotta talk.”

While they compared notes Steve quietly called Bob who anxiously asked how things were going. “Better than I could ever have expected, buddy. Hey, is that duplex habitable yet?”

“More or less. Furniture’s kinda piled in but it can be sorted out.”

“Great, just as long as the beds are there.”

“That good, uh?” Bob laughed. He reassured Steve that the two men and their boys could move in right away, then hung up and turned to the twins who were sitting with him in the new house planning menus.

“Well, seems like another crisis is over, guys. I was apprehensive about all this moving but it seems things are falling into place. This new house is perfect for Randy and me, and with the hedge removed now I have a clear view of your kitchen and apartment above it. Looks like Pete, Hassan and their boys will be sleeping in the duplex tonight, and Zack, Miguel, Pablo and their boys will be sharing the whole second floor. It’s quite a big deal, and you know what it means?”

The twins smiled at each other and said together. “A party?”

“Well, you know the tribe has to celebrate a big new thing like this. But guys, I’m real worried about all the extra work for you. A gathering of the clan will be big this time. And now that more of the tribe is living here or across the street, there will be even more guys to feed each day. Boys, you have to hire an assistant, at least part-time.”

Kyle and Kevin exchanged conspiratorial looks. “We’re way ahead of you, sir,” Kyle said. “Actually,” Kevin continued, “we already have someone in mind. At the grocery store there’s a young kid who works in the produce section – a cute young redhead, just turned eighteen.”
Kyle took over. “He talks to us a lot, not only about produce, but everything associated with food and cuisine, and he has some really good ideas. His problem is he only works there part time and he’s looking for additional part-time work. We have a feeling he might be the one.”

“Great. But, er, you don’t think he’d be kind of overwhelmed by working here surrounded by a bunch of guys. Things can get pretty raunchy around here, as you know.”

“We thought of that, sir, and we’re not sure,” Kevin said. “The boy is certainly wet behind the ears, seems to have not much of a life and never mentions a sex life. But he’s easy-going with us and seems curious about a lot of things. We wouldn’t push him into anything, of course, and we’d have to feel our way. But we would like to give it a try.”

“Well, I trust you guys’ instincts, always have. Tell you what. Why don’t you hire him first for the big party, let him get his feet wet there, see how he does. Or do you think that would be throwing him in at the deep end.

“Well, sir,” Kyle laughed, “we all pretty much jumped in at the deep end. And we didn’t drown.”

“Let’s give it a go then, kids,” Bob smiled. “Something new for you, a boy of your own. Should be interesting.”

# # #

Chapter 419 – “The Secret Of Brotherly Love”

Ranger Pete and Marine Captain Hassan, horny new neighbors, are serviced by their boys in a wildly erotic welcome to the neighborhood. Then the twins hire a new boy as their kitchen assistant. The boy loves working in the kitchen but, naïve and repressed, he is shocked seeing the twins make love – and by his own arousal. “Get away, don’t touch me. My dad used to tell me guys like you try to recruit guys like me.”

Hassan and Pete had never socialized much and had never formed a real friendship outside of the tribe’s communal events where their communication was limited to an amiable, “Hey, dude.”

But all that changed when the fierce Marine captain and rugged Ranger fought their turf battle. As Doctor Steve had put it, they were “like two proud stags butting heads to prove their supremacy before sharing territory.”

The fight could have driven a wedge between the men forever, but the reverse had happened. The equally matched alpha males, in testing each other’s strength, had formed an unexpected
intimacy, united in a virile bond of mutual respect and admiration. It culminated in Hassan’s offering his ass to Pete as an act of atonement for his past aggression, and later went even further when Hassan had made love to Pete’s boy, with Pete’s tacit approval.

In conversation afterwards the soldier and the ranger discovered they had much in common, not the least being the boys they loved and protected – Hassan’s Eddie and Pete’s Brandon.

The boys, of course, were over the moon. They had been best friends ever since the day when Eddie had seen Brandon struggling to wheel himself and his grocery bags up the hill to his little apartment. Eddie’s cheery “hey dude, need any help” began a friendship that had grown stronger over the years, and they were thrilled that they would now be living close together, “back to back in the duplex, dude” as Eddie put it.

Now that it seemed the foursome were on a steady course to be friendly neighbors, Steve and Lloyd invited them to join them for dinner before going down to spend their first night in their new home. It was a cheerful group that gathered in the warm evening round the poolside table. Steve kept an expert eye on the group’s interactions to detect any hairline cracks in the fabric of friendship, but found none. He mentally marked the issue ‘case closed’.

Later he pulled Hassan aside and said, “Hassan, Lloyd and I have no intention of re-letting the guesthouse here. As far as we are concerned it will still be yours if you find you need time away by yourself. Think of it as an escape hatch if you ever need one.”

The evening ended with effusive thanks to Steve and Lloyd, Steve’s praise of Brandon and Eddie and his admonition to them to “be good boys”. Eddie grinned cheekily, “All depends what you mean by ‘good’, doc.”

Steve chuckled, “Get out of here, punk, and take care of that soldier of yours.”

The two men and their boys had driven up here separately in various states of frustration, rage and fear, but now they drove back down the hill in a convoy of three vehicles in high spirits, eager to be in their new home.

In their absence Bob had worked with the tribe’s house manager Nate and several other boys to bring some semblance of order to the duplex’s adjoining apartments – rearranging furniture, making the beds, stocking the fridge and, especially, the drinks cabinet. Bob had received a full report of the group’s reconciliation and wanted to ensure that the harmony was reinforced by a warm and welcoming new home.

He came across the street to greet them when he heard the convoy arrive and was enveloped in hugs. “Thanks for doing all this, Bob,” Hassan said. “In fact, thanks for everything, Bob,” Pete added. “It’s good to know that when bad things happen you and the tribe have our backs.”
“I’m just glad everything worked out so well,” Bob smiled. “And now I’m sure you guys want to be alone in your new home – or homes, I should say.” He left and the couples went in to check out their respective apartments. Randy had, as usual, done a splendid job remodeling and refinishing the building and Eddie ran around wide eyed in the spacious new home.

“It’s so much bigger than Steve’s little guesthouse. And there are three bedrooms so I could have a room of my own to veg in if you want to be alone. I know sometimes I get on your nerves, sir, by talking too much, but like I always say…”

Hassan cut him off. “There’s always one sure way to stop you talking, kid.” He pulled him toward him and kissed him hard. When they finally separated Eddie had stars in his eyes. “Wow, our first kiss in the new house, sir. You want me to suck your cock now?”

That might have been a yes except that there was a gentle knock at the door and Brandon wheeled in. “Sir,” he announced formally, “Pete and I would like to invite you next door for a nightcap if you’re not too tired.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Hassan said, “eh, Eddie?” An eager Eddie bounded up to Brandon. “Come on, dude, I’ll give you a hand with the drinks.” Next door Pete gave a short tour to Hassan who said, “God, Randy sure knows his stuff. This place is great. No wonder he has customers lining up with business for his construction company.”

They were in the master bedroom and Eddie and Brandon came in. Eddie carried a tray of munchies, and the tray-table of Brandon’s wheelchair bore a bottle of brandy and glasses. Hassan asked, “How’s this place working for you, Brandon?”

“It’s perfect, sir. Randy made sure the whole building is wheelchair accessible. That even meant widening a few doors and I heard that he didn’t want me to know that – thought it might upset me. Hell, I long ago stopped getting upset by stuff like that. You know, sir, Randy has a reputation for being tough and throwing his fists around, but to me he’s one of the kindest, most generous men I know. I love him.”

“I think he’s mighty fond of you too, kiddo,” Pete said. “I gotta be careful he don’t steal you away from me. Hey guys, I’m kinda bushed so let’s get comfortable and hang out here in the bedroom, eh?”

Pete yawned, stretched and pulled off his T-shirt. He kicked off his boots, dropped his ranger uniform pants and flung himself on the bed in just his boxer shorts, sitting propped up against the headboard. “What d’ya say, guys, brandy in bed to celebrate?”

“Right there with you, Ranger,” Hassan grinned. Following Pete’s lead he stripped down to his khaki boxers and fell on the king-size bed, sitting up beside Pete. “So, let’s check out the room service in this joint, eh buddy?”
Eddie and Brandon took their cue, poured the brandy and set glasses on each of the bedside tables, along with an assortment of appetizers. Then they went to the foot of the bed and Eddie sat in a chair beside Brandon. “If there’s anything else you need, sirs…” Brandon said – “anything at all,” Eddie added – then both together, “you have only to ask, sirs.”

The men clinked their brandy glasses together. “To friendship,” Hassan said. “To good neighbors,” Pete replied, and they drank. “Damn this is good stuff,” Hassan said. “But what you’re supposed to do is swill it around in your mouth before you swallow. Let me show you.”

Hassan took another mouthful, swirled the liquid in his mouth. Then he pulled Pete’s face toward him and locked their mouths together. They shared the brandy between them, swilling it round in their joined mouths, tongues pressing together, before finally swallowing the brandy in one gulp. They pulled back, the amber liquid running down their chins, and Pete said, “Damn, that was hot. Again?” This time he took a mouthful and shared it with the Marine.

Eddie was gripping Brandon’s arm as they stared at the erotic sight of the Marine and the Ranger clamping their mouths together in a warm, brandy flavored kiss. When they finally swallowed and separated Hassan said, “Man, look what you did to me, buddy. They looked down at their shorts that had risen up like tents over a pole.

“You wanna fool around?” Hassan grinned.

Pete sighed wearily. “Don’t think I got the energy for that, dude. What I really want is just to lean back here and be serviced till I pop a load. I seem to recall after you butt-fucked my boy I said you owe me one. Fair’s fair, now you gotta loan out your boy to me. Rumor has it he gives a dynamite blow job.”

“Oh man,” Hassan said, “you ain’t lived till that boy works on your cock. He tells me he learned all the tricks of the trade by giving blowjobs for tips in the back room of Uncle Mike’s leather bar, but I soon put a stop to that when he became my boy. Anyway, he’s all yours Ranger – but only on a one-time loan, OK?”

At the foot of the bed Eddie grinned at Brandon with growing excitement. There was nothing sexier than being bargained over between the soldier and the ranger.

“Only thing is,” Hassan frowned, “I gotta get my rocks off and I sure ain’t gonna jerk off watching my boy service your dick. Say, how’s your kid in the dick-suck department?”

“Well, let me put it this way, buddy. He learned everything he knows from his pal Eddie. A blow-job from him is a trip to the moon. You wanna take a trip, soldier?”

“Hey, let’s go, man.”
Pete looked at Eddie. “Kid, I recall you saying if there’s anything else we need, anything at all, we have only to ask. So you heard what the captain said. You got your orders.”

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Eddie grinned at Brandon. “Come on dude. Let’s give them a big cock-sucking welcome to our new digs, eh?” He stood up, heaved Brandon out of his wheelchair and they fell together on the bed at their masters’ feet. They scrambled to get into position and ended up on their bellies between the men’s spread legs, faces level with the men’s shorts.

Brandon and Eddie had rehearsed this many times in preparation for just such a moment as this. They looked up at the soldier and the ranger stripped to their shorts, propped up against the headboard, hands linked behind their heads, the muscles of their near-naked bodies rippling under the ceiling spotlights.

They looked down at the boys and Pete said, “They don’t seem too sure of themselves. Maybe your boy ain’t as hot as you made out … Oh, fucking shit …” Pete gasped as Eddie closed his mouth over the bulge in his shorts and breathed warm air through the thin fabric. He clamped his lips round the bulge and licked the shape of the stiff cock through the shorts.

Brandon, taking his cue from Eddie, gave the same treatment to Hassan’s huge cock, slathering the khaki shorts with spit. The faint smell of piss and dried cum on the soldier’s shorts urged Brandon on.

The sensation for the men was erotic frustration, like a cocksucking tease. They could feel the wet mouths working their cocks … but denying them the full treatment. “You little fucker,” Pete yelled, “let me feel your tongue, dammit.”

“Aye-aye, sir,” Eddie grinned, saliva running down his chin. Brandon copied Eddie as he used his teeth to pull the bottom of Pete’s shorts back, exposing just the balls that he licked voraciously. The men groaned as hot mouths clamped over the balls, lips tight round the scrotum, pulling back, stretching them.

“Aaagh,” Pete moaned and was about to move his hands but Hassan restrained him. “Wait, man. Let the kid do his thing. It’s worth the wait.”

Finally the boys grabbed the waistband of the shorts in their teeth and pulled them down over the cocks that sprang free, already oozing pre-cum. They gazed at the Holy Grail, their master’s long hard shafts, and worshipped them by licking them all the way up from the damp pubic hair to the head where they ran their tongues lightly over the hard, sensitive corona, making the soldier and the ranger moan again in an exquisite mix of pleasure and pain.

Eddie grinned at Brandon. “Shall we have mercy on them, dude?”
“Mercy on them?” Brandon said. “How about mercy on me? I’m dying to take the captain’s cock all the way down my throat.”

“So let’s do it, kiddo.”

They licked the pre-cum oozing from the tip of the head, drawing it out in sticky gossamer threads, and then opened their mouths and lowered them slowly all the way down the shafts, inch by inch until their faces where pressed in their wiry pubic hair. They stopped there, never a gag or a choke, before pulling back in unison up to the head. With pursed lips they massaged the corona at the base of the head in short, sharp movements that drove the men wild.

And that was how the tantalizing scene progressed, the boys working in tandem to please, tease, frustrate and thrill their men. They sucked, clenched their throat muscles round the shafts, opened their mouths and breathed warm air on them, then pursed their lips and pulled them up and back over the shuddering cocks.

The boys flashed glances at each other as they heard their master’s admiring moans. “Damn your boy is good,” Pete said. “You get this every day?”

“Sure,” Hassan grinned. “When I’m surrounded by those swaggering young Marines I flash on the image of my boy, tougher than any of them, going to work on my schlong. And when I storm home in a bad mood first thing I do is shove the boy’s face down on my dick. Nothing like a world-class blowjob to relax a fired-up soldier.” He inhaled sharply. “Holy fuck, your kid sure learned his stuff from Eddie. Man, my balls are fit to burst.”

“Me too, captain. I’m real close to filling his mouth with jizz.”

“That ain’t so easy, dude. When Eddie sucks dick he’s in charge, he decides when you cum.”

“Bullshit. OK, kid, bring it home … time for the big finish.”

Eddie pulled off Pete’s cock and said, “I’ll be the judge of that, sir.”

“Fuck you boy. Eat that dick.”

Pete grabbed Eddie’s head and forced his face down on his cock. But one thing years of cocksucking had given Eddie was strong neck muscles, which he braced to prevent the Ranger’s cock from reaching the back of his throat. And he kept his mouth wide open, breathing hot air on the cock without touching it. It was classic climax denial, one of Eddie’s specialties.

“I said eat it, boy. Make me fucking cum.”

Eddie pulled back and looked up at Pete. “You heard what the captain said, sir. I’m in charge here, and what I wanna hear is a big macho stud beg for it – like the captain always does.”
Pete stared at Hassan who shrugged, “It’s true, man – you gotta do it. Your kid ain’t gonna make me shoot in his mouth till you cum in his pal’s. So for fuck’s sake do it, man.”

By now Eddie was applying the exquisite cock torture he excelled at – edging his victim to the cusp of orgasm, then denying it, until the Ranger was begging for release like a prisoner on the rack. “OK, boy, I can’t take any more of this. I gotta bust my nut. Make me cum, man, my balls are on fire. You want me to beg? OK dammit, I’m fucking begging … I gotta cum … please.”

Eddie flashed a triumphant grin at Brandon and they went to town, their heads bobbing up and down side by side as they finished off the soldier and the Ranger in grand style. It took only seconds before they heard the men howl, felt their muscular bodies shudder … and felt their cocks erupt, flooding their mouths with man-juice in massive simultaneous orgasms.

The boys swallowed hard, gulping down the warm jizz. When they pulled off the cocks at last they were treated to the amazing sight of the Marine captain and the Ranger kissing.

A boy always tried to copy his master which Eddie and Brandon did now, rolling on their sides facing each other and stifling their laughter with big sloppy kisses, lubricated by the remains of the bitter-sweet sperm that had so recently swelled their masters balls.

As they passed the warm juice back and forth in their mouths the boys reached down and jerked each other off, with muffled shouts of joy at the first of many triumphs in their new home.

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It was it a fitting end to their first day as neighbors, which had started out so inauspiciously with frustration, anger, insults and a knock-down drag-out fight between the Marine and the Ranger. But now here they were all together, warmed with brandy and bodily fluids, in what had all the makings of a loving union of two men and two boys, a small family within a family.

Hassan made the first move. “Eddie, you’ve come through again with flying colors along with your buddy. You and Brandon should form a double act, take your show on the road.”

“Nott!” laughed Pete, slapping Brandon’s head lightly as the boys grinned eagerly at each other.

OK, boy,” Hassan said to Eddie. “About time we tried out our new bed next door and gave our neighbors some privacy in theirs. Maybe breakfast together tomorrow, guys?”

The boys hugged one last time and Eddie’s eyes sparkled. “Dude, this is all gonna be so cool.”

After they left, Pete pulled Brandon close and they gazed at each other. Pete said, “At first it seemed like all this wasn’t gonna work out, but now it looks like it’s gonna work just fine. The most important thing, though, is are you happy, Brandon?”
Brandon frowned. “Hmm, let’s see now. Here I am lying in the arms of a gorgeous man that I love, in our new bed in a new home. And right next door is my best buddy with his hot Marine. “Yeah, I’d say that qualifies as happy … happy as a clam at high tide.”

Across the street in the tribe’s main compound three guys were still awake and working late. Bob and the twins Kyle and Kevin, were in the kitchen going over preparations for the upcoming major house-warming celebration that coming Sunday.

As part of all the building renovations Randy and his crew had enlarged the already extensive kitchen, which was just as well given the news that Bob now dropped on the twins. Here it is, guys – looks like there’ll be almost thirty at the party. That’s a lot of hungry guys to feed.”

“Nothing we can’t handle, sir,” said Kyle with a confident smile.

“You and your assistants,” said Bob sternly. You must have help with this. You work too many hours. I know your kitchen is your favorite place to be in the world …”

“… except for your bed, sir,” Kevin grinned playfully.

“Yeah,” Bob chuckled, “but you don’t need any assistance there as I recall. Now, guys will be here from all the other houses, including the Grady House, so Danny will be here to help you as third chef. Tommy will come down from Steve’s to take care of the planning outdoors, with his previous hotel experience as party planner. But you’ll also need an assistant in the kitchen, so what about this young man you told me about at the grocery store?”

“Ah, the young redhead,” Kyle said. “Yes, we planned on speaking to him when we go there tomorrow to start the purchasing for the party. We’ll see if he’s free to help and would want to.”

Kevin took over. “But we wanted to ask your advice, sir. See we’ll start doing the prep a couple of days before, and the crunch will come Saturday when we’ll be doing lunch and dinner as usual but also prepping for Sunday. Do you think we could ask this lad if he can come, say, Saturday afternoon as well as Sunday?”

“Absolutely you must,” Bob said. “Hire him for as many hours as you need. And look, like I said before, I trust your judgement on this. I know he’ll be spending most of his time in the kitchen, but it could be a big shock for an inexperienced young guy seeing so many boisterous men together who, let’s face it, can be pretty raunchy at times.

“Yes, sir, that is something we’ll be careful of. As we told you, the kid just turned eighteen, but he seems kind of naïve – you know, doesn’t get out much. But we’ll take care of him.
“I know you will, boys. Any problems, come straight to me.”

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Next morning the twins went to their usual major grocery store with a long list of supplies they needed. They preferred to do their own shopping to ensure they got the best and freshest foods. In the produce section they were greeted with a big smile by the boy.

“Hello, sirs, big list today? Let me know if you need any help.”

“Actually, there is something we’d like to talk to you about,” Kyle said. Do you have a minute?”

“I go on break in five minutes, sir. I usually sit at the tables outside with a soda. Would you like to join me there?”

And so, a few minutes later the three of them were seated at a table on a patio at the side of the building used by customers and staff. Kevin smiled, “You know, we talk to you every time we come here but we never actually introduced ourselves. I’m Kevin and this is my brother Kyle.”

“Pleased to know you, sirs, though I will never be able to tell you apart,” he grinned. “My name is William. My friends call me Will”

“Then Will it is,” said Kyle. “Er, we may have mentioned that we run a kitchen for a large house and this weekend we have a big party coming up and we’re going to need help in the kitchen.” Kevin said, “Before we go any further, are you busy this weekend?”

“No, never am,” Will shrugged. “I’d like to be working here but I’m only part-time. I keep asking for more hours but don’t get many.”

“And when you’re home, do you cook much … for family maybe? A girlfriend?”

Will blushed noticeably. “No, sir, I don’t have family. I live alone. I, er, used to have a girlfriend but it didn’t work out …” He trailed off nervously but then brightened. “But I do cook, I love it, experimenting with things. I start with a recipe but then invent things of my own. Except there’s no one to eat it except me and that gets a bit, you know …”

The twins exchanged glances, then Kyle said, “So here’s the thing, Will. As my brother said, we need kitchen help Sunday for this big party. And whoever we hire must be able to come also on Saturday afternoon and evening when we do a lot of the prep. Would you like to help us?”

“Me, sir?” Will blushed deeply this time. “But you don’t know anything about me. I don’t really have a résumé ‘cos I’ve never …”

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“Oh we don’t worry about all that,” Kevin smiled reassuringly. “We know all we need to know. We pay very well, much more than the hourly rate here, I’m sure.”

Will’s expression was a mix of confusion and pleasure and he smiled, “Well sure, sirs, if you’re sure. I’ll work whatever hours you give me. Nobody before has ever offered me …” He stopped and the boys saw tears come to his eyes.

“It’s a deal, then,” Kyle said quickly. “But before we go over the details there is one thing …” He looked pleadingly at Kevin who was better at delicate subjects.

“Thing is, Will,” Kevin said, “there’ll be about thirty at the party … and they’re all guys.”

Will smiled. “Like a stag party you mean, like before a guy gets married?”

The twins exchanged glances and Kyle said. “Well, kind of, I guess, eh bro?”

Kevin shrugged and grinned mischievously. “Well, there’ll be a lot of stags there … and some of them with very big antlers.” Then more seriously, “But you’d be comfortable with that, Will?”

“Sure, I guess. Like we say in the store here, a customer is a customer, and the customer always comes first.

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As the twins drove up the hill, their truck loaded with supplies, Kyle said, “You nearly got me going there, dude, with that ‘stags with big antlers’ crack.”

“Yeah, well I nearly lost it when Will said ‘the customer always cums first. Like something Eddie would say.”

“But with a slightly different meaning, idiot. But seriously,” Kyle asked, “what do you think, bro?”

“You know, I have a feeling about this kid – his hesitation, blushes, huge gratitude for getting the offer, even tears in his eyes.”

Kyle completed his thought, “I know. And he lives alone, cooks for himself, no family, had a girlfriend but it didn’t work out. I mean, like the kid said, we know next to nothing about him and I don’t wanna project, but … there’s something about him. Remember how nervous we used to be before we came here?”

“Yea, I was thinking about that too.”

When they got home they went to Bob in his office in the new house. “So how did it go, kids?”
“Pretty good, sir,” Kyle said. “His name’s William, he’s available and very keen to come. He even teared up at the offer. I don’t think anyone’s ever offered him anything like this before.”

Kevin added, “He lives alone, no family, had a girlfriend once but says it didn’t work out. Loves to cook, gets inventive but has no one else to taste it. He seems lonely, doesn’t get out much.”

Kyle took over. “As for the rest, sir, as we said before, he seems kinda naïve. When we mentioned that it’s a big group of guys he said, ‘kind of like a stag party before a guy gets married’. That’s the bit we’re not sure about. Any advice, sir?”

Bob thought for a minute. “Couple of things, guys. First, you are chefs hiring this young man to assist you in the kitchen while you’re catering a party. It’s a business transaction and you are the bosses. His personal life is not your concern.”

Kevin frowned at him. “That’s not what you said when you first saw us trying to steal your car, sir. If you had not made our personal life your concern we wouldn’t be here now.”

Bob smiled. “You got me there, Kevin. You’re quite right. I think what I’m saying is this. You must judge William only how he performs in the kitchen. That’s your immediate responsibility.

“One thing you absolutely must not do is nudge him in any particular direction in his personal life. A boy must find his own path in life, based on his own impulses and inclinations. He must not be directed toward any lifestyle by example or suggestion. If he has a problem with our lifestyle here he always has the option of leaving, no hard feelings. Ultimately, if he has real issues, he could always speak to our shrink, Steve – he has tons of experience with this.

“But right now you have a party to cater and an assistant to help you. I know you’ll be kind to this boy. See, guys, you’re not boys anymore. You’re young men and it’s about time you had someone you can help and guide – at least in the kitchen.

“After all, when Randy determined that Pablo was ready, he got his own boy, Tyler, and that’s working out great. But this kid is different from Tyler. That boy fell out of a tree right at Pablo’s feet, already worshipping him. Tyler knew exactly what he wanted – to be Pablo’s boy.”

“One other thing, sir,” Kevin said. “Will calls us ‘sir’ because we’re customers in his store. But do think he should call us sir when he’s here?”

“Oh, yes, definitely. You will be the boy’s bosses, and it’s important that you and he remember that. When he shows up Saturday I’ll have a quick word with him. But he’ll be answering to you two. So good luck, kids.”

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Saturday arrived – and so did William. The twins had asked him to come at 2pm and were pleased to see he was exactly on time. Lunch was over, always a small casual affair on Saturdays when most of the guys were out and about. They had just started clearing it away when they heard his car pull up outside.

They went out to greet him and Kyle said, “Great, right on time, Will. Welcome to the house. And what’s this?”

Will shyly held out a big grocery box that was obviously full and heavy. “Rhubarb, sir.”

“Excuse me?” Kevin grinned.

“I brought you a whole ton of rhubarb, sir. See, I have this recipe for rhubarb pie that I’ve kind’ve perfected – with a drop of port and other things I mix in. I like rhubarb ‘cos it’s not as sweet as other fruit … actually it’s a vegetable, not a fruit … and it has that strong, tart taste. You said there would be thirty at the party and this would be plenty for that many.”

“Terrific,” said Kyle, “we’re impressed. We have a friend, Danny, who works at a big house we call the Grady House. He’s a great pastry chef and he’s coming to help out. We hadn’t decided what to do for dessert so I’m sure Danny will love working with you and your rhubarb.”

As they went through the gate Will gazed in awe at the compound with its impressive, newly remodeled buildings and extensive grounds. “Wow, this is huge.”

“Wait ‘till you see the kitchen, dude. It’s just been enlarged.” They went in and Will looked round awestruck. “Sure beats my little four-burner stove at home, sirs.”

“It’s a mess right now,” Kevin said, “cos we still have to clear away all the lunch stuff.”

“I could do that, sir,” Will offered with a slight blush.

“That would be great,” Kyle said. “Leaves us free to start prep for tonight’s dinner and tomorrow’s party. Here, we just started using these new dark green aprons, they look kinda cool. Here’s yours, dude.” Will put his on with a hint of pride and got to work.

He had just finished loading and starting the two dishwashers when the door opened and in came a stunningly handsome, muscular man wearing jeans and a white V-neck T-shirt. Will stopped and gaped at him as the man flashed a smile.

“Hi, you must be William, and you are a life saver. I’m Bob, the twins are my boys and I’ve been very worried about their work load which is why I suggested they hire an assistant.” He shook Will’s hand warmly. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, William, welcome to the house. Everything going OK so far?”
Will’s voice croaked. He cleared his throat and said, “Yes, sir, thank you sir? Are you the, er, boss of the house, sir?”

“Something like that,” Bob smiled. “But you’ll be reporting to the twins here, so do just what they tell you and you’ll get along fine. And before you get stuck into the prep I’ll take you across to the office over there. You’re only part-time but there’s still a form you should fill out.”

In something of a daze Will followed Bob across to the office. “Hi, Brandon,” Bob said to the boy in the wheelchair, “this is William. He’s helping the twins out in the kitchen this weekend so he needs to fill out the usual forms. I’ll leave you two to it. I hope you enjoy your time with us William.” He squeezed Will’s shoulder and left.

Brandon grinned at Will’s dazed looked. “I know, impressive ain’t he? Everyone loves Bob. Wait till you see Randy. The twins told me your friends call you Will. So Will it is. Come sit with me and we’ll get you set up. I hear we’re gonna have rhubarb pie thanks to you.”

Brandon laughed at Will’s puzzled look. “First thing you should know about this place is the grapevine. It’s super-efficient so everyone knows about your rhubarb pie. It’s famous already.”

Everything went smoothly from then on and Will lost some of his new-boy shyness as he worked with the twins in the kitchen. As Bob had instructed, he followed their directions obediently and even added his own small suggestions sometimes, usually with a shy blush.

He found he loved working with the twins who were kind and casual, though they knew exactly what they wanted and gave orders accordingly. Even though he had his head down working he did notice one thing that surprised and puzzled him. As Kyle and Kevin moved around they touched each other a lot, smiled at each other as if they were sharing some private thought or joke, and once he even glimpsed one of them kiss the other on the cheek.

But he vaguely supposed that identical twins must always behave like this, so this kind of intimacy was only to be expected, wasn’t it?

He was working so hard that he didn’t notice the group assembling outside round the big table by the pool, though he could hear the loud voices and laughter even from here. The only men he had met so far were the twins, the handsome Bob, and Brandon. Brandon now barreled in and out of the kitchen, and Will helped him load up the tray table of his wheelchair with food.

But at one point as Brandon left he called back over his shoulder, “They need more salad, guys.” Kevin quickly loaded a big glass bowl with mixed salad and shoved it at Will. “Here, take this out to the table, kiddo, but come straight back ‘cos we’re about to take the casserole out of the oven and we’ll need your help.
Obediently Will cradled the salad bowl and left the kitchen. He hesitated when he got his first sight of the noisy group of men and boys, but it was pretty much a blur to him. He had his orders, after all. Without making eye contact with anyone he placed the salad bowl in an open spot on the table and was about to withdraw when a loud, deep voice said, “Hey, kid.”

He looked up and saw that the sound had come from a rough-looking gypsy kind of guy sitting between Bob and a big black guy. They had been deep in conversation but now the big gypsy guy raised his head. “Hey, kid, all we got left is this Light Beer shit. Bring me a Bud, will ya?”

Will frowned, blushed and said. “I’m sorry sir, I can’t do that. I work for Kyle and Kevin in the kitchen and they ordered me to come straight back. I gotta go.”

He turned and headed for the kitchen, leaving a stunned silence behind him. Someone had actually said no to Randy, and all eyes were on him, waiting for the angry explosion.

But, after a tense silence, what they got was an explosion of another kind as Randy threw his head back and roared with laughter. “Love that kid! He’s got balls. He’ll fit right in here.”

And that was a close as it got to Randy’s seal of approval, a necessary endorsement for any new boy. Everyone round the table breathed a sigh of relief – and Brandon quickly brought Randy his beer.

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The best part of any party is kicking back afterwards and talking it out, which the twins and Will were doing now. The kitchen had been swept, countertops wiped, the dishwashers were humming away and the three young men were sitting round the kitchen table sipping brandy, which the twins kept handy for this occasion every night after dinner.

“You did really well, kiddo,” Kyle said. “It was great for us,” he grinned, “how was it for you?”

“I loved it, sir, every minute. But I think I put my foot in it when that big handsome guy out there who looks like a gypsy asked me for a beer and I said no. Did I do something wrong?”

“Well, you’re still alive to tell the tale, so I guess not, dude,” Kevin chuckled. “But that handsome gypsy, as you call him, is the big boss of the group, name of Randy, and nobody ever says no to him – except you … and Bob.”

Will frowned. “But I thought that Bob was the boss of the house, sir.”

“Well,” Kyle said, “him and Randy kind’ve work together on that … on a lot of other things too.”

“Bob said you’re his boys. Is he your dad?”
The twins glanced at each other and Kyle said, “Well, not exactly. He’s much too young for that. He just kind of watches over us.”

Knowing they were on shaky ground here the twins changed the subject to preparations for tomorrow, a conversation that went on until late. Eventually Kyle looked at the clock and said, “Er, Will, we’re running a bit behind with the preparations so do you think you could come real early in the morning. We need all the help we can get.”

He glanced at Kevin and a tacit agreement passed between them. “Or, if you like, you could stay the night here. Our apartment is right above the kitchen and has a nice guestroom. That way we could make a real early start. Would you need to alert anyone that you’d not be home?”

Will smiled. “Sir, I could be gone all week and no one would miss me, except maybe my manager at work. I, er, I would love to stay, sir. It does make sense, don’t it?”

So it was agreed and, with a last check that everything was secure in the kitchen they went upstairs. Will was surprised at the size of the apartment, which they told him had been designed and built by Randy and his team. “Here,” Kyle said, “this’ll be your room, and in a drawer over there you’ll find a T-shirt and shorts to sleep in. The guest bathroom is just down the hall, toothbrush and all. Anything else you need?”

“No thank you, sir. And thank you for today, sir. I enjoyed it very much.”

“Good, we enjoyed your company.” Kyle said. “And tomorrow will be a whole lot of fun … and a shit load of work.” He threw his arm over his brother’s shoulder and walked off down the hall.

William was happier than he had felt in a long time. He felt alive and his mind buzzed with images of the day – the twins working together as if they were really close and could read each other’s mind – his first sight of the handsome man called Bob – Brandon in his wheelchair who had been really kind to him – and the rough, gruff gypsy with his blue eyes, stubbled face and muscular build.

He wasn’t sure why all this made him feel happy but he was sure looking forward to tomorrow. He undressed and found a new T-shirt and undershorts in a drawer. He was about to get into bed but thought he should brush his teeth first and get a glass of water. So he set off down the hall to find the bathroom.

It was dark and there were several doors but he guessed that a small passage led to the guest bathroom, maybe the door that was ajar at the end. He was almost there when he glimpsed movement inside. His instinct was to turn and walk away but something roused his curiosity.
He went closer and realized it must be the twins’ bedroom … and they were there, standing facing each other next to the bed. It was obviously a private moment and his natural impulse was to leave … and yet … He didn’t know why he stayed but it was as if he were rooted to the spot, against the wall in the dark passageway where the twins couldn’t see him.

He forced himself not to react, not to feel anything as he watched in amazement. He saw the brothers gaze at each other for a long time, not saying anything but seeming to communicate somehow. They were both barefoot in tan shorts and loose linen shirts unbuttoned halfway down. But even identically dressed, Will thought by now he could tell Kyle and Kevin apart.

Suddenly Kyle reached forward, smiled, slid his hands inside Kevin’s shirt and stroked his chest. He slowly began to unbutton his brother’s shirt all the way down, then pushed it back over his shoulders so it fell to the floor. It was the first time Will had seen either of them shirtless and was surprised by the muscular definition of Kevin’s lithe body.

Soon Kevin smiled, pressed his hands against Kyle’s shirt and unbuttoned it just as Kyle had for him. The shirt dropped from his shoulders and the twins gently stroked their fingers over their brother’s bare chest and nipples.

Will still couldn’t understand what was happening, or wouldn’t allow himself to believe it. But the identical twins, with their handsome young faces and perfect physiques, were an undeniably beautiful sight. He had always appreciated beauty in its many forms, so he focused solely on that and pushed everything else out of his mind.

But his concentration was broken when the brothers leaned forward … and kissed each other … on the lips. On the lips! And not just a slight brush, but a kiss that built in passion until they were in each other’s arms, licking eyes and cheeks before resuming their churning kiss.

It was just love, Will told himself, and brotherly love was natural wasn’t it? Even if these two guys took it a bit too far. But even this rationalization was shattered when he saw Kevin start to kneel, running his hands down Kyle’s body as he sank to the floor. On his knees he looked up at Kyle … and pulled down his shorts. Will stifled a gasp as he saw Kyle’s penis spring free, long and hard, pointing right at his brother’s face.

He was in a daze now, unable to move, think or react as the vision became surreal for him – Kevin licking the tip of the cock, pressing his mouth over the head and massaging it with his lips. Will gazed spellbound as Kevin lowered his mouth down over the cock, lower and lower until his face was buried in his brother’s pubic hair.

Will wasn’t entirely clueless … he knew that guys got blowjobs from girls. His own former girlfriend had tried to … but he pushed that bad memory away and concentrated on the sight before him, where Kevin’s handsome face was now pounding down on his brother’s cock disappearing into his mouth. Kyle was groaning as he grabbed his twin’s head and forced it down on the entire length of his shaft.
Then suddenly Kyle reached down, put his hands under Kevin’s armpits and pulled him to his feet, his cock springing free of his mouth. Kevin dropped his own shorts so the brothers were now naked, smiling at each other, their chests pressed together. In unison they stretched their arms out sideways and began short, slow movements from side to side in opposite directions, so their entire bodies were sliding against each other.

Will was mesmerized. It was like a dance, a stately dance as the naked identical twins moved gracefully from side to side rubbing against each other, arms stretched out in a balletic posture, like male lovers on a stage. There was no music … except Will heard music … he saw music in the sensuous movements of these beautiful young men.

Then suddenly everything changed. The gazed at each other … and began laughing merrily, hugging each other tight and whirling round and round as they laughed. Spinning faster and faster with delight they finally they lost their balance and fell on the bed, still holding each other and rolling over in the joyful laughter of unrestrained love.

Their happiness was infectious and Will felt suddenly liberated, a freedom to feel, though he wasn’t sure what or why. He would have laughed along with them … except for what came next. Kyle was lying on top of Kevin and suddenly raised himself up on his knees and pushed his brother’s legs up high.

“I love you, bro,” he smiled … and pushed his cock in his brother’s ass.

Will recoiled. No, this couldn’t be right. They were brothers, twins, and one was fucking the other. Now he couldn’t share their elation. He was horrified, wanted to leave. But like in a nightmare, his legs wouldn’t move … he was condemned to watch one handsome brother driving his penis into the other’s ass, holding his legs up, gazing down at him and thrusting forward faster and faster.

Will expected his own revulsion to be reflected in the victim’s eyes, but instead he saw sparkling joy. Hypnotized by the spectacle he saw Kyle lean forward and pin Kevin’s arms to the bed. His hip thrusts slowed down as he gently massaged his brother’s ass with his cock.

Will gazed in awe and repulsion. It was horrifying … it was beautiful … one handsome young man making love to another, making love to his ass. Will’s mind was reeling with conflicting feelings beyond his control. It was surreal double vision – two identically beautiful young men staring at each other as if in a mirror while one moved inside the other. It was a dream, a nightmare … of a man fucking himself.

Will heard Kevin say, “I love you, Kyle … I love you inside me … let me feel you cum in me.”

“You gonna cum with me, Kevin, without touching yourself?”
“Don’t I always, dude? We’re together, always have been, always will be. We’ll cum together, bro, like we always do. You ready?”

Kyle smiled, “You know you don’t have to ask that.” They stared into each other’s eyes as if they were entering their own silent world where feelings replaced words and love reigned.

In a trance Will watched as Kyle pulled back, paused, then slid his cock in slowly, deeper and deeper until his body shuddered, he moaned and poured his juice deep in his brother whose cock spurted semen over his muscular chest.

Will watched the semen flow – then stared down at himself, at the shape of his own cock rock hard in his shorts. He crashed back to earth. His own erection disgusted him and he slapped at it, trying to make it go down. He was horrified. His shock and confusion drove all thoughts of beauty from his mind and he had only one thought – he had to get away, out of danger.

He staggered back to his bedroom, pulled on his shorts and shoes and stumbled downstairs in a blind panic.

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The loud footsteps and banging door startled the twins who looked at each other in horror. “Oh no,” Kevin moaned. “Oh no!”

They pulled on their shorts and raced barefoot out of the house. They caught up with Will just as he reached his car. He whirled round, leaned back against the car and held his arms out in front of him to repel an attack. “No, stop … get away, don’t touch me.”

“Will, please, please don’t be afraid …”

“No, don’t touch me. My dad used to tell me what guys like you do to guys like me. You’ll try to recruit me, force me to do what you just did. But I swore to my dad I’m not like that. I swore it. Just let me go. Please.”

“Oh, Will,” Kyle pleaded, “you can go if you like, of course you can. You’re free to do what you want. But please don’t leave us like this, hating us.”

“Will,” Kevin said gently. “Yes, my brother and I love each other, we always have, and in the way that you saw. But that’s us, Will, that’s what we feel, what we want. It’s not you, and we would never persuade you to be like us. We’re sorry you saw us like that, but not sorry we did it. Every guy should be free to choose for himself – to feel what he feels, to love who he wants in the way that he wants. Or not love at all, if that’s his choice.”

“Dude,” Kyle said, “we had a great time working with you today and we really need your help tomorrow or we’ll be lost. Look, if we promise not to touch you, ever, and not let anyone else
touch you, won’t you come back? We always keep our word. We would never hurt you ever. Your bedroom door has a lock and you can lock yourself in and feel perfectly safe. And tomorrow we’ll work together as we did today …"

“And you can make your rhubarb pie,” Kevin smiled. “We wouldn’t want to miss that. Won’t you come back, Will … please?”

Will looked at the pleading twins and his panic lessened. “There’s a lock on the door, you say?”

“Absolutely.”

“And we wouldn’t talk about any of this? Like it never happened? You won’t tell anyone?”

“We promise.”

Will sullenly stepped away from his car and walked back toward the house. The twins looked at each other and heaved a sigh. “We messed up, dude,” Kyle said. “We hurt him bad.”

“Yeah, we gotta make it up to him. We gotta take real good care of him – now more than ever.”

# # # #

Chapter 420 – “A Rookie’s Sex Education”

The twins’ new, innocent young kitchen assistant, Will, has been sexually repressed by his dad who tells him man-on-man sex is evil. But that changes when Will secretly watches the tribe’s bosses, Randy and Bob, in a homoerotic session of what he learns is called rough sex. He comes further out of his shell watching two muscular gym jocks fuck after their workout. Will’s sexual education has just begun.

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When the twins followed William upstairs to their apartment they heard his bedroom door close and the lock turn decisively.

They sighed and Kevin said, “Damn, I’m so sorry Will saw us making love. It must have been a real shock and I feel so bad for him. But it’s complicated ‘cos he seems to have a lot of hang-ups and insecurities. I know Bob said this is just a business proposition – we hired Will as our kitchen assistant and that’s it. But I still can’t help feeling responsible for him.”

“I know,” Kyle frowned, “me too. He’s such a great kid but I’m kinda out of my depth. I know we promised not to mention this to anyone but I wish we could tell Bob. Ah well, let’s sleep on it, bro, and see how Will feels in the morning.”
They curled up in bed and slept in each other’s arms as always. And they woke early next morning as they always did to get breakfast ready. There was no sound from Will’s room so they went down to the kitchen, started several pots of coffee for the guys and, while it was brewing, sat at the kitchen table to have their own breakfast.

A few minutes later they heard a door close upstairs and Will appeared looking poker-faced, obviously determined not to show any emotion. Kyle flashed a smile. “Hey Will, pull up a chair and have some breakfast. There’s plenty for all three of us.”

“Morning,” Will muttered quickly, but they were grateful for anything as they did not relish the prospect of a day of silence. Another encouraging sign was that Will put on his dark green apron before helping himself to toast and oatmeal and sitting down with them.

The twins took refuge in work details, launching into a chronology of the tasks they were to tackle in order. “Breakfast will be informal today as it’s Sunday and the guys usually straggle down at different times,” Kyle said. “We’ll set up a buffet table outside. That way they can help themselves while we get on prepping the big meal for the whole tribe. It’s due to start at about one o’clock and will go on all afternoon, merging into dinner for those who stick around.”

“Actually most of the communal meals are set up outdoors by the pool,” Kevin explained. “There is a big dining room but the guys prefer to be outdoors in the warm Southern California weather. Once we’ve got breakfast squared away here’s a list of the things we have to tackle.”

Concentrating on the major job at hand helped them all avoid thinking about last night or, god forbid, talking about it, but they were all still aware of the elephant in the middle of the room. Pretty soon Brandon wheeled himself in to carry stuff out to the breakfast buffet and said a cheery “Hi, Will – these guy got you in harness already have they?”

Kevin grinned, “So how are you guys getting on in your new house, kiddo? Have the Marine and the Ranger stopped brawling? You and Eddie still haven’t told us how you christened the place the first night.”

“Oh don’t worry, dude, Eddie is bursting to tell the whole sordid story. He’ll probably stand up and make a speech to the whole tribe later, with illustrations – if Pete don’t gag him first.”

Will deliberately let the boys’ light-hearted banter flow right over his head, though a part of him couldn’t help envying the easy companionship they all seemed to share, so different from his own solitary life. In fact he let most things flow over him as he concentrated on his work, glad that the twins kept him busy in the kitchen so he could ignore the comings and goings outside.

He was trying to banish thoughts and images of last night from his mind – without much success. His initial shock and horror had mellowed down to a mix of confusion and anxiety.
The twins seemed like decent guys but if they did horrible stuff like he saw last night, what were all these other guys capable of?

One thing he knew for sure, he definitely would not get involved in any part of their lives outside the kitchen, where he felt fairly safe, and he trusted the twins’ promise to shield him from all that. And another thing was certain sure. Any memory of his own stiff erection as he watched the twins fuck was totally eradicated from his mind without a trace. It simply never happened.

A short time later Bob came into the kitchen. “Hey guys, just dropped by to see how the troops are doing. You settling in nicely William?”

“Yes thank you sir,” Will said politely but without a trace of a smile. Bob saw an anxious glance pass between the twins and felt tension in the air. He knew the twins intimately and his sensitive antennas always caught any hint of trouble. He knew instantly that something was wrong.

“Oh by the way, William, Brandon needs to see you again in the office – just a couple of formalities. He’s made up your time card to keep track of your hours and he’ll give you a temporary debit card in case the twins send you out to by supplies. I know it sounds a bit formal but if we didn’t keep track of things like this everything would soon go to hell in a handbasket.”

“Helena Handbasket – great name for a drag queen,” Kyle joked in an attempt to lighten the atmosphere, though it brought just a couple of weak smiles. There was a lull in the workload so the twins suggested that Will take care of the business right away, and he left the kitchen.

“OK, guys, what’s up?” Bob asked, but was greeted with an uncomfortable silence. Finally Kevin said, “It’s something we promised Will we wouldn’t talk about, sir.”

Bob sighed impatiently. “Look, guys, this is me you’re talking to. You know we have no secrets between us. I respect your pledge of secrecy but anything you say here will be just between us three. Now something’s wrong and I need to know what it is.”

The twins exchange glances again and Kyle cleared his throat. “Well, sir, something bad happened last night. You know Will was staying overnight in our guestroom upstairs. Well he must have been looking for the bathroom or something ’cos he came to our door instead, which we had stupidly left ajar. And we were …”

“Oh dear,” Bob said. “You were making love and he saw you. But he didn’t watch did he?”

“Well that’s the strange part, sir. He could have just left but it seems that he didn’t. He stayed for the whole thing, and you know how that goes, sir.”

“Probably rooted to the spot in horror. What was it … sucking, fucking, the works?”
“Pretty much, sir.”

“Jesus Christ, and Will saw the whole thing? Poor kid, he must have been devastated.”

“He was, sir,” Kevin said. “He ran out to his car but we ran after him and he was angry and terrified. Said something dumb like his dad used to tell him that guys like us recruited guys like him and made them do the same horrible stuff. But we managed to calm him down and told him he could lock himself in his room, and we would never tell anyone or mention it again.”

Kyle looked shamefaced. “And that’s the elephant in the room, sir, and it’s all our fault. We messed up and we’re not sure what to do now, but it can’t go on like this. Thing is, sir, we really like Will and wanted to take him under our wing and teach him. But we messed up.”

Bob frowned in thought. “No, kids, it’s not your fault – if anything it’s mine. It was my job to tell Will exactly what he was getting into here, instead of letting him go on thinking it was just a bunch of guys at a stag party. The worst possible way for him to find out was by accident. I should have told him everything up front and let him decide if he still wanted the job.”

Just then Will came back in with the employment packet Brandon had given him. “All taken care of?” Bob asked cheerfully. “Er there are a few other things I wanted to go over, William. Maybe we could go to my office in my house out there just across the lawn. Used to be the neighbors’ house next door until we pulled the hedge down.”

Will looked nervously at the twins who smiled and nodded encouragingly, so he meekly followed Bob out of the kitchen.

As they crossed the short space between the kitchen and Bob’s new house Will grew increasingly nervous and asked, “Sir, what are you going to do to me?”

Bob stopped, put his hands on Will’s shoulders and smiled into his eyes. “William, while you are here with us I promise that nobody will hurt you or make you do anything you don’t want to. In fact that’s the kind of stuff I want to talk to you about, but you don’t have to come with me if you don’t want to.”

Will stared into the soft brown eyes set in the handsome face and relaxed. “It’s OK, sir.” He followed Bob into the house and up to his office where Bob offered him coffee. They sat at a small table and Will, twisting his cup nervously, said, “Sir, have I done something wrong?”

Bob smiled. “Not at all, William, in fact it is I who have done wrong. I should have had this talk with you as soon as you got here. Er, I understand your friends call you Will. May I?”
“Of course, sir. I would like that.”

“OK, so here goes. Kyle and Kevin are my boys, Will, and I hope you stick around here long enough to understand what that means. One thing it does mean is that we share everything, no secrets. I don’t want you to get angry, but they told me what happened last night. And I promise you that it stays between us – no one else will ever know unless you give your consent.”

Will shifted uneasily and said, “I’m glad you know, sir. I can’t get it out of my mind and it would have been hard working with Kyle and Kevin without talking about it.”

“Good,” Bob smiled. “I should have described the setup here when you first arrived. This big gathering of men today is not a stag party. They all belong to what we call a tribe – men and boys who love each other. There are almost thirty guys living in various houses. There are the men, sometimes called masters, including me, and most of us have boys who we love and protect. There are about six senior boys, including the twins, and the rest are junior boys.

Bob paused to see Will’s reaction – mostly a furrowed brow as the boy tried to take it all in.

“Almost all the guys live as couples, what we call lovers. One example is the twins whom you saw making love last night. I’m sorry you stumbled across that, I imagine it came as a great shock. But what they did is something all the other men here do in one way or another. Another example is myself and that big gypsy-looking guy who asked you for a beer yesterday.”

“Yes, sir, I made a big mistake when I refused him, but I didn’t know …”

“Of course you didn’t and nobody is blaming you. In fact Randy, that’s his name, was highly amused that you said no to him. Nobody ever does as he’s the big boss around here. He liked you for that, said you had balls, which is a big compliment coming from him. Randy can be very tough with men who challenge him but he loves all the boys and protects them fiercely.

“Randy and I are the founders of the tribe. We met by chance years ago and … and we fell in love. Yes, two macho alpha males and we fell in love, although we are very different. Randy is very physical – tough, quick to anger, quick with his fists. He works as the boss of the tribe’s construction company, which is very successful and supports the tribe. I run the business side and … well … do what I’m doing now – talk to boys who are confused or in trouble.”

“You mean, like, he’s the brawn and you’re the brain, sir?”

Bob laughed heartily. “Will, I do like you. Yes, you could put it like that. But here’s the thing you have to understand. Randy and I love each other … we make love and have sex together, doing what you saw the twins do last night – all of it, and other things besides.”

Will blushed. “Really, sir?”
“Yes, Will. What you saw last night with the twins was gentle love-making, but Randy can often be much fiercer. He’s the muscular gypsy construction worker with the stern look, the stubbled jaw and long black hair, and he can be savage sometimes when he makes love to me.”

“Does he hurt you, sir?”

“No, Will. He used to but not anymore – at least he doesn’t hurt me more than I want. But you see, I do want it, Will – that raw masculinity is what I love about him. But then suddenly he can be as tender as the twins were last night. A lot of the men here make love ferociously like that. It’s what’s called rough sex and there’s a lot of it going around in the tribe.

“Right now, for example, Randy is at the construction site. He went over there this morning to meet with one of the foremen who challenged his authority. That’s something that makes him real mad. The foreman is as big and tough as Randy and they may even go mano-a-mano in a fistfight to sort it all out. If they do he’ll come home all riled up and most likely take it out on me. But I love it when I stare into those hypnotic blue eyes of his while he pounds my ass.”

Will flinched and Bob said, “I’m sorry, Will, I’ve gone too far. But I didn’t want to pull any punches. I didn’t want to insult your intelligence and sugarcoat things.”

“Like that ‘stag party thing’, sir?”

“Yes, Will,” Bob smiled. “The only stags here are the human ones who lock horns sometimes in territorial disputes that usually end up with one man pounding the other’s ass. Sorry, there I go again being too graphic. But now I’ll give you time to decide whether you want to leave us and pretend all this never happened. Nobody would blame you if you did. But I know the twins like you very much and say you’re doing a great job, so they would be sorry to see you leave.”

Bob paused and in the silence Will frowned in thought. “Sir,” he said at last, “I don’t need time to decide. I really like working in the kitchen with Kyle and Kevin and they have been real kind to me. So was Brandon in the office, and … and now you, sir. It’s sort of exciting to think of cooking for thirty people and I don’t want to let the twins down. So I would like to stay, sir.”

“I’m very glad to hear it, Will,” Bob smiled. “Before you go, let me make one other thing clear. While you are here nobody will ask you about your own sexuality. That is a private matter and nothing to do with any of us.

I am sure that the junior boys especially will take you to their hearts. It’s what they call circling the wagons around a boy who is troubled or confused. But nobody will try to persuade you to change or to become like us. That awful word ‘recruit’ is absolute nonsense and nothing like that will happen here, OK?”

“Thank you, sir.”
“And one last thing, Will. One of the men you will meet is Randy’s brother Steve. Except for the blue eyes and the muscular build he’s quite the opposite of Randy – a Beverly Hills therapist who has helped most of us through tough times with private therapy sessions. If things get too much for you or you just want to talk, there is no better guy than Doctor Steve and I’m sure he’d be happy to talk to you. You can say anything you like to him and it stays strictly confidential.”

Just then they heard a roar of an engine, a screech of brakes and a truck door slam. “Oops, that’s Randy. And it sounds like he’s in a rage. I know the signs. I’ll come down with you.”

Bob shook hands with Will who said, “Thank you, sir.” Impulsively he hugged Bob briefly, then pulled away in embarrassment. They went down to the garden to face Randy.

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‘In a rage’ barely described it – Randy was a fearsome sight. As Bob predicted, there had obviously been a fight and Randy bore all the marks of it. He was dressed as always in his work gear – dirt-streaked jeans, heavy boots and an old sweaty tank over his muscular chest. But the shirt was torn down one side and hung loosely from one shoulder.


“Did he quit?” Bob asked.

“Nah – in fact he’s got more respect for me now. He knows where we stand. He’s a good worker – just needed to be taught a lesson is all.”

Suddenly Randy caught sight of Will standing nervously behind Bob – and his whole demeanor changed. Will was to witness the extraordinary difference in the two sides of Randy as his dark angry face suddenly broke into a broad smile. “Hey Red, how you doin’, kiddo?” He ruffled Will’s hair. “You know, you’re the first redhead we got in this crowd. Suits you, boy. You settling in OK? Bob been giving you a pep-talk has he?”

“Ye …yes thank you, sir.”

“Yeah, we’ve all had to sit through the one of those. Thinks he’s the top dog around here but we know better, don’t we?” He put his finger under Will’s chin, pushed his face up and stared down at him with his seductive pale blue eyes. “Listen kiddo, anyone gives you a bad time you come and tell me. I’ll take care of you and they damn well won’t do it again. Now get your ass back to the kitchen, Red, ‘cos I hear you’re doing a great job and the twins need you real bad.”

He ruffled Will’s hair again – “love that hair, kid” – and Will ran back to the kitchen, feeling strangely elated and not upset this time by the hard-on in his shorts. Also, he knew beyond a doubt what he wanted. He wanted to watch.
In the kitchen the twins were kicking back taking a breather and Kevin asked, “How did it go with Bob, Will? Everything OK.”

Will managed a smile. “Yes, sir, very OK actually. Er, could I go up to my room for a minute?”

“Sure. As you see we’re taking a breather ‘cos the prep is more or less under control. We won’t start Phase-Two, the actual cooking, for half an hour or so, so go clean up and have a rest. We’ll call when we need you?”

Will ran upstairs and Kyle grinned at Kevin. “Wonder what that was all about, bro?”

“Dunno. But he looked kind of excited. Must be something Bob said”

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In the private garden by the new house Bob knew exactly what was coming – and it made his cock stir in his jeans. Randy was ranting again. “You know, dammit, you treat a guy well, give him authority over a crew, and when I tell him he fucked up over something he takes it as a challenge. Well no asshole challenges me … ever. I tried to reason with him …”

“… for all of ten seconds,” Bob grinned.

“Whatever. I could see he was spoiling for a fight …”

“… and you weren’t?”

“Whatever. So I gave him a fight – knock-down-drag-out. Fuck, he’s a big tough son of a bitch. He got in some good punches, had me crawling on the ground, dammit. Took a while but in the end I was too much for him, had the mother fucker pinned to the ground, could have finished him off but he gave up, called me boss.”

Bob could read between the lines. It had been a real brawl and the guy gave Randy as good as he got. It could have gone either way and it took all of Randy’s strength before he finally came out on top. And an evenly matched fight like that, one Randy had to struggle to win, unnerved Randy’s sense of his own invincibility.

Randy was the boss, always, had to be, and when he met a guy who could take him the distance and almost win he had to prove to himself his own dominance. As Bob had said to Will – “He’ll come home all riled up and most likely take it out on me.” And now his fierce blue eyes piercing him like lasers confirmed that beyond a doubt. If he could top Bob, the most virile, most beautiful man he knew, he would reaffirm his position as undisputed boss of his world.

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Upstairs Will had discovered that the window of his guest room in the twins’ apartment overlooked the garden where Randy and Bob were facing off. The window was open so he could hear everything, but fine sheer curtains shielded him from view so he could watch unseen.

And this was different from watching the twins last night, which had happened by accident and shocked him. This time Bob had opened up to him and told him what to expect when Randy came home angry after a fight, though he still found it hard to believe that two such handsome macho guys like this could actually have sex.

But it wasn’t just curiosity that made him watch now. He found himself thinking of Bob’s gentle smile and Randy’s piercing blue eyes that had caused his cock to stir. This time he wasn’t rooted to the spot in horror. He wanted to see this and it didn’t even matter if his cock got hard.

He watched spellbound as the two men confronted each other and Randy said, “You know what I want, man … what I gotta have.” Will’s eyes opened wide as he saw Bob slowly pull off his white V-neck T-shirt and stood facing Randy stripped to the waist in jeans, his flawlessly muscular body gleaming in the morning sun.

He was one of the most beautiful man Will had ever seen, and it made his dick hard. Bob kicked off his loafers and stood barefoot in jeans for a moment before unbuttoning his jeans and letting them drop. He now faced Randy in just white boxers and Will could see underneath them the shape of his long hard cock. Bob pushed his hands under the waistband of his shorts, pushed them down and down and stepped out of them buck naked.

Will was close enough to see Randy’s eyes flash as he stared at his naked lover, his cock standing out like a pole from his thick, dark pubic hair. But the boy wasn’t ready for Randy’s savage tone as he said, “Mother-fucker, now I’ll really show you who’s boss around here.”

Why was he angry at Bob? Bob said they were lovers, so why …? Then Will remembered what Bob had told him. ‘When a man challenges Randy it makes him really mad. After a fight he comes home all riled up and will most likely take it out on me.’ Even though this was all new to Will he sensed that Randy was using Bob to vent his anger, as if he was the rival who had challenged him. And Will’s cock shuddered.

He gasped as Randy reached forward, clamped his hand on Bob’s shoulder and forced him down on his knees in front of him. With his hand behind Bob’s neck he pulled his face forward and forced his mouth onto the bulge in his filthy jeans. He ground his crotch hard against the handsome face, then pulled back, ripped opened his pants and pulled out his massive cock.

As Bob stared up at Randy Will thought his square-jawed chiseled features looked like Superman. And when his mouth sagged open it was like a naked Superman kneeling in submission and surrendering to a rival.
Randy grabbed his dark hair and yanked his face forward so the thick shaft drove into his open mouth until Bob’s face was buried in Randy’s pubic hair. “Yeah, eat it, mother-fucker,” he growled. “Eat the boss’s cock.” Still holding Bob’s hair in his fist Randy pushed his head back, then pulled it down on his cock again, making the big man sputter and choke.

Will turned his face away. It was horrible to watch this kind, beautiful, muscular man being humiliated like this, forced to suck the construction boss’s huge cock. He couldn’t watch anymore. But then he remembered Bob’s other words to him. ‘Randy doesn’t hurt me more than I want. You see, I do want it, Will – that raw masculinity is what I love about him.”

Well if Bob really wanted this … Will turned to the window again and saw Randy driving his cock in and out of his mouth, making Bob choke. Spit flowed over his chin and tears streamed from his eyes. Surely he can’t take much more, Will thought, and at that moment Randy pulled his cock back out of his mouth leaving Bob coughing and sputtering. “What d’ya say, asshole?”

“Thank you, sir.”

Will was shocked to hear those words from this powerful man who resembled Superman, but he was even more astonished when Randy suddenly bent down, put both hands behind Bob’s head … and kissed him ravenously. Bob reached up and ran his hands over Randy’s chest, then pulled Randy’s face down lower into an even more passionate kiss.

Randy pulled back and stroked Bob’s face tenderly. “I love you man. God, I love you.” Then he stepped back, pressed his boot on Bob’s chest and shoved him on his back on the ground.

Gazing at the muscular superman lying naked on his back Will was unaware that he had pulled his own cock out of his shorts and was stroking it.

The action speeded up. Randy grabbed Bob’s wrists and dragged him on his back over the lawn to a tree. Will watched in growing amazement as Randy yanked at the torn tank hanging on his body and ripped it off. He wound it into a rope and tied one end to one of Bob’s wrists, then pulled the rope round the base of the tree and tied the other end to Bob’s other wrist.

“No,” Will moaned softly as he stared down at the disturbing sight. It was as if Superman had been captured and tied up naked. Lying on his back Bob’s arms were stretched up above his head. Tied to the tree his magnificent body writhed on the ground trying to get free. Above him loomed the ferocious gypsy, stripped to the waist, his stiff rod sticking out of his pants still wet with the spit from Bob’s mouth.

“You lubed it good,” Randy growled, his eyes blazing down at his captive. “And you know where it’s going, man.” He dropped to his knees between Bob’s legs, grabbed an ankle and pushed one leg up high, exposing his ass. “You want this bad, don’t you, stud?”
“You know I do,” Bob said, staring up into the laser blue eyes.

Last night Will had watched one twin fuck the other’s ass and he had recoiled in shock. But this was different. In a way Bob had prepared him by explaining his love of Randy and his fierce, magnetic sexuality. So although it looked as if the bound Superman were in jeopardy Will knew that Bob wanted it and that Randy would not hurt him more than he wanted.

That knowledge helped Will’s acceptance of what he was witnessing, which was sorely tested as he watched Randy push Bob’s leg further back, gaze down at him and press his cock against his exposed ass. And suddenly …. “Aaaagh!”

He saw Bob’s head jerk back and heard him howl, as Randy plunged his thick shaft deep in his ass. Will flinched, looked away and took his hand off his cock. But when he turned back to the window he was amazed to see the look of euphoria on both men’s faces as Randy pounded his lover’s ass, driving his cock in deeper and harder with each thrust.

As Will stroked his own cock faster his body was charged with an excitement he had never felt before. Watching these two handsome powerful men make love in this extreme way should have appalled him … but the reverse was true. It thrilled him and all his former distress and inhibitions were driven away by the extraordinary sight of the men in the garden beneath him.

He stared down at the shirtless construction worker, his muscles flexing as his hips moved up and down and his cock piston in his lover’s ass. Bob’s body shuddered as he stared up at the swarthy gypsy face, the square cut jaw, long black hair and piercing blue eyes. It was a picture Will would always keep engraved in his memory, a picture that now brought him to life with feelings that overwhelmed him.

He watched as the attack on Bob’s ass slowed and Randy bent lower, their faces only inches apart. He heard Randy say, “That was just to show you who’s boss, buddy. But now I’m gonna make love to your ass … and to your eyes. I gave that asshole a good thrashing but now I need to make love. Tell me you love me, man. I need to hear it real bad right now.”

“You know I do, Randy. No one can give me what you do. You can do anything to me, anything you want to. And you know you can make me cum just by looking at you. Make me do that, Randy. Please.”

Will had heard every word but frowned, not quite sure what was happening. He saw Randy’s cock easing slowly in and out of Bob, saw Bob tremble. But it was more than that … it was the way they were looking at each other, as if they were in another world, their own world. He knew he was getting a glimpse of the love that is possible between men, a concept he had always rejected as shameful and unnatural.
Will was pounding his cock now as he gazed down at the leaders of the tribe making love. He saw their bodies tense, saw Randy pull all the way out, pause, then enter Bob again and push in slowly, inch by inch. And still they stared into each other’s eyes as Bob said, “I love you, man. You feel so good inside me. Cum inside me, please, Randy. I’m so close … oh fuck I’m gonna cum … I’m gonna cum …. Here it comes … I love you man … I love you … aaah!”

In a trance Will saw Bob’s cock shudder and blast a stream of semen over his heaving chest, then another, while Randy pulled back one last time, plunged his cock deep inside his lover and howled triumphantly, “Yeaah.” Will knew the gypsy’s semen was flowing inside Bob and the sight of the two spectacular men drove him over the edge.

He pounded his cock, felt a sensation in his balls he had never felt before, felt it racing up his cock until, “Aaah … aaah … aaah.” His body shuddered and his cock erupted in a stream of cum that blasted out and slammed against the window. His cock kept pumping semen in an explosive orgasm, the first real orgasm he had ever experience in his repressed world of sexual rejection and denial.

Everything changed. It was as if he had left his sepia world and found a door that led to a new world blazing with color. He was light-headed, surprised by joy.

At last, his orgasm ended and his cock ran dry. His adrenaline drained from him and he realized that he was not floating, he was planted firmly in the real world. It had been drummed into him that man-on-man sex was dirty and if he was ever involved in it he would feel degraded and ashamed. And those were the negative feelings that started to wash over him now.

But then he looked through the window and saw Randy and Bob … in each other’s arms, kissing, hugging, loving and laughing with joy. And Will knew for sure this was not degrading, not a thing to be ashamed of. These two men had done nothing wrong, quite the opposite … they had made love. Bob’s kind brown eyes and Randy’s pale blue eyes had made love. It was not wrong – it was wonderful.

But the real world pulled him back. Still dazed he stuffed his cock back in his shorts, then grabbed a towel from his bed and set to work cleaning the window that streamed with his cum. It was not perfect but soon he had cleaned off enough cum to escape notice. He quickly put his apron back on and ran downstairs.

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When he burst into the kitchen he was a boy transformed. The twins looked up and saw not the silent, sullen youth of before but one who glowed. His expression had changed from somber to sunny and there was a new spring in his step. He had blossomed from a nice-looking kid to a positively handsome young man.

“You have a good rest, Will?” Kyle smiled.
“Yes thank you, sir.”

The new improved Will was clearly not the result of bedrest but there was no time to go into that. They had work to do, and Kevin said, “Will, we would like to introduce you to our good friend Danny who’s come to lend a hand. He is the talented chef and house manager of the Grady House not far from here, and his specialty is as a pastry chef.”

Will looked at the goof-looking young man with tousled hair and dancing eyes, wearing tan khakis and a white polo shirt over an obviously lithe, muscular body. He shook Will’s hand and smiled, “Hey, Will, I’ve been hearing all about you – and your famous rhubarb pie.”

Will blushed. “Well, hardly famous, sir. I mean you’re a professional pastry chef and I just cook for myself and play around with food. I do like rhubarb though and I brought a lot with me.

“So I see. I haven’t used rhubarb much in desserts but it does have a distinctive taste, so how about we get together and you show me how you prepare it?” Danny put on one of the dark green aprons and, although he was the chef for the famous Grady, it was understood that today the twins were in charge in their own kitchen. “So, guys, what would you like us to do?”

“Well,” Kyle said, “the division of labor seems pretty clear, eh bro?” looking at Kevin. “Sure,” Kevin agreed. “While we two are gonna be busy with the three big roasts and all the trimmings for the main course, why don’t you guys handle the appetizers and dessert?”

Any thoughts of sex were temporarily subdued in Will as he got down to work with Danny, who asked how he made his pie. “Well here’s what I do with the rhubarb, sir, I'll show you. The problem I usually have is with the pastry and getting it nice and flaky.”

“Ah, well you’ve come to the right man, Will, ‘cos pastry is my forté. There are a few little tricks that’ll give you great results every time …”

And so the morning progressed with all four boys concentrating hard on their work. They found that they developed a rhythm of working comfortably together, four guys in one kitchen, and everything progressed nicely for the next few hours. Even though Will was absorbed in his task, when he was working alone chopping and mixing his thoughts kept flashing back to what he had seen from his bedroom window.

He was elated but confused, with an edge of anxiety and embarrassment creeping in all the time. He knew what he felt but didn’t understand what he felt or why he felt it. It was all so new – uncharted waters – and he would love to talk about it. But he couldn’t talk to the twins because he would have felt uncomfortable going back over what they had done last night. Bob had been really kind when he spoke to him earlier, but he obviously couldn’t talk to him and reveal that he had watched him and Randy making love in the garden.
So he kept his head down and, though he worked hard and was a great help in the kitchen, the ever-sensitive twins sensed that there was something on his mind, especially after he had come back from his 'rest' with a mysterious gleam in his eye. They felt responsible for him but he evidently had some deep issues that were beyond their ability to help.

But the solution was at hand. They had reached a point in their preparations where the appetizers were all done, and the pies were ready for the oven. Danny had gone on a break and the twins were still working on the main course, the three roasts.

When Danny came back in Kyle said, “Will, why don’t you take your break now? Danny will help us with the main course and things will crank up to high gear for you when the guys are ready for dessert later and your pies go in the oven.”

Kevin added. “Right now Tommy, who you haven’t met yet, will take over with the junior boys, setting the table and serving drinks to the early arrivals. So now would be a good time for you to relax for a while, get your strength up for the tough stuff later.”

Will was grateful for the break where he could be alone to try to sort out his thoughts and feelings. So he took a bottle of water outside and sat at a small table in the garden just outside the kitchen. The first of the arrivals came through the gate, three guys who were obviously together and in a good mood—and Will could hardly believe his eyes.

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Will saw Brandon and another boy go up to greet them and offer them drinks. Two of the guys were in gym clothes … and one of them Will knew! Not personally, of course, but he had seen him in a picture and … and … He pushed the memory from his mind.

Suddenly the third man looked up and noticed him. And that’s when Will got another shock. As he came toward him Will saw that he looked just like Randy. Well, not just like him. This man was wearing casual beige slacks and a crisp white dress shirt. He was clean shaven with shorter hair than Randy but he had the same handsome, square-cut features and pale blue eyes and an obviously muscular body under his smart shirt.

His face broke into a warm smile as he came up to Will. “No, don’t tell me. You must be William, right? The only redhead in the whole crowd. Looks very good on you, suits you.”

Will jumped to his feet and said, “That’s what Randy said, sir. He calls me Red.”

“Yep, that sounds like my brother.” He shook Will’s hand with a firm grip. “I’m Steve, Randy’s brother. You may have heard of me from Bob.”

“Yes, sir. You’re Doctor Steve.”
“That’s me, kiddo, Shrink to the Stars – and there are plenty of stars in this crowd as you’ll find out. At least a lot of them think they’re stars. Which they are in a way, I suppose. So how’s it going for you here, William? May I call you Will?”

“Of course, sir. And it’s going very well. I like the twins and working in the kitchen, and Bob is very kind and very handsome …”

“But?”

“Excuse me, sir?”

“I heard a ‘but’ coming. Is there something you’d like to talk about, Will?

Will shifted uneasily and frowned. “Sir … is it true what Bob said that you talk to guys who have problems? ‘Cos if it is I really would like to …”

Steve flashed another smile. “I understand, and of course we can talk. Right now if you like.”

Steve took Will back into the kitchen and spoke to the twins. “Hi, guys. I know how busy you are, but is it possible for me to borrow Will for a while? I would like to talk to him.”

“Of course, sir,” Kyle said. “We’ve come to a pause while all the guys gather. That’ll take a while, so talk for as long as you like. Why don’t you use Will’s room upstairs? You’ll be nice and private there.” Will looked anxiously at them and Kevin smiled. “It’s fine, Will. In fact it’s a very good idea. And when you come back it’ll be time for your rhubarb pie.”

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Up in the guestroom Will closed the door behind them and sat facing Steve across the small table. “Sir,” Will said, bursting to tell him something. “Those two guys who came with you. I know one of them, sir. Not the dark-haired one, the other one. Well, I don’t actually know him but I’ve seen him in a picture …”

“Ah,” Steve chuckled, “the famous fireman’s calendar. Yes, that’s our Jason, the gorgeous stud fireman. Most of the boys have that calendar under their beds. Do you?”

Will blushed. “Not anymore, sir. I only had it for a short while ‘cos when my dad saw it he got angry and threw it away …said it was indecent, a fireman with no shirt on.”

“Tell me more about your dad, Will.”

“Well, sir, when he saw me with the calendar he thought I liked men … you know, in that way. He’s very religious and had always told me that men who liked men in that way were disgusting. It was evil and guys like that go to hell.”
“And do you? Do you like men, Will?”

He blushed deeply. “I … I don’t know, sir. Like, if ever I thought I might, I pushed it away after what my dad said. I didn’t wanna do anything dirty, sir, and make my dad angry.”

“So tell me. When you masturbate, what do you think of?”

Another deep blush. “I … I don’t jerk off, sir. My dad said that was wicked too. I … I’ve had wet dreams, sir, where I wake up all kind of sticky, but I never remember what I was dreaming of. I had a girlfriend once and we liked each other, but then we tried going to bed and … you know … do it … but it didn’t work.”

“You couldn’t get a hard-on?”

“That’s right sir. My dad found out and called me a sissy and all kinds of names and hit me. I was scared of my dad. And when he found me with that calendar he went crazy and … and threw me out. I lived rough for a while until I got a part-time job at the grocery store, saved up and found a little studio apartment where I live on my own. Safer that way.”

“You have any friends?”

“Not really, sir. I mostly stay home and I like to cook for myself. But I became kind of friendly with the twins ‘cos they came into the store a lot and we talked about food and cooking. Then they offered me this weekend job and … so here I am.”

Steve smiled. “And what’s happened since you came here?”

Will blushed even deeper and hesitated. “Will,” Steve said, “what you tell me is strictly between you and me. I’m a licensed therapist and I’m not allowed to tell anyone what we talk about.”

“Well, OK sir. Last night I slept in this room and before bed I went looking for the bathroom and went to the twins’ bedroom by mistake. The door was open a crack and I saw them making love. I should have run away but I stayed and watched, I don’t know why. I was shocked but it was, I dunno, kinda beautiful, sir.

“But then they, like, finished and I suddenly looked down and my own cock was hard. That really disgusted me. I tried to swat it away and then panicked and tried to run away. But the twins caught up with me and asked me to stay. They’re such great guys, sir, that eventually I came back and locked my door.”

“Has anything else happened since then, Will?”
“Well, this morning, sir, Bob talked to me for a long time and told me all about the tribe. I thought it was a kind of stag party, but it’s not. Bob told me that he and Randy were lovers and sometimes had what he called, er, rough sex, I think. Then Randy came home real mad ‘cos he’d had a fight at work, and Bob had already told me Randy would take it out on him.

“Sir, I know it was wrong but I really wanted to watch, so I came up here and watched from that window. And Randy actually tied Bob up and fucked him real hard. It was incredible, sir, they looked so hot, and without thinking I stroked my cock. And when they, you know, had their climax … so did I, sir. I stroked my cock until it pumped semen all over that window. It was … it was my first time, sir, and … and it felt wonderful. I thought I would feel ashamed, but I didn’t. It wasn’t wicked, was it, sir?”

Steve smiled. “No it wasn’t wicked, Will, not at all. Actually, what you are doing is discovering yourself, the real you. You are what we call ‘questioning.’ But the most important thing now is that you take things very slowly, one small step at a time, and don’t let anyone push you into doing anything you don’t want to.

“You’ve already taken some steps. Let’s see. So far you have looked at Jason’s picture, then last night got an erection when you saw the twins making love. And today you went a step further watching Bob and Randy and actually stroked your cock and had an orgasm … in secret so nobody saw you. So now I want to take it another step further.

“Those two men I came with, Jason and my lover Lloyd, arrived early before the gathering gets started so they could work out together in Randy’s gym down in the basement. And that, Will, is where I’m taking you now.”

Will liked Doctor Steve. He already liked Bob and his quiet kindness, and Randy who, tough as he was, had ruffled his hair, called him Red and said he would protect him. And now this guy was kind of like a combination of the two – strong like Randy and gentle like Bob. So Will trusted him as he followed him down to the garden, then through a door that led to a flight of stairs.

“This leads down to the gym Randy built for all the guys to use,” Steve explained. “He often acts as their trainer. And this is where my lover Lloyd and the fireman Jason came to work out. They’re both gym regulars and often work out together before a gathering of the tribe.” Steve chuckled. “They say it works off the calories and allows them to eat more.”

When they went through the door at the bottom Will blinked in the sudden bright lights after the gloom of the stairs. When he opened his eyes he gasped and grabbed Steve’s arm. “Oh, sir.”

It was a large, well-equipped gym, and in the middle, shirtless in gym shorts and sneakers were Steve’s lover and … and the fireman from the calendar picture Will remembered so well.
Steve squeezed his hand. “Will, this is really still part of your therapy and you don’t have to do anything you dislike. We don’t have to stay and we can leave at any time.”

“No, sir,” the boy said decisively, “I want to stay, sir. If you’ll stay with me.”

“Of course I will,” Steve smiled. “I’m your therapist – and your friend, I hope.”

On seeing the fireman, Will got an instant erection and, far from hating it or being confused by it, he welcomed it. It reminded him of how he had felt watching Bob and Randy. Steve called out, “Hey, guys. Sorry to interrupt your labors but I’ve brought our new chef Will with me and we’d like to watch you work out if you don’t mind.”

“Mind?” Jason laughed. “I love an audience, Doc, you know that. I’m a narcissist, and proud of it. Why do you think I work out so hard and pose for calendars?” He came forward and flashed a smile at Will who thought his legs would cave in.

“Hey, Will, welcome to the tribe. I’m Jason. He gripped Will’s hand in a tight handshake and squeezed his shoulder with the other hand. The sudden movement caused a few drops of sweat to fall from his face down onto Will’s and he blinked. His cock jerked and he almost creamed his shorts. It was as if the gorgeous fireman had stepped out of the calendar and was actually here, in just gym shorts – he could touch him, hear him, smell the sweat of his muscular body, feel it drip on him.”

“Oh, sorry, dude,” Jason said and gently wiped Will’s face. “Sweat kinda goes with the territory around here.”

Lloyd approached and shoved Jason aside. “Hey, stop hogging the limelight, big guy, and showing off for the kid here. Hi, Will – Lloyd, Steve’s lover and Jason’s rival. Yeah, we’re workout partners but it always becomes a competition. And guess what the prize is for the winner. Hey, we can do better than a handshake.” The handsome gym jock wrapped his sweaty arms round Will and hugged him tight.

When he broke away he grinned at Jason. “OK man, let’s get back and see how much you can press. You’ve been fucking feeble so far.”

As the gym buddies got back to their friendly rivalry Steve steered Will over to two chairs against the wall where they had a view of the whole gym, reflected endlessly in wall to wall mirrors. They sat side by side and Steve said, “You OK, Will? Let me know if it gets too much.”

“No, I’m fine sir,” he said, eyes fixed on the two muscular jocks. “I definitely want to stay, sir.” Steve glanced at the gleam in Will’s eyes, far different from his earlier shyness.

Lloyd and Jason were already well into their workout and, as usual their competitive streak was heating up. As Lloyd lay on the bench and Jason stood behind him spotting him, the rep count
was a measure of their relative strength. Jason leaned forward over Lloyd who found himself looking up Jason’s shorts and his dick swinging under them.

“Asshole, get that dick out of my face, it’s a distraction.”

“Not what you said the last time it was in your ass, dude.”

Will was mesmerized watching the two men move from one piece of equipment to another, grunting with effort, their muscles rippling and gleaming under the lights. All the time they were trying to one-up each other until finally Lloyd said, “I’d say it’s a draw so far, man. You ready for the usual tie-breaker or are you gonna wimp out on me and give me the win?”

“Fuck you, man,” Jason grinned. “Let’s do it.” They walked under a pair of chin-up bars hanging down from the ceiling. Many were the times these had been used by pairs of macho jocks as the deciding contest to declare a winner. Lloyd and Jason jumped up, grabbed the bars and hung from them a few feet apart face to face, locking eyes and flexing their muscles.

“Usual stakes?” Lloyd said. “Winner takes the loser’s ass? Man, I can’t wait to humiliate the arrogant fireman and tame his tight ass.”

Will held his breath as the contest began, the two men pulling themselves up on the bars in a series of lifts, moving in unison, staring defiantly into each other’s eyes. They held the position with their chin above the bar for three seconds before lowering themselves and starting again.

It was an awesome sight. When Will had looked at the fireman’s picture on the calendar he had wondered what it looked like when he moved, and now he was seeing that same perfect physique in a muscle crunching trial of strength that strained his shoulders, biceps, chest and lats. From the corner of his eye Will saw Steve rubbing his crotch and he did the same.

Will was dying to touch his cock and was relieved when Steve whispered in his ear, “I always love watching Lloyd do this. So I’m gonna pull out my cock … feel free to do the same, Will.”

Man and boy stroked their cocks as the contest continued and the count reached twenty. Both athletes were showing signs of exhaustion, with Will silently rooting for the fireman. And at last exhaustion overwhelmed them both and they hung from the bar, unable to do one more lift.

“Another draw, buddy?” Lloyd panted.

“Fuck you, man,” Jason growled. Will watched as the magnificent body streamed with sweat, muscles aching, the face grimacing in pain, and he willed Jason to make one last superhuman effort. His body tensed, muscles flexed … and slowly, agonizingly, he began to rise. “Yes,” Will blurted out. “You can do it, sir.”
With his last ounce of strength Jason pulled himself up until his chin was over the bar, held it for a count of three, then dropped to the ground. Lloyd, unable to match the effort, dropped too.

“He wins! The fireman wins again,” Jason shouted, his sweat-drenched face ginning in triumph as he faced the mirror and flexed his biceps in a dramatic bodybuilder pose. Then he turned to Steve and Will. What do the two refs say? Fireman wins?”

Will smiled up at Steve and nodded eagerly. Steve said solemnly, my fellow ref and I have conferred and the verdict is … the fireman wins. Take your prize, champ?”

“Fuck,” Lloyd said loudly, but there was a gleam in his eye and Steve knew very well that Lloyd had been longing to surrender his ass to the fireman. He loved getting butt-fucked by Jason.

Lloyd threw himself face down on a high bench that faced the two spectators. He, reached down and grabbed the front legs while his ass hung over the back. Jason yanked at Lloyd’s shorts and they fell round his feet. Then the fireman loosened his own shorts, let them drop and stood in naked glory, his cock fully erect as he pumped his fists in a triumphant “Yeaaah!”

Will was pumping his dick hard now and Steve whispered “Slow down, kiddo. Not yet.”

Jason spat in his palms, rubbed them together and spread his spit over his cock. He stood behind his victim and pressed his hands on the back of Lloyd’s narrow waist. “Your ass is mine, dude. I won, and now your ass is mine. Brace yourself, stud. You’re gonna get fuuucked!” Jason grinned straight at Will … and slammed his cock deep in Lloyd’s ass.

Will was dazzled by the spectacle of the two gym jocks fucking. The gorgeous young fireman from the picture had pushed his magnificent body to the muscle-crushing extreme, had beaten the other athlete … and was now fucking his ass! His body looked spectacular, his muscles ripped after his supreme effort, gleaming with sweat, his rugged, square-cut features intensely focused as he pounded ass.

Will was pounding his own cock now and Steve whispered in his ear, “It’s OK, kiddo, I’m right there with you. Let’s do it together.”

Jason looked magnificent riding Lloyd’s ass. He raised his right arm, pumped his fist in the air and yelled, “Your ass is mine buddy.”

Enthralled, Will yelled, “Yeah, ride him, sir … fuck his ass. You look so hot, sir. I’m gonna cum … I’m gonna cum … aaagh.” Staring at the naked fireman pouring cum in his buddy’s ass, and hearing Steve groan next to him, Will felt his own juice rising up his cock and blasting out of it … for the second time that day.

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Will had climaxed at the same time as the men and now everything went momentarily blank. Slowly he came back to the real world, opened his eyes and saw the two muscle-jocks hugging. Then they broke apart, put on their shorts, and Jason came over to Will, pulled him out of his chair and threw his arms round him.

“Outstanding, kiddo. We should do that again, soon.” He saw a warning frown from Steve and said, “Well, whenever the twins say it’s OK. You’re their boy aren’t you?”

“Well, sir. I’m helping them in the kitchen right now but …” Steve stood up and saved him. “Which is where you’ve got to get back to pronto, Will.”

Jason turned to Lloyd. “Damn, all that exercise has made me hungry as a horse, buddy. But we’ve gotta save room for that rhubarb pie everyone’s talking about.”

Steve laughed. “Well you won’t be getting any unless Will gets back to the kitchen, ‘cos he’s the one making it.”

“OK, Doc. Come on Lloyd. Let’s go get cleaned up and change into something more presentable than sweaty gym shorts.” Jason threw his arm over Lloyd’s shoulder and they left.

Will looked at Steve in some confusion. “Sir, did I … I mean, was I …?”

“Will, you did just fine. You took another step, quite a big one. But here’s my advice now. The twins hired you for the kitchen, and I hear you’re doing a fine job there. So concentrate on that for now. Make your pie and present it to all the guys and they’ll love you for it.”

“Sir, what did Jason mean when he said welcome to the tribe? And then he said I was the twins’ boy. I don’t understand.”

“Don’t go getting ahead of yourself, Will. Like I said, take all this one slow step at a time. Other new steps will come later but they have to come naturally. Don’t force anything. Stay close to the twins and do as they tell you. They are great guys and they’ll guide you. And you’ve also got Bob and Randy and me, so you’re in real good company.”

Will hugged him. “Thank you, sir … thank you for everything.”

“You don’t have to thank me, Will. You did it all yourself. You go on like this, kiddo, and I see a great future for you.”

GO TO BOOK 43