

BILL AND JOE, By Pete Brown, London

Written 10-16 September, 2003 and then a break, before continuing 26 December 2003 through 28 January, 2004 - in the gap, I wrote "The Willing Slave". Revised April, 2009.

This remains my favourite story. Even now when I re-read it, the later chapters are emotionally draining. It's technically very accomplished - varying the "perspective" on events between Mohammed and Bill (a technique I used again several times, most particularly in Steve's First Job, and Dray Slave, where the perspectives vary between Steve and his friend in the first story; and then totally differently, seeing it from the slave's perspective, in Dray Slave). And whilst many will see it as a "conventional" slave story about power and control, it's primarily a story about love - complex relationships between Bill and Joe, Mohammed and the two men, Mohammed and his children.

I am particularly pleased with the ending of this story. I like to do "different things" at the end of stories and show how life unfolds afterwards, but here I take the unusual step of having my primary characters killed - usually, they live to be "happy ever after" - although we believe that Bill and Joe **were** happy, as they left for their final battle. Perhaps I felt bold enough to take this step as I had just killed off the loyal pony in "The Willing Slave" - but, anyway, it seemed exactly the right thing to do.

My biggest ever postbag was recorded for the final part. So many people wanted to know more about "that poem", that I did an "afterword", which have also included here.

I think the last part of "Bill And Joe" remains amongst my best, and most powerful, writing on the subject of bonding and love between men.

Pete

BILL AND JOE, Part I

MOHAMMED

Just because I'm only 28 the other members of the Council always try to put me down. And even though, after my training at INSEAD, I know more about business and economics than they ever will, they always ignore my views when we're debating policy. Those old fogies, all members of my father's and grandfather's generation, like to cling to the old ways - as long as the oil keeps flowing, they think everything will be all right, and they sit in their palaces surrounded by servants and slaves as happy as pigs in muck. They don't seem to realise that a wind of change is blowing - the oil will run out, and we need to reshape our country to be ready for when it does.

They only tolerate me on the Council as I am now the head of one of the oldest families - not only the head, but also the only real member - my father never sired more than one son or daughter, so, unusually, I am an only child. When he was killed in the air crash, the Council had

little choice but to appoint me in his place - their ingrained conservatism at least worked in my favour in this respect.

We've been sitting here all morning debating what to do about the team of SAS men that were captured surveying our remote border country. All eight of them were taken without a fight, unharmed, as we were ready for them - one of our sympathisers in their headquarters in Hereford tipped us off, and we had the perfect trap. They were not so foolish as to fight on in a suicide mission, and the live video feed in to the Council chamber showed them all securely imprisoned, awaiting our decision.

Some were in favour of returning the men to Britain, and making a huge diplomatic row. We all knew the men could only be here for one reason - to do that advanced scouting of our terrain and our facilities that would enable their forces to react quickly if it was ever decided to invade us. Other opinions therefore said that this was a unproductive thing to do, as it would call attention to our relative vulnerability as a very small state in this volatile area of the globe.

A more subtle plan was to say nothing - simply keep the men incommunicado, and wait and see what happened. Would that suave, silver-tongued British ambassador be calling on the ruler, and asking oblique questions about any "travellers found in the desert", we wondered?

As I sat there listening to the debate droning on, I noticed Sheikh Yani watching the screen intensely - he was hardly focusing on matters here in the chamber at all. Rumour always has it that he has a penchant for fit young men, and that the dealers can always sell particularly choice specimens of young adulthood to him. Now he was watching the screen entranced, and his mouth was half open in intense concentration. I guessed that the eight young fit soldiers had triggered his interest, and that, left to him, their fate would be simple: they would be sold, and he would buy them.

We might have been there all day, except that Yani's impatience to sample the male flesh got the better of him. He is the oldest, and commands the automatic respect that age is still given in our society, and he suddenly thumped the table and declared that the men should simply "vanish" - nothing would be said, and we would deny any British claims and head off any enquiries. The simplest way for the men to vanish would be to kill them, of course - anything else risks ultimate exposure, and I added my voice to the debate saying that this is what we should do if we were determined to stonewall the British. "After all", I pointed out, "Killing these soldiers now is no worse than annihilating them as they were dropped out of their helicopter onto our soil."

Yani was incredulous, and almost incandescent with rage. We all knew why he was arguing his corner, of course, but had to listen whilst he tried to justify selling the men in the market in the usual way, to help with the gross domestic product. It was pathetic - even though they might produce a good price, it was an insignificant drop in the ocean of the national economy - which is what we ought to have been debating - and I snapped off a few statistics that easily demonstrated this point.

It's foolish to make powerful enemies unnecessarily, of course, and the moment I'd done it, I wished I'd simply sat there and saved my opinions for an occasion where they might have been considered them properly. Now Yani turned on me, as a way of deflecting the Council's thinking. "Sheikh Mohammed is only in favour of killing the men as it is well known that he is not sympathetic to the traditional ownership and usage of slaves in our country. If he were as concerned as most of us are about the increasing scarcity and mounting prices of slaves, he would not want to miss this opportunity to increase the slave pool, even by this small amount. And, from what we can see on this video feed, they look to be very satisfactory potential slaves - young, strong, fit...."

"Now, Yani", one of the others interrupted, "You know that's not quite true. We've never had any success in really taming elite foreign troops - once a man has been accepted for the SAS, or is a US SEAL, or whatever, they are so proud of their manhood that they never really adapt to life as a slave. They're almost impossible to train fully, and after you've had your pleasure from taking their virginity, they usually have to be assigned to the mines or some other low-value work: there's no great value in these eight men at all."

"That's right", I chipped in (why didn't I keep my mouth shut!) "There's no point in risking a huge major diplomatic row, if these men were ever found to have been enslaved, if all we get out of it is eight really low value miners. It's true that I'm not a great advocate of slavery, but in order to run my own mines profitably I do have to buy workers in the markets as I can't afford to pay wages that would otherwise make the operation viable. And miners are really cheap... They're usually men who are untameable or unruly, and keeping them entombed in the mine is really the only way of controlling them."

"As usual, my colleague always goes for the economic argument". Yani bowed his head towards me as he said this. "His father was a real man - he would not consider the problem of breaking a few men in to slavery to be an issue. He would...."

"Please, Yani, leave my father out of this. And my argument is not based on being unable to break the men, as this could be accomplished easily. The real issue is one of simple risk and reward. The risk of a major diplomatic incident, versus the tiny reward of eight more slaves."

"So, you young puppy, do you think you know more about the breaking and training of slaves than I do, who has practised it all my life and who has one of the largest herds of all of us....?"

"Yani, please let's not get personal. You are right, I do not have practical experience, and I have never done it. But these men, SAS or whatever, are men - they are bound to react fundamentally as all men would, and therefore they could be broken using simple applications of psychology. This must work, when mere brutality would not. But this is not the point. We should not be even considering enslaving these men, not debating how they might be tamed! Let's just have them quietly executed, and avoid the risk...."

"So, you young whippersnapper, you think you could tame these men into proper slaves, do you?"

“Of course. But that’s not the point....”

“And are you willing to wager on this, to show us your sincerity?”

Now he’d got me! No red-blooded man can turn down a wager, can he?

“Of course! But I have no time to train eight slaves - I have a business to run... And many demands on my time.”

“Ah, the young ‘expert’ is trying to wriggle out.... Just as I thought - it’s all words as usual, theory, not practice, just like all those management consultants that seem to be running all over the government ministries making life difficult for us all...”

“I never said that, Sheikh”. My voice had gone icy now. “I have no time to train eight slaves, but I am happy to wager that my methods would succeed. Why don’t you pick out one of them - the one you judge to be the most difficult to break - and I will break him.”

“No. You must accept more than one. Men in groups put up more resistance, as they do not like to appear weak in front of their fellows.”

“Well I have no time to do eight. But I will do two, any pair you select.”

“And how much shall we wager? You know my view - it has to be enough to make it threatening, if one loses.”

“Quite so. A wager where you can afford to lose is not worth doing.”

“A billion dollars then.”

The whole Council gasped slightly. Yani could, I suppose, afford to lose a billion as his holdings and revenues dwarf those of the rest of us. But for me, that was almost my entire worth - were I to lose, I’d be a virtual pauper.

“Sheikh Yani certainly believes that I cannot succeed....”. I was playing for time, desperately trying to think of some way I could back out without losing face. If I just turned him down, such little credibility as I had in the Council would be gone for ever.

“Yes, I do believe you cannot succeed. Perhaps you believe the same, as you are not prepared to agree...”

There was nothing for it - I nodded my head, and said “To make it absolutely fair, I suggest, Yani, that you go and personally inspect the men, and arrange for the two who you judge to be the most intractable to be sent to my palace. And shall we set a limit - say six months - on the time I have?”

He nodded. And that was it! Now I've really got a problem - two slaves to train to total obedience, and only six months - and almost my entire wealth at risk!

BILL

What a fuck up! They must have known we were coming, the way we were surrounded the moment the chopper took off back to base. But at least they've treated us decently so far - no beatings, and they've given us food and water. I wonder what's going to happen to us now? I bet there's a diplomatic row raging once it's known that eight SAS men "accidentally strayed over the borders" of their pissing country. I suppose it will be at least a week before we're on a flight back to Cyprus, and then two or three more days until I'm back in Hereford. Jesus Christ... I wish I hadn't quarrelled with Tina the morning I left - a man should set out of a dangerous mission with a good shag to remember, to bring him back quickly. I wonder what she's doing now, if she's lying there in our bed thinking about my cock up her....

I'm luckier than some of the lads, though - at least I get it regularly. Joe and me are the only ones with regular partners, and married quarters - being those few years older, and we've had time to play the field, and settle down. The others have only just come out of training - I remember how I was when I was 22 or so - hanging around all the clubs in Hereford, hoping to pick up a bit of skirt for a quick one before heading back to the barracks, then having to lie there surrounded by my mates wanking away if I hadn't pulled. Christ, just thinking about fucking has given me a hard-on...

Some of the men look really scared - they're trying not to display it, of course, as they wouldn't want to show themselves up in front of their mates. But they just don't have the experience of things to get them through this without a lot of worry. Once you've been on several missions, like me, you get to stop worrying. "Que sera, sera" as the song goes - I'll get through this. We're soldiers, and we were captured on a mission, so we're protected by the Geneva Convention. Sooner or later the British ambassador will fix something, there'll be apologies for this "unfortunate incident", and we'll all be home again.

I wish they'd let us shower or something, though. It's been 24 hours since we were captured, and in this heat we're sweating a lot and starting to stink like cattle.

Oh what's this.... This geezer coming through the door into the prison look like someone really important - those snowy-white robes, and that crowd of "helpers" surrounding him....

So we have to line up in a straight line, and they tell us to shout out our ages. Well fuck that - I tell the lads that it's just name and serial number: that's all you have to give. Joe's at the other end of the line - we automatically try to bracket the younger lads, so that whatever was going to happen would happen to him or me first - and he called out the same thing.

The old geezer snapped a command, and the guards came into our cell and pushed Joe and me forward. Joe's my best mate, I suppose - we went through training together, and we always volunteer for the same courses and all that stuff. Me and Tina, and he and Sharon, go out as a foursome once a week - if they can get a baby sitter, that is, otherwise we go around to their

place for a pizza and a beer. The girls get on well together, too, and I expect Tina and Sharon will be together now, waiting to hear what's happened to us - they're really good in the regiment at telling wives what's happened, and in providing them with proper support.

“So, you two, how old are you?” The old guy has a strong accent, but is perfectly understandable.

“Sir, under the Geneva Convention, we're only required....”

I saw a little smile play over his face. “You stupid British soldier! Didn't you know we were waiting for you? Doesn't it occur to you that the source in your HQ that tipped us off to the operation would also give us all the other information about the mission? I know that both you men are older than the others - you're both 28. I know the names of your wives, and of his kids... I just needed to make sure that you had not become soft and compliant.... You two are admirable for my purpose.”

He snapped some orders to the guards, and Joe and me were bundled out of the cell. I could see the rest of the lads looking very worried - the first rule as prisoners, they tell us in the indoctrination, is to try not to be split up unless you are made to... Once they've got you separated, it's easier to break you, we're told.

They led Joe and me outside, then they did what they're not allowed to - cuffed our hands behind our backs, with those cable tie things. Once a prisoner has surrendered you're not allowed to use restraints like that. They pushed us together into the back of an ordinary delivery van - you know, the typical 10 cwt “white van” everyone uses for deliveries to shops and houses - closed the door and it drove off.

It was fucking hot in there - the sun was beating down on the metal, and it wasn't air conditioned. Joe and I soon were soaked by our own sweat - big patches all over our combat shirts and trousers.

“Where do you think they're taking us, Bill?”

“Search me, mate. But I'm a bit worried about being taken like this, in a plain van - why weren't we moved by the army, in a proper army vehicle? Are they trying to cover up our movements? No one could really tell we left that base or whatever it was. I don't think this looks good.”

MOHAMMED

That Yani didn't waste any time. After the Council meeting he went straight to the Army HQ where the prisoners were and selected two. Then a delivery van - yes, an ordinary delivery van - delivered them here to my palace almost before I was back myself. I suppose Yani is making some point or other about them being merchandise now that can just be “delivered”, rather than being prisoners, who need proper “transport”.

We have full facilities here at the palace for the handling of slaves, of course - they're not much used these days as I don't keep a big herd of them. But all the major palaces in the old quarter were built in different times, and arrangements for the receipt, processing, control and management of slaves were then much more important. I keep a small private army, too, so the actual physical handling of the slaves is not a problem - like all members of the royal household I'm entitled to a bodyguard from the army, and I pay to augment this. I'm always therefore properly protected, and there are always enough members of the guard on hand to do other things like discipline the small set of slaves I do keep.

My slave master had put them into one of the arrival pens - just a cell, really, with the usual basic facilities to keep a slave alive. Bare concrete walls and floor, a piss and crap hole in one corner, and a water point in the other - the sort you need to suck on to get water, so there's no waste. There's no bed or anything, as it's considered to be a good thing to get new slaves used to a rather Spartan lifestyle.

I didn't visit them personally as I wanted their first introduction to me to be a surprise, but one innovation I have had installed is a complete closed-circuit TV system so I can observe all parts of my palace from my study - no one here should have any secrets from me, after all: the slaves, servants, office workers, domestics, and my wives all owe allegiance to me. Oh, I haven't told you, have I? The palace is the nerve centre of my business, too, and over 500 people work here - many of them expatriates on inflated salaries: but that's what you have to pay, the market rate, plus an uplift to get them to come to this out of the way place, if you want the best. I've got five wives, as is allowed, as I am determined that my line shall not die out - I do wish my father had had more concerns in this respect, as it would be so much easier to run things with a band of brothers to help. Personally, I find having to cover the women rather distasteful as I prefer sex with men, but I know I need to do my duty and it's generally only once a year with each of them, to get them pregnant again after the last birth. I've got ten fine sons already, and when I've got fifteen, I'll be able to give it up altogether. The women get along well enough together, and other than it costing me a fortune when they all decide to go to London or New York to shop, they're no trouble.

Observing the men on my TV, I was already a little concerned about this wager. That bastard Yani had chosen two really big, tough-looking guys, and their records that had been e-mailed to me by him, together with a cheery note wishing me every success, showed they were married, and about my age. It's so much easier to break young, unmarried guys, and these men, used to "the world", who had been on several dangerous missions before, almost certainly had self-images that had absolutely nothing to do with the concept of serving another man as a sex toy. It's also much more difficult to break a man of your own age, as we know, when they can neither see you as a dominating father-figure, or, more rarely, thrill to the idea of coercion by a young master. I doubted that they'd ever had sex with another man before, or, if they had, it would have been long ago and they would probably have marked it down in their brains as a "youthful indiscretion", or "something they grew out of once they discovered women". I could imagine them in their barracks saying good night to all their younger mates thinking about bedding down for the night in the communal room, before themselves going home to their wives.

I decided to do nothing immediately - I had a busy day ahead: even though it was getting late, I needed several conference calls to the USA. And keeping the men imprisoned in the bare cell would increase their sense of apprehension and worry. I gave orders that they were to be left strictly alone, and that they were not even to be fed - a little hunger puts an edge on a man's fears, I think.

BILL

Joe and I were put in this tiny cell - barely room for us both. And no comfort at all - absolutely plain walls and floor. Judging from the odd smells wafting up from it, there's a hole in the corner where we're supposed to piss and crap.

It was marginally cooler than in the van - but only marginally so. There was no air-conditioning or anything, and not even a fan to make a cool breeze. We were till sweating away, and we both took our shirts off to try to get cool - at least, sitting there with our backs against the concrete walls it wasn't quite as bad.

We both had raging thirsts, and we were hungry. Joe tried shouting for the guards to come and give us some food and water, but nothing happened. It seemed deathly quiet in the whole place, and we'd come down a couple of flights of stone steps when they dragged us in, so it seemed we must be underground - there was none of the noise of traffic or anything that you'd expect from a place in the centre of quite a large town.

"What the fuck's going on?", Joe asked.

"Dunno. But they'd have hardly carried us all this way, then dragged us down here if it was going to be anything nice!"

"You're right - I wonder what's happening to the rest of the lads?"

"Dunno that, either. You know what they say, in the absence of hard info don't speculate when you're a prisoner - it only gets you worried."

"Well, Bill, mate, I think we should be worried. They could just leave us here to rot... There's not a sound gets through the walls. And I'm dying for a crap, and something to drink!"

"That hole in the corner's for crapping, I reckon...."

I watched as Joe went and pulled down his combat trousers and boxers, and squatted over the hole. He didn't bother to turn his back on me or anything - we'd been on combat missions before where the sanitary arrangements were, shall we say, "primitive", and in the SAS you get used to squatting down where you can in the jungle, or desert, or wherever. Then it was my turn, and it's surprising how much better you feel with empty bowels, even when your stomach's rumbling with hunger.

The tit thing on the wall was fiendishly clever - it was just a kind of pipe about three inches long sticking out of the wall just a couple of feet off the ground, with some sort of valve inside. If you knelt down, put your mouth around it and sucked very hard, you'd be rewarded by a trickle of water. You had to kneel there and suck and suck, until you'd had enough. I couldn't understand why they didn't mount it higher on the wall so you could at least stand, or make the valve a bit less fierce so you didn't have to suck so hard - it's almost as if they wanted us on our knees, practising sucking.

It looked as if that's all we were going to get, though, so Joe and I sat back against the wall and just waited. We still had our watches, and at 9 pm exactly the lights went out, or, rather, the main light went out leaving just a little glow lamp high up in a corner.

"Looks as if it's sack time", Joe said. It had gone a bit cooler, too, probably in response to night falling outside, and we put our shirts back on. There was no bed or anything, so we both sat there against the wall, half dozing and half sleeping.

MOHAMMED

As I breakfasted the following morning I tuned in to the channel showing the soldiers' cell, and saw them still huddled there against the wall. Then one of them got up, stretched, and went and knelt and sucked away at the water nipple: I'm quite proud of this idea, an innovation of my own, and some of my friends have adopted it in their slave quarters too - it serves to remind even experienced slaves that kneeling down and sucking is an activity that slaves should perform. I had intended the metal pipe to be replaced with one made of hard rubber, to better mimic the male organ, but regrettably I had not yet had time to have this done in the cell these two were imprisoned in.

Even though they must by now be very hungry, it was good to see that they went through a programme of exercise - so many captives give up early on, and let their bodies go. It makes their subsequent retraining so much harder, and it was good therefore to see these two running on the spot vigorously, then doing push-ups and star jumps. They were clearly competing with each other, and I began to realise that Yani may have made a mistake in suggesting I train two - he thought it would be twice as hard, and yet a little constructive competition between them could be used to speed the process. And, of course, "buddy bonding" is anyway a powerful weapon in the armoury of a master who needs to control unruly slaves quickly.

I turned off the screen when one of them stopped to crap. It's not that I'm sensitive to seeing a slave perform his excretions - after all, you don't mind a pet dog doing it when you're exercising them, do you? And your horses crap frequently as you're riding them. It's no different to watch a slave than to watch a dog or a horse, after all - they're all animals you own. I suppose it's different when a slave really looks like a slave - properly trimmed and polished, marked and so on, and wearing appropriate slave costume. These two still looked like men,

and although I enjoy a little mild piss play with my partners sometimes, I really am not turned on by human excrement.

It was midmorning before I next thought of the two soldiers, and I issued orders for them to be cleaned up, their uniforms pressed, and for them to be given a meal - a proper, "western" meal, not slave biscuit. I wanted them to think that they were at last being treated like prisoners of war, so that their surprise later that day would be all the more intense. I also commanded, therefore, that they should be given writing materials so that they could write to the British ambassador, or to their loved ones - I rather hoped they'd do the latter, as they might reveal things about themselves that would be of use to me later. My social secretary was instructed to phone around my wide circle of friends and acquaintances in the capital and invite them over for an impromptu banquet and "entertainment" that night, and my chief slave overseer was told to ensure that the pair of gymnasts that I'd bought a few months ago were freshly shaved and oiled to amuse my guests.

BILL

Neither of us slept well, leaning against the wall. Whenever I was awake, I knew Joe was, too, as we exchanged a few words each time - we hadn't got a lot to say, of course, but when you're both locked up, cold, and hungry, just having a mate there by you is a great comfort.

Each of us had to suck for the best part of twenty minutes to get enough water to slake our thirst in the morning - we both laughed a bit, as neither Tina nor Sharon would suck our cocks for that long (well, actually, Tina doesn't like taking my cock in her mouth at all, but I don't like to say to the other lads when we're talking about sex, as everyone else seems to get good blow jobs. But then, perhaps they're telling porkies, too). Just thinking about Tina, though, made my morning hard-on even worse.

Nothing happened until about 11 am, when the door into the corridor outside our cell opened and a couple of guards came in, with a guy in charge who was wearing lieutenant's pips.

"You men are to clean yourselves up", he told us, "And we will clean your uniforms."

"Sir, can we see the British ambassador, or a representative of the Red Cross, as we're entitled to...."

"Be quiet, soldier, and listen carefully. You will shower. You will wear these gowns whilst we are cleaning your uniform. And I have writing material here so that you may write to the British ambassador, or to your loved ones."

"Sir, a prisoner of war is not required to take off his uniform. A soldier's uniform is...."

"Silence! It is of no consequence to me whether you take it off or not. But my orders are that you are to be allowed to clean yourselves, and that is what you will do."

The guards tossed a couple of bars of soap into our cell, then one of them took a fire hose that was coiled on the wall of the corridor and aimed it at us, and let fly! The pressure knocked Joe and me to the floor, and we had to fight to try to breathe, the force and volume of the water was so great.

The lieutenant signalled, and the drenching flow ceased.

“Now, you men, be sensible. We can continue to clean you like this, or you can use that soap properly, with the pressure turned down. And your clothes stink of your sweat and body fluids - if you are to be seen in public, they need to be properly cleansed. You have my word as an officer of the King’s guard that they will be returned to you within four hours.”

Joe and I looked at each other, and shrugged. We took off our boots, then stripped our shirts, combat trousers and boxers off to stand there just in our dog-tags. The officer signalled, and the flow started again, gently this time. It certainly felt good to wash away the sweat of two days, and we soaped ourselves all over and let the water wash away the grime and stink. Joe and I have been in the showers together hundreds of times before, of course, so we’re used to seeing each other naked. But it’s a bit strange to be standing there washing yourself when you’re being watched by three men all in uniform - it rather reminded me of basic training, when all us raw recruits used to be watched in the showers by the sergeant major, who used to make humiliating remarks about our cocks.

Neither Joe nor I have anything to be ashamed of cock-wise, though - in fact, from observation of the other men at Hereford, I’d even say we were above average. There is one thing I am a bit sensitive about though - I always turn my back when I’m ‘skinning myself back to wash my cock head. I think a lot of men are like that - it’s OK for your mates to see your cock in the showers, but not to see your cock head.

They fished our wet uniforms out through the bars, and threw in a couple of Arab-stlye smock things, in cotton. These dried our bodies and covered us, and they left us with a couple of pads of writing paper, two ball points, and some envelopes.

Joe and I sat there and wrote to our wives, and we jointly composed a brief letter to the British ambassador giving our name and serial number, and saying that we had been captured on a mission and needed access to the Red Cross if we were prisoners of war, or to the ambassador if we were just being held as illegal immigrants, or something.

We both felt a lot better when, true to his word, a few hours later the lieutenant and the guards returned and gave us back our uniforms. They took away our letters, and, best of all, gave us a couple of sandwiches - we both tore into them, as we’d been without food for so long. It wasn’t enough, of course - we both do a lot of exercise and our bodies are used to big meals, but it helped a bit. We sat back against the wall, and waited for the ambassador.

BILL AND JOE, Part 2

BILL

We sat there and sat there. It felt good to be back in our uniforms, though, all fresh and clean. A soldier likes to be smart and well turned out, and you have more pride in yourself as a man when your uniform's crisp and neat: they'd made a good job of laundering it all, and they'd even ironed our cotton boxers to a perfect smoothness.

It got to be 10 p.m., and unlike the previous night the lights hadn't gone out. Our stomachs were rumbling again, though, as the sandwiches hadn't gone far to feed us. The door in the corridor outside and the lieutenant appeared, this time accompanied by eight guards.

"Oh, oh, trouble...", Joe said quietly.

I agreed with him - they don't send a group this big if they're taking you off to a meeting with the Red Cross!

"My men do not want to have to hurt you", the lieutenant told us "But they will subdue you if you fail to behave properly. We know you are skilled in the arts of warfare, and have great respect for the men of the SAS - but you must realise that two unarmed men have no chance of winning against eight - all of whom are masters at hand to hand combat. So please follow us quietly, and do exactly as instructed - any other course of action will result in humiliating defeat for you, and possible grave injuries. Is that clear?"

We both mumbled "Yes". He was right, of course - two fighters like Joe and me could expect to win against perhaps four of them, but not eight. And not when they were armed - whilst we were fighting some of them, there was no way we could prevent the others from drawing their weapons and shooting us.

"Stay calm, mate", Joe whispered to me "Remember what we learned in Hereford: when the odds are so stacked against you that you can't possibly win, a soldier's duty is to conserve his resources and wait for a better opportunity. So don't go trying any of your hero stuff, OK?"

I nodded to him. As usual, Joe was a good influence on me. I can be a bit of a hot head and wade in, even when it's futile.

They marched us off along corridors, and up the stairs we'd come down. The area upstairs was very different - wide open spaces, lots of marble, big gold chandeliers, vast double doors everywhere, smartly dressed guards paying attention to everything that was going on.

We were marched up to one set of doors, and we could hear lots of laughter and noise coming through it. The lieutenant rapped with his swagger stick, and the doors were opened.

The room was very big, and brilliantly lit. From the door we walked to the centre of it, and we were surrounded by tables set on a low dais, about a foot high, forming a "U" around us. The

tables were full of men, who were finishing the remains of what must have been a considerable meal - you could tell from the quantity of glasses and wine bottles still lying around that they'd had a good time. As the smell of the foot hit my nose, my mouth automatically started to salivate - it made me realise just how hungry I was. It's typical, I guess, that these men whose religion supposedly forbids alcohol never the less indulge in it in private - they're the rich, and they can do what they like. Some poor guy in the back streets here would be flogged or imprisoned for just sniffing a glass of what they were all drinking here.

At the head of the "U", the top table, there was a guy of about our age. He looked to be the host, as all eyes turned to him as we entered. The lieutenant and the guards fanned out around the space, and we were left standing there, in the middle.

The young guy looked at us, and spoke. "This is your new home. You are now members of my household, and I will need to decide in which capacity I can best use your talents. Remove your clothes, so that my friends can help me decide."

I though I'd misheard! It sounded so preposterous. Joe and I stood there.

"I understood you men were members of the British SAS. Is my English not clear? I ordered you to remove your clothes, so that my friends and I can inspect you..."

"We are prisoners of war. We demand to be treated according to the Geneva Convention, that does not allow the humiliation of..."

"Silence!", the man thundered. "You were taken entering our country illegally. This morning our ruling Council passed sentence on you and your fellows - you are all common prisoners, criminals like any others in our system. For illegal entry the sentence is life imprisonment, and under our system those serving such a sentence can be hired out, indefinitely, to work to pay for their upkeep. You are now members of my work force, therefore, and you will spend your life in my service. Now, unclothe."

I thought it was me who was the hothead, but Joe shouted back "Fuck you! I'm not taking my clothes off to be looked at by a load of queers..."

That's when the guards waded in, of course. And, even though we tried to put up a good fight, it was useless. They soon had us completely helpless - they put a handcuff attached to a short length of chain on each of our wrists, then four of the guards pulled so that we were stretched out. Two more guards then approached and neatly sliced down the seams of our shirts, and ripped them off. They did the same to our combat trousers, then stood back.

There we were, spread out in just our combat boots and our cotton boxers. Sweat from the fight, and from humiliation of being looked at by all the men, had broken out all over Joe and me, and I could feel it making a little icy trickle down my back, running in to the base of my spine.

“Proceed”, the host said quietly to the guards, and the whole room went silent. All the men around the tables stopped chattering, and leaned forward to watch us.

The guards came forward with their knives again. A quick slice up each side seam and through the waistband, and they were able to pull away the remnants of our boxers. Joe and I stood there totally naked except for our boots and dog tags, as the men all looked at us.

“Interesting”, the host said to the room. “As you will see, really excellent bodies. Clearly very fit and muscular, but with those muscles you only get from prolonged hard work and exercise - not like some of those gym-trained men we are getting these days. I think there’s a real difference between muscle that’s been put down ‘naturally’ and that which is ‘forced’ in the gym.”

There were murmurs of agreement and approval from around the room.

“A good thatch of hair, too”, he went on. “I think that makes a man look more virile. Although like most men unused to exposing themselves to view, they are untidy around their pubic regions - that big forest of pubic hair on each of them rather hides their penises, but they are adequately big so it’s not a huge problem. They’ll be much better to look at when the barbers have trimmed them and shaved their balls. And, of course, like so many Europeans these days, they still have their foreskins - still, they’re easy enough to remove.”

Joe and I were listening this in a kind of sick disbelief. I could almost feel Joe trembling next to me. I wanted to put my hands down and cover myself, as you naturally do, but I couldn’t, the way I was being restrained.

“Turn them around”, the man next told the guards, and we went through an elaborate movement of us and the guards to be able to do this.

“Excellent! No hair on the back. But very strong muscular arse and thighs. Observe, gentlemen, how the broad shoulders taper down to a neat waist, then the arse flares out with all its power....”

Joe started to thrash around at this point, trying to pull the guards holding his restraint chain closer together. I joined in, pulling at my chains, and there was a lot of noise and confusion. I could feel my body straining and pulling against the men holding me, and knew that the watchers were seeing all my muscles in action - but I didn’t care. I wanted to try to break free, and stop this humiliating description of my body.

“Enough!”, the host shouted. “Take those men out, guards, to my private room. I will join them later!”

MOHAMMED

Although these men were superb, well-trained fighters, they were not good writers. Their letters to their wives were disappointing - all about loving them and missing them, and giving

their love to the kids. I'd hoped they would write something a little more interesting - perhaps about how they were looking forward to fucking again as soon as they were home, or mentioning some favourite practice. That would have been interesting, and I could perhaps have used it in my plan to break them.

Of course those letters, and the naive little note they wrote to the British ambassador, were simply thrown away. They would have no more communication with their old life.

They looked so much better in their cleaned uniforms, I observed on my TV screen. They visibly straightened and seemed happier when they were smartly dressed - excellent, I thought, as the humiliation and dent to their manhood when they were forced to take it off would be all the greater.

My social secretary had done his job well, and there were around forty of us gathered for my banquet. Even at this short notice you can usually get a good crowd when there's something special on offer, and the grapevine had been spreading rumours all day about my bet with Yani. Even those with other engagements dropped them at the prospect of being in at the start of my attempt to properly train these slaves.

It was as I expected - when I ordered them to strip they refused. I had expected this, and the guards had come ready with the chains and handcuffs so that they could be restrained.

With their clothes cut away, I saw what a magnificent pair of slaves I had - I like muscular men, but not those with those absurd bodybuilder muscles, of course: no, proper muscular men who have them from a life devoted to hard physical training. These two were excellent, and with one a very dark blond, and the other having black hair, they would make pleasing contrasts with each other. They were currently ruined, though, by the strip of white across their mid regions - I do wish men would either sunbathe completely naked, or not sunbathe at all. It just looks absurd to see a wonderfully tanned upper body, and muscular tanned legs, with these separated by a big strip of deathly white. It wasn't so bad when the fashion was for men to wear small Speedos to the beach, but with the long "Bermuda" shorts being worn by all ages, it really does spoil the overall effect of the body.

Some owners keep their slaves entirely stripped of hair, but for me a slave looks more manly when he has a nice thatch on him - well, at least on the chest and belly. There are of course some things I don't tolerate in slaves, but this is all easily fixable and it would take no time to trim these two: I don't like armpit hair that is so long that when the slave is standing arms to the side any of it is visible; I don't like very large unruly pubic bushes, so all slaves get a trim there; and I like the slave's balls and arse crack to be clean shaven - quite apart from considering it to be more hygienic, I think it helps to keep them cool when engaged in sex, and I prefer the smooth silkiness of a shaved ball sac to having the wiry feel of an unshaved one. It was lucky that there was no significant growth of hair on their backs, though - even with those new hair removing creams, this can be very persistent, and when I grip a slave's back in bed I like to feel the naked muscle. It's funny - I like running my fingers through the hair on the chest of a slave, but on his back, it's a turn off. So of course my slaves are always smooth-backed.

I suppose you could argue about the height of these slaves, too. Personally, at 6'0" myself, I like all my slaves about the same. At 6'3" they were perhaps a little too tall, but not enough to matter to me - although there might be problems when I loan them out to colleagues. If there's too much disparity in the height it makes it difficult to have "doggy" sex, doesn't it, without a lot of manoeuvring and positioning?

I knew they'd be uncut, and that was another decision that I could make later. Actually, I don't mind one way or the other. Some owners always have their slaves 'skinned, as they call it, as they believe a slave should not hide his cock head from his master. And our religion requires it (I'm cut myself, I was done almost at birth) - but only for believers, and there's no requirement for slaves to be 'skinned for that reason. When I'm in bed with a slave it's always a nice change, I think, to have a 'skin to play with, and sliding it on and off the cock head is an exciting way to start sex.

Taking their 'skins, if I wanted to, would however be another good step in taming these slaves - being able to order their bodies to be modified in this way would bring home to them that it was now me, not them, who was totally in charge of their destinies.

My guests all enjoyed seeing the men, and after a few minutes I ordered them to be taken to my private room. I wanted the next step in my breaking of them to be in private, just between the slaves and me: vary the pace is always a good idea. They'd just experienced their first public humiliation, and their next should therefore be very private.

It was of course much too early for my guests to depart, and so I ordered the Russian gymnasts to be brought on. These two had cost me a fortune in the slave market, but were worth every penny now - my guests would go home very satisfied, whereas if I had had to rely on the SAS slaves as the only entertainment, I might have had to be a little more extreme, and I had decided that too much haste at this stage would be a bad thing. Some of you may be wondering why the slaves were not masturbated at this first session - all my guests would, after all, have enjoyed seeing their cocks erect and shooting cum. But that was for another day - why use all your ammunition in the first volley - fire one shot, then wait until things calm down before you fire another is not a bad military stratagem.

The Russians really were superb. I'd watched the Olympic games as a guest of the International Olympics Committee and representative of our government, and the gymnastics competition had particularly entranced me. The men's rings and parallel bar exercises almost make me have a spontaneous shooting - as it was, my hard-on hard so much I had to disappear for a few moments to the men's room in order to relieve the tension. The only problem with the Olympic Games being always held in Western countries is that they are unable to provide proper facilities in the VIP executive suites - I had to masturbate myself, as it is not the custom to provide a slave there for this. It shows how they have misunderstood the whole purpose of the thing: what's the point of getting all these wonderful athletes together to be admired and ogled at, and then not provide the audience with the facilities they would value? All those thousands cheering at the wonderful muscled legs of the men in the ten thousand metres, and no proper facilities for relief. And they really should do something about the uniforms they get

the athletes to perform in - even with strong binoculars and a premium seat it can be difficult to make out whether the athletes are 'skinned.

Nevertheless, seeing those superbly muscled, handsome young men in those very tight gym clothes, exhibiting their bodies to such magnificent effect, was superb. When I got back I commissioned a slave dealer to search out a pair of such athletes, and it took some time: even with the dreadful state of the Russian economy, it's still difficult to "take" young men from the streets. Of course you can get any number of "ordinary" men, and the Russian Mafia will even sell them to you. But I wanted two trained gymnasts of almost Olympic standard, and they were much harder to capture.

Once they understood that they'd better perform well, or else they would be flogged, or sent to the mines, my pair improved fantastically. Indeed, I'd say that with the encouragement of physical punishment to drive them, they have probably surpassed the best in the world - but of course they'll never be able to leave now for a competition. It took them a little time to get used to performing entirely naked, as it seems they like the support that their tight clothes gave to their cocks and balls whilst they are on the rings or bars, but once they understood that part of their role was to give pleasure by exhibiting their entire bodies for the delight of my audience, all was well (in an case, they were not given any clothes, and so they had to get used to it!).

I've had them for almost a year now, and at first they claimed they could not perform well as they had no women to fulfil them sexually. It was quite amusing to break them in to proper sex, and, with their incredible muscular control and fantastic bodies, they now give astonishing live sex shows as a different part of their "act" - it's fortunate they get on so well together and are so sexually compatible, as I don't think there are many of my slaves who could stand a long session with these fabulous creatures. It just shows you, doesn't it, what myths surround sex - these Russians said they couldn't perform to their full ability without fucking women. But after a little education they realised what sex is really all about, to such an extent that when I took them to a neighbour's farm to stud a month ago, it was embarrassing - they were totally unable to get an erection when we put them to one of his brood mares. Fortunately, my neighbour explained, this was expected, as it often happened with hard-bodied, good-looking male slaves, the type we breed from. His vet gave them a shot of Viagra, and then they were blindfolded, and "guided" to perform: it was funny, actually, to see the vet pushing their cocks into the women, then standing behind them and pushing and pulling at their muscular arses until they got their rhythm started.

Anyway, they did one of their normal athletic performances for my guests that evening and, as usual, it was hugely appreciated. My guests went home very satisfied with their meal, their first sight of the two slaves who were the subject of such an amazing bet, and my special after dinner entertainment.

BILL

Joe and I struggled all the time the guards dragged us along the corridors - we were naked except for our boots and dog tags, but the few people we saw didn't seem to find anything

strange in the sight of two nude blokes being dragged along in chains - perhaps that was an everyday sight here!

We went out of what must be “public” space, with its wide corridors and imposing doors, and into an area that looked more “private” - the corridor narrowed, carpet replaced marble on the floors, and there were a number of smaller doors.

Finally we were pushed through one of these, and we were in some sort of study - there was a desk with a PC and a big chair, bookshelves, and a big leather sofa. The only unusual thing in the room was a big, long cylindrical object, on short legs, whose purpose I couldn't imagine.

The lieutenant said to us that we might be waiting for a long time, and so would Joe and I agreed to stop struggling. If we would, the guards would stop pulling on our chains and we could all relax - things would be a lot easier for all of us. Well, there was not much chance of us escaping, was there? - deep inside this place and naked, and with chains cuffed to each wrist. And there didn't seem to be any point in continuing to struggle unnecessarily - there was no way we could overpower all the guards anyway. So we agreed, and when the tension was relaxed in the chains, Joe and I were allowed to sit against the wall - it felt real y odd at first to feel carpet against my naked bum - well, I mean, you don't normally sit around on the floor naked, do you?

The lieutenant and the soldiers talked intermittently to each other - we couldn't understand what they were saying, but I could tell from the way they were saying it that it was the sort of banter me and my mates engaged in when we were on one of those duties that needed a lot of waiting around - speculation about what was going to happen next, chat about sex, and general joshing of each other. These men in addition seemed to be talking about us occasionally - they kept gesturing and looking at us, and pointing at our cocks. Joe and I just shrugged at each other after a time, and decided to ignore them - we didn't know what they were saying about our cocks, but, after all, it might just have been that they were envious. Or perhaps they weren't used to seeing foreskins?

We waited and waited, and eventually the guy who was the host came in. The lieutenant and the guards snapped smartly to attention, but we just sat there. He looked long and hard at us, then spoke.

“You slaves are already due one punishment for disobeying me. It is the practice here for slaves to stand up when their owner enters a room. Get to your feet now, and I will forgive you a second punishment, as you may no have been aware of how a slave should behave.”

Joe and I sat there defiantly. “I'm not a fucking slave!”, I snapped. “We demand to be treated as prisoners of war, under the Geneva....”

“Silence! Another practice we have is that slaves do not speak unless spoken to. And they never contradict their owner. Let me give you a piece of advice: you were soldiers, you were captured entering our country illegally, but following trial and conviction in our courts for this illegal act, you are now slaves. And, what's more, you are my slaves. I own you. I own you

totally. I determine everything about your lives from now on. So I advise you to listen very carefully to what I say, and then to obey me, and obey me instantly and thoroughly. Is that clear?"

It was Joe who now shouted "And I tell you that we're not your slaves! There are no slaves today. We demand to speak to the British ambassador, or to a representative of the International Red Cross..."

The man spoke again. "You will soon see how wrong you are, slave. There are indeed slaves today, and I own many. It is an institution that has never died out in our country. And you two are indeed slaves, that the court has given to me. Now listen again to what I say: slaves obey their owners and those in authority over them, They do not 'demand' things. They do not speak to the British ambassador, or anyone else, without the permission of their owner, which of course you do not have."

His tone changed and he snapped "Now, slaves get to your feet! It is insulting that you remain seated in the presence of your owner." Neither Joe nor I moved, and we continued to sit there defiantly. The guy snapped something else that we couldn't understand to the lieutenant and his men, and they literally hauled us to our feet, pulling hard on the chains causing the cuffs to cut uncomfortably into our wrists. We stood there, panting from our exertions, spread out in front of him and totally exposed.

"Now", he went on, "The first lesson a slave as to learn is that failure to act properly results in punishment. You are here in my private room as your first punishment as slaves should be a matter between you and your owner - I may consider public punishments later, but I want you to know how we go about creating obedient slaves here. But first....."

He came over and stood in front of us, and reached out and fingered my dog tags.

"Ah, your ownership marks from the SAS. Well, you have a new owner now, and these are no longer required. I will have you fitted with suitable new ownership marks in due course."

He was trying to get my dog tags over my head, and I of course resisted, but the guards just pulled harder on my chains and my body was stretched taught and there was nothing I could do. He took them off Joe, too, and dropped them casually in to a waste bin by the side of the desk.

"Those are our property. If you take a prisoner, you are required to turn over those tags to the Red Cross, so his family can be informed...."

"Enough!". The man almost screamed. "Slaves do not have property. Everything you own, including those bodies of yours, belongs to me. And I am not 'required' to do anything: I am the master here, and I do as I please."

He went on to say a few words that we didn't understand to the Lieutenant, and he and his men then dragged us over to the strange cylindrical thing. They pulled our bodies over the

cylinder and cuffed our wrists to the front legs, and our feet to the rear legs. All the time they tried to do this we struggled, of course, but there's no way we could overcome eight of them.

The lieutenant and the guards filed out, and then the man did a most extraordinary thing - he let his big flowing robe fall to the floor, and stood naked in front of us. Joe and I had ended up bent almost half way around the cylinder, but we could look up to see what was going on. I could feel Joe's body pressing into mine all along its length as we lay there, chained and immobile, and it felt so odd - well, you do touch your mates' bodies, don't you, when you're exercising and working. And when we went for swimming practice there's always a lot of horsing around in the pool, and you experience them again. But I'd never had my shoulders, ribs, waist and thighs in such close contact with another man before, not even with my best mate.

The bloke wasn't bad looking, actually - he seemed to be about our age, and he obviously did some exercise as he was quite lean and fit. But nothing like Joe and me, of course - well, it's our job to be in peak condition, isn't it? He stared down at us, and we stared up at him. He had a big cock, and, as we watched, it started to go erect.

MOHAMMED

As I expected, they were still defiant when I got to my work room. They would soon learn the error of their ways. I gave them one or two simple rules, but I didn't really expect to have them obeyed - these men were still wild, still thinking like proud, free men.

My flogging frame is a standard one - the cylinder diameter serves well for most of the slaves who I punish, as I generally don't personally administer the cane or whip to the young slave boys just entering service: the slave master has a "junior" model, reserved for them. It has the usual secure attachments for the slave's wrists and ankles, and the only difference between this and the ones you'll be familiar with is that, in anticipation of the need to punish these two men, I had had the palace carpenter modify two frames and securely join them together to make a double. I wanted them to experience their first flogging together, with their bodies in close contact - they would feel their fellow writhe and flinch as I punished first one and then the other. And having them pressed close together would start to get them used to the sort of intimate contact these slaves would need to become used to.

I ordered the guard commander to fasten the slaves to the frame, and then to leave. As I looked at the slaves now, bent around the cylinder and fastened down securely, the excitement of their bodies almost overcame me. It's not often I have such perfectly muscled slaves for punishment, and seeing their four buttocks neatly lined up almost caused me to break my resolve - I wanted to ravish them there and then, fuck them senseless. But I knew that this would be counterproductive to my strategy, and so controlled myself.

My robe fell to the floor, so I was as naked as they were. It adds a little extra excitement to administer a flogging when I'm naked, and it's actually better - the robes don't inhibit the action of your arm. And if you are roused by the flogging, it's easier to continue and take the slave's

arse if your cock is out, ready and waiting. As you'd expect, I'm not at all self-conscious about being naked in front of slaves: I wouldn't strip in front of my friends, but slaves are just slaves, after all, and they really don't count.

They were staring at me, and it occurred to me that my casual attitude to nakedness was outside their normal experience. Or perhaps they were admiring my cock - stimulated by the thought of what was to come, and by the delicious naked slaves spread out in front of me, I was of course getting an erection. It was good that they should see this, as soon, very soon, they would need to worship it and take it into their bodies.

"This is where your induction into the life of a slave gets hard", I told them. "I am a fair owner who does not capriciously hurt or mutilate my slaves for my own pleasure. But I expect to be obeyed, and any slave who disobeys can expect swift, harsh punishment. When I am in the area I administer slave punishments personally, as I think it is important that the slave knows that his owner cares, cares enough to make sure that the slave's basic philosophy of life is properly reinforced.

"You two disobeyed me earlier. Disobeyed me in front of an audience of my friends and associates. I told you to strip, to get naked so that they could all enjoy seeing the superb pieces of manflesh that I'd acquired. We had to have that unseemly exhibition with my guards needing to restrain you, and physically tear the clothing away from you."

"You can't expect men to humiliate themselves like that, to strip...."

"Silence!" One of them had as usual started to speak, and I shut him up. I went on "I have told you before that slaves do not speak unless spoken to. I am losing my patience in saying this, and the next time it happens your punishment will be increased. Anyway, there is nothing humiliating in a slave stripping for his owner, or at his owner's command to please others. A slave with a good body, like yours, should be proud that his owner appreciates it so much that he wishes to share the pleasure it brings him with others. A slave does not own his body - it is his owner's, and if that owner wants it to be displayed, then the slave does it."

"You are going to be punished for that disobedience. Five strokes of my punishment cane on each buttock. I am very experienced at administering punishments of this kind, and you should know that it will hurt you, hurt you very much. And let me give you a piece of advice that I have learned from carrying out beatings of all types: do not attempt to bottle up your agony, and remain silent as the beating goes on. It will be easier for you if you scream as the pain strikes, and there's nothing to be ashamed of in doing so - that's why I have had you brought here to my private room. I know from previous experience that men who are used to thinking of themselves as very fit and tough do not like to admit that they are hurt. But here there are just the three of us - you two are close comrades, and I am your owner. So you can feel free to give vent to your true feelings. I could have punished you earlier as an additional treat for the audience, and you can now see what a considerate owner I am, as I suspect that in public you would not cry out, and the pain would be worse for you."

These slaves didn't learn, though. I was interrupted again, as one called out "Bastard! Physical punishment of prisoners is prohibited under the Geneva...."

I didn't bother to reply - he had heard me say before that this was irrelevant as they were not prisoners, but slaves. Instead, I picked up my heavy punishment cane - a metre and a half flexible Malacca - and swished it experimentally through the air. The sound had the effect of silencing the slave.

In spite of my resolve, to take things slowly and not to rush the sexual education of the slaves, the sight of their naked arses spread out for me was too enticing. Both men had broken out into a light sweat, and with their bodies pressed together, the four mounds of their buttocks were perfect examples of all that the male arse should be - hard and muscled and beautifully formed, glinting softly under the lights. I stood behind the first slave, and ran my hands lightly over his buttocks to experience the warmth, sweat and sheer animal splendour of them, then pulled them ever so gently apart so that I could inspect his hole.

There were untrained slaves, as you know, and instead of taking a pride in their owner's interest in them, the slave I was handling started to shout and curse at me, calling me all sorts of names which I will not bother to repeat. Most of them were anatomically incorrect, anyway! I repeated my examination on the second slave, and he too swore and cursed. I didn't mind the noise - after all, it would be simple to have the slaves gagged - and it was perhaps better that they work off some of their aggression in a way that would do no harm. I was a little concerned, though, about their attitude: if they were this upset about a simple visual inspection of their most special part, how would they react when they needed to take my cock?

Perhaps I did need to move things on faster than I had thought, and, anyway, the sight of a good hole is always a real turn on, isn't it? I prised the buttocks apart again, and this time allowed the tip of my finger to lightly graze the slave's pucker. It wasn't all that easy as his crack was filled with dense black hair, but this would of course be attended to in due course. It was interesting to see how his torrent of abuse was joined now by frantic attempts to get his arse away from me - he was trying to wrench and twist his whole body, and if he hadn't been securely restrained at the wrists and ankles, would certainly not just have stood there for this routine examination. My ploy of having them naked and in close contact would be working - his fellow would feel these movements and be stimulated by them, too.

My cock was giving me problems now as my erection was so hard it was almost painful, and I was leaking pre-cum copiously. I'd found the sight of these slaves to be so arousing, and I needed to do something about it. It wasn't appropriate to fuck them yet, but I pulled the buttocks of the second slave apart and lightly ran my cock up and down his crack - this one was the fair one, and was considerably less hairy. My cock therefore could enjoy the moist warmth of his crack, and I lingered for several seconds as my cum-soaked cock head nudged sensuously against his pucker - it's almost as if my cock knew that this was to be its home soon.

But a responsible owner can't play for ever, can he? You have to get on with work, and the training of these slaves was the most important item on my agenda - the penalty for failure was,

after all, ruin! So I pulled back, and picked up my cane again.

BILL AND JOE, Part 3

BILL

The dirty fucker! I felt his hands running all over my bum! I started to shout and swear at him, telling him he was a vile cunt, but it made no difference. It got worse, too - he pulled my bum apart, and ran his finger down my crack. I was really desperate - I tried to pull away, to twist my body away from his prying finger, but it was no good - all I succeeded in doing was hurting my ankles and wrists where I was secured.

Joe obviously wondered what was going on as he couldn't see, but he too soon got the same treatment. Then Joe started shouting about the bloke's cock going up his arse, and I craned my neck as far as I could and saw that this guy was indeed standing right behind Joe and rubbing himself up and down against him.

He stood away after a minute or so though, but Joe and I kept on swearing and cursing at him. Just think - a few moments before he'd been telling us how it was OK to shout out when we were punished as it would make it easier for us to take the pain. But now he seemed really pissed off when we were shouting - perhaps he didn't expect blokes to object when their arses are interfered with!

The first stroke of his cane caught me completely by surprise. I've never felt anything like it - the hard, physical shock as the heavy thing struck my bum, and then the stinging aftershock as all my nerves started to spasm. I gave a great shout of surprise, anger and sheer fucking terror! Don't get me wrong - I'm not a coward. I've been in tough places, and I've been wounded. But the pain from a wound is different - you can do something about it, and you've got your mates around you to help you. Here I was utterly helpless. There was nothing I could do as this bastard struck at me. And he was doing it deliberately - setting out to physically hurt another man, not causing a wound accidentally as you do in combat as part of the unfortunate effects of doing something else.

As the blows fell my shouts got louder and longer, and after he stopped, having given me five, I had to choke back the sobbing noises I wanted to make.

"That's the five on your left buttock. Now for the five on your right", he said softly. And then it began all over again - the sickening swishing noise, the thud and slap as the cane landed, and the terrible pain biting away to the core of me.

When it was all over I was almost hoarse, I'd shouted and cursed so much. My throat was tight and sore, and I couldn't manage any sensible words to Joe's anxious enquiries. If I'm honest it wasn't just the physical pain that was hurting me - it was the utter humiliation. I'm a grown man, and here I was having my arse caned just as if I was a lad still at school - except that at school they let you keep your trousers on! This sick fucker was caning me with me stark naked, and to make it worse, there was nothing I could do about it as I was so severely restrained by the cuffs. I hate being powerless and not able to act.

Then it was Joe's turn, of course, and it must have been the same for him - five strokes to his left buttock, then five to his right, accompanied by agonising cries from the poor bloke.

My whole bum was aflame - it was just as if someone had poured boiling water over me. The pain wouldn't stop, wouldn't go away. And what made it worse was the fact that I couldn't do anything about it - couldn't rub it, or run off and pour cold water over it, or anything: chained, virtually immobile, I just had to stand there draped over the "flogging frame", and suffer.

The bastard was feeling my bum again! His hands ran all over, and, in spite of the intense throbbing pain, it was almost as if I could distinguish his individual fingers as they slid over the ridges that had risen from the cane strokes. It seemed to add little spikes of pain to what I was suffering.

I heard him muttering to himself, and his hands left my bum. Fucking hell, he was fingering my cock and balls as they hung down between my thighs. I couldn't do anything about it, though, and I could hardly even shout at him to get his filthy hands off me.

He did the same to poor Joe, too, then moved around to the front of us so we could see him properly again.

The bastard was rock hard - showing us his cock like that, with pre-cum dripping out of it. It almost made me sick, to think that that thing had been near my arsehole. He was still holding the cane, tapping it gently into the palm of his other hand.

"Your punishment is finished - this time! But remember what I have told you - I am a fair owner, but I expect to be obeyed, rapidly and completely. My slaves are expected to devote themselves to my service, and to do their assigned tasks not just well, but with enthusiasm. I am quick to punish disobedience or sloth, and you have now had an initial taste of how that punishment hurts. I have in fact been quite merciful - you will find that I have not broken the skin, and that other than severe bruising and some welt marks that will disappear after a few days, your flesh is otherwise unharmed. But do not expect such lenient treatment in future - there is a limit to my patience and the number of canings I will give you, before I order a full lashing with the bull whip. If you think this experience has been agonising, I can assure you that you will not wish to suffer that."

Joe and I just stared. One part of my brain just couldn't come to grips with the idea that this naked man, proudly sporting his erection, had just caned me, done me physical harm deliberately, then had fondled my arse and felt my cock and balls. What kind of nightmare had I fallen in to?

But he was still speaking, and I jerked back to reality to hear him say "The guards will take you back to your cell now. And we will resume your training in the morning."

MOHAMMED

You've all almost certainly had to discipline slaves, and so I don't need to describe a fairly standard caning for you. It was hard work, though - I don't think slaves really appreciate that wielding a heavy cane with the precision you need to accurately stripe his bum is actually pretty taxing. And I had to give 20 strokes in all, remember, as it wasn't just one slave being punished. I was covered in sweat when I'd finished from the sheer force I'd needed to ensure that they'd remember this first caning for a very long time.

I always like to run my hands over the slave's bum when the beating is over - I particularly like the way that the skin seems to glow with radiated heat. I ran my finger tips lightly along the cane marks, standing out fiery red against his white skin. That's one advantage of beating a new slave who's been "taken" and not bred - in general their skin is not tanned on their bum, and so you can see the precise effects of your work. I'm particularly proud of my technique, as I lay good, long strokes covering a proper length of the bum, and I get them evenly placed so that the pain spreads everywhere.

Seeing them standing there so helpless I couldn't resist just an initial feel of their cocks and their balls, either. I reached down between the thighs of the first slave and just fingered his cock to get its general feel - he was of course erect, as canings seem to do this to men, and I went to tease his foreskin back but he tried to buck and writhe so much that I decided I didn't want to risk damage to his ankles and wrists from the restraints. You can't cup a slave's balls properly from the rear, of course, but I teased them very gently as they hung there - a nice, low-slung set, big balls in a loose sac. I always think there's something strangely appealing about seeing a man's tackle from the rear like this, when he's bent half over and his legs are apart - it gives you quite a different perspective on them, from the normal frontal view. These would, like all slaves' tackle, be immensely improved when he'd been properly trimmed and shaved, but this would come later.

I gave them a little lecture on my attitude to punishment, then ordered the guards to take them back to their cell for the night. I knew they were not going to spend a pleasant time: the previous night they had been clothed, and had been able to huddle against each other and sit on the floor, resting their backs on the wall. Tonight they would be naked, and I knew it could go chilly in those cells, and they certainly wouldn't be sitting down! If they managed any sleep at all through the throbbing pain they were experiencing, it would only be if they lay on their bellies on the cold concrete.

I pulled my robe back on then called in the guards - I do not of course expose myself to other men unless I am planning to sleep with them (and although most of the guards are very desirable to look at, I do not think it wise to have intimate relationships with servants and other people who serve me). I told them to remove the slaves to their cell, and instructed that they were to be give one blanket - only one. It would be interesting, I knew, to see how they shared it between them.

My work is almost never done, though, and after this pleasant interlude I had to make a number of tough decisions, and was on the phone for a couple more hours before I could at last go to bed.

BILL

I think it's true to say that we'd both almost had the stuffing beaten out of us. When the guards came back in we could hardly put up any resistance, and they half-carried, half-dragged us back to our cell. We not only had our boots on, and as we left the "private" parts of the building and went down into the basement where we were confined, it got cooler.

After they threw us into the cell, they tossed in a blanket - just one, and a small one at that. I shook the bars of the cell door and called for them to give us another, but they just went out, closing the corridor behind them. That silence descended again, and soon the lights went out and only the small glow of the security light remained.

Joe and I exchanged a few words to make sure that we didn't feel seriously injured - like me, he just had the continuing roaring ache overlaid by sharp spikes coming from his bum. We quickly found out that we couldn't sit against the wall as we had the previous night, as there was no way in which we could bear our weight on our caned bums. We knew we had to try to sleep on our fronts, but the concrete floor was very hard and cold - it's not the hardness that's the problem, as on training missions we often sleep rough to get used to it in case we need to sleep out on a combat mission. You can usually wrap bits of your uniform around where you're lying to make a barrier between you and the floor and prevent the cold striking up, but Joe and I were both naked. So we only had the blanket they'd given us, and there was only one.

We were both a bit shy at first. I don't know who finally got around to saying that our best chance of sleeping was to lie next to each other and share the blanket, using it to lie on and keep us from making direct contact with the floor, but once the suggestion was made it was clear that this was the only thing to do. We spread it out on the floor, then lay down - and soon found that there was no way we could keep a decent gap between our bodies: the blanket was only just big enough to provide some measure of protection if we huddled together.

I've never had another naked bloke so close to me for so long, and Joe and I soon realised that there was no way we could avoid touching each other "all over". It didn't matter how we tried, our cocks would have to be in contact with the other one: we tried lying facing the same direction, and then you had your cock pressed to his bum; and if we faced each other, our cocks were in contact. At first we tried to huddle on the blanket so that we bent our bodies so that "cock contact" was avoided, but you can't do this for very long.

Joe whispered to me "Let's stop this, Bill. We're both married men, so I know there's nothing sexual in it... Let's stop fucking around and try to sleep - we need to be close together if we're going to share this blanket, and two bodies together lose less heat than two single bodies." It's funny how he'd lowered his voice, as if there was something to be ashamed of. But perhaps he always spoke in a whisper when he was lying down and getting ready for sleep - I think I do, when I'm talking to Tina in bed. Anyway, as he finished, his powerful arm went around my body and he pulled me close to him.

Once we'd got over the shock of feeling our cocks rubbing together, we kind of intertwined our legs, feeling our heavy boots rubbing together as we wriggled to get comfortable, and then we tried to sleep.

Our faces were so close together that we were breathing each other's breath, and I could feel Joe's heart beating as his chest was pressed into mine. I'd never been this close to another man before, and, actually, it wasn't as bad as I thought. Other than the fact that Joe was hairy, like me, I could almost have been in bed with a woman.

It was inevitable that I should get an erection, of course - all men do as they're sleeping and dreaming, and I woke up several times to feel my hard cock sandwiched between my belly and Joe's. The first time it happened I almost panicked, as I thought Joe might wake up and think I was queer or something, but then I realised his cock was doing just the same, and I could feel it, hot and hard against me.

We both woke up at the same time in the morning, and lay there. Each of us knew the other was erect, and I don't think either of us wanted to admit it or even acknowledge it. I was bursting to have a piss, and I wondered how long I could hold out. But fortunately Joe must have been in a worse state than me, as ultimately he untangled his legs from mine and, muttering something unintelligible, walked across our cell to kneel in front of the piss hole.

As I listened to his morning stream fountaining down the hole, I frantically tried to get my erection to go down - I thought un-sexy thoughts, and even attempted that thing nurses do when a patient is lying there with a hard on - I flicked the end of my cock with my finger. But perhaps that only works when someone else does it to you, a bit like tickling.

Joe looked at me and grinned as I went to the piss hole - he could see my erect cock and knew that, like him, I was embarrassed by it. But rather like when it happens in the showers in the barracks, we both kind of ignored each other.

Just as I'd finished pissing, and we'd both knelt down and sucked a big drink of water from the valve on the wall, the guards and their lieutenant appeared and tossed two pairs of shorts through the bars.

Great, I thought - I hated being naked in front of all those men. But as we put them on, we realised that it was almost as bad as being naked! The shorts were in a thin, white elasticised material and were cut as if to emphasise our manhood: they were exceedingly low-waisted: no, not low-waisted, as they came up nowhere near as high as that. However much we tugged them upwards, they were way below our hip bones, our pubic hair spilled out at the front, and at least two inches of my ass crack were exposed at the back. They seemed undersized in all ways, as the thin material clung to our cocks and balls, too, and you could clearly see the outline of our tackle through them. It hurt a bit as they stretched over the welt marks on our bums, but the pain from these was at least fading.

"Please... Please, are we going to be fed?" I asked the lieutenant.

“Slaves are never fed after they have been punished. Missing their ration is part of the punishment. You may receive food tonight, if you work hard all day at the task your owner has assigned you to.”

We were going to argue, but it really was pointless, I guess - they were not going to treat us like prisoners of war. I felt like asking the lieutenant's name and serial number so I could report him for human rights violations ultimately, but didn't think I had a snowball's chance in hell of getting a reply.

We were led through the building and up the stairs, and as we saw other people in the corridor I did feel a bit ridiculous - heavy army boots and the tiniest of skimpy shorts that did little to conceal my manhood turned me into some sort of erotic display: in many ways being totally naked would have been less humiliating, perhaps.

They took us out into an internal courtyard, and before we could protest or struggle, they made us put on this huge yoke thing - like you see in stories about the Middle Ages (or, I suppose, in modern day sex stories!). It was a big solid beam of timber that was split down the middle and hinged at one end. Notches in the beam accommodated our wrists and necks, and they made us stand next to each other whilst the beam was put around us and the end secured. They'd arranged the hand holds so that one of my arms was on the other side of Joe's neck, and one of his was to the other side of mine (so if you looked along the beam you saw my hand, Joe's hand, my neck, Joe's hand, Joe's neck, my hand, Joe's hand). Our bodies were thus forced close together, and we soon realised that the beam was very heavy - you had to stand upright, as if the weight fell forwards or backwards, it was a huge strain to get upright again.

The guards were all grinning, as a guy just dressed in shorts (proper ones!) came up.

“I'm here to exercise you slaves”, he told us. “You run around this courtyard, until I tell you to stop. Carrying that beam around with you will ensure your hearts and lungs are put under plenty of strain, and that's good for you. And just in case you thought that you could slack, I have the owner's permission to use this...”

He was holding a long flexible stick with about eight inches of thin leather on the end of it.

“Now, get running....”. He flicked the stick, and the leather stung my back! Joe and I started to jog.

MOHAMMED

It's important that slaves lose their body-shyness that so many Western men have. You can't properly train a slave to be a good sex toy, or even to display himself to please the eye, if he's at all concerned about nudity, or touching other men. So I wanted to get the two slaves to lose their inhibitions as quickly as possible - but at the same time I wanted this to be “voluntary”, as coercion would, I know, have made them more determined to resist my will.

I allowed them to keep their army boots for the time being as I knew they would feel even more naked wearing these heavy black objects on their feet than if they were totally nude. With naked feet their brains could have been telling them they were on the way to a shower, or something. In heavy boots, and boots alone, they could be in no doubt that they had been forcibly stripped.

The single blanket presented them with other challenges to face, especially as I had had the temperature lowered in their cell (the area is in fact air conditioned, even though the slaves do not know this - temperature control can be an important element in training slaves). They could not sit on the floor, and would have to lie - and only if they lay together could the blanket shield them from the cold floor.

I watched on the concealed camera as they skirted around the issue, until they finally saw sense and lay together, their bodies in intimate contact. I wondered if it was the first time that either of them had ever lain naked with another man, and how their cocks would be reacting. I guessed that at first they would tend to be shrivelled up in embarrassment, but that soon they would be erect - they were, after all, young, fit men and their cocks would not lie down for long.

I would have watched them for some time, as it always interests me to see hard bodies in close proximity, but, as I have told you, I had work to do - not for me the pleasure of another man beside me!

My breakfast was served before the slaves were awake - I've trained myself to do without much sleep, so I have more time to focus on my business and other interests - then as I lay in my bath I watched the slaves wake, untangle their limbs from each other, and piss. I was glad they'd both had such magnificent morning erections, as neither could now fail to admit to himself that he had experienced another man's hard cock pressing closely in to him: overcoming the shame that some men feel at touching another man's erect cock is one of the steps in slave training, of course, and, with luck, it can be managed easily and naturally as so many young men are so erect so much of the time.

The shorts they were given are designed by me to be especially humiliating. I want the slave to begin to realise that even when clothed his body can be exposed in such a way as to excite interest in other men. And when his pubic hair has been on display like this, a slave will be less reluctant to see it removed. It was amusing to see how they tried to stretch the skimpy garments to cover themselves better, to no avail.

I wanted them to have a program of hard exercise today for several reasons. Firstly, I did not want their muscles to lose the fantastic tone they already had - if a man is used to exercising hard, even a little break can cause him to regress. And secondly, as they were kept without food, it would help to weaken their bodies, and, with it, their overall resolve to resist me. When I gave them food later in the day it would also be another step in their conditioning, as they would be ravenous and would specially remember how they were fed.

Thirdly, of course, I like to see muscled bodies working hard, and I expected to pay them a visit as they toiled away during the day (as ever, I was cheated out of this by pressure of work, and had to content myself with viewing them via CCTV. It's just not the same when you cannot see all the little curves and planes of a slave's body as he toils away, or smell the sublime scent of a body that is pouring sweat out).

The yoke is my idea. Having a slave just run around does not tire him quickly - he needs to be made to carry a heavy weight to get proper exercise, and this yoke meant that each of them was effectively carrying about 100 lb. A subsidiary advantage is that it prevents the slave protesting, objecting, or even fighting - with his hands secured at neck level, he has little to fight with and he knows that his whole body is completely exposed if punishment is ordered. I also like to use this yoke as it encourages the slave to have a good posture - he has to remain upright, as the yoke is so heavy that if he bends forward, he will have severe problems in getting upright again. The idea of yoked oxen pulling ploughs is also one with which many slaves will be familiar - and being yoked together in this way will strike echoes of servitude in their brains.

Of course you have to be careful - a man with a beam across his shoulders has, potentially, a powerful weapon to use. But the inertia in such a heavy yoke as I use effectively prevents most of these problems, especially when it is a two-man version: the slaves were unlikely to be able to co-ordinate their bodies to use the yoke against my men. Having their bodies in close contact all day would also be another useful tool in getting them to lose their shyness of each other.

They were surprised when their exerciser first used his lash on them. It's not really a whip - the thin, flexible leather end is more like the type of thing that you use with a pony and trap - a light tap with it is enough to sting, without cutting the flesh, and "encourage" the beast into giving its best. Mind you, if they flagged during the day, by the end of it their backs, and the backs of their thighs, would be extremely painful.

BILL

Jogging wasn't good enough. The guy who was exercising us also made us to a number of other "exercises" - for example, we had to kind of "prance" sometimes, raising our knees as we jogged up to the level of our chests. And sometimes we were told to halt, then do squat bends up and down. If ever Joe or I failed to do what he said, or failed to do it quickly enough, his lash thing came down on our shoulders and our backs - it's amazing how much your shoulders can hurt when a leather strap is applied to them.

We thought it was never going to end - well, we were both used to hard training sessions in the SAS, but held in that fucking yoke that weighted a ton, was something else. And with our arms held immobile, too, we couldn't use our bodies to their best advantage - it was all leg exercises really, except that we knew our hearts and lungs must be straining away, too. At what seemed like the middle of the day, though, we were allowed to go and sit with our backs to one of the walls of the courtyard. We weren't unyoked or anything, so we just had to sit there.

I remember the stone walls felt blissfully cool against my smarting back, and the hard pavement didn't feel too bad under my bum - I suppose the new pains from our muscles after all that exercise kind of swamped the hurt from the previous night's caning.

I could hear Joe's stomach rumbling, as was mine, as we still hadn't been fed. But fortunately the trainer guy came over with water for us. It was in a bucket which had a pipe attached to it, and he told us in turn to open our mouths so he could shove the end of the pipe in, then he raised the bucket slightly and the warm water (it had been standing in the sun) flowed in. It was almost the best thing I'd ever tasted.

He wouldn't let us drink too much, though, as he said we had to cool down gradually. But he came back a couple of times as we sat there and gave us more.

He told us we were going to rest for three hours until the worst heat of the day had passed, and then we'd have another training session, so Joe and I just sat there, really unable to move. We even drifted in and out of sleep in the hot afternoon, and I finally woke up with a hard on, having had a dream about Tina again - as I sat there I could see my cock straining against the elastic material of the minute shorts that was all I had, and, to my horror, I could see a tiny damp patch on them where pre-cum was leaking from me.

Just at that moment the trainer came up and helped us to our feet - I think we'd have had difficulty getting up with the heavy yoke on without our hands to help us.

"Do either of you guys want to piss?", he asked, but we didn't - I guess we'd been sweating so much that all the water was leaving our bodies that way.

"Well, it looks as if at least one of you wants a wank!", he went on, laughing and looking at my crotch. All I could do was blush - there was absolutely no way I could hide my erection from him, or do anything about it.

The afternoon was just like the morning - more jogging, with breaks for "special exercises", and occasional drinks of water. Joe and I were both really labouring to be able to do all that was demanded of us, and it seemed we got more and more slashes from the guy's lash as the day went on - we almost couldn't do all that was asked of us, but he was determined that we should keep up the same pace late in the afternoon as we had been able to when we were fresh first thing in the morning.

It seemed the night came early and quickly thereabouts, as the sun soon dipped down so that the whole courtyard, surrounded by its high walls, was in shadow. Our trainer led us off, through the building again, and down into the cellars where our cell was.

The guards were there as the yoke was taken off us - they obviously knew that with it on we were powerless, but freed, so we could use our hands, we were trained fighters and therefore potentially dangerous. Mind you, I'm not so sure - after being held up all day I could barely move my arms at first, and had to stand there and shake them to bring some life back into

them - the “pins and needles” then added a new misery to all the aches I was suffering from my body.

When we were safely locked in our cell the trainer guy ordered us to remove our shorts, and toss them through the bars.

“Fuck you!”, I said “I’m keeping mine.”

The guy said something to the guards, and they opened the cell door, came in, and hauled Joe out. As I watched helplessly, still locked in the cell, two of the guards forced Joe onto the floor and one leaped and sat astride his back. The others then roughly stripped the shorts off him as he thrashed around, unable to get up because of the weight of the guard, and the trainer guy came and stood next to him. The next minute he was raining blows from the lash he’d used all day down onto Joe’s naked bum - I reckon he gave him about six.

The guards just picked Joe up then and almost threw him back into the cell.

“Now, your shorts”, the trainer guy said to me.

“Fuck you - you can beat me too, if you like....”

“Oh no, slave. Continuing failure to obey an order gets your mate punished. Hasn’t anyone told you about the ‘buddy’ system we use here - you’re ‘buddy bonded’ to another slave, in your case the other soldier like you. Then if either of you disobeys an order, we punish the other - we find it’s a far more effective way of ensuring compliance, as a man can take a whole lot more punishment himself than he’s prepared to inflict on a mate.”

“So you see, he went on, “That lashing on the buttocks that your mate received was because of your insolent remarks. He ought now to be receiving another, and I can assure you that my little flogger hurt his ass, still recovering from the caning, a whole lot more than it did even your backs and shoulders today.”

“But you two have worked hard today, and you may not be aware of ‘buddy bonding’. So I’ll give you one more chance - strip off those shorts, and give them to me.”

Well, what could I do? Joe was already naked, and it didn’t seem right to get him more punishment just because I didn’t want to lose my shorts, so I pushed the clingy things down, and pulled them over my boots, and handed them to the trainer.

“Right. Now we’re going to clean you up. Take a crap, both of you, then put your boots outside the cell.”

We were going to protest, but what’s the point? In turn we used the crap hole, then took our boots off so that we were totally naked. They then came with the fire hose thing they’d used at first and a tiny bar of soap, and proceeded to spray water at us so we could clean ourselves.

When the water was turned off and we were standing there with the water draining off us, Joe said “So when are you going to feed us...?”

“One more time, slave!”, the trainer guy said. “Slaves don’t ask questions. Slaves don’t speak until spoken to. I’ve let you off a thrashing already, so I’ll be merciful and your mate is just avoiding one too, although by right I ought to be tanning that hide of his for your insolence in daring to question me.”

“Three things you need to remember, and this will be the last time I will tell you. One, slaves don’t speak. Two, when they do, they always answer respectfully, beginning every question with ‘sir’ or ‘master’, and ending it the same way. And three, if a slave absolutely has to ask a question, it asks the master first for permission to speak. You men were in the SAS - I think this is not unlike the training you are given initially when you join the army as raw recruits.”

“Sir, permission to speak, sir?”, Joe said, almost resignedly.

“Yes, slave?”

“Sir, we have not been fed - well hardly at all - since we were captured, and we’ve been working hard all day, sir. Sir, can we expect a meal, please, sir?”

“No orders have been given to feed you, but your owner has commanded that you be taken before him later - perhaps he has plans to feed you then.”

He turned and left, as did the guards, and Joe and I just sat there, wondering what was going to happen to us.

I’ve no idea what time it was when they came back, but they had fresh pairs of the tiny shorts for us, made us put our boots back on, then put us back into the heavy yoke.

We were led all the way up through the building into the room we had been in before, and our “owner” was in there, working at his PC.

BILL AND JOE, Part 4

MOHAMMED

I changed for the evening into a short tunic - a very short tunic, so that my sexual organs would be easily accessible if I decided to use them on the two new slaves this evening. Then, my business affairs never done, I worked away for most of remainder of the time. The thought of the slaves being brought before me was something pleasant to look forward to, and I had scheduled it for 10 p.m. - even though my loins were stirring every time I thought of the two delicious bodies, I made myself focus on the task in hand, reviewing the tedious contracts that a large American company was trying to get us to sign. As usual, their lawyers and mine had had a field day, and I ended up by throwing away all the drafts and re-drafts and writing myself some simple sentences that summed up the essence of what was to be the business relationship between us.

I had not quite finished when the slaves were brought in, so I told the guards to “park” the men. There’s a frame in to which the ends of their yoke slots, and the guards pushed it home. The men were then standing in what was, effectively, a pillory, and were unable to move.

“Sir, permission to speak, sir...?” One of the slaves began as I tussled again to get the exact words I needed. Well, at least he seemed to be learning proper slave manners.

“Silence, both of you.”, I snapped, and worked away. The proper training would have to come later, I knew, and it was intensely irritating to have both of them shuffling their feet and changing their positions slightly all the time as I tried to concentrate. Proper slaves know to remain totally motionless when not performing their assigned tasks.

I finished at last, and wrapped my words into an e-mail for my head of legal services, then reached down and scratched my balls as a bit of relief from work. I saw the slaves looking at me, as my short tunic had ridden up as I did this, but of course I am not at all embarrassed about performing any function in front of mere slaves.

Moving over to the frame I pushed the levers on either side that caused the yoke to lower on its supports, so that the slaves were bent double. That positioned them at a much more convenient height, and I walked around behind them and ran my hands lightly over their backs and shoulders - I could feel the heat radiating from them, and knew that they had felt the overseer’s flogger many times that day (and, I have to confess, at odd moments in meetings I’d turned my PC onto the CCTV channel covering the courtyard, and knew this to be so!). They seemed uneasy at the touch of my hands, and shifted around from foot to foot.

As a concerned owner I was of course interested to know how the marks from the previous day’s caning had progressed, so I went to the lighter one and started to pull his exercise shorts down his legs.

“Stop that...!”, he shouted at me. “Leave my bum alone, pervert...”

Although the slaves were not yet used to the idea that an owner can inspect his property whenever and in whatever way he wants, they had been told that they were to remain silent unless spoken to. So this one had to be punished.

BILL

There he was, working away at his PC with all his cock exposed to us, totally unconcerned. The dirty bastard even scratched his balls and played with his cock whilst he was typing!

He finished at last, though, then came and did something to the frame that was holding our yoke up - what a relief that was initially, to be able to stand there without the full weight of it. It slid down the supports, and Joe and I had to bend at the waist.

As if my back and shoulders weren't hurting enough, he started to run his hands over them, feeling me and probing my muscles. I could feel the metal of his ring moving over me, and his strong fingers prying into my ribs, and I shifted around to try to make it go away.

He was doing the same to Joe, except that I could feel that he was pulling Joe's shorts down, too. The Joe told him to stop - well, you would, wouldn't you - you don't want another bloke feeling your bum!

He went into a complete rage, and told us that "we" had to be punished for Joe's outburst. I suppose he was right in one thing - he said that we'd been told to remain silent, and Joe had disobeyed, hadn't he? But then I remembered what the guy this afternoon had said about this "buddy bonding", and realised it was me who was going to be punished.

He was at my backside now, and his fingers dug into the top of my shorts and he just jerked them down so that they rested on top of my boots. Now his hands were running all over my bum again, probing the lines he'd made yesterday with that cane - I hate this, being held here, unable to do anything about it whilst this dirty bastard plays with me and feels me. I want at least to scream and shout at him, but know that Joe's then going to get punished, too.

He moved over back to his desk and pulled off the tunic thing he was wearing, so he's starkers, like us - and he's fucking erect again! Christ, blokes shouldn't walk around in front of other blokes with erections, should they? You barely do that in front of your girl friend.

"Your buddy's outburst is going to be very painful for you, slave". He's standing right in front of me, and even though I'm turning my head upwards as best I can in the yoke, he cock's right in front of my eyes! And I even get that faint smell of cock coming at me - that smell from inside the thighs that we all know about. It's so close I can even see a little glint in his piss slit - I wonder if it's piss... No it must be pre-cum, with that erection!

"Normally I would cane your arse, but I am concerned that your skin has been weakened by yesterday's beating, and that if I lay more strokes there the skin might break. So I am going to

cane your thighs - and that will be much more painful, so I will only give you two strokes on each thigh.”

Joe can be a moron sometimes, and now shouts out “No! Don’t touch Bill! It was my fault - cane me!”

The man just looks at us and says “Another outburst, breaking the rules. That’s four strokes per thigh.”

Joe’s body is all tense and sweaty against mine, and I kick at his leg that’s half wrapped around mine to warn him to shut the fuck up - fortunately he had the good sense to remain quiet.

I heard that dreadful “swish” and then I screamed. He was right - caning the thighs, especially when they’re stretched taught as you’re bent double, does hurt more than the bum. What’s the point of describing every one of the eight blows he landed on me - after the first one, I was hurting so much and crying and shouting so loud that it all merged into one hideous experience.

He stood in front of us both then, and looked down at us.

“I am afraid that you slaves have to learn that here, you obey. Failure to obey results in punishment. It’s as simple as that. It ought to be easy for you men as you are trained soldiers, and most military training is aimed at getting you to obey orders without question - and if you were truly independent men you would not have chosen that as a career in the first place. With an inherent disposition to obey, and the famed SAS training, I do not understand why you find it so difficult to obey the small number of rules we have here. Still, I do not expect it to take too long for our lessons to ‘strike home’, as we might say.”

Whilst I was speaking to them I remembered one important rule that they had not been told, and went on “You understand the ‘buddy bonding’ principle which results in punishments of your buddy, as you have experienced it. However this idea is rather more fundamental - we want you each to be close to your buddy, and so he is the only one, other than your master of course, who may bring you sexual relief. It is absolutely forbidden for you to masturbate yourself - only your buddy may do that. Your cell is monitored, and if you are found to have been sexually stimulating yourself, your buddy will be punished most severely.”

We were both listening intently. The words were in English, but they didn’t seem to make sense somehow. He didn’t think Joe was going to wank me, or me wank him, did he? But he evidently did, as he went on “You are both virile men, and although past your sexual peak as you are 28, it is unrealistic to expect that you will not have sex at all. Indeed, I like my slaves to have sexual relief as firstly it keeps them calmer, and secondly it keeps their cocks and balls in better condition - you slaves are an expensive asset, and I do not want your balls shrivelling and withering from lack of use! So you may stimulate each other any way you want, in any of the ways you are used to. But playing with your own cocks, or even attempting self ejaculation by rubbing your own cocks against the floor, is forbidden.”

“The punishment your buddy will get if you break this rule is so severe that you would be extremely foolish to even risk it.”

It sounded pretty dire, and you'd normally expect someone lecturing you like that to end with “Do I make myself clear”, or something like that, wouldn't you? But it looked as if this bastard was so self confident and sure he'd be obeyed that he didn't feel the need to do that.

“Now, before this unfortunate incident I had been planning to feed you. But I think you are both still so unruly that another day without food will help calm you.”

He pressed something on his desk, and the guards came in. One of them pulled my shorts up and another pulled up Joe's, and then the fucker actually put his hand down the front and kind of “settled me in”, arranging my cock inside the shorts. I wanted to kick out at him, or say something, but I didn't want Joe to get hurt as I had been hurt, and fortunately Joe kept his cool, too. Even so it was uncomfortable as they marched us out - my balls were trapped a bit against the Lycra fabric. No one can really arrange your tackle inside underpants or anything like you can do it yourself, can they?

MOHAMMED

I'd expected that I would end up by punishing one or the other, of course. Indeed, I hadn't even had any slave chow left in my room, as I was confident I was not going to have to feed them that night.

Really, caning a muscular slave is very satisfactory, and seeing how even that big, tough SAS man was reduced to a howling animal with only eight strokes is a great stimulant. They were lucky I did not shoot over them.

As soon as they had been taken out I had to order a pleasure slave to come as I was so distracted, but it was a “workmanlike fuck”, rather than any great erotic pleasure. After that I managed to work a couple more hours: those slaves just don't know how lucky they are - after their period of training, their time's their own, whereas I have to work until all hours just to keep my business reasonably profitable.

Before retiring I took another look at the slaves via CCTV, and saw they were lying together rather awkwardly. I really did hope that they wouldn't be so foolish as to disobey my instructions about sexual relief - surely they would understand that if I said “severe punishment” they would know it was more than just a caning? I was potentially in that sort of dilemma that all owners find themselves in - I had to have rules, and I had to be obeyed. The punishment meted out to a slave breaking this rule was known by all the other slaves, and was so extreme that it would really damage their value. I could not afford to not impose the punishment if they disobeyed, as that way lay anarchy and problems with my other slaves. So if they disobeyed it would be me who would lose out either way - if I punished them, I lost money; if I did not punish them, I lost face with my other slaves.

I went to sleep with a number of problems on my mind, not the least of which was how I was going to win my bet. Although they seemed to be responding tolerably well so far, we were still a long way from having perfectly trained slaves, able to serve in any capacity I chose.

All the next day I hardly had time to observe them at all. I knew they would be being beaten more and more frequently as their bodies, deprived of food, would be less and less able to perform to the standards being set for them. But this was all to the good: a weak slave is more inclined to obey, or, rather, less inclined to disobey; and they would see that physical punishment could be used to drive them to lengths that even these men, proud of their physical prowess, would not normally go to.

BILL

I was in agony from the caning of my thighs. It's bad enough to take a caning on your bum, but on your thighs it's even worse. They stripped our shorts off us as they pushed us back into the cell, and Joe and I were left there, as usual.

There was absolutely no way I could lie on my side that night, as the marks on my thighs curved around them. So Joe lay on his back on the tiny blanket, and I kind of half-sprawled on top of him. Having our bodies pressed close together like this made us both hard, and we couldn't sleep.

After what must have been a couple of hours of us both kind of half thrashing around (it's amazing - in a very low constant light in a room, without a watch, you lose all real sense of time - it might only have been half an hour), Joe spoke very quietly. "Bill, mate, I can't stand this. I'm never going to be able to get to sleep with my stomach rumbling away like this, and without a good wank. It's been days now. Move over a bit, mate, so I can get at my cock properly."

"Joe - don't! Remember what the guy said about not touching ourselves? You've seen what it's like just for something like talking when we're not supposed to - and he said the punishment for touching our cocks would be so severe that we wouldn't even want to think about experiencing it..."

"Well I'm going to have to risk it - the light's dim in here. They can't see. And my cock's so fucking hard, it hurts!"

"Not as much as my legs hurt, you silly cunt! You saw what he did to me because you spoke when you knew you shouldn't. Remember it's ME, not you, who'll get whatever this punishment is, if you play with yourself. So fucking well calm down - think about that kid of yours, or something, and not about all the women you've fucked..."

I think that did the trick, as Joe seemed to be guilty about what he'd caused to happen to me already. He gave a kind of sigh, and we settled down again.

But Joe wasn't the only one with the problem - my own cock was rock hard, too, and it was pressed between our two bellies as we lay there. I could feel it giving little "jerks" against my

muscles as it strained in its erection, and I knew that Joe must be feeling it, too, except that he seemed to have gone to sleep, as he was giving faint snores.

You know how it is, though - once you start to think about something you can't stop yourself, and the more I tried to stop thinking about sex, in the hope my cock would go to sleep, too, the more I actually thought about sex. I moved my body to try to get a bit more comfortable, and that caused my cock to rub between our hot bodies. I moved again, and another little wave of pleasure from my cock went through me.

Look, I didn't mean it - I kept moving because I was uncomfortable. But yes, it was pleasurable to feel my cock rubbing between us. Then suddenly.... The inevitable happened! I'd been right on the edge, not having wanked for days, and my little pleasurable stimulations now drove me over it - before I could do anything about it, I felt my balls give that little jerk that indicates they're ready.... And a huge stream of cum shot out of me. I had four "after shocks", too, and I could feel the warm, sticky cum all the way up my body and it lay there on top of Joe's. The smell of cum wafted up to my nostrils, and I lay there and thought "Oh fuck! It's bad enough Cummins with Joe here, but he's covered in my cum... What shall I do?...."

Well, what I did was to try to get the worst of the cum off us - I slid my body gently off his a bit (and it was easy, as we were so well slicked by the cum), then stroked my hand up his body trying to capture my fluid. I had to be so careful, as it would have been dreadful if Joe had woken up.

It was no good, of course - there's no way you can collect up cum when it's been spread all over a guy's body, and the force of my ejaculation had caused it to squirt so high that it was all in Joe's chest hair, and soaking his pubic hair. Well, you know how cum clings to hair, don't you... And I was worried that if I tried to hard to tease it out, the pulling on Joe's hairs would wake him.

I lay there in a funk as the cum started to dry. I knew that in the morning he'd know I'd cum over him, as there would be all the dried, white threads in his pubic hair and on his chest. I couldn't bear it - he was my best mate, and you don't do that to other guys, do you?

He was still asleep, but he must have been having a fantastic dream as he was making little muttering and moaning noises - you hear those all the time from the guys in the barracks. And as I moved around my hand accidentally touched his cock and I realised he was rock hard. He must have been dreaming about that wife of his. And then a thought came to me - it was terrible, really, but I couldn't see any other way out of my problem.

I reached down and gently touched Joe's cock, and he gave a contented little moan. I'd never touched another guy's cock before, and I couldn't believe how silky, yet hard, it was - almost like a rod of iron encased in a thin coating of warm flesh. After my initial touch, I got bolder and cupped my hand around the whole shaft, and revelled in the feeling of the warmth of the essence of Joe's manhood totally in my control. Very gingerly now I used my thumb to stroke his foreskin on and off his cockhead, and it was almost like playing with myself - a 'skin slides so easily, doesn't it, especially when, like Joe, there's a lot of pre-cum already there lubricating it?

I stroked his 'skin on and off a couple more times, and Joe's breathing seemed to get more ragged and he made lots more of the little moaning noises. I moved my whole hand now, up and down his firm shaft, and it was incredible having a man's cock like this. I'd always kind of wondered if feeling another erect cock would be at all like my own, and in some ways it was, and in some ways it wasn't: I only had one half of the feeling, of course - I knew what my hand was doing, but my cock didn't give me any feedback from it. But in some ways this was more exciting, and I slid my hand up and down, feeling how his skin gave way under my fingers, and enjoying the little "stop" as my thumb and forefinger grazed his thick flange.

Joe was moaning quite a lot now, and I carried on wanking him, squeezing his cock in my fingers so that as I moved I could feel his skin moving up and down over the underlying flesh. I got bolder and bolder, and was wanking him quite hard, but only for a few moments in total, I suppose, before he shot. All of a sudden I felt hot wet stuff spraying over my hand, then little droplets of it landed all over my naked body.

I carried on wanking him as his shaft was still hard, but Joe must be one of those guys who's incredibly sensitive when he's shot his load, as he started to give quite loud groans now. Quickly, I took my hand away and as gently as I could wiped the cum that was covering it into his chest hair.

He was half muttering, and I gently shook him awake.

"Joe... You dirty fucker...."

"What...? What...? Where are we, Bill, What's..."

"Joe - you've just cum all over me! Can't you smell it?"

"WHAT?"

I'd obviously got through, as Joe sat bolt upright, almost throwing me onto the floor. He reached down and felt his cock - covered in his cum - and then ran his hand up over his belly and pecs, feeling his chest hair.

"Oh, Jesus Christ! Bill, I'm sorry... Did it go over you..."

"Yes. I'm covered in your cum, mate.... "

"I'm sorry, Bill... I didn't know... Look, I didn't mean it.... "

"Hey, it's OK. Look, I guess it was just a nocturnal emission, as the doctor at the induction called it - do you remember, all those years ago when we first arrived in Hereford? The induction talk, when that doctor lectured us on sex? We were all laughing, as we all thought we knew it all, until he reminded us that although we were going to be sharing a barracks with a lot of other guys, we needed to 'take care of ourselves' else we'd get nocturnal emissions?"

“That Scots guy - I can't remember his name now - asked what a nocturnal emission was, and the doctor snapped back 'a wet dream, soldier, like you used to have as a kid!'. We all laughed, remember? Well, I suppose that neither of us has been 'taking care of ourselves', and so you've had a wet dream, mate, and it just happens to have soaked me, too.”

“Bill... I'm sorry.... Look, let's try to clean ourselves up....”

“What with? We could use the blanket, but then it would go all hard when it dried, and tomorrow we'd have to lie on it. Look, it's happened, OK. Let's not worry about it - it's only spunk, and I don't suppose yours is all that different to mine. Just let's let it dry, and try to get back to sleep....”

“But Bill, we can't do that.... I'm all wet and slimy, and the smell...”

“Hey, Joe, how long do you think it'll take to dry? Not long, if my experience is anything to go by. And don't worry about the smell... We've all spent the night in barracks, haven't we, and had that whiff of it when the guys all throw the sheets aside and get up in the morning. It's OK, mate, honestly it is - it wasn't your fault.... And, who knows, the same thing will probably happen to me later on.”

Actually, I felt pretty bad about it. I hated making Joe feel guilty like that, and I wished he'd shut up and just try to get to sleep.

“No, Bill, let's....”

“Good night, Joe!” I half-turned, as best I could, and tried to show him I wasn't going to carry on talking.

After all that fuss in the night the guards had to shout at us to get up the next morning - as we got to our feet, there were a few little sharp “tugs” from my chest hair and pubes, where the cum had stuck Joe and me together.

We waited for them to throw us our shorts, but instead two tiny scraps of cloth were pushed through the bars. Joe and I looked at them, and realised they were G-strings: very tiny G-strings, too, made from the same, thin, elasticised material that the shorts had been.

The lieutenant was smiling at us, and snapped “Hurry and put them on - tie two strings around your hips, then pull the third up your ass cracks and tie it behind. Hurry up - we haven't got all day! Your owner has decided that as your rumps are now nicely healed from your initial caning, they don't need the protection of shorts - these working strings will keep you from flopping around too much as you do today's work.”

I didn't believe it was possible to be more humiliated when wearing an item of clothing than I had been with the tiny, low-slung shorts. But this G-string was preposterous - my pubic bush billowed out all around it, it was so small, and the thin, elastic white fabric showed the

complete outline of my cock and balls through it. I hated the feel of the string running up my crack, and it cut in and felt unpleasant where it ran over my ass hole.

“Hurry up, you two!”, the lieutenant snarled. Anyone would think you’re free men, the way you’re fussing around - as long as those strings keep your tackle reasonably supported, it doesn’t matter what it looks like - you’re only slaves, for fuck’s sake!”

They didn’t imprison us in the yoke that morning! I couldn’t believe how good it felt to be walking along, able to swing my arms around, as they led us up into the courtyard.

“The owner is concerned that your arms and upper bodies aren’t getting enough of a work out”, the lieutenant said, “So today you’re going to do a little swinging.....”

They coupled heavy weights - well, I suppose you’d call them “handcuffs” almost around our ankles so that we almost couldn’t move our legs - except that these cuffs were thick and solid and heavy. Then we were made to go hand-over-hand along a rope suspended a couple of feet above the courtyard... And then come back....

I’ve always thought that this is one of the worst exercises we ever did in SAS training, but now we had a whole day of it - and with our legs weighed down by the heavy cuffs, too. And, of course, if we faltered, the trainer was there with his lash to “encourage” us, and keep us going. He had access to our arses ow, too - and he didn’t hesitate to make use of this opportunity he’d been afforded.

MOHAMMED

It amused me to watch the video tapes of that night’s activity! With the very low light levels we had specially sensitive lenses, so I could see everything. The dark one shot an impressive amount of cum - it seemed to be everywhere, all over him and his companion.

I wondered what he was going to do, and when he started to wank his companion I was at first rather surprised, as so many tough, supposedly heterosexual men like this have an unnatural horror of contact with other men’s cocks. But he actually seemed to be almost enjoying it - well, one would: it’s only natural, after all, to like the feeling of hard cock in your hand, isn’t it? And when he then managed to get the other one feeling guilty about covering him in cum, it was priceless.

Mind you. I made a mental note to keep a special watch on the dark one - if he could be so sly and inventive with his companion, I would need to be very careful that he did not try to fool me, or subvert my will in some way.

I got the idea of having the men swing hand-over-hand from military training films, of course - it really does stretch all the muscles in the back, shoulders and pecs in a most pleasing fashion - a real delight to the eye. And with the weighted cuffs on their legs, they were under considerable pressure all day.

I have found that it is very important to humiliate men as part of the process of “breaking” them in properly to slavery, and requiring them to wear nothing except the most brief of G-strings is one thing that seems particularly successful - it is actually much better than requiring them to work entirely naked. If a man is naked, he quickly acclimatises to it and after a time almost ceases to notice it. But in a tiny, thin elasticised G-string he is constantly made aware that he is being forced to “display” himself - the fabric presses on his cock and balls, the thin string running past his arsehole and up his crack can itch and scratch, and when he looks at his companion and sees the outline of the man’s cock, and the foam of pubic hair spilling out around the tiny white triangle, he knows he is the same.

I was quite pleased, actually, at the progress that was being made in turning these men into slaves with proper slave bodies - the fabric of the shorts and the G-strings was formulated to allow some of the tanning rays through, and their obscene white bands around their mid-sections were already much eroded. I decided that I would let them work like that all day that day, and then move on to something else that evening. These happy thoughts carried me through all my tedious round of meetings the entire day.

BILL AND JOE, Part 5

MOHAMMED

I had them brought to my chamber that night not yoked, and wearing the tiny G-strings that so emphasised their manhood. The guards used a standard ankle shackle on each to keep them tethered to the restraining bolts on one side of my room, whilst I sat looking at them.

“You look both uncomfortable and foolish in those tiny pouches. You may remove them.”

They just stood there looking at me as if I had said something in a foreign language! And after my expensive education at Eton and Oxford, my English is actually better than theirs.

“I do not like repeating myself. And I will be obeyed, or you will suffer the consequences. When I say that you may remove your pouches, that is an order. Take them off, now, so that I can see how your bodies are progressing after your exercise programme.”

Both of them shuffled rather uncomfortably, then the dark one reached down and untied the thread holding the pouch around his waist. I was amused to see that he had that little reflex that so many men had - as the film fabric fell to the floor, he gave his cock a little “flick” with his fingers, to release it from where it was stuck to his balls. Seeing his example, the other one followed, and I could admire their splendid nakedness arraigned for my pleasure.

“Turn around - rotate, so I can inspect you thoroughly.”

Again, that hesitation. Still, it was early days yet.

I was very pleased with the progress that was apparent - the darkening of the obscene white patches, the way that the welts were healing, and the general look of healthy male bodies in superb physical condition. I particularly enjoy having slaves loosely chained to the floor in this way - it emphasises to them that they are relatively powerless, it removes all risk of them attacking me, and it raises one of those “shared memories” of training and obedience: almost everyone has, at some time, had a pet dog that is kept chained, after all, and now these men would see that I was treating them in the same way.

I had had my supper served to me in my room, and the rich savoury smells of the remains of the food were filling the air. I knew that this would be causing the slaves huge problems as they must by now be desperately hungry - we had fed them only minimally since their capture, and they had been working extremely hard. I watched as they sucked at their mouths, probably trying to prevent themselves from drooling as their mouths filled with saliva.

“You have performed well at your training so far, and I am pleased.”, I told them. “So you are going to be rewarded by being fed. However before this I require you to show me your sexual prowess. You are going to masturbate for me, but first you should assume the proper position..... Kneel, spread your knees wide apart, feet together, then rest backwards so that your arses rest on your heels. Keep your backs upright.”

They exchanged looks with each other - that look that says "What the hell should we do?".

Fortunately, as I did not want to have to have them punished again, they fell to their knees and, after a little further instruction from me, they were in the proper posture that I require of my slaves when they are kneeling. I took the opportunity to feel their heads and shoulders whilst they were so conveniently low down - a slave feels particularly humiliated, I think, when his owner strokes his head almost as if he is a pet dog, and I also felt their strong jaws and tested the musculature of their necks.

"Right, slaves. Now you will masturbate for me. I wish to see you ejaculate. Begin... But ensure you catch all your ejaculate in the palm of your hand - I do not wish your seed to be spilled on my floor."

"Sir, permission to speak, sir?" The blond one asked.

I nodded, and he continued "Sir, respectfully, you should not ask men to humiliate themselves by doing this, you...."

"Not one word more, slave! When they have been given permission to speak, slaves do not attempt to tell their owner what he may, or may not, do. And, in any event, you are incorrect - it is not humiliating to masturbate, and especially it is not humiliating for a slave to masturbate in front of his owner if his owner commands it. I will remind you once again that I own you totally, your bodies are mine, and if I wish to see them perform in a certain way, then that is what happens. Now, begin.. And I think it would be good if you were to synchronise yourselves with each other - I want you to keep the same stroke speeds, and to try to ensure that you both shoot at the same time..."

"Sir, please do not make us do this....". The light one still had not understood my message. I really feared that I might have to have him severely punished, and this would be a most unwelcome set back to my overall plans at this point.

"Slave, I have already seen you cum", I told him. "This morning I reviewed the CCTV tapes taken in your cell last night, and saw you produce a most satisfactory volume of cum. So I cannot understand why you are reluctant to do in front of me that which I have already seen..."

As I spoke to the lighter one, I deliberately looked at the darker one. As I mentioned the CCTV tapes, he visibly flushed, and I knew that he would know that I had also seen the trick he had played on his fellow.

He shuffled somewhat uncomfortably, and as the pale one looked as if he was going to say something else, he spoke

"Sir, permission to speak, sir?"

I nodded. He looked at the pale one, and said “Come on, Joe. If he’s seen it last night, we may as well do it now. It was OK for you, but I’m dying for a bit of relief...”

As he finished, he reached down and took his cock and started to stroke it. I was impressed by the way that he was maintaining the lie to his fellow, that he hadn’t caused the whole thing last night. But he was of course digging himself deeper into the problem, as he would know that I could tell that he was dissembling. Still, I didn’t really care - the most important thing as far as I was concerned it was important to strip them of their false modesty, and these other matters were unimportant.

The pale one looked at the dark one who was now very satisfactorily erect and stroking away, and began to stroke his own member into life. I really didn’t care about them synchronising their strokes, of course, but saying that, and getting them to think about it, would emphasise to them that they were now doing something very different for that which they were used to - I suspected they had only ever, before yesterday, masturbated themselves when safely hidden from prying eyes!

BILL

We were taken into that private room again, and they shackled our ankles to the floor - I was held by a cuff around my right ankle and a short length of chain only about a foot long. I had some freedom of movement, but not much.

The Arab guy who claimed to own us was there, and when the guards had left he just sat there, looking at Joe and me. I felt pretty foolish dressed only in that tiny pouch, especially as I knew my pubic hair was spilling all over the sides of it.

He was eating, and the food smelled amazing: the rich, meaty spicy odour filled the room, and my mouth filled with spit in response. I felt my stomach rumble - neither Joe nor I had been given very much to eat since we’d been captured, and my belly felt empty and hollow. It was doubly hard for us as we’d been working really hard - I think people forget that when you’re doing forced physical labour your calorie requirements go through the roof.

The Arab guy then snapped at us and told us to get naked and take off the pouches we were wearing. We hesitated, and he reminded us how easy it was to thrash our arses again with his cane - was it worth it just to avoid being nude? Joe was looking at me and I didn’t want him to get punished for something I failed to do, so I gave him a kind of shrug that said “So what, we’ve been naked before”, and undid the string holding my pouch on my hips and kind of pulled it off. Actually it was almost a relief to let my cock have a bit of air, and, without thinking, I gave it that little flip all guys do when they first step out of their under wear, to free it from where it was stuck to my balls. Thank Christ Joe did the same - it was me that would be thrashed if he didn’t, after all.

“Right, you men, you’re going to masturbate for me”, the Arab said. I was going to tell him that no fucking way was I going to do it, when Joe blurted out “Sir with respect, sir, you have no

right to humiliate prisoners in this way. We are prisoners of war, under the Geneva convention, and....”

Actually, I was glad Joe took a respectful tone - he'd even asked for permission to speak first - as I thought his Arab guy would really like to thrash us again.

“Slave, you are forgetting that you are not so-called prisoners of war. You are my slaves. I own you. You will do whatever I say, or punishment will ensue. Now, both of you, on your knees, facing me, knees apart, backs straight, and start to masturbate. I know you know what to do, as I have seen video tapes of you cumming in your cell....”

Oh, fuck me! If we were captured on video, he must know that it was me that splashed out all over Joe, and that I then wanked my mate to make to look like his fault. Joe would never forgive me if he knew what I'd done to him. Joe was going to carry on arguing, but I knelt down and started to stroke my cock in order to stop this whole discussion. I saw Joe looking a bit strange at me, so I whispered at him “I'm going to do it, mate, as I don't want your arse to get another caning.... Come on, it's not as if you haven't done it hundreds of times before.”

Joe went on his knees then, and we were both side by side, kind of playing with our cocks. The Arab got up, and walked behind us and the next minute I felt his strong hands kneading my shoulders and feeling my neck. “Very good, nice musculature - I like a man with a good strong neck and powerful shoulders”, he told me.

Strangely enough, having this Arab who said he “owned” me feeling me like this whilst I was kneeling naked alongside my best mate was very erotic - or, at least, my cock thought so! It went from being limp in my hand to rock hard, and now I really was wanking myself.

Look, I know we're all used to wanking in private - it's something you do in bed after lights out, isn't it? In the barracks you knew all your mates were wanking away, but you didn't make a big thing of it - you pretended not to hear the faint “slap, slap” of the hand on the cock, the rustle of the sheets, and the sound of the toilet tissue being used to mop up the cum. I must have had Joe in the next bed wanking himself away silly hundreds of times, but I'd never been this close to him before as we did it.

There were no sheets to hide us now, no dimmed lights - we were both stark naked, kneeling side by side in a brightly lit room, beating away at our meat. In spite of myself, I was turned on - I felt a slight sheen of sweat breaking out all over me and it wasn't just from the physical effort of jerking off. No, I was aroused - I felt the blood flowing to my face, and my breathing got deeper and harder.

The Arab must have known we were close to cumming as he called out “When you slaves cum I don't want any mess on the floor - be sure to catch your semen in the palm of your other hand.”

It was only just in time. I felt my balls contract, and my spunk shot out of my cock and spurted against my palm. I stopped wanking, and knelt there gasping for air and feeling the little after

shocks run through my body as my cock jerked reflexively once or twice more to eject the last few traces of my cum into my hand. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Joe was in the same condition, and we both knelt there, breathing hard and lightly sheened with perspiration.

I know I ought to have been utterly humiliated by all of this - being made to wank myself in his way, but somehow the relief at having shot my load drove that thought from my mind, and I just knelt there and enjoyed that sensation of relief we all get when we've drained ourselves.

MOHAMMED

They both produced what seemed to be a most satisfactory volume of semen, and I could detect its delicious perfume on the air of my chamber. I hadn't really expected them to obey me in this way at this point, and I felt gratified that the darker one seemed to be a little more compliant as a result of my veiled threat to expose him.

As they continued to kneel there, coming down from their sexual high and with the last traces of their cum leaking from their cocks, I debated with myself whether to consolidate the progress I'd made, or whether to move on - after all, it was only a few days after their capture and they had already overcome one of a man's big inhibitions by demonstrating their reproductive prowess to me in this way - many men will display themselves naked, after all, in strip shows and public changing rooms and the like, but relatively few will have erections, or ejaculate their semen in a public place.

I felt I was doing well, and so I decided to move on. Now, conventional wisdom has it that the first time a slave's hole is fucked it ought to be his owner that does it. So, if I was following a normal pattern, I would have had the slaves chained across the punishment drum in my chamber and then, as I had started to the other evening, I would have teased their holes with my cock but not stopped, moving on to a full insertion. However "buddy bonding" was to play an important part in the training of these slaves, and a moment's reflection assured me that it would be more appropriate to have one of them fuck the other. They might have expected to have me forcibly rape them and could "excuse" themselves from any part of it in their minds. But if I made one of them fuck the other, there was no way they could avoid the inescapable fact that it was one so-called "normal" man enjoying the arse of another.

My only decision was to select which one was to do the fucking first (both would, of course, ultimately experience the other, but I needed to start somewhere). I remembered that I had some sort of "hold" over the darker one, and that he hadn't been all that reluctant to wank his partner in the cell. He was also the one who, whilst my agents reported had regular girl friends, had not yet married. The blond, on the other hand, had a wife and child. It was possible that the darker one harboured secret desires for male companionship and merely hid these, as Western society still requires men in some occupations to do, under a veneer of the manly pursuit of several women. It seemed to me that he was the most promising candidate to start with, and so I summoned the guards to come and bind the blond one over the punishment horse.

BILL

We knelt there for what seemed like an age whilst the Arab paced up and down, as if he was thinking hard. Then he picked up his phone and rapped out some orders, and the guards came back in. They ignored me, put pulled Joe to his feet and took him and bent him over that curved punishment frame where we'd been held before whilst we were thrashed.

The Arab came over to me and told me to get to my feet, then kind of led me over to stand behind Joe - I couldn't help noticing that the cane marks had still not disappeared from his bum.

"Do you remember how painful it was when you and our comrade were caned?", the Arab asked.

I certainly did, and nodded.

"Slave, show respect! How do you answer your owner? Now, I'll ask you again, do you remember?"

"Sir, yes, sir."

He picked up his cane again and swished it experimentally through the air a couple of times, then stood there, looking at me, tapping it lightly into his open hand.

"You understand the buddy principle by which you are now bound to your companion?"

"Sir, yes, sir."

"So that any failure on your part to obey my instructions exactly results in the punishment of your partner?"

"Sir, yes, sir."

"Now listen carefully then, slave. If you thought that your first flogging on this frame was painful, consider how much more painful it would be if your arse was still bruised, tender and sore when I started all over again. Do you wish to inflict such punishment on your partner?"

"Sir, no, of course not, sir."

"Right, then. Approach your buddy, take a little of that delicious cum of yours and start to massage his arsehole. Take care, and do it well and diligently - the more you relax him now by your massage, the less will be his pain when your cock is thrusting into him."

"Sir, no, sir! Never! I'm not queer... I'm not going to fuck Joe...."

Joe shouted out at the same time, too, and I saw him struggle and strain at the chains holding him down. "No way, you pervert, Bill wouldn't fuck me...."

The Arab raised his cane and without further comment brought it down hard across Joe's bum. Joe's complaints were abruptly cut off as he gave a huge shout of pain. I saw the angry-looking red mark come up almost immediately on his skin, and he began almost dancing around, shifting his weight from one foot to another as he lay there, in an effort to reduce the pain he must be feeling.

"No, stop that, you bastard..." I shouted as he raised his arm again, and rushed at him to try to prevent him hitting Joe again. But the short chain holding me to the spot tightened and I almost fell over as it jerked tight. I couldn't reach him.

"Stop, slave! Don't make the suffering of your companion worse. Can you imagine what would happen to your buddy if you, as slave, were to physically assault your owner? Would you like to stand and watch as I tightened a cheese wire around the neck of his ball sac until it sliced his balls off and he became a eunuch?"

The fucking Arab stood there, his cane still raised, as I strained to get to him. I could see he held all the cards, though, and I didn't doubt for a moment that a man who would strip two members of the SAS and hold us here like this would carry out a threat to castrate one of us. I stood there, panting, all the muscles in my body in tension.

"That's better, slave!", he went on, addressing me. "Now, the only way to prevent further terrible pain for your buddy is by obeying me exactly. As I said, take some of your cum, insert one finger into his arsehole and massage him gently..."

"Don't do it, Bill! Don't listen to the bastard! We're men, proud men...." Joe shouted, but even as I watched, helpless to prevent it, the cane came down with another loud "thwack" and his words turned to a great primeval yell of pain.

"Silence!", the Arab snapped at Joe. "I have hit at you as you are conveniently chained there, but if you say one more word it will be your buddy, freshly chained by the side of you, who will receive punishment for you daring to speak."

Joe shut up, and the Arab swivelled his attention back to me. "Now, you, slave - approach your buddy, and begin."

I stood there in an agony of uncertainty - what the fuck should I do? If I carried on refusing to obey him, he'd hit Joe again and again. I didn't know how much more Joe could take, but I couldn't bear to see him hurt like this because of something I was doing. Oh, Christ, was there any way out of this? We were both helpless - him chained across that barrel thing, and me naked and chained by the ankle to the floor. The cavalry wasn't going to come charging in, I knew, as we were deep inside this guy's palace and the only troops within miles were his guards. He was raising his arm again now as I continued to stand there, and my mind was made up. There was only one way to get out of this - they teach you in the SAS that when all else is hopeless you obey your captors to the minimum extent possible, as you need to conserve your body and your strength in there hope that altered circumstances later will enable you to escape

- so I'd better do as he said. After all, most of us have had a finger up our arses at some point, haven't we, just to see what it feels like?

"Sir, please, sir, stop, sir....", I gasped and then, in a lower voice, "Joe, mate, I'm sorry, but there's only one sensible thing to do..."

I shuffled forward so that I was at the limit of the chain holding me to the floor, and looked at Joe's body lying in front of me. Time seemed to stop as the whole scene took on a slightly surreal air. There was my best mate, the bloke I'd trained with, drank with.... I was the best man at his wedding to Sharon.... And now here he was, lying there naked before me. All the times I'd been in the showers with him I'd seen him naked, but I'd never really "noticed" him before. Now I saw his broad shoulders and muscular back tapering in that classic "V" shape of the supremely fit, down to where his arse flared up, muscular and round. A little tuft of blond hair was at the top of his arse crack, growing on that slightly flat plane at the bottom of the spine, but his arse itself was smooth except for a few pimples, the kind that all guys have on their arses. I guessed that if it hadn't been enclosed in underpants all the time his arse would be as hairy as his legs, and that it was the friction of his clothes that wore the hairs away. His whole body was covered in a sheen of sweat, and the ceiling lights were almost reflected in it, and I could see all his muscles in his back and thighs contracting and relaxing as he made a futile attempt to break away from the chains holding him down.

"Don't stand there, slave!" The Arab broke into my reverie. "I am a busy man, and you have lots to do tonight. Now, pull your buddy's arse cheeks apart and expose his hole..... Then use your index finger to massage some of your cum into it."

Well, this was it. There was no going back now. I heard Joe start to say "No, Bill...", but before the Arab could punish him (or me!) I whispered "Easy, Joe, mate.... Look, remember what they taught us at Hereford about keeping alive and in one piece..... I've got to do it, mate..."

As I rested my hands on his arse and put my thumbs into his crack and gently pulled his cheeks apart I felt my warm cum trickle out of my palm and cover his bum. I'd never really looked into a bloke's crack before, and I was surprised to see how hairy Joe was - the little tuft of blond hair at the top was a mass of wiry curls all down the crack, and they extended right to the base of his balls. Lying there in the middle was his hole - the darker colour of the puckered flesh contrasting with the pure white of his normal skin. The scent of sweat assailed my nostrils - and a special kind of sweat, too, one produced by fear, and by sex. I couldn't help smell the deep, moist, rich, dark scent of his ass.

His bum felt hot under my hands, and he was squirming slightly as I tentatively, very tentatively, reached out and touched my finger tip and touched it to his hole. He shuffled on his feet, and tried to clamp his bum tight, and let out a low "No....."

"Easy, Joe.... Sorry, mate....." I let my finger kind of roam around his pucker, coating it with my cum, then positioned the tip at its centre and pushed gently. I was quite surprised how easy it

was to get in, and I felt the hot warmth of his skin gripping my finger as it sank in to my knuckle.

Joe's little cries of "No.." Changed to a kind of despairing sigh as I moved my finger around, felling it slide easily as my cum lubricated the flesh, and I experimentally pushed in further, until the palm of my hand was lying flat against the muscles of his bum. I could feel his shit now inside him as my finger moved around, but it wasn't at all unpleasant - somehow it felt almost right, as if this is what two blokes should do together.

"Good, slave!". The Arab craned forward to get a closer look. "Now, for the sake of your buddy, do a good job at lubricating him and relaxing and stretching his hole - widen the aperture by moving your finger around, and then, when he seems to have adjusted, use a second one, too."

Well, once you've started something like this there doesn't seem to be any point in stopping, does there? It's the first little step that's really the big one, and once you've accepted that you're going to be finger fucking your best mate's arse, whether you use one finger or two isn't really the issue, is it?

It wasn't so terrible really, and I felt closer to Joe than I'd ever felt before as I stood there with two fingers deep inside him and my other hand resting on his hot, wet muscular arse. Joe seemed to have calmed down a bit, too, as he as just making low groaning and grunting noises as my fingers massaged and stretched him.

I suppose we might have gone all night like this but the Arab looked at me, locking his eyes to mine. "Now, slave.... Scrape up your cum you so carelessly spilled onto your companion's arse, and coat your cock with it. And do a good job - the better lubricated your cock is, the less it will trouble your buddy as it slips through his pleasure portal."

It's the nightmare scenario, isn't it? You start off obeying an illegal order - we were supposed to be prisoners of war, after all - as it seems the best thing to do. Then you get another order that's only a little bit worse than the one you've just obeyed. You might have refused if you started from scratch, but somehow it seems stupid not to do it, when you've already done something totally wrong and repugnant.

My hand felt hot and deliciously slimy as I stroked my cock, and, traitor as it was, it responded by going into an erection that was so hard that it positively hurt! How could I be turned on like this, faced with fucking my best mate, and watched by this Arab guy? Especially when I'd only just masturbated myself to climax a few minutes ago... Hell, I suppose I'm still quite young, and I'm really fit!

"Excellent!", the Arab told me. "Now approach your buddy again and position your cock at his hole - thrust his arse apart with your hands...."

"No....", Joe cried. And I saw the Arab's cane rise high in the air.

“Yes, Joe, I’m sorry, mate, but this is the only thing to do....”

I looked imploringly at the Arab, and he clearly sensed that he’d broken me on this occasion and that I was going to do as he said. He lowered his arm, and I shuffled a pace or two towards Joe.

He was running with perspiration now, and my hands almost slipped off the firm muscles of his arse and I gently pried the cheeks apart. I moved forward, and if it was as if a reflex took over - as the tip of my cock approached his sphincter my hips moved back so that I needed to take another half step. My body was half bent, and I relaxed slightly so my hips moved forward.

I felt an absolute thrill of pleasure as my cock head touched his pucker for the first time. It was warm, it was exciting, it was erotic.... Somehow the sheer “wrongness” of it all made it doubly exciting. Tina never let me take her up the arse, and so this was the first time I’d ever experienced the feeling of that special convoluted flesh against my cock tip.

It was almost as if I didn’t need to think about it as my hips came further forward and my cock head pressed into him. He shuffled but of course couldn’t move away as his body was pressed close to the cylinder to which he was chained, and I could almost feel there strain in his puckered flesh as I increased the pressure from my cock on him. And then there was a sudden relaxation, and a new wave of pleasure shot through me as my cock head burst through, and his hole gripped tight around my shaft.

“Uggghhhh....”, Joe cried out, and, almost to my shame, I heard myself give a little “Yes....”, almost as if in triumph.

I moved my hands to rest on Joe’s hips, acting as if by instinct, to give myself a better grip, then cautiously started to move my hips backwards and forwards, pulling my cock in and out of him. Jesus Christ, this was better even than fucking Tina! The way his arse gripped me, the feeling in my cock as it slid in and out, the scent of his sweat assailing me mixed with that special smell of ass juice, and the noises he was making - as I rocked backwards and forwards Joe was crying out in time to my rhythm, and in my excitement I speeded up and slowed down thrilling to hear how he responded to me.

Fucking hell... This was what it was all about - my cock riding a bloke’s arse, dominating him totally, controlling his cries. It was as if I was an observer watching myself with detachment as I first plunged deep down into him so that I could feel his hot arse against my belly, then pulled out until a fantastic sensation from the flange around my cock head told me I was about to pull out through his pucker. I speeded up, I slowed down. I did short thrusts, I did long thru sts - everything sent new sensations flooding to my brain. I no longer cared what Joe wanted or thought. I was no longer conscious of the Arab watching me. My whole being was focussed on the pleasure I was getting from fucking like this. Joe was crying and moaning as I fucked him, and I heard myself calling out too, cries of passion and triumph as my cock did what it knew it was designed for.

I wanted it to go on for ever, but the body is a treacherous thing - even as I went into new heights of pleasure I felt that wonderful sensation in my balls as they started to propel my cum up and out down my cock. I thrust really hard and deep down into him again, and as Joe screamed I cried "YES.. OH.... I'M CUMMING....", then my back arched backwards as if my cock wanted to bury it self as deep as possible, and my body was racked with a giant shudder a I pumped my cum into him.

I stood there, completely helpless, my body rigid as the "aftershocks" carried on pumping even more into him, and then I was done. I couldn't help it - I collapsed forward onto my best mate, feeling the sweat all over my body slide over his hot, wet back. I lay on top of him, panting to get my breath from my exertions. I'd never felt so close to him, never really known what it was like to be so close to another bloke, my best mate.

"Sorry, Joe.... Sorry, mate.....", I whispered in his ear. All I could hear in reply, though, were little sobs coming from him - was it the pain, or the humiliation at being raped by his best friend and fellow soldier?

BILL AND JOE, Part 6

MOHAMMED

After I had made the dark one fuck the fair one I knew I had a number of choices. I could of course have proceeded to fuck the fair one myself, to bring home to him that he was now merely a receptacle for another man's cock - but I've never really enjoyed going up an arse immediately after another man (even if it was only a slave). I could have had the dark one chained down and used him - in some ways this would have been a most satisfactory solution, as immediately after fucking his buddy he would know the sensation of power and control it gave him, and he would know that I was exercising this same power and control over him. And, conventionally, I suppose, I could have had the fair one released, his dark buddy chained in his place, and have him fuck his dark companion.... But this would have been the expected way of acting, keeping both slaves "in parallel" in terms of their sexual development, and I thought it more amusing to develop the dark one as a "top", so that when his virginity was ultimately taken it would be all the more humiliating for him.

Instead, I called in the guards and had the two slaves taken back to a cell - they'd hardly be expecting this, and I thought it would give them an opportunity to think over what had happened to them before the exhaustion of sleep overtook them as they had been working hard all day at their exercises.

I had had a special new cell prepared for them - instead of the bare concrete of their last lodging, this one had a bed in one corner - a very craftily constructed one. It looked as if it might be almost "double" size as the corners stood out from the mattress, emphasising its size, but it was only marginally wider than a large single bed. Nevertheless, I thought that they might still have misgivings about climbing naked together into a single bed, and so I hoped that this would assuage their fears somewhat. The mattress was constructed so that with two of them in they could not help rolling together, though. And to further encourage them to sleep together, the air conditioning in the cell was set specially low so that a slave sleeping on the floor at the bed side would suffer very much.

The secret video camera watching the cell was piped through to a stop-action recorder, and I looked forward to reviewing their progress the following morning.

BILL

As my excitement at the thrill of sex faded I began to worry - I felt certain that the Arab (I could still not think of him as my master, or my owner) would release Joe, have me chained in his place, and then use the same tactics to get Joe to fuck me. I'd never had anyone up my arse, of course, and even when we were all horsing around in the showers when I was a fresh young recruit the most any of the other guys had done was to grab at my cock, or slap my arse playfully. None of the guys I knew would ever dream of touching another guy's hole - but then, neither would I have done so before today. But, as I've told you, I had to do it to save Joe - it's the duty of a soldier to survive to try to fight another day, as we know.

But would Joe feel the same way? If the Arab started to beat my arse with the cane, would Joe be able to steel himself to get erect and fuck me? In one way I wanted - needed - this to happen, so we could both carry on surviving in the hope of a later escape and so that Joe would know what had driven me to fuck him.. In another way I was dreading it - what would it be like as Joe's cock slid up my hole? All the stuff I've read said it hurts like hell, and Joe had seemed to be suffering when I fucked him, even though I'd been made to do all that massaging and stretching stuff by the Arab.

I was amazed, therefore, that after I'd pulled out of Joe the Arab called in the guards and we were both led away. I didn't even care that we were being taken through the palace or whatever it was totally naked - I was so relieved that I'd survived the possibility of being fucked (well, at least for now!). Joe was stumbling along a bit - I don't think it was all just because his arse was so sore, but he looked really upset, and I'd have thought he was close to tears if I didn't know him so well: strong tough guys like us don't cry, so we? I went to put my arm around his shoulders to kind of help him along, as a mate can do, but he shook my arm off him, almost angrily.

They didn't take us back to the tiny, bare cell we'd come from - instead, after we'd gone down the stairs that led into the second basement level where our cell was, they turned left and half pushed us into a tiny room. This had a bed standing in one corner, and, diagonally opposite, a shit hole. Well, this looked like a bit of an improvement on bare concrete to sleep on.

"Hey, Joe, come on, mate - look, you're hurt. Get into bed and try to get some sleep: I expect the bastards won't stop making us work tomorrow."

He moved across, pulled the blanket off the bed and lay down. He turned on his side, facing the wall, and struggled to pull the blanket up over him. I went over to help, feeling rather self conscious as my cock swung as I moved - somehow, standing nude over your best mate and trying to tuck him up into bed just isn't the sort of thing you're used to doing, is it?

"Joe - are you all right, mate? Look, I'm sorry... But it was the only thing to do."

"You fucked me, Bill. Mates don't do that."

"Joe, look.... What was I supposed to do? That Arab would have carried on hitting you with that cane until he destroyed your back, arse and thighs.... And then where would you be?"

"I wouldn't be fucked!"

"Joe, listen... You remember what they told us at Hereford? Survive at all costs. There's no point in throwing your life away, however bad it seems... We're supposed to live so we can fight another day, escape...."

"We're never going to escape from here. You can see that. Naked, guarded, chained.... How the fuck are we ever going to escape?"

“I don’t know, Joe. But we have to try. Those are our orders. And I’m sorry about what happened... But there was no choice.”

“You didn’t have to enjoy it! You went at me as if I was Tina! You’re always bragging about how hard you fuck her, poor cunt.”

“I didn’t enjoy it. I’m straight, as you know...”

“You did! You went at it as if you really enjoyed it....”

“No, Joe, I.....”

“Oh shut the fuck up. I want to get to sleep....”

Joe kind of pulled the blanket over his head at this point, and I could see his feet emerge from the bottom. He looked so sad lying there, face to the wall, the picture of misery. I thought he was being really unreasonable - we were mates, in this together, and we ought to be sticking together, planning on what we might do. He shouldn’t be sulking like this, even if his arse was sore from my cock! Didn’t he understand why fucking him had been necessary?

I thought about getting into bed with him, but his mood had affected me and I decided to stay away. I sat down against the wall, feeling the cold strike my back and my arse, pulled my knees up to my chin and clasped my arms around them in the way they teach you at survival school when you know it’s cold and you need to conserve heat. I guess I stuck it out for an hour or two, but it seemed to be freezing in that room - I don’t know how it could be so cold when we were only a couple of floors underground. My teeth were chattering and my whole body was trembling, and I knew I couldn’t survive the night like that.

I got up and bent over Joe, and shook him gently. He was already awake, just lying there, staring at the wall.

“Joe... Move over, mate... I’m dying of the cold. We need to bunk up together...”

He moved slightly, as if to press himself closer to the wall, and I climbed onto the bed. It wasn’t as wide as it looked, and there was no room to lie on my back or my belly, and I needed to lie on my side, so I kind of spooned up towards Joe. As I touched him, he gave a loud groan.

“No, Bill... My arse... Where that cane struck... Hey, you’re icy cold.... Here.... Turn over....”

I realised that my body touching the hot welts on his arse really had hurt him, so I turned on my side, away from him, and heard him grunting and felt his struggle to turn over, too, without hurting himself further. Then I felt the warmth of him right down my back - he pressed his chest to me, “spooned” his belly up to my arse, and kind of wriggled to get his legs intertwined with mine.

“Bill... I’m sorry, mate... You’re freezing.... Hey, what do you think the guys back at Hereford would think if they saw me holding you like this?”

As he spoke he’d put his arms around me and was now running his warm hands up and down over my pecs and belly, trying to warm me up.

“Thanks, Joe... Well, some of them would think we’d learned the lessons in survival school well. They taught us that this is what you do, didn’t they...? Two or three guys in the cold or wet - you get as close to the others as you can, to cut down on the surface area exposed to the wind or the cold..”

“Yes - do you remember how they made us practice - even though we had our combats on, we still only practised with dummies!”

“Yes, and even then all the guys were making those coarse remarks! I never thought I’d have to do it, and especially not stark, bollock naked..... Anyway, thanks, I’m getting warmer.”

Well, we kind of got to sleep - but the bed was so narrow that Joe had to stay spooned up to me, and he kept one of his arms draped over my ribs with his hand resting on my belly. I put my arm down over his, and we just lay there. I woke up at some point with a raging hard on - I’d been dreaming about Tina, I suppose, and Joe must have been in the same state - as well as the warmth of his body all along mine, I could feel something especially warm and hard pushing at my ass crack!

It was a bit uncomfortable, and I wondered what to do. I suppose I could have woken him up and told him to lose it, but it’s not that easy, is it? My own cock showed no sign of going down, so why should Joe’s? Joe needed to sleep, to build his strength again, and I wondered what to do. I lay there absolutely still, afraid to move at all in case my body brushing his cock would trigger a reaction and he’d wake up. Then I had an idea.... ever so carefully I shifted around and lifted my leg, so that his cock stopped stabbing at the crack between my muscular arse cheeks, and instead slid between my thighs. I lowered my leg, and Joe gave a little contented sigh. Actually, so did I - feeling his hard softness, the warmth, of his dick nestling in that incredibly soft skin right at the top of my thighs felt fantastic.

It was Joe who woke up first - his hand slid down my belly and brushed against my erect cock. In his half-waking state - so he told me afterwards - he thought it was his own cock and started to stroke it for a wank! He’d been at it for four or five strokes before he began to get scared - he could feel cock in his palm, but there were no sensations from his cock! Then he realised it was mine, and jerked back in horror. That caused his own cock to pull out from between my thighs, and the combined feeling of having my cock stroked and my sensitive areas interfered with caused me to wake up.

“Sorry...”, I heard him mumbling, and as I always did I on waking, I reached down and felt my own cock - I was surprised to find the head ‘skinned back and a little bit of pre-cum on the tip. Even when I’ve been having incredibly erotic dreams I usually have to wank myself a bit before that happens.

“Hey, it’s OK. Everything’s different in the morning. I knew you’d see sense in the cold light of day...”

“No, Bill. I’m not sure about last night. I was sorry for.... Oh, it doesn’t matter...”

“Sorry for what, mate?”

“Look, I toughed your cock, OK? I wanked you three or four times before I realised it wasn’t my own... I... Well, it felt like mine....”

I felt a big grin spreading over my face. This was almost like a farce. I turned over in the narrow bed to face him, and he could see me smiling.

“Well, I think that makes us about even then, doesn’t it? I had to fuck you, but you didn’t have to wank me! Are we still best mates? You’re not mad at me still, are you?”

He smiled back. “No, Bill, I guess we’re in this together.”

As he moved, our cocks touched, and we both jerked, reflexively. “We’d better get out and piss, though”, he went on, now laughing, to change the mood. “...before we start getting ideas.... Your Tina’s a lucky girl, having a cock like that to play with... You can tell her I said so!”

“Only if you’ll persuade he to let me take her up the arse for a bit of a change”, I joked back, and I knew the problems of the previous day were forgotten - we were back to being two blokes together again, two tough warriors, ready to face whatever they threw at us.

I got out and pissed, with that agonising slowness at first as I squeezed the piss out of my erect cock, but it soon subsided and I hosed my usual overnight stuff down the hole. Then Joe came over and did the same, then we both went back and sat next to each other on the edge of the bed, using the blanket to cover our bodies as best we could to keep warm.

The guards brought us a bowl of the disgusting biscuit stuff that was all we’d had to eat since we arrived at this place, and we were both scrupulous in trying to make the other eat a bigger portion - I thought Joe needed it after his ordeal, and he wanted me to have it. We were only given the tiny pouches again, and I couldn’t help noticing the guards watching us, fascinated, as we struggled to pack our cocks and balls into them as best we could.

It was amazingly warm in the corridor after the icy cold of our cell, and by the time we got up to ground level we’d both stopped shivering.

All that day we had to run an assault course - over and over again, climbing walls, swinging from tress, crawling on our bellies under wire and through mud-filled tubes. We’d done this in training hundreds of times, of course, but here it was different: for one thing, we had no uniforms to protect us - the sun beat down on us, and a lot of stuff scratched at us as we ran and worked away. I was glad of the G-string, though, as I couldn’t imagine how we’d have done

any of the crawling with our cocks and balls trailing loose. And for another, it wasn't the drill sergeant screaming at us if we weren't fast enough - the guards dotted around the course all had those kind of cattle prod things, and if we didn't do it right, or weren't quick enough, there wasn't a shout but a stab of pain. Actually, that does encourage you more, and I don't think that even the fiercest drill sergeant would have had us doing the sixth circuit as fast as the first.

We were completely exhausted (even with being allowed a break at the hottest part of the day when we lay, panting and sweating, under the shade of a tree) by the time the sun eventually started to set and we were led back indoors.

It was a relief to be able to have a good, hot shower even though we both stung as the soap went into all the little scratched and abrasions that covered our bodies, and afterwards we wolfed down the food they bought - still the same biscuit stuff, and still in a shared bowl. Then we were given tiny shorts to wear - so low-cut that my pubic hair came over the waistband and I knew my ass crack was exposed - and they led us off up the stairs to the room the Arab guy used.

MOHAMMED

I was glad that my scheme to use the bed and the air-conditioning seemed to be so successful. The blond one seemed really pissed off at the dark one initially, and I watched with interest as the dark one tried to help his companion, and was so rebuffed. There's something intensely erotic about the sight of a tall, strong, totally naked man bending over another on a bed, don't you think?

It was amusing to see the dark one sitting there shivering with the cold, and then ultimately succumbing to the need to feel the warmth of another body against his in the cold chamber. And I stopped the video and re-played it several times in amusement, at the point at which the fair one inadvertently stated to masturbate the cock of his companion.

My reasons for having them worked so hard during the say should of course be obvious - I wanted them to build bodies that were even stronger and leaner than they already had from their training in the UK forces, and with my people keeping a strict control over the amount of slave chow they were given there would remain no trace of fat anywhere on them - I like my slaves to be sinewy and in peak condition if I am going to use them for display. And although I had not yet decided precisely how I would use these slaves after I had collected on my bet (as I did not now doubt that they would "break" and come under my complete control), I was fairly certain that however they would be used those magnificent bodies must be on view. If a man owns slaves with perfect physiques I believe he owes it to his fellow men to ensure that the slaves are displayed for their delight. Of course, they would need certain modifications first, but that was on my agenda for the next two weeks.

However, going back to my thoughts, the second reason for having them work so hard was so that they would be tired when they were brought before me each day - a man who is physically

exhausted, however tough he is mentally, finds it more difficult to keep his thoughts focussed on resistance, and it becomes easier and easier to accept the inevitable.

That was also the reason why I had them clothed in the tiny shorts - a man who is made to strip by a powerful master comes more quickly to the realisation that he is in that master's power. If his is forcibly stripped and dragged nude into the master's presence he can always believe that it was the superior force of the guards who did it to him. But if he has to take the humiliating step of stripping himself, he can have no such defence in his mind and it is another small step on his way to total domination and enslavement. Nevertheless, it was also important for the slaves to understand that their bodies were in future to be objects of pleasure for other men, and so the shorts were not designed to conceal their bodies to any great extent. They were made of one of the new "elastic" fabrics so that they clung to the contours of the men's bodies, and the tailor's art had been used to place the seams so that at the back the shorts clearly delineated their ass cracks, and at the front, it as almost as if a "pouch" had been set in so that their cocks and balls were given enormous prominence. They were cut so low that they rested well below the men's hipbones, and however much they tried to tug them up, there was insufficient fabric so that the top part of their ass cracks were revealed, and at the front their pubic hair (which I had not yet ordered to be trimmed) bushed out over the waistband.

I kept the guards with the men waiting outside my chamber, as it was also important not to let them know that they were one of the most important things that I had to do. The art of breaking slaves is composed of many small, subtle steps, and by keeping them there in the corridor, conscious of their semi-naked state as others passed them by, they would begin to realise that although their fate was the highest priority for them, it clearly did not rank as such for me.

When I did let them in, I had their right ankles chained to one of the places in the floor, then ordered the guards to leave. Again, one of my subtle steps - they would begin to understand that I did not feel the need of guards, even when in the presence of two trained British Army killers. That would shake their self-esteem and move them, inexorably, a little closer to being totally dominated and controlled.

BILL

We had to stand in the corridor for at least half an hour - although without a watch it's difficult to know exactly. What on earth could the fucker be doing?

It was pretty humiliating, actually - the guards were really smartly dressed, and most of the people who came along the corridor were in "Western" style clothes, and good ones, at that. They looked at Joe and me as we stood there in those ridiculous tight white shorts, showing off most of our bodies anyway. Still, I expect they were envious of our physique - most of them looked fat and lazy, not like us!

When we did go in eventually the Arab snapped some commands at the guards and they pulled up little panels in the floor and got out ankle cuffs on short chains - I felt the cold steel snap around my right leg, and I saw they did the same to Joe too, and then the guards left.

“So here you are again, slaves”, the Arab began.

I was all for waiting to see what was going to happen, but Joe blurted out “Once again, we’re not slaves, we’re prisoners of war. Please let us speak to the British ambassador, or the International Red Cross.....”

The Arab just laughed, and sat there, looking at us. Then he said, very quietly, “Do not be so tedious, slave. Remember what happened to you last night, when I thrashed you, and then your companion fucked you. That is what happens to slaves, not to free men. Now, for my continued amusement, let’s think about what you are going to do tonight. But first, both of you take off those ridiculous shorts - whatever it is we do will require your cocks and arses to be completely accessible!”

Well, I guess I’d have done it. He’d had us stripped the night before, after all, and he could have called those guards back in at any time. And, in any case, the fucking shorts didn’t conceal much. But Joe raps out “No! I’m not stripping. You have no right to humiliate prisoners of war....”

The Arab gets up from his chair, and picks up the long cane he used yesterday on Joe’s ar se. He walks towards us, tapping it up and down in the palm of his hand, and stands looking at us, saying nothing. Then he walks around behind us, and the next moment I’m screaming and find myself on the floor - the fucker has hit me so hard across the shoulders that the unexpectedness of it, the force of the blow, and the sheer pain, throw me completely off my guard. It only takes a moment for me to recover, though, and I go to lash out at him - but he’s leapt back, and my body is stopped by the chain. I reach my hands up and over my shoulders, and I can feel a big weal rising on the skin of my back.

“You will remember I explained to you my ‘buddy’ principle”, the Arab is saying calmly to Joe, who’s looking at me in horror. “Your insolent remark to me results in your buddy being punished. I can assure you that a blow across the shoulder blades like that is even more painful than one on the arse, as there is so little muscle to cushion the shock.”

“Wouldn’t you agree?”, he continues, looking at me.

I don’t actually say anything, but Joe can tell from the way I’m still clutching at myself that it’s giving me hell.

“Anyway, now do as I commanded, and shuck those shorts. Then both of you kneel, feet together, knees apart, hands clasped behind your back, and heads properly bowed - you had better learn this position, as you will be using it frequently a it is one of those that slaves use when they are waiting for commands form their owners.”

I suppose we could have carried on defying him, but chained to the floor like that there’s not a lot you can do really - an opponent can always feint in for a blow at you, then dart away out of range. I could see Joe thinking the same as me, and almost simultaneously we both put our

thumbs under the waistband of our shorts and push them down to the ground, where they lie on the floor, around the chain.

You feel so fucking exposed when you're kneeling like that - your cock and balls are all on show, and having your hands behind your back makes you feel even more vulnerable. The marble of the floor felt cool against my knees at first, and then it started to hurt - there's not much "padding" on the knees, is there, and making them take your weight on a hard surface quickly gets uncomfortable.

The Arab walks around us, as if he's inspecting us, then starts off "I've been wondering what little entertainment you men can perform for me tonight, but I did particularly enjoy the sight of the dark one fucking the light one yesterday."

Oh no, I think to myself, here it comes - now it's going to be my turn. He's going to make Joe fuck me. But he went on "Yes, the sight of those big strong buttocks thrusting away was quite arousing - somehow having a darker, more swarthy man fucking a paler, fair man is so much more primeval, don't you think? Somehow it's so much more bestial. In fact, I enjoyed it so much, I require a repeat performance."

My spirits lifted immediately when I heard this - I wasn't going to get fucked! But then I thought of poor Joe, and how he must be feeling, and I calmed down.

"Right, you, the fair one", the Arab goes on, "Masturbate yourself. And you, the dark one, go and kneel in front of your companion and be sure to catch his ejaculate."

"NO!", Joe starts, and immediately the Arab, who's standing behind us, brings the cane down again hard across my shoulders, and I pitch forward and lie there sprawled on my belly."

"We can continue like this all night", the Arab tells him. "But, as he lies there, look at your companion's upper back and shoulders. Are you proud of what you have caused to happen to him? Now, as I commanded you, masturbate yourself - there's no shame in it, as we're all men here and we all know that we all masturbate. And even if you are embarrassed at performing in this way in front of your companion, there is no shame in doing so in front of me - remember I am your owner, I own every part of that body of yours, and so there can be no shame in using it in a way in which I command."

Poor old Joe. I could see he was going through mental agonies. He really didn't want to wank himself, but the Arab truly did hold all the cards. I saw him bring his left hand around to the front, and start to stroke his cock.

"You", the Arab snapped, looking down at me, still lying there, "If you don't want him punished, remember my order to you - kneel in front of him, ready to collect his ejaculate."

It was awful. I had to kneel in front of Joe who was wanking away, and I was so close I could see the sheen of sweat that had broken out over his body, and hear the "slap, slap, slap" sound

as his thumb hit his flange as he worked away. He kept his head right down, not because he needed to look to see what he was doing, but because he didn't want to look into my eyes.

"Be sure not to spill a drop of that semen", the Arab told us. "You, the fair one, had better warn your companion when you're about to shoot. And you, the dark one, get ready to catch it all - your friend is making you a gift of his seed, and it would be discourteous to reject any of it."

I could hear Joe's breathing getting harder and harder, then he muttered "Oh, Jesus Christ, here it comes...."

Just in time I reached out and held kind of cupped my hands together in front of his cockhead. His warm, wet spunk shot into me and I could feel it over my palms and my fingers, and that special smell we all know rose to my nose. Joe carried on jerking himself for a moment, and then knelt there, perfectly still, his head bent in shame.

I didn't like having my hands full of his spunk, and my own cock was semi-erect for some reason. We both just knelt there, wondering what was going to happen next.

"Good", the Arab said. "Now, how shall we arrange things? It was interesting to have the fair one stretched over my 'horse' yesterday and chained down, but do you think that it's time you learned to take cock properly? Do you want to be chained down again, slave, or can you take your companion's cock as a real man would?"

"I'm not a dog, to be chained up!", Joe cried out. Well, it was a pretty stupid thing to say, wasn't it, as that's exactly like how we were already, chained there to the floor by our ankles?

"I'll take that as a 'no' then", the Arab said, "Although that's the last time I will tolerate insolent language from you tonight. I will forgive that outburst as I think you're under pressure from what you have just done, and from what you know lies ahead. But I allow only a small margin of error to my slaves, and if you are not properly respectful again, your companion will suffer."

"So position yourself so that your companion can prepare you - continue kneeling, but bend right forward so that your shoulders touch the ground."

Very slowly, I thought, Joe did as he was told, and his arse swelled in front of me and I saw his cock and balls swing helplessly between his thighs.

The Arab didn't say anything to me, but simply gestured at me to begin - I remembered what I'd had to do yesterday, and crawled towards Joe.

As I knelt there beside him I could see the sheen of sweat all along his back, and as I gently started to push my forefinger into his hole I could hear Joe kind of giving a low moan, and his body moved forward, as if he was trying to get away from me.

I knew he'd been hurt by my cock yesterday, so I tried to do the very best job I could of relaxing and lubing his hole - I moved my finger all around, then put two in and gently stretched, and all the time I rested my other hand on Joe's spine and made kind of soothing noises. I felt really ashamed as I realised my own cock was fully erect as I worked away - I could feel it swing around in front of me as I massaged Joe, and I wondered why I was getting so aroused at playing with my best mate's hole - Christ, blokes don't do this, do they?

"Enough, slave", the Arab said to me. He's gone to sit back in his chair, and had been watching us intently. "Now, a nice, strong, hard fuck - I really want to see your body work."

I shuffled on my knees around to get between Joe's legs, then with one hand spread his cheeks and with the other guided my cockhead to that it was resting on his sphincter. Joe moaned again now, but a thrill of excitement went all through me as my cock sent intense messages of anticipation to me as it felt the warmth and texture of his pucker against me. I pushed gently, he moved forward slightly, and I pushed again and he moved forward again....

Well, some kind of reflex takes over, doesn't it? Look, I'm no expert at fucking men's arses, but somehow it just seemed so right to reach down and clasp my hands under Joe's belly and pull him back towards me as I pushed forward with my hips, so that my cock slid into him - I couldn't keep letting him get away from me, could I?

And once I was in, it just felt so fucking marvellous to slide in and out. My body took over completely, and it was just as if my brain wasn't in control. I'll let you into a secret - Tina used to let me take her in the "doggy" position sometimes (not up her arse, of course!), but taking Joe like this was a thousand times better - he was tight, much tighter than her cunt, and fucking another bloke is just... well.... better! Birds expect you to shag them, don't they, but shagging a bloke is a real turn-on: once you've got your cock inside him and your arms around his belly, he's totally in your power.

I slammed in and out of Joe repeatedly, each time harder and faster, as if I was trying to bury myself in him as deep as I could. He was shouting out now as I guess it was really uncomfortable for him, but I didn't care - I just carried on slamming in and out until I threw my head back and screamed, just as I had the previous night, "Oh yes, I'm cumming...."

And then it was all over, and I fell forward onto Joe. He kind of slid his shoulders forward so he was flat on the ground, and I lay on top of him, my cock still buried in his arse. I could feel his racking sobs as he lay prostrate under me. It may seem odd, even callous, but at that moment I didn't care - he wasn't my best mate, who I'd hurt and humiliated. He was just a man, a bloke who'd been used to give me what every man needs- complete satisfaction when he's having sex.

BILL AND JOE, Part 7

BILL

The next day they'd found a new way to exercise us - they took us to a big swimming pool and fitted each of us with cuffs around our ankles that meant that we couldn't move our legs at all. I saw them coming up with those kind of lifejacket things you see kids wearing in pools, but when we were made to put them on we found that far from being made of light plastic foam to help us float, these contained slabs of metal or something. The guards stood there laughing as they zipped the jackets up on us and tied the tapes securely around our waists in some parody of that stuff you see air crew doing every time you get on a plane.

"OK, now you can take that pouch off", we were told, as "You're going for a nice swim, and real men always swim naked."

Joe and I undid the knots holding our pouches up and took them off - I guess that's one advantage a G-string has over conventional shorts: if your legs are lashed together, you can still strip.

The guards were still smiling at us as they then just pushed at us, and Joe and I fell backwards into the water. Even though I'm a strong swimmer (it's part of the mandatory training in the SAS) I panicked when I went in - you're used to being able to kick out with your legs, aren't you? And even if you can't do that, you can just sort of lie there and float. But I couldn't kick out because of the cuffs, and I didn't float - the weighted jacket I'd been given meant that I went deeper and deeper down.

I thrust out with my arms and clawed my way back to the surface, and Joe and I bobbed around, with just our heads out of the water, coughing and spluttering a bit as we continued to work our arms to stay afloat.

"Right!", the guards called out - the fat bastards were standing on the edge, laughing at us as we thrashed away. "Here's today's workout, specially designed to build up your shoulders and arms. You don't get out of there until you've done thirty lengths. So you'd better get started, before you get too tired."

I'd never really swum in the nude before, and actually the water felt good around my cock and balls, but I wasn't really able to appreciate it! This wasn't just exercise - this was almost like a struggle for survival! Even though I'm very fit and a strong swimmer, I'd have been hard pushed at the best of times to do thirty lengths, and now, needing to use only my arms, it seemed to be almost impossible.

The fucking pool didn't even have a "shallow end" - if either Joe or I stopped working away for a moment we'd go under completely, and if we tried to stop and rest against the sides, the guards came over to where we were and threatened to stamp on our fingers as they frantically scrabbled at the smooth stone of the pool's edge.

I think Joe is a stronger swimmer than me, actually, and it was only my determination to keep up with him that kept me going. Even so, I must have swallowed gallons of the pool water as my head kept going under. When they finally pulled us out we both lay there on the edge, totally naked, flopping around like a couple of dying fish as we struggled to breathe and to give our arms some relief from the agonising exercise they'd had to do.

You'd have thought that that would be enough, wouldn't you? They did allow us to rest during the hottest part of the day, and left us chained by our ankles to the railings around the pool area - we'd been "exercised" in a special closed session, it seems, as later on the brightly-coloured loungers and seats around the area filled with men and women just out for a leisurely swim and a sunbathe. They simply ignored Joe and me as if we didn't exist, and the contrast between us two big guys, chained there totally naked, and the "normal" folk swimming, relaxing, and sipping cooling drinks really made us feel as if we were less than nothing. Funny, though: even after the horrors of the morning I'd have given almost anything for a little leisurely dip later on as the temperature rose - even though we were in the shade, seeing others splashing around in the pool really makes you want to do the same, doesn't it?

They'd invented a new way of making sure our legs were exercised, too. That afternoon we were allowed to put our tiny pouches on again and then the guards unchained us from the pool railings and led us around to the front of the building. There was a Land Rover there with a driver, and the guards got a couple of chains out of the back of it that they coupled to the rear of it. They bought the other ends of the chains over to Joe and I as we stood there, put collars around our necks, and locked the chains to the collars.

"Right, guys - a late afternoon run!", we were told. "Ahmed's not going to drive fast, but he's not going to stop, either - this is a sort of endurance exercise for you. Five miles out, and five mile back. Here...."

From the back of the Land Rover our army boots were produced, and the guards watched as we put them on. "The desert's hot, and there are lots of sharp stones, and your owner doesn't want your feet damaged", the guard told us. "I read in one of the news magazines that you British soldiers are trained to run in full uniform, so this should be easy for you in just your boots and those light strings!"

Well, we are trained like that, of course. But not to run ten miles after we've been working to the limit of our ability all morning. And, to tell you the truth, I felt fucking ridiculous standing there in my big black boots and a ridiculous tiny satin pouch that barely covered my cock and left my arse totally bare!

Well, to his credit, the Land Rover driver didn't go too fast - his pace just varied from a very fast jog to a mild sprint. But he never stopped, and he went over all sorts of terrain - we ran up and down gentle hills, through sand (you try it: it's the most difficult running of all, as you can't get proper purchase and it really does your muscles in), and over areas strewn with tiny pebbles and rocks so we had to keep a constant watch on where our feet were going. And all the time we were terrified of tripping and falling - even if we'd been able to grab the chain with

our hands to stop us being choked to death, we'd have been cut to pieces as it dragged us over the inhospitable terrain.

The driver only allowed us five minutes at the half way point, though - he kept pointing at his watch and saying "home for dinner!" - the bastard! He just didn't give a toss about us.

It's amazing, isn't it, how fantastic a shower feels when you're totally exhausted? Joe and I just stood there under the water jets, trying to cool our bodies and wash away some of the ache. They took us back to our cell then - the one with the bed in it, and gave us a bowl of the biscuit things that seemed to be our only food, to share. Joe and I kept trying to push more of the food at the other, as we were both so hungry and yet we were concerned about the other. And then we smiled at each other when we saw what we were doing, and agreed to eat the stuff slowly, each taking one of the bite-sized pieces in turn from the bowl. We must have looked a sight - sitting there on the edge of a bed, naked except for our big boots, and sharing a bowl of stuff: it almost reminded me of people sharing popcorn at the cinema.

The guards came and gave us the tiny shorts to put on, and we were taken back to wait outside the same room as the night before. We stood there, embarrassed as hell, waiting to see what was going to happen next.

MOHAMMED

I was very pleased by the way that their exercises were toning their bodies even more than they were already: however fit a man is, I still believe that when you put him in fear of his life he can find inner reserves of strength and can go "the extra mile" - and when you're exercising, it's that bit that's just beyond your limits that really builds new strength and muscle.

I watched on the closed-circuit as they sat there, side by side, picking at the slave chow, and wondered what was going through their minds. Both of them must by now be thinking that I was going to fuck the dark one, or have the blond one fuck him, surely. But they didn't seem to talk about it, so I called over the intercom for the guards to bring them to stand and wait outside my chamber.

BILL

As we stood there with the passers-by looking at us, Joe whispered to me "Bill, I expect it will be your turn tonight, mate. Look, if he makes me fuck you, I'll try to be gentle. And if he decides to fuck you, just hang in there - it's pretty awful at first as a cock goes into you, but you do get used to it."

"Thanks a lot! But what makes you think he's going to let us get away with being gentle? Look, Joe, if he's thrashing you and you're in danger of getting seriously hurt, just do what you have to. Remember, it's survival at all costs, OK?"

"But you're my mate, Bill. I can't hurt you on purpose.... Look, wriggle and scream and so on, but I'll be as gentle as I can. Let's try and minimise the pain and damage to both of us."

Actually, I didn't like this conversation at all. I knew that what Joe was saying was true - I must be going to get fucked, and I didn't fancy it one little bit. But if that bastard was trying to 'break' us, turn us from being members of the SAS into some sort of pussy wimps, then I suppose he was going to have me fucked at some point. I thought on and on, and there didn't seem to be any way of avoiding it. In a way, I wished he'd order it and get it over with - I just couldn't deal with Joe like this, knowing his cock was going to be up me at some point.

We waited and waited, and I felt worse and worse - it was like when you're waiting to go into battle, for the signal to be given. Even though you're not really afraid, and you know it will be all right once you get started, the anticipation makes your heart race and your body sweat. Well, that was how I felt now.

It was better when the waiting was actually over and we were let into the room. The Arab was sitting there as usual, and he simply watched as the guards chained us to the floor by the cuffs around our ankles again. Once the guards had left he looked at us and said "You know the form - lose those shorts."

Well there wasn't any point in getting caned, as there, so Joe and I did as he'd said.

"Right, gentlemen! I really enjoyed the performance last night. So much so that I have decided..."

Oh no, I thought, here it comes! My turn now! Sweat broke out all over me as I wondered how I was going to react when I had to go on all fours so Joe's cock could go up my arse.

"...that I have decided that I want to see a repeat performance. Now, you, the blond one - kneel as you did last night and prepare to spill your seed as a lubricant. And you, the dark one, kneel in front of him to catch it as you did last night."

Oh thank Christ! Saved again. I felt my body start to relax. But the Arab was still speaking.

"No, I think I'll have one small variation - you, the blond one - keep your hands clasped behind your back. And you, the dark one - you can do all the work tonight. Masturbate him, be sure to catch all his seed, then lubricate him well..."

"Sir, please, sir.... Please don't make me do that. Joe - the blond one - is my best friend. Please don't make me masturbate him. It's disgusting - mates don't do that..."

The guy didn't even hesitate. He got out of his set in one smooth motion, and brought his cane down hard over Joe's back as he knelt there. Joe cried out, and I realised it was no good - he'd hit Joe as I'd dared to question him.

I knelt there in front of Joe and whispered "Sorry, mate...", then reached down and took his cock in my hand. I'd only ever felt another guy's cock once before, when I covered up my "accident" by wanking Joe, and it still felt so odd in my palm: silky and warm. And even as

these thoughts went through my head, I felt it go stiff and hard to my touch. Very slowly and carefully I started to move my hand up and down Joe's shaft, and as I looked at him I saw Joe's eyes close - he didn't want to have to look at me as I did this to him. I think it was a relief for both of us when Joe gave a little shudder, a moan escaped his lips, and I felt my hand fill with his warm cum.

The Arab had one more idea that night, too - Joe was told to lie on his back and pull his legs up and back and clasp his ankles. As I knelt there I could see the darker skin of his exposed pucker showing through the thin blond hair in his ass crack.

"Right, get to it!", the Arab commanded me, fingering his cane tentatively in his hand, and I looked down, shrugged apologetically, and started to ease a finger up Joe to spread his cum as a lubricant.

Actually, I enjoyed that first time I fucked in the missionary position - Look, I know Joe's my best mate and everything, but sometimes your body's instincts take over, don't they? Once my cock was in him and I started to fuck him, I couldn't help but notice the correlation between the expression on Joe's face and the way I was fucking: and the more I noticed it, the more I changed my stroke to watch the effect. It was incredible how I could make him relax, or screw his face up, just by going into him deeper, or harder, or both. I think the Arab saw what I was doing, because a faint smile started to play over his face as he watched us.

Just as I was about to cum and I could feel my body tightening for the climactic moment the Arab called out for me to pull out of Joe. I did as he said, and knelt there, my whole body heaving from my efforts and my cock rigidly out in front of me.

"Now, fuck him again, until you're about to cum. But don't cum in him - I want to see the volume of cum you produce. So when you start to feel your climax, pull out and shoot along the blond one's body", he commanded. "If you fail in this, both of you will be caned."

Joe gave a little groan as I entered him again, but he was so loose now that it can't have been all that bad for him - in fact, it's a bit of a let-down, isn't it, to go up a bloke like that? You need a nice strong grip on your cock, and when the bloke's already relaxed, it just isn't as good for you. Still, I'd been on the verge of cumming, so it now only took a couple of minutes before my back arched. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the Arab grip his cane, and at the last moment I pulled my hips right back. There was that little "plop" noise as my cock popped out of Joe's hole, and I knelt there between his legs and watched a big trail of my cum appear all along his belly and chest. I knelt there, panting, and Joe lifted his head and looked along his body to see my seed glistening there on him. I thought he was going to cry out in shame or disgust, or something, and silently prayed that he'd keep his cool - I didn't want that Arab bastard thrashing me just because Joe didn't like a bit of cum on him!

The Arab stood up and looked down at us. He peered at Joe's body, muttered "Excellent! An impressive flow!", then picked up the phone and called the guards in.

We were taken back to our cell without even being allowed to put our shorts on, and Joe brushed frantically at his chest and belly to try to somehow get rid of my cum from his body - but all he did, of course, was to spread it out: I could see it making all the hairs in his treasure trail and the thin thatch on his pecs get plastered onto his body.

Joe stood there, looking at me, and I looked back. "You bastard", he said to me.

"What do you mean?"

"You enjoyed that, didn't you? You enjoyed fucking me?"

"No, Joe.... Of course not.... Do you think I'm a queer or something? Haven't we been mates for years, and I've never touched you....? Anyway, what choice do I have? If I don't fuck you when the Arab says, he'll just cane you until you can hardly move..."

"Yes, Bill, but I saw that look in your face - you enjoyed it!"

"NO, Joe. You know me.... I've got Tina at home...."

"Well I've always wondered about that! At least I got married, and had kids.... I don't know about you!"

"Shut the fuck up, Joe! Look, I hated it, right? I don't want to fuck your arse! I don't want to fuck anyone's arse! But what are we supposed to do?"

Fortunately he shut up, and got into bed, and as the cell was cold I got in next to him. The heady smell of my cum mixed with his sweat was almost overpowering, and as we lay there in silence, I really enjoyed having his hard, masculine body pressed into mine. And, of course, I had enjoyed it - I'd enjoyed the feel of his arse gripping my cock and titillating my cock head; I'd enjoyed seeing his face as I varied my stroke; I'd enjoyed shooting my cum all over his body. But most of all I'd enjoyed the incredible rush of power that came to me as he lay underneath me, my cock rammed right up his arse: that was what was so much better and so very different from when I'd fucked my girl friend - I'd never dominated and controlled her as I then did Joe. Well, I suppose she was even more helpless in one way, as I was so much bigger and more powerful than she was, but there's no pleasure in that, is there? No, Joe was like me: tough, strong, powerful.... and having him on my cock was the way it should be - one man totally submitting to another.

MOHAMMED

I saw the look on the dark one's face as he fucked his friend, and then humiliated him by spraying his seed all over the man's body. I felt that I was getting somewhere - the dark one was discovering things about himself that he never thought possible: I recognised some of those traits from my own character, as I like to be in charge and dominate and control, and in the dark one's body language and the way in which he hardly considered his friend lying impaled underneath him, I saw some of my own nature.

This, I was sure, was the secret of breaking him - show him that he was a totally different person to the man he appeared to be in public. His public face was of a tough, virile member of the SAS, obeying orders and "fighting for freedom". But underneath the veneer of civilisation, he was a predator - a sexual predator, with a cock demanding satisfaction. He'd never been allowed to show that side of him before - indeed, I doubted that he really recognised that he had it in his nature to be like that. Or perhaps he did, and, like so many men who are afraid of their true selves, he hid it. I'd seen his file now and I knew that, unlike the blond one, he had not married and sired offspring although he was said to be involved with a woman. I suspected that, even if he did not know it or even admit it to himself, he secretly wanted to control men sexually and simply hid this by appearing to go with women.

Of course once he had recognised this in himself I'd need to show him that I was even stronger and more powerful than he was, and much more capable of dominating and controlling other men. Once he'd acknowledged his own needs for control, once I'd then demonstrated that I was even stronger and more powerful than he was (although not physically, obviously), he'd break. And once he'd broken, I could be sure of collecting my prize.

For the next ten days therefore I ordered that the same daily regime should continue: the men were harshly exercised so that they were in fear of their lives if they failed. They were exhibited wearing just their boots and the tiny pouch that barely concealed their genitalia, to humiliate them. They were kept just on the wrong side of hunger so their hard-working bodies were constantly craving food (although my men were careful to ensure they had just sufficient to maintain their strength and body tone). And every night they were brought to my chamber so that the dark one could fuck the fair one.

At first I gave the dark one explicit directions, telling him to masturbate his companion, selecting the position they should adopt, and so on. But by day eight, when they were just kneeling in front of me, I simply looked at him and said "Begin!"

He reached down for the blond one's cock and began to masturbate it. He ordered his friend to lie on his back and raise his legs. And he fucked away with a determination that I have rarely seen, especially not on a man who is supposed to be doing this against his will! At the end, when his semen was covering his friend's body, he continued to kneel there, and when he turned to look at me his whole expression was one of triumph - it was as if he couldn't prevent his facial muscles from saying "See, this is how a real man behaves."

I was amused to see that the blond one still did not appear to be enjoying it much, but when I reviewed the tapes taken secretly in their cell, he did not appear to complain as he had on that first occasion - perhaps he recognised that it was futile.

A business meeting in London called me away at that point, and I wondered whether to have one of my overseers "stand in" for me and have the men perform in front of him. But whilst I gave orders for their physical training to continue during the day, I decided to make no plan for their sexual activity, and would instead see what happened.

BILL

We sat in our cell as usual and waited and waited. We'd got used to the feeling of exhaustion from working so hard all day and then having to fuck, and, to tell you the truth, I really enjoyed it. Somehow ending a day of nightmare exercise with a really good fuck put a kind of end to it - when we got back into our cell I always fell into a deep sleep very quickly and never woke up during the night or anything with worry.

As the time went on Joe seemed to kind of brighten up a bit, but I was getting frustrated - my cock was beginning to stir as it looked forward to its nightly exercise. After what must have been a couple of hours Joe finally said "Well, I guess they're not coming for us tonight! Thank Christ for that, Bill."

He stood up and pushed off the hateful "display" shorts, and climbed into the bed. He lay there on his back, smiling and really looking cheerful.

My cock sprang to attention as I pushed my shorts off and climbed in with him - it was, after all, cold in the cell and there was no way either of us could spend the night almost naked and not in the bed. I saw Joe looking at my cock, then he turned over on to his side to face the wall, to give me more room, I suppose.

I lay on my back, feeling the warmth of him down the right hand side of my body, but I just couldn't get to sleep. My cock was rock solid and my balls were aching, and I just knew that I wasn't going to get to sleep unless I had some relief. So I reached down and started to stroke my cock, sensuously sliding my 'skin on and off the head, and enjoying the start of a long, slow jerk-off.

"For fuck's sake, Bill!". Joe sounded almost indignant. "You're jerking yourself off, aren't you?"

I was so surprised at his tone that all I could do was just say "Yes...." In a kind of questioning tone.

"Look, it's bad enough that you are made to fuck me and jerk me off every night. Have the decency to just sleep when they let us off for a night."

"Oh, come on, Joe - it's only natural. And I can't sleep without cumming. And if I can't sleep, I don't think I can get through tomorrow..."

"Look, I had to lie in those barracks listening to you wanking every night. That was bad enough. Then to have you fuck me all the time.... It's not right. I don't need a naked bloke next to me in bed about to shoot cum everywhere. We're not animals, you know - we can control ourselves! Just get to sleep for once, without playing with your cock, will you?"

I tried to lighten the mood a bit, by saying "You sound just like Tina...."

“I know you think it’s funny. But it isn’t. I don’t want your vile cum on me again. I don’t want your cock touching me, I don’t even want to be in bed naked with you, but I have no choice...”

“Hey, Joe, we’re supposed to be mates...”

“Yes. And mates don’t fuck each other, or wank each other, or...”

“But you know I’m only doing that because we’re made to - I’m trying to stop you getting beaten...”

“No you aren’t, Bill.... You’re bloody well enjoying it! I thought that the other night. If you ask me, you like fucking my arse. These last nights you haven’t even waited for the Arab to order you to start... You can hardly wait!”

The fact that he was probably right didn’t improve my temper. I could feel myself getting angry at him for being so stupid - after all, what does it hurt really to have sex with another guy, especially when you’re both friends?

“Oh come on, Joe... It’s not that bad...”

“It is!”

“No it isn’t.... Look, blokes have been fucking each other for thousands of years. It’s hardly unnatural or anything...”

I rolled over to my side and kind of spooned myself against his arse then, as I wanted to put my arm around him to show him that we were still friends. But he angrily tried to push me away.

“Leave me alone.... “

“Hey, Joe, I was only trying....”

“You were trying to fuck me! I can feel your cock stabbing at me.”

He was right again. My cock was so painful it was straining so hard. And as I lay against him it had naturally kind of nestled into the warm, moist crack between his arse cheeks.

“Oh come on, Joe... Look, I’ve been wanking you all week. Why don’t you wank me, for a change? Perhaps that will make you feel better...”

“No. Just leave me alone.”

Well, he was really pissing me off now. I was trying to be nice and considerate to him, and all he could do was whine on. I’m a pretty hot tempered guy actually - I suppose that’s one of the reasons why they never made me a sergeant - and my sexual frustration combined with my feelings of anger to just push me over the edge.

I threw my arm over his body and grabbed at his cock - he was erect just as I was, I found, so a lot of this stuff he was saying was bullshit anyway.

“Get off me I said....” and as he shouted this he made the mistake of grabbing hold of my arm, and that caused my fight reflexes to cut in. The next moment we were grappling at each other, our naked bodies thrashing around on the bed and our arms and legs all interlocked as we struggled for advantage.

In the SAS you have to do a lot of practice fighting with the other men in your platoon and they teach you to pull your punches and so on so that you don't injure - or kill - your mates. They want you to feel the way the other bloke's body moves, so that you're ready for real combat, but clearly they can't have a mass of injuries and deaths in training. I guess all this conditioning actually works, as although we were fighting “for real”, both of us just stopped ourselves from damaging the other.

I've got about ten pounds on Joe and when you're both evenly matched that makes that vital bit of difference, and after what seemed hours of combat but which probably only lasted a couple of minutes, I had him in a “Nelson” and he was helpless. My cock was rock hard, and as our sweaty bodies were pressed tight together as I held him helpless, I managed to kick his legs open. It was almost as if my cock head was equipped with radar - I only had to rub myself up and down his arse a couple of times before my cock located his pucker, and I thrust forward and went into him.

Joe screamed a great “No.....”. I almost stopped, as I thought I might be hurting him as he wasn't stretched or lubed, but something in my brain told me that this was really a cry of humiliation and defeat, rather than one of pure pain. He knew this was not sex because I was being made to do it - this was sheer passionate animal sex between two proud males, one of whom had bested the other in a fair fight. The other gets fucked, and there's not a blind thing he can do about it once the victor's cock is holding his arse impaled.

I didn't care - I was in charge. I was in control. The more Joe struggled feebly to break my hold on him and pull away, the more I enjoyed it. The more he screamed and swore at me, the more I was turned on and the harder I stabbed my cock in and out of him. This was what real sex was all about - I was the champion, taking what was mine, the arse of a weaker man, the legitimate spoils of victory.

Amazingly it hardly took any time at all for me to shoot my load, and I stayed inside him, feeling our chests heaving with our exertions and listening to Joe's sobbing cries.

“You bastard, Bill. You utter fucking bastard. You....”

I relaxed my grip around his body, pulled my cock out of him, and pushed him down on to the bed.

“Oh quit whining, Joe. It’s not as if it’s the first time my cock has been up your arse... I don’t know what you’re going on about...”

“You utter bastard. You raped me!”

“Oh come on... Let’s just say I took what was mine.”

He carried on sobbing to himself for some time, but in the narrow bed there was no real way that he could keep himself separate from me and I again spooned up to him, as I wanted to go to sleep enjoying the feel of a naked hard body against mine.

All the same, I did feel a bit uneasy about what had happened - would things ever be quite the same between us?

BILL AND JOE, Part 8

MOHAMMED

I was interested to see the way that the dark one fucked his companion when he had been deprived of the normal "sport" I had arranged for them. Like so many men who have never experienced proper sex he was clearly making up for lost time, and now that he understood the pleasure that was contained in another man's body he seemed determined to make sure he got his "fair share".

It was curious, too, the way the blond one seemed to reject his advances, yet did not truly attempt to prevent the entrance of the dark one's cock. Although I rewound the tape several times and watched the sequence over and over, I remained unconvinced that such a strong, tough man could not have prevented his companion from fucking him if he had really tried. And yet his words, and the way he rejected the man afterwards, seemed to indicate that he hated the sexual experience he was having. It seemed to me that, secretly, he really wanted to be possessed by his companion, and yet the higher levels of his mind could not bring themselves to express that publicly.

It was good that the dark one was a strong, aggressive top and was prepared to use his superb body to get what he wanted, but he needed to learn to be gentle, too: if I chose to use him as a sex toy after he'd finally been broken it would not be acceptable for him to virtually rape the men he was with. And I was worried that the blond one would reject all the advances of other men unless he considered that he had "no choice", as when his strong companion bested him in their wrestling match.

I let them train together the next day, and left them in their cell together for a second night. As I expected, during the day they hardly spoke together and seemed to have lost that bond that men who train and work together develop, especially when they are soldiers and in life-threatening or mission-critical situations. And, of course, the dark one "insisted" on using the blond one for his sexual pleasure for a second night, again, though, only after another tussle between the two resulting in a virtual rape.

Little did they know that I had found a potential way of solving my concerns about their future and at the same time progressing them towards the next stage of "breaking".

I interrupted my busy schedule of discussions and phone calls to

visit the pleasure palace in the city run by my old friend from schooldays, Ahmed. Given the criticality of the breaking of these two men to my future financial well-being, you may wonder why I took time out to satisfy the needs of my body, especially when I have slaves in my own dwelling who can of course serve in my bed. But this visit was not for pleasure - although I did enjoy it - but for business.

Over coffee I explained to Ahmed what I was looking for, and whilst we chatted on, his overseers scurried around rousing the slaves from their sleep - most of Ahmed's business is done in the late afternoon and at night, and he normally allows his slaves to sleep late in the morning before their daily programme of exercise begins. It was amusing to discuss our own school whilst we waited, and we both laughed as we wondered what our oh-so-proper school friends at that grey place in England would think if they could see us now, sitting discussing the merits of particular types of slave. Mind you, Ahmed did tell me that one of the English men who had so looked down at us "filthy Arabs" at school and who loudly accused us of being sodomites had visited his establishment recently - Ahmed had noticed him as he checked in, and had arranged for a video film to be made as he fucked the slave he chose. We laughed as we saw the man's white, flabby buttocks pumping away at the young slave boy he'd selected - evidently he'd missed something at school, and was now taking his pleasures where he had previously denied himself.

I had requested to be shown all the young slaves in the establishment, and when one of his overseers said that all was ready, they were paraded into the room. Ahmed had them all dressed alike in his establishment, in loose-fitting short sleeveless slave smocks that are just long enough to cover their cocks. I had to agree with him that seeing the lads dressed like this was indeed more erotic than having them totally naked - somehow the suggestion of their bodies underneath the thin white material was much more exciting than the bare flesh itself would have been. And, of course, the loose fitting and the very short length anyway makes it easy for you to lift up the smock and examine the body if you wish.

There must have been twenty five or thirty men in the parade, and they had, as I had asked, been arranged in order of their ages. I was not certain that I wanted a very young lad, even if he was experienced, but for my purposes I knew that someone older than about twenty would be unsuitable. As you might expect, there was a huge variety of body types and colours - although Ahmed usually only bought in Europeans and blacks as his clientele did not like Asiatics and Orientals. There was sufficient variety even so, with

very pale fair "Scandinavians" at one end of the spectrum shading through to very dark black at the other.

I initially considered two or three of the older slaves and had them strip off their smocks so we could do a closer visual inspection of them - I particularly liked a very pale redhead who, Ahmed told me, had to be kept out of the sun to maintain his porcelain whiteness. I thought he would be a stunning contrast to the tanned, black-haired slave I was trying to break, and I would get additional pleasure from seeing their two dissimilar bodies intertwined. But, on the other hand, he had lost that "youthfulness" I thought I needed, and was already showing the signs of early adulthood in his thicker neck and muscled belly.

It was extremely hard, and I spent a lot of time discussing with Ahmed, who has a deep understanding of the urge that drives men to fuck others, which would be right for my purposes. All the time, though, I couldn't help noticing that one of the slaves at the far left was smiling and almost hopping around from foot to foot in impatience. At first, it was distracting, and I pointed it out to Ahmed suggesting that the lad should be taken out and whipped to teach him to behave properly.

"Oh no, Mo", he told me. "The lad's only been here a month, as he's only just turned sixteen. He can't believe how lucky he is to have been sold to me, as he has a real talent for pleasing men, and really enjoys his work. He's already a firm favourite with my clients, and he has a bright future - it's just that he's so enthusiastic: I expect he thinks you're a client - an important client - selecting a slave for a morning's pleasure, and he's so eager to be chosen. You are pretty handsome, you know, and I expect he wants to go down on your cock..."

I was intrigued, I suppose, so said "Let me take a closer look at him then...", and Ahmed called out for the lad to shuck his smock and approach us. As he came across the floor he had that lithe, boyish grace of the gazelle, that young men so often lose as they get older. He was about five foot ten and well proportioned in his body generally, and his black hair showed up his fair skin well. He did however have a cock that was on the large size, and this was hung over very low-hanging balls.

He stood in front of us, his chest rising and falling, and I could see all his muscles twitching as if he was impatient to begin - and all the time he was smiling impishly.

"Erect for me, slave", I told him, and the lad just stood there, his smile turning to bewilderment.

Ahmed laughed and repeated my command in Arabic. He and I, as members of the educated class, always used English, or French, as you'd expect. "The lad has no English", he told me, as he's a poor Egyptian that I bought from his parents. Is that a problem for you?

"Actually I suppose it isn't - I don't think my soldier speaks anything other than English, as you'd expect from a low-level person in the British Army, and it will suit my purposes better if they can only communicate with their bodies."

The lad had quickly erected himself, and as I held out my hand, palm up in that universal gesture that tells a slave a master wants to feel him, he stepped forward and gently rested his balls on me. He didn't complain at all as I rolled each ball in my palm and showed he had complete trust in me as I handled his most sensitive part. And he laughed out loud, almost as if I was tickling him, when I stroked my finger over his cock to feel its texture.

"He's pleased", Ahmed said. "I told you this lad is eager. Because he's the only slave you've handled he thinks you're going to select him."

I still wasn't certain, though, and after some more discussion with Ahmed a small test was arranged. Ahmed rapped out orders and the oldest slave I'd selected stepped forward too. The lad almost threw himself on the man, who was commanded to stand perfectly still with his hands clasped behind his neck, and was soon engaged in a positive frenzy of kissing the man's lips, playing with his nipples, then licking and sucking at his cock and balls. The poor slave had a hard time obeying his master, as he was clearly aroused by the lad's attentions and seemed desperate to want to respond to the sheer enthusiasm that was being shown.

"Enough!", I told Ahmed. "I'll take the lad. Now.... I do need an older slave too. But much older than any of these. Let's see what else you have in stock."

As Ahmed called out orders for the young men to leave, the lad I had chosen looked really crestfallen. But when it was clear that he had been chosen, and was to stay, he threw himself at my feet in a gesture of thanks, then was allowed to sit on the floor between us. I noticed with pleasure that he didn't even make an attempt to

retrieve his smock - he was completely happy to sit there nude, as if it was perfectly natural for him. This, coupled with the way he'd started to tease and play with the older slave, convinced me that he was completely at home with his body, and his sexuality.

It was much more difficult to decide on the older slave that I needed to pursue my plans for the blond one. He seemed so very uncertain of his experiences of sex with a man, and I needed to do something to correct this. I had determined that he was generally a weaker character than his dark companion, and that a strong-willed person, but one who was sensitive and loving, could lead him to enlightenment. The dark one was capable of dominating him both physically and emotionally, but was not capable - yet - of giving him the love and consideration that I sensed the blond one needed.

When the older slaves had been led in - I had asked Ahmed for men between about thirty five and forty - I asked if he knew anything about them. Mostly these slaves were selected in the pleasure palace either by more mature men who did not wish to waste their time with the twenty year olds, or, more rarely, by very young men who wanted to bed a "father figure". Ahmed explained that therefore they were generally more "caring" than their younger counterparts as they needed greater skills in dealing with their clients than the younger men I had seen, who could make up for their relative gauche natures by their enthusiastic use of their cocks. Ahmed explained that he only kept his slaves after the age of about thirty if they had a degree of emotional maturity, and otherwise the man was simply sold off as a field worker or other menial servant. I should therefore expect to find all of these men suitable for my purposes, and that therefore I might as well make my choice by selecting the one whose body I preferred - after all, Ahmed explained, I was going to have to watch the slaves fucking, so it might as well be as agreeable experience as possible for me.

He was right, of course - he'd had so much practice in advising clients on the choice of slave - and so we simply had all the fifteen slaves in front of us shuck their tunics and stand there completely naked. It was hard to choose, actually, as they all had good bodies, as you'd expect. But I considered it important that the slave who was to go with the blond one ought to have a strong physical presence, as well as the will to dominate him.

Consequently I selected the largest of the slaves - a real giant of a man, about six four and extremely well muscled. An added bonus was that he was one of those Central European Slavic types, with pale grey eyes, very little body hair, and that which there was was

a fine, silky very pale white, verging on blond. In spite of his huge size he therefore looked a lot less threatening than he would have done had he been covered with a thick black thatch.

Ahmed struck a hard bargain for the hire of the slaves - usually they were hired by the hour, of course, and I potentially needed them for several days. Not even our long standing friendship stood in the way of business though, and I had to console myself that my profits from the breaking of the two SAS men would more than adequately compensate for the charges I was incurring now. He was very surprised, though, at my request that each of the slaves should be whipped, and I had to pay extra for this. Ahmed explained that when they returned, most clients would not want to go with these slaves until all the lash marks had disappeared and so he was facing a considerable loss of revenue: Ahmed's establishment was particularly known for using only fully compliant slaves who enjoyed their work, and clients who wanted slaves to be beaten for their amusement generally went elsewhere.

Nevertheless my plan for the breaking of the slaves was subtle, and I did need the two I had selected to bear punishment marks. Ahmed's men therefore brought in a flogging frame and, in turn, the two slaves were tied to it and whipped. I don't want you to think that I'm gratuitously cruel, and I only ordered this as a matter of necessity. Of course my own slaves are whipped, but only when they have disobeyed an order - I pride myself on being a responsible, "modern" master, and I genuinely believe that physical punishment should only be administered to slaves when they have severely infringed a master's rules. But, sometimes, "needs must", as they say, and so the young boy and the old slave had to take the whip even though they probably thought of themselves as cruelly done by. I did feel very sorry for the young lad - I must be getting soft, I thought - as he stood there with the blood dripping off his arse, his head bowed, and his hands desperately trying to wipe away the tears that were streaming down his face. I was encouraged, though, that the old slave, in spite of being in obvious pain himself, put an arm around the lad's shoulders, then hugged him in a gesture of understanding and support.

I arranged with Ahmed to have the slaves delivered to my establishment later in the day, then, well pleased with the progress I had made already, went back to resume my tedious round of meetings and telephone calls.

BILL

You'd have thought Joe would have relaxed by now, wouldn't you? After all, I'd fucked him so many times that he ought to be used to it, even if he didn't actually enjoy it! But he wouldn't just lie there and let me possess his body, and I had to be really quite rough with him - but it was surprising that I could overcome him quite as easily as I did, as, like me, he was a trained fighter. Could it be, I wondered, that he needed to be "forced" to take cock, and that his resistance, although fierce, was not as strong as it would be if he were fighting a real enemy?

Still, I didn't care all that much - it's the end that counts, isn't it, not the means by which you get there? And, actually, having to wrestle and fight to completely subdue him before I could fuck him added a real extra excitement to the whole thing.

Personally I think it was a bit childish of him to sulk afterwards and not to talk to me, or even answer me when I asked if he was OK. You can't change history, can you? So what's the point in not just accepting what's done is done, and moving on? I felt like giving him a good slapping to make him react, but we were both tired and I thought he'd see sense in the morning.

He didn't speak to me as we ate our food that morning, and I noticed that he didn't even make any attempt to push the bigger pieces of the chow stuff in my direction, and so I didn't do the same for him, either. We sat there chomping away in total silence, and it persisted all day - we had one of the terrible sessions in the pool in the morning, and when we were chained to the railings for the midday break, he was still totally silent.

"Come on, Joe... Snap out of it!". I did my best to try to make him talk.

"Hey, look at the tits of that one over there....". Still no response, even though Joe usually liked to look at the women in the pool area.

"For fuck's sake, Joe... Grow up, will you? Stop acting like a spoiled kid who's not got his own way. It was only a bit of fun...."

That did it! He snapped "Bit of fun? You fucked me. No, you raped me!"

"Oh grow up! I've been up your arse so many times now you can hardly call it rape! And where's the harm in doing it in private, by ourselves, when we've had to do it in front of that Arab?"

"You just don't get it, do you, Bill? You just can't see that

you've used me, you've...."

"Hey, we're mates, right? Best mates. How can I have been 'using' you when we're mates, in the same platoon....? I only wanted to have a bit of fun...."

"Well it's not my idea of fun. So shut the fuck up!" He turned away from me then, and pretended to sleep. I felt like hitting him, I was so angry. But army discipline kind of cut in, and I know you're supposed to reserve your violence for the enemy, not your mates. But it was hard, and all afternoon I was seething with anger as we ran along behind the Land Rover, with Joe studiously avoiding even looking at me if he could.

I intended to have it out with him when we were in our cell, whether the Arab had us "perform" or not - I couldn't let this silence go on. We needed to talk, to discuss, so that if there was any possibility of escape we'd be able to seize it. You can't do that if your comrades are all cross at each other, can you? You need a proper team, a team that's really working together, and Joe knew that as well as I did. He was just being fucking silly, not talking like this.

He didn't really want me to touch him in the showers at all, and it was only the angry shouts of the guards that made us wash each other as usual, and I was almost a boiling point as they marched us towards our cell - we were going to get straight with each other, even if I needed to beat the sense into him! But to my horror I was pushed into the usual cell, but Joe was marched on down the corridor.

The guard slammed the door, and I pounded on it in anger and frustration, calling out first "Joe...", and then "Hang in there, mate... Don't let the bastards break you.... Keep your cool...", until there was no more sound in the corridor outside.

Oh fuck, I thought. What was in store for us now? I knew from the lectures they gave us in Hereford on breaking prisoners that almost the first thing you do is to separate them - men have more resistance when they're with their mates, than when they're alone with no one to see them gradually slip down the slope of capitulation. It's all too easy - after they've tortured you in private, you just give them just one tiny, seemingly unimportant, fact. And once you've done that, they torture you again, point out that you've already told them something, and so you tell them something else, that you think is also unimportant. And so it goes on, until you've given them everything you know. If your mates are with you, it doesn't matter how hard they work at you, you just

don't say anything at all, do you?

I felt certain that separating us was therefore the prelude to torture, and somewhere in my brain I knew what I had to do. I calmed down, and thought about myself. I knew I could withstand whatever they threw at me. I was tough. I was proud. I was a soldier. And nothing they could do - nothing: they could pull out my nails, cut my balls off, blind me... Nothing would make me talk.

In spite of all these brave thoughts, though, my heart started to race and I began to sweat as my body automatically went into "fight or flight" mode as I heard the march of boots coming along the corridor outside. I got to my feet as the key turned in the lock, tensed and poised for fight - perhaps it as better to attack them and get shot down like a dog in the cell, rather than risk giving up secrets?

I was amazed, therefore, when the door opened and they simply threw this kid in and pulled it shut quickly behind them. He almost skidded across the floor, and lay there, half sobbing.

He can only have been sixteen, and had on just some sort of shirt thing that was soaked in blood. It was so short that his cock was clearly visible as he lay there sprawled on the floor - it almost made me revise my estimate of his age, as it was so big! I went and knelt by him, and tried to soothe him.

"Are you OK, mate?" I asked him. Funny, isn't it, how you resort to banalities at times like this? Of course he wasn't OK. But what else do you say?

All I got was a kind of snuffle in reply, so I tried again. But it soon became apparent that he didn't understand me, and I didn't understand the words he managed to choke out, either. So I thought I ought to try to examine him physically for injuries, and I put my hands under his arms and lifted him to his feet. He stood there next to me, shaking and trembling, and I thought I'd better see what was causing all that blood on his shirt

"I'm not going to hurt you...", I whispered to him, keeping my voice low and soothing. "But we need to get that shirt off you so I can see where all that blood is coming from.... Now, don't be afraid, I'm not going to hurt.... And I've seen lots of guys naked before so there's no need to be embarrassed...."

I thought I'd better say that as young lads are often ashamed of

being naked in front of other men, aren't they? We don't have boy recruits into the SAS, but I remembered that when I first joined the army at sixteen how I hated stripping in the barracks, and when we did exercises with "real" soldiers, how much worse it was when we had to all shower together. Not that this lad had anything to be embarrassed about - as I've told you, I'd already seen his cock as he lay on the floor, and it was almost as big as mine.

As gently as I could I raised his arms up into the air, then pulled the shirt thing up over his head - it was so loose, it almost looked as if it was designed to be stripped off quickly. He had a nice body - no fat at all, not like so many young lads these days who never exercise properly and eat too much junk food - but his big cock had surprisingly little hair around it, especially as he had quite a pronounced "treasure trail" running across his belly, and a respectable thatch of hair on his chest that somehow served to emphasise his medium-sized nipples. He stood there, seemingly unashamed, as my eyes swept over him, then I turned him around and saw the problem - there, right across his arse, were three angry weal marks. Scabs had formed, but I didn't doubt that that was where all the blood on his shirt thing had come from.

"Who did this to you?", I asked, "And why?" But all I got from him was a shrug - he clearly didn't understand me.

What happened next was a complete shock! The lad flung his arms around my neck, and started to kiss me! And it was practised, "adult" kissing, too.... His lips were locked on mine, and I could feel his tongue trying to force my mouth open. I resisted, and he pulled back for an instant, then tried again. When I still resisted, he looked really surprised, until a look of kind of realisation came to his face - without a moment's delay he dropped to his knees, threw his arms around me so that his hands were scrabbling at my arse, and started to suck my cock.

Well, I've never had anyone do this to me so willingly before! My girl friend would only ever take me in her mouth after I'd really begged and pleaded, and Joe certainly would never do it. Yet this lad seemed to be really eager, and to be enjoying it. I couldn't help myself - as his tongue licked and lapped at me, I started to have an erection. And I looked down, and saw him smiling up at me as he continued to massage my cock with his sinuous tongue and lips. One of his hands came back from holding my arse and he started to tickle - yes, that was it - tickle my balls, and scrape his finger nail along that incredibly sensitive area just behind my balls.

I couldn't help it - I guess it's a reflex of some sort, isn't it?
My hips kind of thrust forward, and it must have seemed as if I was trying to fuck the lad's face. He seemed to be really enjoying it now, and it was almost as if he was hungry to take my cock deep down his throat. But it wasn't right, was it?

I reached down and pulled him to his feet, and he seemed to misinterpret this as he again flung his arms around my neck, but instead of trying to kiss me, his head went down and he was nipping and sucking at my neck, then my shoulders, until finally his mouth clamped over my left tit, and he started to enthusiastically suck at that! When I tried to move his head away he actually nipped my tit with his sharp teeth, and I gave an involuntary moan, a mixture of surprise and pleasure.

The lad was so encouraged by this that there seemed to be no stopping him - he turned and gave my other nip the same treatment, and as he was doing this one of his hands moved down my body, sensuously stroking my own treasure train, then twining around in my pubic hair, before clamping around my cock, still wet from his spit, and starting to wank me.

"No!", I snapped, and I guess he sensed the tone in my voice as his whole body tensed.

"No.... Come on, lad, you can't do that...." I tried to be gentle in the way I spoke, but that seemed to encourage him, as he started all over again.

I'd been all fired up before he came into the cell, my body all prepared to "Fight", and so I suppose hormones were raging around in my system still. It was just too much for me - the touch of his hands on my cock and his lips sucking and nuzzling my nips made me cum! I felt myself start to spasm, and before I could shout to him to stop, it had happened - I pumped a huge stream of cum all over his body and hands.

I just stood there, panting, embarrassed as hell and wondering what to do next. But the lad wiped his hand over his body to collect some of my semen, then slowly and delicately lapped it up with his long tongue, all the time laughing and smiling at me.

After I'd recovered a bit and my heart had stopped pounding and my breathing had steadied, I did think I ought to see about his whip marks, though, so as he stood there I knelt down to take a closer look. There didn't seem to be much I could do, as I guessed it was

mainly superficial bleeding resulting in scabs, but I did feel sorry for the lad - why would anyone have used a whip on him? Surely, at sixteen, he couldn't have been all that disobedient or bad?

I ran my fingers lightly over the wounds, trying to make sure there was no deeper damage, but the kid seemed to misinterpret this as he bent over from the waist, and, in spite of what must have been some discomfort, and pulled his arse cheeks apart so I could see his hole!

Well, what sort of young lad shows a bloke his hole? I know I never would have. I'd have died of shame if I'd had to do that. I didn't even like having to bend over for inspection by the Medical Officer at our annual check-ups. And I almost didn't join the army at all at the thought of having to go through the recruitment physical. But this lad seemed to be totally unembarrassed - it was almost as if he wanted me to see it, and was proud of it.

I stood up, and pulled him upright again, and he really looked puzzled now - it was as if I was reacting in a totally unexpected way. He went to put his arms around me again, but as I went to restrain him, the lights went out - I was used to this, as when I was with Joe in the cell this happened.

So what next? I knew it would be cold in the cell that night, so I thought I'd better guide the lad over towards the bed. I supposed we'd need to sleep together, as I did with Joe, but it somehow didn't seem right for a big bloke like me to be naked in bed with a young lad like this. I wondered if I'd better try to explain to him what was going on, but he didn't understand English and I had no idea what he was saying, either. He obviously misinterpreted my efforts to get him towards the bed, though, as he started to giggle and laugh as we moved across the room, and as soon as his body touched the edge of the bed, he grabbed at me and pulled us both down onto it.

Well I just didn't know how to deal with him. If he'd been a big strong bloke like Joe and he's started to do the things to my body that he did, I'd have slapped him. But he was just like a young puppy - mischievous, playful, laughing, and all over me: as fast as I tried to stop his mouth or his hands playing with one part of my body, they started somewhere else. After a few minutes I just gave up: he was having fun, and, actually, so was I! At one point he lay his erect cock alongside mine, then stroked us both together - it was an amazing sensation, to feel another cock pressed along the length of mine and to have the lad's long, strong fingers wanking both of us together.

He didn't bring me to climax, though, but when he sensed I was near he stopped, turned around, and pushed his arse back towards me. When I did nothing, he reached around behind him and started to move my cock up and down his arse crack, all the time giving little laughs and sighs of pleasure. My cock was so sensitive from being almost wanked to completion that I was shuddering with pleasure and moaning away, and he clearly took this as encouragement and positioned my cock so that my head could feel the moist warmth of his pucker.

He pushed backwards, and those dreadful reflexes cut in for me again - I thrust forwards. I'd never realised it could be so easy to get into a bloke - even after a lot of massaging and stretching, it was necessary to push really hard to go up Joe - but now, here I was, with my cock feeling his hot arse gripping its shaft, and the lad obviously enjoying it.

I started to fuck him therefore, very gently, but soon realised that this wasn't on - the moment my body pressed very close to his arse, he gave a little start and a sharp cry: it wasn't that my cock was hurting him or anything, but that he couldn't stand pressure on the scabs on his arse.

Very reluctantly therefore I pulled out and turned him around to face me. As he snuggled his face against mine, I could feel tears on his cheeks, and he kissed me, gently and gratefully. This time I did open my mouth to his insistent tongue, and it was like nothing I'd experienced before - when I've been deep kissing my girlfriend I had to make all the running, and she was sort of passively accepting my tongue in her. But this lad grabbed my head, pushed his tongue deep into me, and, when I started to respond, he only redoubled his efforts. It was fantastic - my cock, almost wanked to climax and then denied it as I'd pulled out early, exploded into life and I felt my hot cum cover both our bodies.

As he carried on kissing me, I could feel his rigid cock stabbing at me, and I guessed that he too must want to cum - I know that as a sixteen year old lad I'd have been bursting! I was going to start to wank him when he pulled out of my mouth and pushed and prodded at me to make me turn over so he was behind me. I felt his cock then start to run up and down my arse crack, and finally position itself at my pucker: no, I wasn't having this! In spite of the waves of pleasure going through me from the sensation of his moist cock head teasing my flesh, I pulled forward.

The lad seemed incredibly sensitive to this, and at once stopped - but then he slid his cock between my upper thighs and started to rock backwards and forwards. I reached down in front and grappled to feel his cock head as it pushed into the back of my ball sac, and this seemed to push him over the edge: I felt loads of his hot sticky cum cover by balls, and my hand.

He'd given a big cry of ecstasy as he shot, and after a couple of minutes, when he'd recovered, he pushed and prodded at me again until I turned over and he was once more facing me. He wrapped his arms around my neck again, wriggled his body so that our cocks were close together, wriggled again so that the cum that was coating us gave us a little thrill of pleasure as our skin slid over each other, pressed his face to mine, and obviously prepared to go to sleep.

BILL AND JOE, Part 9

MOHAMMED

I was really pleased as I watched the performance in the dark one's cell. The young lad had done everything I had hoped he would to the strong, unyielding man. His obvious enthusiasm and his relish for the man's body had overcome the dark one's resistance. And having him whipped - although only three strokes, as you know I'm not unnecessarily cruel - had managed to get the soldier to be sympathetic to him (and, I suppose, had given him a reason for looking closely at the lad's arse, something that he might otherwise have been reluctant to do). I suspected that this was the first time that the dark slave had ever really enjoyed a bout of proper sex, probably the only time at all that someone else had taken the initiative, and had started to use his body as a sex object. If my plan was working, the soldier's mind would be in turmoil: previously he might have considered that he was forcing himself on his companion as there was no alternative; now he was discovering that it was in his nature to enjoy another man's body.

My attention swivelled to consider the lighter soldier, and to observe how he was getting on with the older slave that I had selected for his further education. Whilst I had been interested in seeing the dark slave's situation in real time, I had recorded the other experience and now flipped the controls to view his cell: both of the men seemed to be asleep in the narrow bed, and so I pressed "rewind" on the tape recorder and proceeded to observe what had happened.

Once it was apparent that he was not going to be put into the cell with his companion, the fair one started to struggle and kick out at my guards in the corridor. They needed to use one of their cattle prods to stun him temporarily and they almost contemptuously then pulled him to his feet and half dragged him down to the corridor to another, identical, cell. Once inside with the door locked, he was in almost as much of a rage as his companion had been - he stood against the door, slamming into it with his hands, and shouting out demands to be reunited with his fellow.

When the guards opened the door and threw in the older slave I had selected, the soldier seemed genuinely shocked. He stopped his shouting, and stood for an instant, frozen, looking at the giant naked man lying on the floor of his cell - I had ordered the older slave to be stripped, so that both men were totally nude: they needed to experience each other's bodies from the start, without the

need to worry about the removal of clothes.

In spite of his obvious embarrassment at their naked state, the soldier went to help the slave to his feet, and I saw him stop dead in his tracks as he saw the state of the slave's arse - again, my decision to have the slave marked by the lash was paying dividends. I watched and listened as he tried to question the slave about how and why he'd been subject to this punishment, but the slave, being some sort of Slav, had no English. I'd achieved my objective already, though, of having the soldier examine the slave's arse, and actually touch his naked flesh.

The soldier clearly knew something about first aid - I guess they were all taught the rudiments of this, in case they needed it on the battlefield - and started to run his hands over the body of the slave, perhaps testing for broken bones. As his hands played over the slave's chest and belly, the slave took hold of the soldier's hand and pressed it tighter to him, as if wanting the soldier to feel his flesh more closely. The soldier tried to pull away, but the slave was experienced at dealing with hesitant clients in the pleasure palace and was gently but firmly insistent. He gripped the soldier's wrist tightly, and unless the soldier wanted to start a fight - which I doubted, as his honour code would probably prevent him from fighting a wounded man - there was no way he could avoid the slave's attentions.

I watched in fascination as the big slave increased his hold over the soldier, first wrapping one of his massive arms around the soldier's shoulders, then enmeshing their legs together so that their cocks were almost touching. With this other hand he then got a good grip on the soldier's head, and leaned over and started to kiss him. At first I thought the soldier was going to try to break away, but the slave always seemed to have the right "blocking" move of his own body - adjusting his arms, or moving his legs, so that the soldier's body gradually came into closer and closer contact with the slave over more and more of its surface.

The slave was of course erect, and after a very short while he managed to move the soldier's hand down so that the soldier felt it, and knew that the slave was excited. Interestingly, almost as soon as he touched the slave's cock, the soldier's own cock started to erect.

It was soon intensely erotic - the two naked men were writhing around on the floor, kissing, caressing, stroking, and generally playing with each other's hard bodies. All the time no words were

exchanged, but there were gasps and sighs of pleasure, and those special kind of grunting noises that men make when their passions are aroused.

Suddenly, though, the slave stopped and stood up, standing over the soldier, with his cock jutting proudly out at right angles to his body. I felt like ordering him to be dragged out from the cell and really whipped, as I sensed that he was very close to being able to fuck the soldier. But he evidently knew his job better than I'd given him credit for, as he reached down to help the soldier stand up, then, as the man came to his feet, he actually made a smooth, sweeping movement, and had the soldier cradled in his arms!

This was a considerable feat, as although he had about four inches on the soldier and was generally more muscled, to actually pick up the soldier needed a great deal of power and strength. He didn't have to hold the man long, though, as he turned, took a couple of paces towards the bed, gently deposited the soldier on it. Finally, in another of those smooth, sinuous movements, the slave leapt onto the bed so that he was sitting astride the soldier, his erect cock lying along the soldier's belly.

Quickly the slave began to kiss the soldier again, but this time the man was almost pinioned under the slave and could do little to resist him. From there it was but a short move to the slave starting to fuck the soldier under him, but it was extremely gentle, and both men appeared to enjoy it enormously.

Like his fellow soldier, the fair one slept in the arms of a man that night, too. But unlike in the other cell, the night was not unbroken - "fast forwarding" the tape I saw the slave gently caress the soldier's cock until he woke, then fuck him again, twice more before dawn.

I allowed the two soldiers to be exercised together the following day, but at night each was put back into a separate cell with his slave companion. It was interesting to observe that neither soldier spoke to the other of his experiences the previous night, although they did seem to be getting back to their old closeness with each other.

It's not necessary to bore you with descriptions of the inevitable - both soldiers were pleased by their respective slaves the following night, and I allowed this to continue for three more nights, whilst maintaining the harsh exercise regime during the day. By the end of that time I knew that both soldiers would have

experienced the true joy that only the careful and gentle ministrations of another man can bring to you.

BILL

I named the young lad "Scamp" as that's what he was - a mischievous, energetic scamp of a lad who only wanted to play with my body. It was pretty tiring, actually, as if I didn't constantly monitor what he was doing he was always trying to get his cock up my arse - but I just couldn't be cross about it, as he was so happy and cheerful all the time. I tried to remember what I was like at sixteen, but I don't think I'd been like this about sex - Of course I'd been wanking away several times a day, and plotting and scheming to try to fuck one or more of the girls in my school, but I'd never been like this: his sex drive was amazing, and he just made it all so much fun.

Of course all this time I was desperately worried about Joe. We exercised together during the day, but he never told me what happened to him at night. I wondered if that Arab bastard was fucking him, and he was just too ashamed to admit it and tell me (not that I could do much about it, anyway). I wasn't ashamed of the games Scamp and I were playing, but somehow it didn't seem right to mention them to Joe - he might, after all, think I'd turned into some sort of queer if I told him how much pleasure Scamp was giving me. Mind you, I wished somehow Scamp could be set to teach Joe a few lessons - it's much more fun to fuck a bloke when he's enjoying it too, isn't it? And from the way that Joe had been sulking when I'd last fucked him, he certainly needed to cheer up a bit.

We went on like this for several days, until we were suddenly back together again in our old cell.

Somehow it seemed right to do so, and although we'd been exercising together all day, Joe and I rushed together and embraced each other as blokes do who are mates and who have been separated from each other. As we gave each other huge manly hugs, it suddenly occurred to each of us at about the same time that we were stark naked - I realised that my cock was rubbing against Joe's, and he seemed to notice it too. We went to pull away from each other, but something stopped us and we carried on hugging - and continued, even as I felt my cock go achingly erect and slide up Joe's body. My only surprise was that Joe's did the same!

I loved the manly scent of him as we stood there, arms around each

other, and almost without thinking I kind of pulled my head a little back and sort of nuzzled the soft skin of his neck with my lips, as Scamp had so often done to me. To my surprise, Joe did the same to me, and we swiftly progressed from there to kissing each other! I really never thought that I'd ever put my tongue in Joe's mouth, or that he'd even let me do it, but it seemed to be so right for both of us. Within seconds our hands were sliding all over each other as our kissing became more and more passionate. And we soon realised that it wasn't just our sweat that was making our bodies slide over each other so sensuously - we were both leaking enormous quantities of pre-cum, and we were pressed so close together that it was covering both of us.

The heady smell of the cum coupled with our sweat was somehow ever more exciting, and we could barely restrain ourselves for long enough to be able to stagger across the room and fall onto the bed together.

MOHAMMED

It was almost more than I could possibly have hoped for - once the two men were together again they literally fell into each other's arms, and from there it took them a remarkably short time to get around to fucking.

Of course I'd seen the dark one fuck the fair one on several occasions, but this time it was different: he was just as forceful and passionate as before, and it was a sheer delight to watch his muscular arse and thighs flex and extend as he pounded away at his comrade. But the fair one was now responding properly, too, and the whole thing was just positively thrilling. Even when the dark one obviously had shot his load, the two men could not stop - instead of turning away in an angry silence as they had before, they now went back to embracing and caressing each other as they lay together in the bed.

I didn't have time to watch them all night, but by fast forwarding the video the next day I saw that their passion continued, and that they had four glorious bouts of sex in all before morning.

As they exercised together the next day it was perfectly apparent from the way they tried to make life easier for each other that they were now proper lovers - not just men rutting casually, but true comrades who'd taken the next obvious step and were now fully experiencing that unique closeness that only a man who is truly in love with another can enjoy. I let them enjoy their happiness all

that day - yes, they were truly happy, in spite of the punishing exercise regime - but that night, just as they were about to fall into bed together again, I struck.

BILL

It was fantastic, being so close to Joe. If we ever got out of this place we'd be such good soldiers - somehow, sharing our bodies made each of capable almost of knowing what the other was going to do in advance. The exercises they made us do all day just seemed so much easier when we were working together in such perfect harmony, and there was an electric air of tingling excitement as we showered at the end of the day: we just couldn't wait to get back to our cell and to continue exploring our newly-found joy in each other's bodies. Mind you, I don't know what the other blokes in the platoon would say when we started making out - we just couldn't help laughing, shouting, and generally making silly noises as we were having so much fun.

But instead of taking us to our cell, the guards led us up through the building and, without waiting this time, we were thrust straight into the room the Arab used. The guards must have been acting on orders as not a word was exchanged - they cuffed Joe to the floor, then led me over to the barrel-shaped thing that always stood in the corner, threw my body over it forcing me to lie face down, and cuffed my wrists and ankles to the four legs. I could feel my arse exposed, and my cock and balls hung down between my spread-eagled thighs, naked and defenceless.

"So, we meet again", the Arab said, almost conversationally as the guards left the room. "I am pleased that your education as real men had progressed so far. I know that you both have at last discovered the real pleasure that two men who are close comrades can experience together."

I felt myself blushing a bit, as it still didn't seem quite right, somehow, for the Arab to know what Joe and I had been up to.

"One important bit of your education has so far been neglected, however", the Arab was saying. "Although you are now relaxed and confident with each other in bed, the dark one has not yet experienced the sensation of a cock sliding deep inside him. Now is the time to remedy this."

"NO!", I shouted in panic. "No, please.... Look, Joe likes taking

cock, and I like giving it. Please don't violate me like this. We'll fuck for you to watch, anything.... But please just let me fuck Joe, and leave my arse alone..."

The Arab came right up next to me as I lay there helpless, and ran his hands gently all over my neck and shoulders. "Hush now, slave. Just lie there and enjoy it - it's something that every man needs to feel, you know. How do you know you are giving your companion the maximum pleasure if you have not been there yourself? You are relying on the reports from your cock of your own pleasure, and not truly understanding the needs of your partner."

"Isn't that right, slave?", he called out to Joe. "Wouldn't you prefer the man who's fucking you to know what you are experiencing? Doesn't your mate here need to understand what it's like?"

Loyally, Joe shouted across the room "Sir, so, sir. Please leave Bill alone, sir. He's fine just as he is.... If you'd like to fuck tonight, sir, I'm available...."

Jesus!, I thought, Joe was actually offering himself to the Arab to try to protect me! An obscene parody on that stuff they make us listen to when we're marched to church every Remembrance Day flashed through my mind, for some reason "Greater love hath no man than this than to lay down his arse for his friends."

"Of course you are, slave", the Arab replied, looking at Joe. "All my slaves are always available to me. I can take you any time I choose. And that is why this one is going to receive my cock now - he has not yet had that experience from me or, I believe, any man."

As he was speaking the Arab let his long white robe fall to the floor, and stood there naked, like Joe and me. He was erect already, and as he came and stood by my head again. I caught that unmistakable smell of male cock as he stood close to me - that special smell that you only find between a man's thighs, where the male scent glands cluster.

I struggled futilely to get free, almost shaking the device I was chained to free from the floor. But it had evidently been designed with its purpose in mind as it stood firm, and all I succeeded in doing was hurting my ankles and wrists where the bindings holding me down cut into me. I also broke out all over in a sweat - whether it was just from the exertion, or from fear as well, I don't know.

The Arab rubbed my neck and shoulders gently again, and I saw his

cock waving up and down in time to the movement of his body. A large drop of pre-cum was forming on the dark flesh of the head.

"Easy, slave boy. Calm down, and accept the inevitable. Understand that you belong to me, and that I can use you as I choose. When my cock slides into you, relish the experience - revel in the mastery that I have over you...."

"No!", I shouted again. "I'm a man, not a slave... A member of Her Majesty's Forces....."

"No, slave. Put all that foolishness behind you. From the moment you were captured you were a slave. What is about to happen to you is just the final confirmation of your new status. Think of yourself as my plaything, just as you played with that young lad for the last few nights. You need to come to terms with your status, and begin to enjoy the feel of another man's body, and especially his cock, just as he so evidently enjoyed yours."

I was getting desperate, and tried again to break free, and the Arab saw my body spasming as I panicked. All my training was forgotten - at Hereford they teach you to be cool in a crisis, to keep thinking at all costs. They tell you - and it's true - that if you are ever to escape from a dangerous situation it will only ever be because you keep your mind calm and think through all the possible courses of action available to you. I used to think I could do this. I always did well on the training courses, and on the missions I was sent on. But now, faced with the ultimate humiliation of being raped, I simply lost it. It was as if my body was out of my control as I bucked and writhed, desperately trying to free myself so I could beat this Arab to a pulp.

"Easy, slave.... Calm yourself. You're a valuable property, and I don't want you hurting yourself." The Arab's tone was low and soothing, but I was too far gone to care.

"Now, slave, do you want to help yourself? My cock needs lubrication to give you an easy time as it breaches your most secret place. Do you want to take it in your mouth and slather it with your spit?"

"You cunt! No! If you bring that cock near my mouth, I'll bite it off...."

"Foolish slave! You forget who holds all the power here, and about my famous 'buddy' principle of punishment. What do you think would

happen to your companion, chained to the floor over there, if you were to injure me? Now, think again - I watched you mouth the slave boy's cock the other night, so you're no stranger to feeling a cock between your lips... One last chance: do you want to lubricate me?"

As he said this he moved so that his cock was waving around in front of my face again, and my nose was assaulted by his manly smell. But my thrashing around stopped - had he really seen all the things that "Scamp" and I did together?

"You watched Scamp and me?"

"Yes, of course. Your cell is monitored by closed circuit TV, and it amused me greatly to see how you accepted the body of that boy slave - Scamp as you call him - when he was presented to you!"

Oh, fuck me! He'd seen all those things we'd done, all those private things. I felt myself flushing with embarrassment and shame - look, I didn't really want to play with the lad like that. I don't like playing with men's bodies. But when he threw himself at me, when he teased me and cajoled me, when he laughed and tickled... I'd just given in. And it's not as if I can have been the first - he obviously had learned most of the tricks he used on me from somewhere!

"Yes, slave. It makes interesting viewing. Your big, strong body and that slight, young lad - I bet your comrades in that famous SAS of yours would never have thought that such a tough man as you could be so gentle with a young lad like that - you fucked him so carefully.... I wonder if they'd like to take it and incorporate it into their training programs, to show how SAS men ought to treat young lads....?"

Jesus Christ! No! Look, we're just not like that in the SAS! But the Arab was still speaking...

"And then, last night, it was really touching to see how two such close comrades could really be... shall we say... 'together', as you and your companion were. The video I recorded last night would surely be useful in showing how it's possible to really build strong relationships in a platoon...."

"Surely you'd like to be famous, to be used as an example for training in your regiment? And your British TV would surely be proud to reveal to the public how well you SAS men are able to work together...?"

I'd stopped thrashing around now, and just stood there, almost rigid with shock. What Joe and I had done last night was good, and right. It was the best thing that had ever happened to me, and I'd never felt as close to Joe before - or to anyone. But no one else would ever understand. All they'd see would be our bodies, fucking away. I knew the way journalists always misrepresent things - the way the press always sneers at the work us soldiers do in protecting their freedom. They'd just treat it as some cheap piece of porn, and it wasn't at all like that.

"I see some of the consequences of your actions are beginning to strike home", the Arab went on. "However, let me assure you that there is no recording being made now. This is my private sanctuary, shielded from all prying eyes and spy cameras, and so you are free to express whatever emotions you like as I fuck you, without fear that others will subsequently see them. It can be an emotional and stressful time on the first occasion when a virgin hole receives the gift of a master's cock, and I would advise you to give full freedom to your emotions - shout, plead, scream, beg, as much as you like: there's only me, and your companion, who will ever know what you say and how you react."

I was hanging my head almost as if I was ashamed at what I'd done now, and this seemed to affect the Arab. He reached under my chin with his strong sinuous fingers and lifted my head up so that I was again looking into his eyes.

"You are extremely foolish for turning down the opportunity to lubricate my cock. Many masters would fuck you dry, but I find that distasteful as it can chafe my sensitive membranes. Be thankful that you have a merciful master, slave, as in spite of your churlishness I am going to make life a little easier for you."

I watched as he walked over towards where Joe was standing all this time - the poor guy was helpless to do anything, of course, as there was no way he could get to attack the Arab because the chain holding him was too short. Keeping his distance, the Arab touched a switch on his desk and Joe's chain spooled out of the floor. To his credit, Joe immediately tried to rush at the Arab, but there was still not enough chain and he was jerked to a halt, out of reach.

"We shall have to consider what punishment is appropriate for that, too, slave!", the Arab snapped at Joe. "Now - help your companion. Go and kneel behind him, and masturbate his cock and lubricate his arse. You know well enough what to do, as he has done that to you

here in this very room on many occasions."

"No, Joe, don't do it....", I shouted. "Don't give in to the bastard. Leave me alone. I can take him fucking me dry...."

"Sorry, Bill." I heard Joe's calm voice say. "But I can't do that. You need to be prepared properly, else he might damage and tear your arse. And remember what they taught us at Hereford - we need to keep ourselves in peak fighting condition as long as we can, in case there's a chance of escape...."

Was Joe trying to be funny, to get me to cheer up? Or was he exacting some sort of subtle revenge for all the times I'd wanked him and lubed his hole before I'd fucked him, using just that same justification? Either way it didn't matter as he'd come across and was kneeling behind me as I lay there straddling the barrel thing, and I could feel his hot breath on my arse. He pushed my legs apart gently to get better access to my cock, and the next instant I felt him sliding my 'skin on and off my cock head as he wanked me.

Well, there's no way you can avoid it, is there? Once a bloke's hand is around your cock and his fingers are teasing your cock head, you get rect. And if he carries on for long enough, you cum. As he wanked away at me I tried saying "No, Joe, please... Stop, mate... Please don't do this...."

And all I heard was his cool calm voice replying "Don't worry, Bill, it's for the best.... Just relax and it will all be over...."

I felt myself start to shoot, and at least he stopped wanking me immediately - my cock's so sensitive that I'd have screamed if he'd have carried on even for an instant. And then his finger was probing my pucker.

Look, it's not that bad really, is it? I mean, most blokes experiment with pushing a finger up themselves when they're wanking, don't they? And every year at our medical the army doctor gives us a prostate exam when his rubber gloved finger goes up there. So it's not as if it was the first finger to probe up me like that. But having my best mate do it, watched by the Arab... Well, that was something else. I wanted to cry with embarrassment, but there was nothing I could do to stop it.

Joe was really gentle, actually, and when he'd progressed to having three fingers up me, he very slowly and carefully prised them apart, so my hole was almost massaged as it got used to being violated like

this.

"Enough!", the Arab snapped after a few minutes, and he did something on his desk again and the chain holding Joe slowly reeled back into the floor, and Joe was reluctantly forced back onto the other side of the room.

Without further comment the Arab moved around behind me, and I felt that incredible sensation that I'd experienced a couple of nights ago as young Scamp ran his cock up and down my ass crack - the Arab was doing just the same thing, allowing his hot cock head to caress the inner surfaces of my ass cheeks, stopping every now and then to tease and test my pucker.

I heard him moaning quietly with pleasure, and I knew how he felt - how many times had my own cock sent exquisite sensations flooding through me as I did that very same thing to Joe, and to Scamp? But, unexpectedly, I felt something, too - that sensation that it's almost impossible to describe but which we all know about, when something rigid, warm, moist and utterly male is probing at our puckers. I moaned, too, and my legs shuffled, as much as they were able to, in response to the erotic sensation.

"Good boy", I heard the Arab almost croon "Good boy.... Getting ready to take his master's cock."

He'd stopped moving now, and I could feel his heat as his cock head rested on me, and then that insistent, yet gentle, pressure to start to force it in. I wriggled and squirmed more as the sensation built in me, and the Arab pushed harder and harder.

"Oh, Jesus... Fuck.... No....." I hardly knew what I was saying, or, more accurately, moaning, as he continued to push at me, and I gave a cry as he finally popped in past my sphincter. Was it pain? Was it pleasure? Was it despair? I don't know. I just know I needed to shout something, as I was utterly violated by a man's cock for the first time in my life.

The Arab stopped moving, and bent forward and hissed into my ear "There, slave. My cock is buried in you. Feel the power of me as your body accepts it. Understand that it's my cock that's now controlling your life...."

As he said this, he pushed forward again and I gave another cry, and then he started rocking gently backwards and forwards, pulling his cock an inch or so in and out of me each time. I couldn't help it -

the sensation was so incredible that I started to moan in time to his gentle movements - moans that turned to great cries as he abruptly changed tactic and slammed himself viciously in and out of me.

I remembered how I'd enjoyed "playing" with Joe as he lay helpless underneath me, and how I'd watched his face contort and relax as I'd used my cock as an instrument to dominate him. This was happening to me, now: the Arab was controlling me, playing with my body, making me react as he wanted me to, and I was powerless to stop him. And, I suddenly realised, I didn't want to stop him. My breath was coming in great spasms and bursts as I panted and moaned in ecstasy. Now I knew the other side of the coin - this is what Joe felt as I'd taken my pleasure from him.

BILL AND JOE, Part 10

MOHAMMED

When I pulled out of the slave finally having had a most satisfactory experience, I went off to my private bathroom to wash my cock: I do so hate having it covered in the slave's vile-smelling excrement.

It's one of the difficulties of "taming" slaves like this that you cannot move on to teach them the proper sexual etiquette for a slave when he is servicing his master until after this initial fucking. Normally, of course, I would never allow a slave to present himself to me unless he had been properly cleansed inside with sufficient enemas.

When I returned I saw that the slave was now calm, still straddling the barrel of course. He was no longer thrashing around as he had been before I started to fuck him, and he looked somehow rather pathetic - in spite of his magnificent physique - as he lay there. My cum, mixed with his arse juices, had begun to trickle out from him and was sliding in a thin trail down his thighs. His companion, the fair slave, had sunk to sit on the floor, and was kind of cradling his head in his hands, as if he was in despair.

I slipped my robe on and stood in front of the slave, to see how my "taming" had gone. I needed to gently put my hand under his chin to raise his head, before he would look at me. The blazing anger that I'd seen in his eyes before had been replaced by an almost vacant look, as if he seemed resigned to his fate: perhaps I was making real progress, I thought to myself.

I gently scratched his head, running my fingers teasingly through the short hair of his "marines" cut - I find slaves often appreciate these little gestures of affection from their master, and enjoy knowing that I find them pleasing.

This one didn't, though! His dull eyes suddenly blazed with fury, and he spat at me! Well, such wilful behaviour could not go unpunished, could it? I picked up my cane, strode over to where the fair slave was still sitting, hunched up, and brought it down very hard indeed over his unprotected shoulders.

"Stop that!", the dark one called at me. "Joe's done nothing to you... Leave him alone, you bastard....".

Of course, acting on my "buddy" principle, that outburst merited two more very hard cuts of the cane on the slave's back, and I saw the three bright red lines starting to appear from my beating. I find that the shoulders are often overlooked as a potential site for punishing slaves - many masters are so intent on punishing the arse that they completely overlook other sites. I am in favour of thrashing the slave's arse if there are a lot of strokes to be administered (or in special circumstances, such as when you need to take a younger slave across your knee for a spanking), but I like to pride myself on being a little more creative with my punishments in general. I don't think it's generally realised how much more a cane hurts when it cuts across the back of a slave's thighs than across his arse (and, of course, the front of the thighs cannot be ignored, either). But the upper back and shoulders are an exceptional caning place as there is not the thick layer of muscle there to protect the bones, and the pain tends to linger on for much longer. Today, of course, it was ideal, as the slave was sitting hunched up and was totally exposed to my punishment already.

As the fair slave watched me, looking even more wretched and despairing than he had before, if that were possible, I strode back across the room and brought the cane down twice across the naked arse of the slave over my "barrel". He shouted, as you would expect, and I turned to his fair companion and said, calmly, "That is your fault. A slave does not sit down, until he is given permission. And if he is sitting when his master comes into the room, he at once stands up. You sat down without permission, and you are still seated. Do you want your friend to suffer again?"

I raised my cane in the air again, and was gratified to see that the slave very rapidly scrambled to his feet. It was even better when he blurted out "Sir, I'm sorry, sir.... Please don't hit Bill again."

I decided to put aside for the moment telling him that the proper form of address for me was "master", as I was pleased to hear that he had perhaps begun to regard me as one of his officers - these soldiers are so conditioned to taking orders from their superiors that if you can make them start to think that you are a very superior officer, they will obey you much more readily.

"Very well, slave. But you now have a task to perform for me. It is not seemly to leave a slave like your friend there with his master's semen trickling out of his hole. We are always concerned here with the possibility of an unscrupulous person draining a master's seed from the anal passage of a slave he's fucked and using it to sire illegitimate children who might then have a claim on the

master's estate. Consequently it is our custom to always have a slave used by another slave after a master has enjoyed him, so any such miscreant would never be certain that he had not collected the slave's seed, rather than the master's. Consequently you will now go over and pump your seed into your companion."

"No!", the fair one shouted at me. "Bill's my best mate. I'm not going to fuck him...."

"Yes you will, slave. Firstly, remember what the penalty is for disobeying my orders - I will not hesitate to punish him most severely. And secondly, why this reluctance to fuck him? He was ready enough to fuck you on my command, and has been doing so regularly since..."

"Sir, please, sir... Don't make me do this." The slave had lowered his voice now so that only the two of us could hear. "Please don't make me fuck Bill. He just can't take it... He likes to be in control. I didn't like him fucking me, but I'm not like Bill... If you make me do this to him, it will destroy him..."

"Nonsense, slave! All my slaves have to learn how to take a cock, and your friend is no exception. Now, when I loosen your chain, go over there, and let me see some positive action from you - I'm looking forward to watching your body fuck, so far I've only seen it being fucked."

"Sir, no, sir. I'm sorry, but I can't do this to my friend."

I moved back to the body still prone over my barrel apparatus and without hesitation struck the slave's arse and thighs twelve times, very hard, with my cane. The slave bore it quite stoically for the first few blows, but was soon reduced to a persistent loud wailing as my strokes continued to rain down on him. I knew he must be in agony and I made no attempt to "pull" the blows, and used the full force of my arm to lash at him. His friend, the pale one, added to the row by shouting at me to stop, and using the most foul expletives that I will not repeat here.

After my blows I was quite exhausted, and as I stood there, winded, the room fell silent except for a loud ongoing, keening wail from the injured slave. I walked back over to the fair one, and said, in as casual voice as I could "That is the price your friend is paying for your disobedience. Now, get over there and fuck him, or else I will hurt him even more severely."

"No, sir. I'm afraid I can't. I know Bill, and he wouldn't want me

to do this, whatever you do to him."

"Very well, slave. We'll see about that...."

Actually, I was seething inside, in spite of my calm exterior, as my whole plan for "taming" this slave depended on breaking him sexually and getting him used by his closest companion. I walked back over to the helpless slave who was still emitting a low keening, and reached down between his thighs to grasp his balls. I circled his sac with my thumb and forefinger, and pulled the whole thing up and backwards between his thighs so that the skin of his sac was stretched really thinly, and his balls were squeezed right to the bottom.

"Now, slave, one more chance. Are you going to fuck this slave, or is he to receive more punishment for your disobedience?"

The blond one was really polite, as he simply answered "Sir, as I told you, I am afraid that I am unable to comply with your request."

The blond slave could see how I was holding his companion, and without a moment's hesitation I used my free hand to slap viciously at the stretched sac and its precious contents that was being held in my other hand. The slave underneath me jerked as a huge wave of pain totally engulfed him. He screamed, but that was cut off as he vomited - I often find slaves do that when they are in agony from an attack on their scrotums. His arms and legs were scrabbling feebly at the chains holding him to my "barrel", but there was no escape for him: I slapped at his balls again, and again, and the poor guy must have been in absolute agony.

I let go of his balls, and they fell back to hang feebly between his spread-eagled thighs. I walked casually back to the fair slave, who looked horror struck, and said "I can continue this until your friend is no longer a man. Currently his balls are just bruised and battered and he will remain in severe pain for several days. But if I continue, he will be destroyed: he will no longer be a man, but a sexless eunuch. Do you think that is what he wants? Or do you think it would be kinder to give up your stupid resistance to me and obey my commands, and go over there and exercise your cock up his arse?"

"Sir, please, sir... I beg you... Please, if you want a slave to fuck, take me. Please don't make Bill suffer any more...." As he was saying this, the slave had fallen to his knees, and whilst I was gratified to see this further evidence of his bending to my will, I

was not at all happy that he persisted in his supplications, rather than in simply obeying my commands."

I shrugged my shoulders as if to dismiss his words, and turned to walk back to the dark one.

"NO....! ", the fair one shouted in desperation. "Please, sir, please... I'm sorry, sir, I'll do as you command. Please don't hurt him any more....."

He couldn't see the smile that broke out on my face, as my back was turned to him. Clearly I didn't want to damage the dark slave irretrievably as this would not further my plan, and so much money was at stake. Still concealing my elated smile, I returned to my desk and pressed the button to spool out some of the fair slave's chain, and he shuffled across the floor, the very picture of misery.

"Right now, slave", I commanded. "I want to see a good, enthusiastic, hard fucking. Get erect, and get stuck into that arse. He's already well stretched and lubricated from my own session with him, and so you do not need to waste any time... Begin immediately."

As he approached, I heard the tethered slave stop his persistent sobbing to stutter out "No, Joe, don't... Don't fuck me, mate. Let him do his worst... Let's at least show them what British soldiers can take...."

It sounded as if the other one was almost in tears as he replied "No, Bill, mate. I can't let them do this to you. That bastard will turn you into a eunuch, and it's not worth it... . you've already taken his cock, and you can take mine, too. I'll be as gentle as I can... But I can't possibly hurt you as much as that fiend has already done.... "

"No, Joe, please don't....."

"Sorry, mate, I have no choice. If he carries on hitting you, he'll destroy you. And we have a duty to preserve ourselves as far as possible in case we can escape - you told me that yourself...."

The blond one stood behind his friend, who continued to sob quietly, and wanked himself to an erection. I watched in fascination as he held his cock so that he could position himself at his companion's hole, and then push forward, slowly and carefully, to force his cock home.

It wasn't a very thrilling fuck to watch - the fair slave was so gentle and careful (presumably because he knew how much his friend was already hurting following my thrashing of him) that at times the motion of his cock was barely detectable. But he must have been at least somewhat excited, as after a few minutes of this lacklustre performance he evidently did cum, and stood there, head hung as if in shame, his cock still buried in his friend.

He pulled out, very slowly, and stood there, his cock slimed with his friend's crap, looking at me.

"Good, slave. I can see that you're learning to be sensible about these things. Now I'm going to send you both back to your cell - take good care of your friend tonight: the damage to his arse and thighs is more superficial than long-lasting, and whilst his testicles will remain very tender, they are not permanently damaged. He's very much hurting at the moment, but there's no permanent damage to him. But he'll be very embarrassed and upset about what's happened to him - not the thrashing, but the fucking. You'll need to be really sympathetic, and I expect he'll need to 'prove' his continuing manhood by fucking you tonight. But you won't mind that, will you?"

"Sir, no, sir. I'll look after Bill." He said this almost contemptuously, and I thought seriously about giving his friend another sharp caning as a lesson to him. But it was getting late, and I was keen to see what happened next, so I let it go. I didn't even make either slave lick the slave's vomit up from my floor, as I would have in more normal circumstances when there was much less at stake.

BILL

So it happened at last. I suppose I always knew it would, deep down, but I'd managed to put the thought aside after I'd had so many chances to fuck Joe and young Scamp. But it was worse, much worse, than I'd ever imagined.

I think I could have stood the fucking the Arab gave me, but it was the pain from the beatings, the indescribable agony from my balls and the humiliation of having Joe prepare my ass first that really did my head in. And was Joe getting revenge when he fucked me at the end of the session? Sure, I know we're supposed to protect ourselves as much as we can in the hope of escape, but the fact that Joe emphasised the very words I'd used when I'd fucked him made me

deeply suspicious. It's not right, is it, to make a good mate like Joe fuck his buddy? I know he was as gentle as he could be, but it's not the pain that's the real problem - it's having a man who you've worked with for years, a man whose house you've been to for barbecues, a man who's been on combat missions with you, fuck you! How were Joe and I ever going to work together again now that he'd pushed that cock of his up my arse and shot his load up into my guts?

When they released me from the barrel thing, the guards took us back to our cell. It was my turn to lie on the bed now, facing the wall. I suppose Joe might have thought it was because the huge lash marks on my arse and thighs were really giving me grief, but actually it was because I didn't want him to see me trying desperately to stop myself from crying. I wasn't a man any more, I was just some piece of meat to be used for men's pleasure. I didn't doubt that that cunt of an Arab would have me fucked again, and again, and again, now that he'd taken me himself.

Joe was hovering around, really worried. "Bill, are you OK, mate?" I heard him say.

"Yes, just leave me alone."

"No... Come on - let me get some water and bathe those wounds on you...."

"No! I said leave me alone!"

"Look, Bill, I know you're feeling pretty sorry for yourself, but you've got to snap out of it. You've only been fucked, after all, and there's no permanent damage done...."

"You stupid cunt, Joe! Now he's fucked me, and had you fuck me, what do you think he's going to do next? I bet you and I are going to be used by the whole bloody lot of them here - do you really want all those cocks constantly up you?"

"For Christ sake, stop dramatising it! Look, it's not the end of the world to take a cock, is it? Lots of blokes actually do it all the time, and have fun. I knew you're feeling pretty low about it - I did, too, when he made you fuck me.... But you get over it, you know. And, actually, it isn't bad.... Come on, let's try it again - I really like it now when you do it to me, as you're so close to me.... Do you want to fuck me, Bill?"

"I told you to shut the fuck up about it! Stop going on and on about blokes enjoying fucking other blokes."

"Well move over a bit then, Bill, as I'm freezing cold, and I need to get into bed. Why don't you turn over, so that I don't have to touch your wounds?"

Well, I couldn't refuse him, could I? I'd tried sleeping on the floor, and it was just so cold in the cell that you couldn't. Very slowly and carefully I turned over to face the middle of the bed, and Joe slipped in beside me. At first, he faced me, but I couldn't stand looking at the face of the guy who'd just been up my arse, and so I told him to turn over. It was only when he really winced as I accidentally touched his shoulders that I realised that he was hurt, too.

"Sorry, mate", I whispered, and Joe just grunted. He kind of shuffled back into me, though, keeping his shoulders forward, and that meant that his arse was pushed up against my cock. Well, I couldn't help it - I'd been through some pretty tense experiences that night, and other than when Joe had wanked me before he massaged my hole, I'd not had sexual release. I felt my cock start to go hard and nudge against Joe's arse crack, and Joe wriggled a bit to make himself comfortable against it. I knew that I wanted to try to shoot, to make sure that my balls really were OK after that Arab cunt had hit them.

What am I supposed to do now, I wondered. I couldn't really fuck him, could I, after I'd made all that fuss about him fucking me? My erection wouldn't go away, though, and I thought about pushing Joe out of the bed so I could get my hand down and at least wank myself.

It was almost as if Joe had read my mind, as he turned over again so that he was facing me once more, and my cock gave a little jump as I felt his scratchy pubic hair tease my cock head, and then the lovely warmth of his belly as Joe deftly pushed my cock upwards then slid his body closer to mine, trapping it between us.

The next minute I felt his hand on my cock - he'd managed to get it in-between us, and he was now running it up and down the underside of my cock. It was so sensuous - the heat of his belly all along the top, and his hand stroking and teasing the underneath. I couldn't help it - I gave a little moan of pure pleasure, and I heard Joe whisper "That's right, Bill... This is what you want, isn't it? You want to feel me playing with your beautiful cock..."

Yes, I did. I wanted him to keep stroking it. I wanted him to bend down and start to slather it with his spit and caress it with his

lips. And I wanted to push it up his lovely arse, and fuck and fuck and fuck. But a bloke can't admit all that, can he? So I just mumbled something incoherent.

Joe took this for a "yes", clearly, as his teasing got almost more than I could bear, and then I smelt the wonderful smell of cum start to waft up between us, and my cock felt fantastic as it now slid easily up and down the little troughs and valleys of Joe's washboard stomach. I knew I must be leaking gallons of pre-cum, then, in that way it does, I felt my whole body start to tense as I went into action and shot my load, covering both our bellies and chests.

Joe stopped stroking me, and whispered "Good boy, Bill... That was good, wasn't it?"

I kind of mumbled "Yes", as there was no point in trying to hide the fact that I was almost ecstatic with pleasure.

"Come on Bill.... Now you know the best way of overcoming your fear is to face it, don't you? Do you remember how they taught us at Hereford to look danger straight in the eye, imagine what was the worse thing that could happen to you, and then move on?"

"Yes, Joe, of course I do."

"Well, then, mate.... Look, I think you're going to get fucked a lot more, as you said yourself. So the only way you're going to be able to carry on functioning properly and have some chance of escape is if you confront it - recognise that it's going to happen, stop worrying about it, and move on. OK?"

"But Joe.... How can I face it? Look... I don't want a cock up me.... I don't want them to tie me down and rape me again.... I can't face it, Joe."

"Yes, you can, mate! We got through worse things than this together in the past. We've got to get you through this, so we can move on and plan for the future. Now, I want you to turn over and very gently, so you don't hurt yourself where that brute beat you, get on your hands and knees."

"Why?"

"Ssshhh.... Stop asking questions. I know you like to be in charge, but just let me help you this once, will you? I'm a soldier too, you know! Now, do as I say, Bill... Come on.... You're not afraid,

are you? I'd never thought that my best buddy would be scared of something."

Well, I could see where this was leading, but I couldn't tell him I was scared, could I? And I was scared - shit scared. Panic stricken, almost. Even when I've been under fire on an operation I'd never felt as scared as I did now. I wanted to tell him to fuck off, and to leave me alone - but that would be the same as telling him I was a snivelling coward who couldn't face up to life, wouldn't it?

"Come on, Bill... Come on, mate..." Joe was still whispering, and as I couldn't think of anything else to do, I did it.

I knelt there on the bed, on my hands and knees, feeling wretched. Joe whispered "Down on your elbows, Bill, and push your head right down onto the mattress...."

I did as he said, and I knew my arse was now right up, ready to be fucked, as Joe's had been so many times when the Arab had commanded me to fuck him.

Joe was incredibly gentle as I felt his strong hands move my legs apart a bit, and then I flinched and cried out as he pried my arse apart and his finger reached in for my pucker.

"Sorry, Bill... I'm being as careful as I can. But that beating has left you in a bad state. I didn't hurt you, did I, mate?"

Well he had, but I just mumbled "No", as you can't tell your mate that you're not able to take a bit of pain, can you?

He fingered my hole for a few moments only, and I could tell from the way his fingers slid in and out of it that I must still be slimed with the cum from the Arab and Joe.

"OK, Bill... Now, are you ready? I'm going to go as slowly and carefully as I can, but it might hurt - your arsehole looks OK, so if it does hurt, it won't be from that but from the beating marks all over you. I'm going to start pushing now... Just shout if you want me to stop at any time, OK? Let's just take this nice and gently, and you're in control - any time you tell me to stop, or to pull out, I will. OK?"

I mumbled "Yes" again. Actually, I knew Joe would do as he'd said, and knowing that I was in charge did make me feel a bit better. I

had to really clench my teeth, though to stop my cries coming out, and purposely buried my mouth down into the mattress so that Joe would think that the muffled sounds were pleasure: the truth is it hurt like hell - not Joe's cock, sliding in to me as I hardly felt that at all, but the fact that he couldn't help accidentally touching my battered arse and thighs. But you don't shout about a bit of physical pain from a wound, do you? They teach us to try and be stoical about it, and just blank it off and ignore it - but I can tell you, it's not that easy!

Joe murmured, almost in my ear "Well, that wasn't so bad, was it? I'm buried right in you now... Are you still OK?"

"Yes."

"Right, then, here goes...." He started to rock gently backwards and forwards, and as his cock slid in and out of my arse I started to get the most incredible sensation inside me. It began right at the base of my balls, but soon spread all up inside me so that my whole body seemed to be joining in. I just couldn't help myself - I gave a great moan of pleasure, and then another, and another, as I started to breathe and moan in time to Joe's careful strokes inside me.

Then it was over - Joe pulled out of me, and knelt there, panting from his efforts, by the side of me. I knelt up and faced him, and was surprised to see his cock was still sticking out at right angles to his body.

He was grinning all over his face, and said "There, that wasn't so bad, was it? And you and I both know that I've got a big cock compared to most blokes - you and me both, haven't we? Remember how we always compared ourselves with the new recruits, secretly, in the showers? So if you can take me up your arse, you aren't going to have problems with most of the blokes that Arab gets in to fuck you, are you? See - I told you that all you needed to do was face up to it!"

"Well it wasn't that bloody marvellous - and why are you still erect like that?"

"Well, I couldn't really fuck you hard, could I? Not like you fuck me! I wanted to be a bit more vigorous and slam in and out of you, but with all those wounds it would have really hurt you. So I just slid in and out a bit, so you could kind of get the feel of it, but that wasn't enough to make me cum...."

"You really are priceless!", I laughed at him. "You must be the only bloke in the world who'd go to all that trouble to get up his mate's arse, and then pull out without cumming! But thanks! Now.... Let's see if we can do something about that...."

I reached down and started to wank him, and then we both lay down again and tried to sleep. It occurred to me that if I'd got that unbelievable sensation of pleasure from Joe's cock when he hadn't even really fucked me hard, or properly, how would I feel next time?

MOHAMMED

When I reviewed the tapes of that night the next morning I was genuinely touched by the way that the fair one - or Joe as I suppose I now thought of him - had tried to help his companion. These men really were exceptional - there are not many who would think of such subtle ways of getting to use their companion's arses.

I noticed with a wry smile that I'd thought of the blond one as Joe: actually I try not to give names to slaves as I don't like to become too attached to them - I guess it's rather like a farmer, who may have a name for his dog, but does not give name to all the cattle or sheep he farms as he knows he's going to sell them. Well, it's like that with slaves - I have names for the odd one or two, like my secretary, who has been with me for a long time and who I would not dream of selling. But most of the others in my household I deliberately think of just as "slave". Now I think about it, was this therefore the first sign that in some strange way they were becoming "special" for me? I was of course vitally interested in them as they would make me one of the richest men in the world, but it had not occurred to me that their special mixture of manliness, courage and companionship, coupled with their magnificent bodies, might affect me and make me want to keep them as "special" slaves.

But all this is by the by. If I'd had more time I would have allowed Bill to recover properly (indeed, I was beginning to regret the harsh punishment I'd given him) and explored exactly how far he was prepared to go willingly with having Joe fuck him. Time was however marching on, and although I still had masses of time left from the six months of the bet, I was becoming increasingly concerned about the political stability of our country. I didn't want that slimy Yani to be able to welsh on paying up just because all his holdings were in disarray, or something.

So the next day I pressed on with my plan. They were surprised when

they were allowed to shower in the morning to clean all the cum of their bodies, and even more surprised when they were led to the office of my doctor who rubbed antiseptic, analgesic, and rapid-healing cream into their wounds. I didn't want to risk them getting infected at this stage, and the sooner they were in a state to be fucked properly again, the better.

The guards brought them to my chamber after that, and they were clearly surprised to see the magnificent view of the desert outside - previously their only experience in here had been in the daylight.

"Right, you two slaves", I began. "I am extremely pleased with the progress you're making in being converted from terrorist insurgents to properly functioning members of my household."

"We're not terrorists - we're members of the British Forces, we're...", Bill started.

"Silence!", I rapped. "Remember what happens to your friend Joe, if I decide to punish you for interrupting me, or for speaking when you have not been addressed. And please remember that I studied comparative linguistics at Harvard - not only am I brighter and more intelligent than you, but I could smother you in the semantic arguments surrounding the issue of what's a terrorist, what's an insurgent, what's a freedom fighter, what's a rebel, and so on!"

"Now, let's just all accept that you're my slaves, shall we?", I continued. "That way we can do what has to be done, and you two men need not suffer unnecessary beatings and more pain."

The two men kind of shuffled their feet, and I saw Joe give Bill a little nudge, as if to say "Shut your fucking mouth for a minute, until we know what's going to happen!"

"Right. Now, as you know, I like to see your magnificent physiques. So, as you have done so many times before, shuck those shorts and reveal your bodies to me."

There was some slight hesitation from Bill, of course, but both men stood there in the nude.

"Thank you. It's not so hard, is it? Now, perhaps regrettably for you, you lack one thing, and possess another. It is the custom for all men in this country - whether masters or slaves - to be circumcised. Personally, I don't care - in fact, I quite like playing with an uncut cock - but custom and tradition are powerful

forces in our society. Consequently those exciting flaps of skin concealing your cockheads are going to have to go, and when you leave this room you will go back down to the doctor who will neatly and efficiently 'skin you."

"No, please..." Bill cut in.

"Slave, that's the last time you will do that without Joe getting whipped. You already caused him those wounds on his shoulders last night, perfectly unnecessarily. So hold your tongue!"

"Now, as I was saying, you're going to be 'skinned. Some masters here believe this is a seminal experience on the road to slavery and have the whole thing done without benefit of modern methods - my father routinely circumcised all the new young boy slaves, and he trained me in the techniques so I could have you held down now and simply cut away. But I am not a barbarian - and I do have more important things to do this morning - and so the doctor will do it to you, painlessly and quickly. I have decided that you will have what we call a 'high and tight', where all the excess foreskin is removed and so when you are flaccid there is no loose skin at all on the shaft of your penis. I know it's increasingly the fashion just to trim enough of a slave's 'skin to reveal his piss slit but keep his flange covered when he is not erect, but you two men have magnificent cocks and they deserve to be fully displayed to their best advantage at all times."

"So... Off to the doctor, and I will examine the results later."

"Sir, please, sir, can I ask a question?" I nodded, as Joe had been properly respectful.

"Sir, you said we lacked something, sir..."

"Ah yes... All my slaves bear my house mark. Everything I own is marked with my logo, and my slaves are no exception. After you have been 'skinned, I will find time to come and brand you - I'm a bit of a traditionalist in this respect, and believe that a slave only truly accepts a master when that slave recognises that the master has complete power over the slave's body. What better way of demonstrating that, than by searing my logo into your hides, with the white-hot branding iron?"

BILL AND JOE, Part I I**BILL**

The bastard! Taking away our 'skins, and then this talk of branding us. I wanted to tell him right there and then to fuck off, but Joe kicked against me with his foot, telling me to shut up. Well, I suppose he's right, really - the bastard wouldn't change his mind, and all that would happen is that Joe would get another caning.

They let us put our shorts on before the guards led us back to the room where we'd been treated earlier. We must have seen some sort of assistant before, as there was a kind of "proper" doctor there now, a middle-aged guy in a white coat with a stethoscope hanging around his neck.

He was working away at some papers, and looked up as the guards brought us into the room. He did something on his PC, and I could see images of us both appear on the screen - naked, as you might expect. He compared the images with us as we stood there, looked back at the PC, and said "Right Oh! Just a couple of slaves for a simple 'skinning, I see. Always pays to double check on the Sheikh's orders, on the PC, as we wouldn't want to get something like that wrong, would we?"

He had that fucking irritating way of "talking down" to you that doctors and people like that have (and most of our officers, too!), so I could tell he must be English.

"Sir, please help us, sir. We're not slaves... We're members of the SAS. Please help us get a message to the British Government, or even to the British Embassy here...." I thought I ought to be polite like that, as you know how doctors and those other people who think they're god's gift to the world are.

"No, I'm sorry. Please don't put me in that difficult position. Now..."

I lost it. "What fucking difficult position? You're British, aren't you, and all we're asking is for you to help a couple of British soldiers...."

"No, I'm sorry. I meant that I am here as a professional doctor, paid to treat the slaves in the Sheikh's household. What I see before me are two slaves - the Sheikh's own information system has confirmed it. I really couldn't go running to my friend the British Ambassador claiming that the Sheikh had captured British soldiers

here, now could I? It just wouldn't be right. It would be breaking professional confidences. It would be disloyal to my employer."

"Now you listen to me... We're soldiers - tough soldiers. And if you don't cut the crap and help us, I'll beat the shit out of you...." I advanced towards him, but the guards saw me start to move, and the next minute I was writhing on the floor, where he'd touched my naked back with one of those stun gun things.

The doctor pretended not to see - I suppose having guards viciously ill treat men was not part of his view of the world.

"As I was saying...", he continued after I'd pulled myself to my feet again "You two are just slaves, and your master has ordered you to be 'skinned. Let me just give you a small piece of advice, before you spread any more silly stories about captured British soldiers.... There are currently no soldiers 'missing' in this country. There was a tragedy a month or so ago that was reported in the papers where a number of SAS men on a friendly exchange visit to this country were unfortunately all killed when the helicopter they were travelling in met with mechanical difficulties and came down in the desert. There's been a full Public Enquiry, that clearly showed that it was a faulty rotor blade that led to the accident."

The bastards! Our mission was secret, not a "friendly exchange visit", and so they'd all got together and concocted this crap, to save face, when it went wrong.

"My friend the British Ambassador was only telling me over dinner the other night....", he went on, in a warning tone, "that Britain has just agreed to lend this country many millions of pounds. The helicopter crash, bringing the soldiers on their friendly exchange, occurred just before, and arrangements for the loan were concluded the very next day. But the two countries are in complete harmony. Furthermore, the Ambassador has given instructions that if slaves claiming to be soldiers arrive at the Embassy, they are simply to be returned to the proper authorities in the country - as there are no missing soldiers, by definition slaves claiming to be soldiers must be liars."

"Now, are you two slaves going to be sensible, and behave? I can order the guards to hold you, then simply give you an injection to knock you out cold, and then operate, but you'll feel terrible later in the day as it wears off. Alternatively, if you agree to be co-operative,

a simple local shot in the end of your penises, and it will all be over in a trice! So what's it to be?"

I was spoiling for a fight, and wondered if we could overpower the guards before the doctor could inject us. But they were holding their prod things menacingly, and my body was still aching from the last time. Joe made the decision, though, and said "Sir, just the local, please."

"Right, lads.... Who's first?"

Joe stepped forward, and the doctor indicated a chair for him to sit on. Joe went to sit down, but the doctor cut in "No, silly boy! You're to be 'skinned, you know that! And how can I do that when you've got those shorts on - I can see your penis through them, but I can hardly operate through them, can I? Just slip them down for me, please."

From the way he was talking the bastard might just as well have been doing a simple examination of us in Hereford - the army doctor there has all those silly mannerisms and false politeness.

Joe shrugged his shorts off and sat down, and the doctor rolled up a little thin table thing and positioned it between Joe's legs, under his cock. All the guards were leaning forward, watching with interest, and I think they were all surprised at the size of Joe - no, envious, I think would be a better word.

The doctor pulled up a wheeled chair next to Joe, and reached down and started to 'skin Joe, running Joe's 'skin on and off his cock head, and generally examining Joe's cock as he did so.

"Nice healthy penis", the doctor commented. "Any problems with the old water works, or with, you know.... With coitus?"

Joe seemed pretty pissed off with this awful manner too, with its coy mixture of the twee and the medical. "No, sir. I piss and I cum perfectly satisfactorily, sir!"

Now that's how a real man behaves - no fucking about, just the plain and simple truth.

"There's a lot of rubbish talked about the foreskin", the doctor went on, apparently unperturbed by Joe's frankness. "It's not really necessary, and after the cut has healed and the soreness has gone, you'll wonder why mother nature ever bothered with it in the first place. It used to be thought that it helped prevent all sorts

of diseases, but I don't suppose you two lads worry about that much, do you? You rely on us doctors to give you a shot, if you pick up something unfortunate when you're playing!"

Oh, spare me, I thought! "Mother nature.... Playing" - who did he think we were? School kids? And, anyway, from what I'd seen, I wasn't going to be "playing" with my dick - I'd be made to use it, whether I wanted to or not.

As he finished speaking he picked up a syringe, filled it from a small bottle, sprayed stuff out of it to remove the air from the needle, then said to Joe "Hold still now... Just a little prick and then your penis will be totally numb. Hmm... A little prick into a big prick, as we might say!"

His feeble humour almost made me puke. But Joe just sat there, and after a couple of minutes the doctor picked up a sharp, pointed scalpel, and jabbed at Joe's cock with it. Joe didn't even flinch, and the doctor asked "Completely insensitive - you didn't feel that, did you?"

"No, sir."

"Right then... Now, sit still... It won't hurt you, but if you move, I might cut something important to you!"

As he spoke, the doctor picked up a scalpel and bent low over Joe's cock. It was all over in a trice - he sat up, and put a small bloody piece of skin into one of those stainless steel bowls there are always around in doctors' rooms.

"Right... Now just a couple of small stitches to help healing.. They'll dissolve away naturally after a couple of days.... There.... And a bit of this nice magic powder to help staunch the flow of blood... There... All done!"

Joe stood up, and he did look a sight. You could hardly see the end of his cock for blood. He went to pick up his shorts, but the doctor said "No, leave those off. Best to let the air get at it, to aid healing. And, anyway, you wouldn't want to spoil those nice white shorts your master has provided you with with blood stains, would you?"

"Right - who's next?"

I felt like smashing my fist into his face, as his senseless prattle

continued. Who the fuck did he think was next? I went over and sat in the chair, and he went through the whole fucking stupid business again.

Actually, it didn't hurt at all - well, not then! Both Joe and I were pretty sore for a couple of days once the anaesthetic had worn off, but by then we'd got other, worse, pain to contend with.

The guards took us back to our cell, and Joe and I sat together on the edge of the bed with the blanket wrapped around our shoulders against the cold.

"What a fucker!", Joe said. And this surprised me, as he didn't usually criticise things much. "Reminds me of some of those stupid officers - you know, the ones who come straight from Sandhurst, and don't work their way up. Think they know how to 'handle men' as they've been to fancy schools. But what do you think about what he said about the helicopter crash, and all that stuff?"

"Well, if you ask me, it's a fix up. There was no crash, as you know - they dropped us straight in, and we were surrounded by their army the moment it went off back to base. I think they captured us, complained to the British Government about running a secret operation in their country, and were bought off before there was an international incident - bought off with a huge 'loan', and with us"

"Well we always knew these missions were risky - they always told us we'd be disowned if we were captured..."

"Yes, Joe - but disowned if we were captured is one thing. Just rounded up and sold off as slaves.... Well it wasn't meant to be like that, was it? I wonder who the fucker was who betrayed us - do you think we'll ever find out? And it sounds as if they'd be fucking embarrassed if - no, when - we escape. Makes me want to try even harder, just to show them!"

"Well that's all very well... But you know, Bill, what do you think they'd do to us if we ever did get out of here and turned up at home? A government that's prepared to bribe them to cover up a covert operation is not going to want to have its schemes uncovered, is it? No, if you ask me, we're really in the shit now - if we stay here, we're slaves. If we manage to escape, we'll be dead meat if we're recaptured in this country - do you remember what they told us about it being automatic death for escaped slaves? But if we did manage to get home, we'd be dead meat anyway as they'd not want us turning up at all!"

"So, Joe - slavery, or death! Not much of a choice, is it?"

"Don't say that, Bill - look, we're alive. We're together. We're fit, resourceful, tough... We're going to get out of this somehow."

"Add to that list, Joe... Fit, tough, resourceful.... whipped, fucked, 'skinned, and soon to be branded. That's what the Arab said, wasn't it? All that stuff about white-hot irons searing his mark into our hides."

"If I didn't know you better, mate, I'd think you'd given up hope. Or were chicken! Come on - we've been in worse scrapes than this."

"Oh yes, Joe? Not quite this bad, I think!"

MOHAMMED

That doctor really does grate on me. It's a particularly irritating British habit to talk down to the lower orders and to use silly "nursery" expressions when there are perfectly good medical terms. But he's relatively cheap, and well trained. And he knows that he'd better behave - after the first time he was "persuaded" to castrate a persistently disobedient slave I edited the video taken in his operating room to take out all the coercion we used, then showed it to him, asking him how his professional body back in England would react. Since then he has always been compliant, and I have masses more recordings of him operating on slaves against their wishes, so he's totally in my power.

He did a good job on the slaves, though, and I knew that they would be recovered, ready to fuck again, in only about a week. As I listened to the slaves talking in their cell, I was particularly impressed by the perceptive way they had pieced together what had in fact happened to them. This was working well for my purposes, as they might now be less likely to try to attempt foolish escapes - although I had a lingering doubt about that Bill: he might just be driven to do something exceptionally stupid, in the faint hope he could getaway and expose the "government plot" to the dreadful British tabloid press. Still, any worries like that were in the far future. There was no way they could escape from my palace, and I did need to press on with finally "taming" them, ready for the next Council meeting in two weeks.

Branding a slave is a very special process. Of course you need to have proper regard to the physical aspects of it - the iron at the

right temperature, the slave immobile so that you get a good clean brand with nice sharp edges, the slave properly voided to ensure his bowels do not release and splash you, and so on. I'm sure all masters are familiar with this (or employ professionals to do it for them). But it's the emotional aspects that always particularly interests me.

Take these two slaves: they'd seen that the proper application of physical punishment had coerced them into doing things that they almost certainly would not have done otherwise. They'd experienced my total power over them, as they were kept in a cell, moved through my palace on humiliating public display, and exercised harshly, way beyond their normal limits. They'd even seen the power I had over their bodies, as my doctor snipped away their foreskins. But in spite of all of this, and their discovery that they were made to perform sex for my amusement, they still did not think of themselves as slaves - they were still soldiers, who were patiently biding their time, hoping to further their escape plans.

Many newly enslaved men think like this - their slavery is not "real" to them. They find it hard to adjust to their new status. There needs to be a defining moment, a point at which the slave can no longer fool himself into thinking that he is any longer "free". That point needs to be clearly sign-posted, so that the slave can think that from that moment his status completely and irreversibly changed. He needs to know, deep down, that he is no longer a man but a mere possession, something totally owned by his master, something that his master can do with as he pleases. I have always found that the act of branding the slave makes this transition for them - it is painful, it is indelible and permanent, and it shows that their body is no longer their own as their master can have it marked in this way. And ever after, if the slave does wonder about his status, there, burned into his skin, is the answer: his ownership mark that tells the world, and himself, that is merely an owned object.

I was eager to move on to mark the slaves, therefore, as not only did I need to complete their "taming", but as a student of human nature I wanted to see how they reacted - particularly the more dominant one of the two, Bill. Actually, its these strong, dominant types who often break first - they're rather like a piece of something under stress: once you have cracked them, they split totally. The calmer, more silent ones like Joe can prove more difficult, as they can apparently bend to your will, but do not snap and break.

A moment's reflection, however, suggested that I would do well to wait - they' heard that this was going to happen to them, and they would be thinking about it. Their minds could probably invent and embroider far worse scenarios about their branding than they would actually experience in practice (even though it is not, of course, pleasant). I would give their cocks time to recover from their 'skinning, and let the slaves have a well earned "holiday" from their arduous training. When the blow came, it would then be all the more terrifying and out of the ordinary.

BILL

Joe and I talked a bit about this branding business - we'd seen a porno film that one of the lads at the base had about a year ago where some poor girl was supposedly branded by an old bloke who wanted to possess her totally - she'd wriggled and screamed as a couple of thugs held her down, then when they pressed this red-hot thing into her on her tits, most of us got an erection. It was a bit more thrilling than when the old bloke finally got around to fucking her, actually.

So was this what they were going to do to us? Hold us down, and use a red-hot iron us? I felt Joe shudder as we talked about this - he'd been badly burned a couple of years ago when he stupidly picked up a Bren gun that had been firing for a couple of hours, and he was terrified of the pain it caused.

Still, there wasn't a lot we could do about it, was there? We were locked in their cell, their guards with those prod things could easily overpower even two tough guys like us whenever they wanted to, as they only had to touch the tip anywhere on our naked bodies, and so there didn't seem to be much point in thinking about it.

What was worse was the waiting - if we'd know when they were going to do it, we could have forgotten about it until then. But as it was we just sat there, trying not to think about it.

The anaesthetic stuff the doctor had pumped into our cocks wore off after a couple of hours, and whilst it wasn't exactly painful, it was sore: sore with a kind of sharp edge to it, if you know what I mean. Joe tried to make a joke of it, and he looked at me and said "Well, at least you're not going to fuck me, mate! Well, not unless you're a masochist. If your cock's hurting as much as mine is, you're not going to want to shove it up me, are you?"

I grinned back at him, gave him one of those tiny reassuring punches

blokes who are good mates do. "You can talk! I seem to remember that the last cock that fucked an arse was yours, and it was my arse! So I assume I'm safe from you, too?"

"How are your balls now?", Joe went on. "That bastard really beat them last night."

I reached down and carefully, very tentatively, probed at my sac. "Not too bad - I wouldn't want Tina sucking them, mind you! What about you - I expect yours will start to hurt soon as you can't wank to get rid of all that spunk you produce...."

But as I said this, I realised something was wrong. Joe went deathly silent and very still.

"Oh fuck, Bill. Hearing what doctor said.... Sharon will have been told I was killed. And the baby.... They'll think he's a lost his dad.... "

"Well, if we're reported as dead, at least Sharon and the nipper will get an army pension. Tina won't get a thing - she was always on at me to get married, but, you know..."

Oh fuck! I'd said the wrong thing again. I wasn't supposed to talk about pensions, was I? Joe didn't want to be told that his missus would be getting on without him. I put my arm around him, being careful not to touch the top of his shoulders where his wounds were, and went on "But we're going to show them, aren't we? We're going to get out of this palace, out of this country, and then we'll blow the whistle on what the government's done. Think of it - we'll be in all the papers, on TV.... Who knows, when they see two handsome studs like us, they might even take us on as presenters on a game show or something - remember that bloke who was in one of those reality shows, well he did all right, he..."

"Oh shut up, Bill. We aren't ever going to get out of here...."

"That's not like you, Joe. Come on, mate - keep your pecker up, as my old mom used to say. Although judging by the state of my 'pecker', I don't think I'll want it up for a few days yet...."

We sat there in silence for a bit after that, and when it seemed as if nothing was going to happen for some time, we decided to lie down. Well, one good thing about all this circumcision - at least we weren't pounding across the desert, or being half-drowned in the swimming pool.

I'd never realised before what being really close to your best mate could actually be like. Of course Joe and I had bunked together if there was no space on manoeuvres. And we were used to seeing each other naked in the showers and so on. And since we'd been in this hell hole we'd had more than enough opportunity to see, touch, taste and smell each other's bodies. Now, lying naked next to him, I began to realise how special it can be to have another man next to you, another man you like and respect, another man who you'd trust your life to - no, to whom you do trust your life, when you're on an operation.

We couldn't fuck, we couldn't even wank each other. And a lot of touching and holding was, to say the least, uncomfortable because of our wounds. But we discovered there are hundreds of other ways two blokes can show their closeness for each other. Why doesn't anyone ever tell you a bloke's nipples are fantastic to play with, and if he plays with yours, it's a complete turn on? Look, I've obviously fondled Tina and played with her tits lots of times, but never once, not once, had anyone ever done the same thing to me. And when I accidentally brushed Joe's tit with my hand and he gave a little gasp of pleasure, and then he did the same to me and I almost shot out of bed at the sheer unexpected shock that went through me, we spent some time just exploring how two blokes can really give each other a good time. It had never occurred to me that it was good to suck a bloke's tits, or to have mine sucked. And that licking them, gently biting them, and tweaking them with your fingers could make them go hard and "come out to play". They ought to write a good sex book for blokes, telling them about things like this - but then, I expect they teach it in schools now, not like when I was a kid.

After we'd messed about with each other's tits for a bit, Joe suddenly kissed me, and we then had another bout of exploring how much better it is for two blokes than when you're with a bird. For one thing, you have such good feedback - his body behaves in just the same way as yours does, and there are just so many areas to explore. I never knew how fantastically sexy it was to have the hot wet tip of Joe's tongue prodding and prying into my ear hole, and of course I was then able to do the same thing to him, knowing how he'd feel.

If some of our mates had seen some of the things we did with each other as we lay there that day they'd have thought we'd turned into a couple of queers. But it wasn't like that at all - it was two strong, virile, manly blokes giving each other comfort, and pleasure, and just doing the sort of things that blokes ought to be

able to do together all the time.

MOHAMMED

I was tremendously pleased to see the men exploring each other so thoroughly. I didn't doubt that Bill's experiences with the young slave and Joe's with the older one I had selected had woken them up to the fact that men's bodies were potentially enjoyable pleasure zones. If I did decide to use them as pleasure slaves in due course, this would be very good experience for them. But more importantly, once they saw how the other reacted, any punishment I gave them would have its effect doubled as the other man would now be able to imagine much more exactly how it was affecting his companion.

It was interesting to see how much Joe was affected by the effect that his reported death would have on his wife and child. Bill seemed much less concerned about his girlfriend. Nevertheless I contacted a private investigation agency in London that I've used before on matters of a confidential and sensitive nature, and asked them to prepare for me a full report on the "victims" families.

I suppose it was a week later when I finally got around to deciding that the time was right to brand the slaves - I'd been exceptionally busy on matters of business, and of the state, and I thought I deserved a little relaxation. Of course I'd kept up with the general status of my slaves, as they were such a vitally important project to me, and I was interested to see that they now treated each other just as if they were a single entity - after their scars had healed and the soreness had gone from the skin on their penises, each man now treated the other's just as if it were his own: he might wank himself, or he might wank his companion - it seemed to make little difference to them. Bill had occasionally fucked Joe, too, but it no longer seemed to be something that he drove at with that intense ferocity that had first characterised his sexual activities. I guessed that these men were now lovers in the true sense of the word, and got as much pleasure from caressing and stroking each other as they did from actual hard sexual fucking.

I'd slackened up a little on their exercise regime - you can over exercise, after all, and I did not want these men to turn into the sort of hideous parody of the male form that you see in those repulsive body builders. I like a slave to be well muscled, but lean and sleek, with wiry, sinewy limbs and flat bellies. The slaves were already like this, and were at the peak of their condition - if they were finally tamed, they would make a thrilling spectacle for the Council, I knew. So they did less miles as they

ran behind the Land Rover, and fewer lengths in the pool. I had allowed them to spend more time in the sun, though, so their bodies were now both a uniform, rich tan all over. Their hair still needed attention, but I intended to do this as the final stage of their preparation, after I had branded them.

It must have seemed a day like any other for them as they untwined their limbs from around each other and got out of the bed that morning. They were probably not aware of the first major change to their routine at the time - they munched away at their breakfast chow, not knowing that it had been laced with a powerful purgative. Twenty minutes later they started to use the crap hole in the corner of their cell, and within an hour their bowels were completely empty. You may wonder why I resorted to chemicals to purge their insides, rather than the traditional enema, but you must remember that these slaves were still not used to having their arseholes used for pleasure, and would probably be deeply disturbed by the use of the enema hose. Obviously a strong laxative does not clear a slave out as well as an enema, and is of little use as a healthy clean-out before sex, but all I was interested in was ensuring that there should be no unsightly and unseemly mess as the slaves lost control of their bodies when the branding iron bit into them - I had seen several unfortunate instances where the master doing the branding had actually had his clothes soiled by a slave's inability to control his bowels during the process, and this was not going to happen to me.

When they were brought into my workroom, I noticed that they now stood much closer together than they had ever done before, and they did not seem at all to mind when I commanded them to become naked. I did not even have to use the guards to coerce them to bend over the barrel, and they went there together, almost with an air of resignation about them.

I was particularly careful to ensure all their limbs were well padded before the restraining cuffs were closed, and slaves feeling the heat of the iron can attempt to thrash around uncontrollably in attempt to break free. I did not want further damage to their skin, and so the harsh edges of the shackles needed to be tempered with a layer of binding cloths immediately on the skin.

BILL

W knew it couldn't last of course, and just enjoyed each other in those few days whilst our cocks were healing. It was great to be really close to Joe as we lay in bed in our cell, or lazed by the

pool - the exercises we now had to do were within our capabilities, and it was a pleasure to really exercise our muscles before slipping into each others arms to continue experiencing all the subtle pleasures of the body. I fucked Joe once or twice, and it was a magic experience for both of us - I was no longer desperate to dominate and control him as I knew he was bound inseparably to me anyway. Instead, I took pride in ensuring that I used my cock to give him the maximum possible pleasure as I slid in and out of him, and, strangely, in turn this seemed to give rise to new levels of satisfaction for me, too.

When the cramping pains started in our guts we thought at first we must have been given dodgy food for breakfast, but as our insides spewed out down the crap hole, I remembered with sick excitement that the Arab had said something about being purged before we were branded to make sure we didn't lose control of our bowels as the process was so painful. So it was to be today, I guessed, but I didn't say anything to Joe as I didn't want to worry him.

In the Arab's room I knew that resistance was pointless, and Joe and I were soon strapped side by side on the barrel thing where he'd first fucked us. I could feel the comforting warmth of Joe's body pressed against mine, and I looked at him and gave him an encouraging smile. He knew by now of course what was going to happen to us, and he nodded back at me, to let me know he was OK, and to encourage me.

The Arab came and stood in front of us, and started to speak. We knew we weren't expected to say anything in reply, so we just listened. "So, slaves.... This is the first day of the rest of your lives, as that trite saying goes. Today you take the final step from being men to being slaves, true slaves, whose bodies belong completely to their master."

"You have already experienced the power that I have over you. I have punished you, I have introduced you to proper sex, and I have fucked you. You have seen that your bodies are no longer under your own control, when I ordered you to be 'skinned - I could have as easily ordered the removal of your testicles, or even your entire cocks, in the same way that I ordered your 'skins to be forfeit."

"Today is a continuation of the process by which you understand that you are now completely in my power. You are my property, and I own you totally. You will be marked, permanently, with my ownership mark so that every day you will be constantly reminded of who now controls your destiny completely."

"The brand that I am going to apply to your skin is symbolic of my ownership and control of you. But it is more than that - the pain you will experience will be so devastating, so overwhelming, that you will always remember this day as marking that transition from men to slaves. You will never doubt that your master has the power to control you completely, and every time you are tempted to think of yourselves as men, you will remember that I turned you into mere objects, something I own, just as I own this robe, this desk, this palace."

"You should understand that you will scream. Prepare yourselves for it. Do not try to stifle it, pretending that this is what brave men do. You will scream, as the iron continues to burn into your flesh, and so you may as well start at the moment it first touches you, rather than holding out in some futile attempt to remain silent: it's better for you to let go, and it can help you through the experience. You need not fear disgracing yourselves by voiding your bowels uncontrollably, as you will know that following the purgative mixed in with your food this morning, your bowels are empty. And I have taken special precautions to pad the shackles holding you there, so you can thrash and pull as much as you like without fear of injuring yourselves. You are powerless to prevent what is going to happen to you, just as you are powerless to prevent the remainder of your life being spent as a slave."

"Now, before I sear your flesh, you may speak, if you wish to."

As you know, at one time I'd probably have screamed at him and called him all the vile names under the sun. But I knew this was pointless, and was not going to help Joe or me one little bit. Perhaps I was developing a slave mentality, as I just lay there, silent, and waiting.

BILL AND JOE, Part 12

MOHAMMED

I never rush when branding a slave. It's the most important occasion in his life, as he makes his transition to his new status, and it should not be trivialised by being done hurriedly, or without proper ceremony. On this occasion however I was sorely tempted to skip some of the work I usually do in favour of a little impromptu fucking - seeing the four perfect mounds of the two slave's arses stretched over my barrel made me have a hard erection. I wanted to stroke the muscle displayed so enticingly for me, prise those cheeks apart, and insert my cock into the slave's waiting arseholes. But that would have been all wrong, and completely spoiled the occasion - there would, after all, be time enough later for fucking.

I am extremely particular where the brand goes on the slave's arse. I like it positioned a little towards the front but still recognisably on the thick flesh of the arse muscle, three or four inches below the hip bone, on the left hand side. I explained this to the two men as I used a magic marker to pinpoint the location on each of them - I wanted them to be as symmetric as possible, and it's relatively easy to make a mistake in the excitement of the occasion when you are branding more than one man at a time. As the wet tip of the marker touched their flesh, I told the slaves to think about it, and to know that this is where the hot iron would burn into them.

Those of you who brand slaves yourselves will know how hard it is to get a good branding iron. It's an often overlooked fact that as the scar made by the branding iron heals, the brand itself gets thicker. I like a sharp, crisp brand on my slaves, and therefore it's necessary to start off with an even thinner template on the branding iron. That in turn produces its own problems, as very thin templates can be unstable and bend and buckle, leaving a distorted image which is most displeasing. Before I found my current supplier I occasionally had to sell slaves on, at far below their true value, after a failed branding caused by the buckling of the iron left them with a parody of my ownership mark.

My tools and technique are now perfect, however. Firstly I use webbing to bind the slave's waist and his thighs tightly to the barrel - even with his wrists and ankles chained down, it is very important that the flesh does not move at all, not even in the tiniest degree, if you want the finest line. And secondly, my branding iron is specially made for me by a company in Switzerland

that specialises in precision instruments, and who are masters at working in titanium.

Now I know that the traditional way of doing these things is by having braziers of glowing charcoal, using big, black muscular naked slaves to pump air through them to make them glow very hot, then twirling the branding irons around in the fire to make them glow, but to me this is old fashioned and extremely inconvenient. It's all very theatrical, and no doubt it makes the slave who is to be branded feel very intimidated. But there's no way I'd want a brazier in my room and sweaty slaves pumping away - and there's the fire danger to consider here in the palace, and insurance is difficult enough to get as it is! So working in collaboration with my Swiss company I designed and commissioned an electric iron that is self contained: you simply plug it into an outlet as normal, then an element inside the well-insulated handle heats the titanium brand template itself. This is in the form of very thin but strong wire, held on minimal supports, rather like the filament in an electric lamp. Using this electric system has a further advantage - the titanium brand can be made to glow white hot, rather than just the bright red from the traditional charcoal, and this further helps to make a sharp, incisive mark; it has even been said that it is less painful for a slave to be branded by a white hot brand, rather than just a red hot one, but I am not convinced of this myself. As a further refinement to my design, a simple screw on the end of the handle holds the titanium branding wires in place, making for a quick and simple removal. I like to use a large brand on a slave's arse and smaller ones in the other places I choose to brand him, so this ability to have replaceable elements is especially useful.

I persuaded the Swiss to patent the design and to manufacture a limited number for sale - indeed, you may even use one yourself without knowing that it was me who is responsible for this innovation. If you're not already doing so, I do urge you to consider buying one - they're not expensive and are readily shipped anywhere. I sincerely believe that they do a much better job than traditional models, and I'm not just saying that because I get a small royalty from each one sold!

Having marked the place on each slave where he was to be branded, though, I switched on the iron and waited for it to reach operating temperature. Both slaves were watching me intently, and I held the glowing element to their faces so they could feel the heat.

"Now remember", I told them, "It's expected that you will scream, and there's no shame in it. So who's first?"

Bill promptly snapped "Sir, do Joe first, sir." I was gratified to hear that he was thinking of his fellow, even at a stressful time like this, as I remembered that Joe was terrified of the pain from burns. Bill evidently thought that it was better to get Joe's brand out of the way first, else Joe would have to endure hearing Bill's screams whilst waiting for me to begin on him.

It's unnecessarily cruel, I think, to keep the slaves waiting once all is prepared, so I moved behind Joe and brought the end of the iron down with a firm, steady pressure onto his golden skin. It's so important to apply even pressure, as you want all the brand to appear evenly, don't you? He did of course start to scream as the white hot wire touched his flesh, and he carried on as I held the brand there and pressed it down deeper, to cut through the surface layers and ensure that the burning and scarring affects the subcutaneous layers, too. I hate the smell that arises as the iron burns through the slave's flesh - an American who was trying to do business with me once invited me to a barbecue at his home when I was on a visit to the USA, and was proud of the smell of singeing and burning meat that spread all around his patio area. Personally, I found it nauseous, and the charring flesh of the slave brought back unpleasant memories of this occasion to me. Fortunately the new air-conditioning system in my workroom, which I had installed at vast expense only last year, is sensitive to these effects, and a smoke detector in the ceiling causes the fan to go into high speed mode so that most of the disagreeable smell is removed quite quickly.

It's an art, isn't it, to judge when the iron has been against the slave long enough to produce a proper brand but not long enough to do permanent damage to him? Fortunately my father taught me well, and I pride myself on being something of an expert. I withdrew the iron, therefore, but the wailing of Joe continued.

An advantage of the electric iron is that it's always ready for use once it's reached operating temperature, and so Bill was spared having to wait whilst it re-heated. Even as Joe continued to scream, I was able to press the iron to Bill's flesh and effect his marking. Stupid Bill, though, evidently thought he still had something to prove as he tried to hold back his cries - at least two or three seconds elapsed between my touching the iron to his body and the first great cry emerging from his throat. I do try and make it easy for the slaves, and you know I warned them against this - it really is better to give full vent to the anguish as soon as it starts.

I took a cloth and wiped the sweat away from both slaves' arses so that I could inspect the brand, and was well pleased with the results - on each of them my mark stood out sharp and clear from the surrounding flesh which was of course rapidly reddening and beginning to look extremely angry, as the body rushed "repair" cells to the site. But that's to be expected and is perfectly normal.

I wasn't expecting trouble with these two and I've told you that they went to the barrel almost resigned to their fate. It's disagreeable when the guards have to drag slaves there and force them down, isn't it? But after this initial brand, all the slaves I've ever dealt with have always been so shocked and their bodies so unable to function properly that the guards have never been necessary when I move them into position for the subsequent brands. This occasion was no exception, and I untied the webbing and shackles holding Joe down, and as he continued to sob uncontrollably, positioned him the other way up on the barrel so that his chest was stretched taught around it. It took only a moment to re-do the shackles, then I similarly positioned Bill so that both slaves were again lying next to each other, completely helpless, with their upper bodies exposed.

It's reasonable for the slaves to find the prospect of a second brand on their bodies absolutely terrifying - once they have experienced the first brand, when my intentions to make another mark on them become clear they tend to panic. But, to their credit, as they lay there, both Bill and Joe did not do what so many slaves do and start to beg and implore me not to touch them again. They watched as I pulled on an asbestos glove and took out the large brand template I'd used for their arses and replaced it in the base of the iron by a smaller version. Fortunately it was very quick to heat up to a glowing white again, and I was able to mark the flesh on their right pecs, just above their aureoles, quite quickly without inducing unnecessary mental anguish by an extended wait.

In spite of the waves of pain that were coursing through their bodies, I knew that they would still be capable of feeling other sensations, and it must have been very humiliating for them to know that their bladders released as their pecs were marked. I've told you of the precautions I take to make sure the slaves' bowels are empty, but, short of inserting a catheter, there's no real way you can totally drain the slaves' bladders before branding, and things like this do occur quite often. Personally I don't like to use a catheter as it makes the slave tense and worried, and I do try to be as humane as possible.

I tried to reassure them, by saying "It's almost over now, slaves. And you need not worry about the urine that you have released - as you may have noticed, my 'barrel' is on a special area of floor with a rubber coating as it does from time to time get covered in blood and urine, and when we're finished the household slaves will soon set all to rights. I will not punish you for soiling my chamber this time, as I recognise you are under considerable stress. Now, just lie there and try to relax, as I just have one more to do..."

Their eyes followed my every move as I again took out the small branding template I had just used and put in an even smaller one. As we all waited for it to heat, I told them "This is a mark of my special esteem for you: normally, I do not mark my slaves in the way I am about to mark you. But you are such exceptional slaves in so many ways that you deserve to be singled out - I want the world to know that your master values you so highly."

As the iron reached operating temperature I moved in front of Joe and took his cock in my hand. I began to wank him, teasing his piss slit with my thumb nail to give him special pleasure, until he was rigidly erect. In one swift movement, so that he did not become unnecessarily alarmed, I pressed his rock solid cock up and back to lie against his belly, held the head firmly so that his member could not move, and pressed the brand into the middle of the underside of his shaft. His screams redoubled, and I moved on swiftly to do the same to Bill, so that he, too, should be under as little stress as possible. This time there was no break between the touching of the hot iron and the cries that broke from his throat.

I unplugged the iron, and let both men just lie there for a couple of minutes until their screams had died down to be replaced by racking sobs.

"That's it, slaves, as that is what you now truly are", I told them. "You have my ownership mark on your arses and pecs, and as an additional indication that you are special slaves, on the underside of your penises. You now understand that I totally control you, and that you are my property. No one looking at your body can any longer doubt that you are no longer men, but the possessions of a master. And you yourselves will be reminded of it constantly - you will see my ownership mark on your arses and your pecs each time you shower, and whenever you hold your member to piss, or wank yourselves, or are wanked, or fuck, you will feel the brand on your penis."

"I am finished with you for now", I continued. "There is one more

process involved in making you into perfect slaves, but do not worry about it - there is no pain at all involved, and we will attend to it once your scars from today have healed."

I summoned the guards, let them undo the shackles holding the slaves down, and watched as the two bodies - no longer as proud and erect as when they had entered my chamber - were taken back to their cell.

BILL

I don't want to tell you about being branded. It's too fucking awful to think about. I've mostly managed to blot it out of my mind, and Joe has, too. We can't avoid the brands on our bodies as we see them all the time, and it's true: when a man has done this to you, you do understand that you are no longer "free", and that he owns you, totally. I'm not just saying that - there's something deep down in the brain that seems to recognise that the man whose mark you carry, a mark put there with such incredible pain and suffering, has a special hold over you. Although we can't avoid looking at them, and feeling them - especially the one on our cocks - we don't have to think about how they were put there and the sensations we went through that dreadful day.

The guards put us back in our cell, and all Joe and I could do was lie there in each other's arms, avoiding touching the hideously swollen and scarred places on our bodies. It was almost impossible to think - every nerve in my body was sending signals of pain and damage to me, and there wasn't a fucking thing I could do about it. I just had to lie there and endure it, and I suppose I knew, intellectually at least - that it would go away sooner or later. Not that that's much help when your body is constantly telling you to "do something", is it, even when there's nothing you can do? I can't really remember - or don't want to remember - which of the brands hurt the worse. I suppose they were all different: the one on my arse was a persistent, aching dullness. The one on my pec seemed much "shriller" somehow, and the one on my cock - well, there's just no way I can describe it. I suppose the closest I can come is to say that it's what it must be like if someone took a bowl of scalding hot water, held your body rigid, and gradually immersed your cock into it until it was immersed.

They went to feed us that night as usual, but neither Joe nor I could eat anything and we just lay there. That was one of the longest nights I've ever spent - I did drift into sleep every now and then, but I'd soon wake up, and become aware of the wall of pain rolling over me again. It was just the same for Joe, too, as I knew

he was awake as much as I was. We tried to exchange words of encouragement, and at one point we pressed closer together to kiss, but we just couldn't do any of it properly - the pain was all-consuming, and forced everything else out of our thoughts.

By the third day we were just getting dull aches from the brands and there was ugly scar tissue over all of them. We were led out to the swimming pool and told that we could spend all day there - they didn't tether us or anything! Joe and I were totally naked but somehow we didn't notice: it was so good to slip into the water and swim a few languid strokes, and the gentle exercise really helped in soothing our wounds and making the scar tissue more pliable.

At one time I'd have been excited by the prospect of being left alone like this, apparently unguarded. I would have lain there for a couple of hours plotting how we might escape, and then have tried my damndest to make it happen. But now I didn't - something inside me told me that escape was impossible, and that I was a slave, a slave doomed to serve his life out here until my master ordered otherwise.

The pool was crowded occasionally with "ordinary" folk, in bright swimming costumes and shorts, but they didn't seem to pay any particular attention to Joe and me: we might as well not have been there. Even the sight of the women didn't excite me much - I don't really think it was because an erection would make the brand on my cock hurt: no, it was more that I just wasn't interested any longer. Now I had Joe, and he was lying beside me, the prospect of chasing after cunt just wasn't very appealing.

We began exercising the day after that, but gentle exercise, in a gym - it seemed funny at first to be running and pressing weights in such an apparently normal environment when we were stark naked, but even that sort of became routine after a while. The guy in charge of the gym told us that we were lucky that our master allowed us to exercise in the nude, and that he must be an exceptionally considerate owner, as the rubbing of shorts or an athletic shirt on our still-healing brands would be very uncomfortable for us.

I suppose it took us about two weeks in all before we ceased to notice any discomfort from the brand sites. One night I woke up in the pitch dark and felt myself erect - I was stabbing at Joe's belly with my cock as we were lying close together in each other's arms. Almost without thinking I reached down to give myself a little wank, as you do, and it was only when I felt the slight unevenness on my shaft caused by the brand that I realised I wasn't hurting! I

stopped wanking and reached for Joe's cock, and gently stroked him to erection - he obviously enjoyed it and it wasn't hurting him, either, as he moaned passionately as he slept, and his arms tightened around me. Well, that was it.... I shook him awake!

As he mumbled and made faintly incoherent noises as you do if you're woken from a deep sleep, I almost shouted "Joe, Joe.... Joe, mate... It's OK. Is it the same for you?"

"What the fuck are you doing Bill? What time is it? Why have you woken me up...?"

"Joe - listen.... No, feel.... Do you feel anything?"

"Only you, mate - your sweaty body against mine, and your cock stabbing at my belly.... What do you mean?"

"That's just it, Joe - I don't feel anything. And you don't, either. Those fucking brands have stopped hurting!"

Joe thought for a moment, moved his hands around his body a bit, exploring, and sounded so cheerful "You're right! Fuck me, Bill - I never thought I'd be rid of that pain!"

I laughed. "Oh, all right then...."

"What do you mean?"

"You just said 'Fuck me'... Now there's an offer I can't refuse from you, Joe..."

We were both so happy that the fucking took an awfully long time. We stroked each other caressed, kissed, sucked, licked, and generally played with each other for so long that it's a wonder I had the energy left to mount him. It was magic - he lay on his back, legs wide apart and his ankles held near his ears, and it was fantastic to slide into him and fuck him. I 'played' his body for what must have been half an hour, watching his smiles of pleasure, his eyes moving, his body responding to my cock, as I slid in and out of him, constantly varying my stroke to give him the greatest satisfaction. And when I did cum, it was long and slow and sensuous, and it was as if all the "after shocks" were combined to run together into one long injection of my semen into him.

It wasn't as good when he fucked me - Joe tries hard, but he just isn't as good at giving cock as he is at taking it. I pretended to

be enjoying it as much as I could so that he wouldn't be disappointed, and I did like the special closeness we felt for each other when he eventually collapsed on top of me and I gripped his waist with my powerful legs to hold him inside me. But, on the whole, I think I should stick to fucking Joe, and he should stick to being fucked. But I know he wanted to try his cock out with the brand on it, and you can't disappoint a mate, can you?

MOHAMMED

Now their brands were healed and their time at the pool had finished turning their entire bodies to an agreeable bronzed tone, I was ready for the last part of their taming. I still had a long time to go before my six months was complete, but I was becoming more and more concerned with the social situation in our country and judged that it would be better to claim my money from Yani and get it safely stashed away out of the country.

I summoned the slaves to my chamber again, and they stood there, respectfully.

"Become naked", I told them, and they slipped their shorts to the ground. I noticed that they were much less reluctant to appear before me in the nude now than they had been before - evidently their new state of slavery was working.

"You two slaves are such magnificent specimens that I have decided that you will always be on display. Consequently you will in future live and work entirely nude: my guests deserve to be treated to the sight of two such magnificent male bodies. You do not require clothes, after all, as the climate here is very hot."

The two slaves looked at each other, and Bill asked permission to speak - another good sign that he was accepting his position in life.

"Sir, please, sir", he began, after I'd nodded my assent to his question. "Do we have to go naked, sir? Even though we are slaves, we are still men, and men should not be exposed...."

"Nonsense, slave. You are not totally naked now - you have my ownership marks on your bodies. A totally nude slave would indeed be an unpleasant sight, but a slave decorated with his owner's ownership marks, as you two are, should be proud to display them. And you are not men - you are slaves, remember. It would not be seemly for men to appear naked, but why should anyone be concerned

about naked slaves? A scrap of cloth around your loins will not alter in any way your status - you are objects, owned by me, and if I choose to have you on display, that is what will happen."

"However", I continued, "There remains one aspect of your bodies about which I am less than pleased. You are both displaying amounts of pubic hair that are perfectly acceptable for men but which are not seemly for a slave."

I reached out and ran my fingers lightly through the hair on Bill, and as I did so I went on "See - your pubic hair stretches almost across your body, and in a slave it should be a neat patch just in the area of your cock. You need to lose all the excess at the side."

My fingers moved on and I commented "...and around your cock here, there is hair on the shaft, and between the root of the cock and the start of your sac: all that needs to be removed, so that your cock is properly displayed. And, of course, a slave's balls should always be clean shaven so that when a master chooses to feel them, they are smooth and silky, not covered in these scratchy hairs, as yours is."

"I have arranged for my barber to attend to these matters, and you will now go to him and then come back here when I will have a final examination of you."

The slaves went to pick up their shorts, and I snapped "Did you not listen? I told you that in future you were to be entirely naked. On the way to the barber cover your genitals with your hands so that my staff are not affronted by your pubic hair. But once you have been attended to, you may walk back here as proud slaves, displaying your master's assets to their full advantage."

I dismissed them, and it was faintly amusing to see their magnificent bodies from the back with their shoulders slightly hunched so that their hands could cover their genitalia. Very often removing a man's pubic hair signals to him quite clearly that he is no longer a man. Bill and Joe had gone a very long way down the road to slavery, and I expected that having their pubic hair mostly removed would finally complete the process.

BILL

It's fucking humiliating to have to walk along with your hands covering your cock - for one thing, you're all sort of hunched up to

get your hands that low. And for another, when your cock is being stimulated by your fingers, you want to have an erection, don't you?

It was bloody disgusting at this barber, too. Firstly he trimmed the hair on our heads, just like a normal barber: both Joe and I had it short anyway as we were soldiers, but now we just had a bare half inch, and he razored the back and sides crisply. But having your balls shaved - well, that's terrible: it's OK to feel our own balls, and I got used to Joe playing with mine and of course I trust him completely. But when another guy starts to pull your sac from side to side, and stretch it between his fingers so that his big cut-throat razor can slide over it, that's another thing! Any bloke would be really tense when he was being handled like that, wouldn't he?

The Arab hadn't told us about one more thing, either: after he'd shaved our balls and trimmed away our pubic hair (and reduced what remained to only about half an inch in length!), the barber indicated that we were to bend over the back of his chair. I went first, of course, and as I stood there, bent from the waist, the barber pushed my legs apart, then pushed open my arse crack and started to shave there, too! It was totally, fucking humiliating, to have this bloke scraping away at my pucker with his razor - I'd got used to Joe feeling me there, but I'd never set eyes on this bloke before, and now he was going where no one had a right to go.

I went to stop him, but he just snapped "Your master has all his pleasure slaves and his display slaves shaved like this - those are his orders, and he is your master. In any case, you will enjoy the sensation when I have finished: be patient, slave, and see."

Well, there wasn't much I could do about it, was there? So I just stood there as he finished. But when he said I could get up and walk around, it was amazing: I could actually feel my arse cheeks sliding over each other! I suppose you get so used to the sensation of your hairy crack moving that you no longer notice it, but once the hair is removed, it feels very different. But of course it doesn't last: after an hour or so, it just feels "normal" (And, as we were to discover later, once you've been shaved there, you need to keep on doing it as when the hair starts to grow back, it's vilely uncomfortable).

The walk back to our master's chamber (as I found myself now thinking of it) was one of the worse experiences I've ever had. Joe and I had almost got used to having our arses on display when we were given only the tiny pouches to wear, but now we had nothing.

And I could tell from looking at Joe that the effect of shaving away most of our pubic hair and trimming the rest was to really emphasise the size of our cocks: neither of us is exactly small in this area anyway, as I've told you, and now we looked exceedingly well hung indeed!

I was very conscious of the way my cock bounced up and down in time to my steps as we strode through the corridors, and as we passed other servants and slaves they mostly turned to look at us - well, our master is right: we are magnificent examples of the male form, after all. I suppose we should have been pleased that the other men we passed evidently were extremely jealous of us, but all it really did was to make us embarrassed. Poor Joe was blushing by the time we were back outside our master's door, and he carried on doing so as we stood there patiently, waiting to be summoned back into his presence.

Ultimately we stood there again in front of him, and he got up and came over to us. He reached down and took my balls in his hand and gently scrolled them around in his palm, then picked up my cock, raised it up so that it almost touched my belly, and peered at the brand that was revealed.

"Good, slave", he said. "I am exceptionally pleased with you. What a change from when I first acquired you - you're much stronger, you are in peak physical condition, the loss of your 'skin has turned your cock into a thing of beauty, and now that our hair is removed I can enjoy the softness of your balls."

"Now, let me explain what is to happen next. I know that you have both developed a real attachment and affection for each other, a relationship that far exceeds anything that you have ever known before. Am I right?"

Joe and I looked at each other, and almost as if we were back on parade, replied in unison "Sir, yes, sir."

"Good. It is very important that I am able to demonstrate this to a group of men with whom I am doing business. So in one week you will appear before them and carry out their orders exactly. They will certainly want to examine your bodies in detail, and they may require you to demonstrate your comradeship - indeed, it is possible that you will need to fuck each other in front of them. I desire you to do exactly as they say, and it is most important to me that you do so. Do you both understand?"

"Sir, yes, sir" we chorused. Well, what else could we say? I didn't like the sound of it much, but we hadn't got much choice left, had we?

"I am going to give you a short break", our master continued. "You can roam the palace and grounds, enjoy the swimming pool, and not be overtly concerned by the need for exercise - although you must remain in good condition. I want you to become completely used to your new status as display slaves, for men to feast their eyes on. You will promenade, exercise, and live totally in view, so that no shred of your old embarrassment at being naked remains. Is that clear?"

"Sir, yes, sir."

My master then held out his hands low down, palms up, and fingers lightly cupped.

"One last thing", he continued. "This is the universally accepted gesture that a master makes when he wants to examine a slave more closely. When you see a master make this gesture, you are to assume the 'display' position, and move towards him and rest your balls in his hand, with your cock pointing towards his wrist. You may lower one hand from the display position to assist in positioning your cock, but you must immediately resume it once your genitals are in the master's hand. Is that clear?"

"Sir, please, sir...."

"Yes, slave?"

"Sir, what is the display position, sir?"

"Do I have to tell you even the most obvious things? Slaves assume 'display' by clasping their hands behind their necks, and thrusting their hips forwards slightly. The act of clasping the hands behind the neck causes your upper body to be presented properly, and with your hips thrust forward, your genitalia are ready for inspection."

Our master was clearly a little impatient at us, as he stopped speaking then and lowered his hands in the way that he had describe. Joe and I looked at each other for a moment, but we both knew what we had to do: I put my hands behind my neck, and realised that my master was correct: could feel my pecs straining slightly as they were thrust forward, and my stomach muscles tightened to

show off the flat planes and ridge lines of muscles there. And as I pushed my hips forward, my cock was even more prominent than normal.

Joe and I shuffled forward, then I had to stand almost on tiptoe to be able to lift my balls high enough to drop them into his pen palm. As he'd said we could, I lowered my hand for a instant and then moved my cock as he had instructed - I could almost feel the pulse in his wrist through my cock head.

Joe and I stood there, looking into our master's eyes, our balls in his hands, proud to be such magnificent creatures, waiting for his pleasure. I now knew that it could feel right to be a slave, to be totally under the control of a good and powerful master.

BILL AND JOE, Part 13

MOHAMMED

Well what was I to do now? The slaves were as tamed as they were ever going to be, and the obvious next step was to take them in front of the Council and claim my prize from Yani. In spite of their impeccable behaviour in my chamber when they had properly presented themselves in "display" mode, I was nevertheless concerned that they might break conditioning if ordered to perform some act they considered to be demeaning when they were in front of my fellow Councillors.

I decided to perform a test, therefore, and arranged a small dinner party for a number of close colleagues. I had Bill and Joe act as waiters before the dinner began, circulating amongst the men carrying trays of cocktails and canapés, but totally nude of course. Then as we ate, I had the two slaves sit at my feet, and from time to time I rested my hands on their head, or occasionally fed them a choice titbit: it was almost touching, the way they responded to these little kindnesses..

When we got to the dessert course I called for silence from my friends, and stood up and made a little speech reminding them of my bet with Yani, and pointing out that the two naked men before them were those same soldiers that so many of them had seen in the Council chamber not so very long ago. Bill and Joe understood none of this as I spoke in Arabic, but I then stood up and was gratified to see Bill and Joe get to their feet, too - they had evidently remembered that slaves do not remain seated when their master is standing. I held out my hands in the position to summon a slave to display, and both men immediately clasped their hands behind their necks and shuffled forwards to place their ball sacs in my palms. I do so enjoy that feeling when a slave's warm cock head is pressing on the pulse point on the underside of my wrist, and I was tempted to leave the slaves there for a minute or two. But I'd made my point to my friends, that the slaves were truly obedient, and so I let my hands fall.

I switched to English (all my friends naturally understand this anyway), and continued "And so, my friends, you see here these perfect specimen of the male form. I will now invite you to inspect them at your leisure, and afterwards, as we take coffee, the slaves will perform for you."

Several of my friends, excited at the prospect of being able to

handle such prize pieces of man flesh, immediately held out their hands as a signal to Bill and Joe that they wanted to feel them, and I told the two slaves to circulate around the room and comply with these requests. It was extremely gratifying to see that they performed admirably - as they went from man to man they assumed "display" with their sacs resting in the hands of my friends, and were often subject to the most intimate of examinations. I saw hands tweaking their nipples, running down their bodies to feel the tone of their bellies, and feeling the power of the slaves' long powerful thighs and arses. Naturally they were frequently erected, but when I saw one of my friends about to masturbate Bill, I called for him to stop as I reminded him that we needed him to have a big load of cum available for later in the evening. I couldn't help noticing that Joe occasionally frowned as these inspections continued, but his training held, and other than the expression on his face, he performed perfectly.

Once coffee had been served I polled my friends to see what sort of exhibition they would prefer, and whilst many of them favoured a dual fucking, with each slave entering his companion in turn, the majority wanted to see the slaves' cocks in more detail, and it was decided that they should just masturbate each other. I commanded them to get up on to the table, which had now been cleared of the dinner things, and to kneel with their legs apart. Then, keeping my voice low, yet firm, I ordered Bill to proceed to masturbate Joe.

Bill did it, as he had done in my presence so many times before, but I noticed Joe's lips trembling slightly as his companion stroked his cock and brought him to climax - evidently he was still not yet totally happy with being made to perform this act in front of an audience (and the audience was very close, as my friends had all moved their chairs to cluster around Joe's naked body as he knelt there).

Bill showed no such emotions when Joe then masturbated him, and seemed almost proud as his big slick of creamy white cum shot down the length of the polished mahogany table.

Both slaves knelt by the door as my friends left, and when the room was empty I told them how pleased I had been with their performance.

BILL

Well I didn't really know what to make of it at all. I suppose we'd got used to going around totally naked by now, and it wasn't so bad -

working out, swimming, all that sort of stuff. Well, when the weather's warm you don't really need clothes, do you? But when we went to this kind of dinner party for the master's friends, I felt really embarrassed and ashamed: Joe and I had to act as waiters before the reception, and we were given trays of drinks and nibble-things to hand around the guests. It was awful being naked like this, when all the other men in the room were properly dressed - and not just in Arab kit, either, but in proper Western style suits and stuff. It's like one of those terrible dreams you sometimes have, isn't it? - you're the only one naked in a room full of people: well this wasn't a dream, as Joe and I walked around with those silly silver trays. They were all chatting away - there must have been about twenty of them - but I had no ideas what they were saying as they all jabbered away in Arabic.

When the dinner was served they all sat around a big wooden table, with my master on a raised dais at one end. He beckoned to Joe and me to go up to him and we had to sit at his feet throughout the meal - that wasn't so bad, though, as he kept giving us bits and pieces off his plate as the courses followed one another, rather as if we were pet dogs. But I didn't care about that as we'd only been fed slave chow for weeks now, and the delicious little bits he gave us made my mouth water, and I was almost drooling with the taste sensation.

After they'd had dessert, my master stood up and made some remarks, and then told Joe and me in English that some of his friends wanted to examine us. We got to our feet, wondering what was going to happen, then saw that some of the men had turned around and were holding out their cupped hands in the way that our master had told us signalled the wish to examine a slave.

That was pretty awful, too, at least at first - I think five of the men wanted to examine me, and four to examine Joe. We had to go in front of them in turn and shuffle forward so that our balls were in their hands, then assume "display". They mostly wanted to run their hands all up and down my body, as if they were testing all my muscles. That wasn't so bad, I suppose, as I did take a certain pride in my body, as you know. And it isn't that bad, after all, to have a bloke stroking down your belly, then running his hands all down your arse and thighs, is it? After the first couple of men had handled me I ceased caring, and got to quite enjoy seeing these older blokes, not at all in good condition, enviously pawing at my body. One dirty fucker started to wank me, though, but my master noticed it and called out something, and the bloke stopped - I'd got an erection then of course, which caused some of the men sitting

nearby to smile, as he'd done enough to make a small bead of pre-cum dribble from my piss slit (that's one of the disadvantages of losing your 'skin - things like that are really visible now!).

My master called out something else a bit later on, and there was a lot of shouting and laughing from this guests - I think the wine had got to them, as they were very loud. It was quite like being a guest in the officers' mess on a "mess night", when they all drink too much, and forget they're supposed to be "officers and gentlemen". Funny, but I'd always thought these Arabs didn't drink, but most of the ones here seemed to be pretty far gone.

When all the noise died down a bit my master told Joe and me to kneel on the table, and then to wank each other until we shot our loads. We did as he ordered and climbed onto the table, and as we knelt there with our knees slightly apart I looked down - the wood was dark and highly polished, and you could see my arse hole reflected in it as I knelt there. Some of the other men had noticed the same thing, too, as they were gesturing and pointing at the table top, and laughing.

I've wanked Joe lots of times as you know, and with our master watching, but with a big crown it was quite different. I felt a bit like an actor in a porno film having to perform for an audience, but once I got the familiar silky warm toughness of Joe's cock in my hand, it was all OK - although I did notice that Joe seemed a bit unhappy about it as his lower lip was quivering as he shot his load: that's usually a sign of something not being right, as he's normally a happy sole.

I didn't have any problem cumming when Joe wanked me - as I said, I'd been erect once tonight already, and I was pretty much on the edge, so that it only took a couple of minutes before my big slick of creamy cum joined Joe's on the table surface. As I kind of reviewed the scene in my mind's eye I almost laughed - I wondered if cum had the same effect on a highly polished table as pigeon shit does on a car - one of those fucking birds crapped all over mine once and I did nothing about it until I realised it actually rotted the paint. Still, it looked as if my master could afford to get it fixed anyway, judging by the size of the palace he owned and the number of slaves he had.

It was mostly all over then as the guests left, and I was really glad when our master told Joe and me we could get down off the table - you're not used to kneeling on hard surfaces, are you, and my knees really hurt. Funny that, isn't it - the actual hurt from

my knees was worse than anything else they'd made me do, and you'd expect it to be otherwise, wouldn't you, with the emotional pain of a humiliating public display much worse than a mere discomfort from my knees?

My master's a perceptive bloke, though, and as we stood in front of him he said "That was excellent, slaves. You performed well, and were a credit to me and to yourselves. But I sense that all is not right, Joe - you did not look exactly happy at some times during this evening's show. Now, tell me what's wrong - Bill didn't seem to mind displaying himself, as no slave should, and indeed I even felt he was rather preening himself some of the time, proud that men wanted to admire him. But not you.... You did it because I had commanded it, and that is most credible. But you should enjoy it, too - now, tell me, what's wrong with a magnificent slave like you really relishing performing for his master?"

Joe hesitated and blushed a bit, and then kind of stammered "Sir, nothing, sir."

"But you did not enjoy it, truly enjoy it. Why not, slave? A slave must never lie to his master..."

"Sir, I'm sorry, sir. It's just.... Just.... Well, Bill and me are really close, as you know, and it seems to be OK to do things with him in private. And even when you're watching, sir, as you're our owner. But it doesn't seem right to be doing those things with all those men looking at us..."

"Why ever not? Come on, out with it!"

"Sir, well, sir... It's kind of.... Well, you know, I'm a married man. I've got a wife, and a kid. And married men shouldn't be made to have sex with other men in public, sir."

There! He'd said it! I'd kind of known Joe was worried about Sharon all the time, and at last our master's questions had made him say it.

"Follow me, slaves!", our master said, and he strode out of the dining room and to his work room, the room where we had spent so much time.

Joe and I stood in front of his desk, heads slightly bowed, and he pulled a folder out from a drawer and opened it and read. He looked up, and addressed himself directly to Joe.

"You are wrong, slave. You are not a married man. You are a slave, my slave. You ceased to be a married man the day you came into my possession. And things have anyway moved on in the old world you used to inhabit - you were reported dead by your government following a supposed helicopter crash, and so your wife was no longer your wife, but your widow. It's an interesting comment on your society that men seem to be drawn to young widows with tiny children, and your 'widow' was no exception. A certain drill sergeant in your regiment started visiting her regularly as soon as the news broke, and they were married a month ago."

"No! I don't believe you! It's a lie. You're trying to fuck with my mind...", Joe shouted out. I've rarely seen him so angry.

"I will forgive that outburst, slave. But do it again, and Bill will be punished. Now, do you think I would lie to you? What would be the purpose? I already own you and control you totally. But I was interested in your background, and commissioned a private investigator to get me information on your family. Here are some photographs he provided me with.... I don't have the ones of the wedding, although I could get them. But these he took with a powerful telephoto lens through the window of your bedroom during one of the visits of the sergeant...."

He turned the folder around so that Joe could see inside, and Joe gave a great cry and fell to the floor, sobbing. He'd got his arms wrapped around himself and was trying to curl up into a ball, as if he wanted the world to go away. I went to go to pick him up, but my master made a gesture to stop me, and to return to standing in the head bowed position that's proper when a slave isn't doing anything. I craned my neck, though, and managed to see the pictures too - the huge, muscular, hairy arse of the drill sergeant was very familiar to all of us in the regiment: after a very long day working us out, he'd join us in the showers. And I recognised Sharon as well - her face, as she lay there under his great body. I'd always admired Joe's taste in women and Sharon was a bit of a looker, and I could see one of her tits, too, as the nipple peeped out from between the fingers of the sergeant's big hands as he fondled it. There couldn't be any doubt that he was fucking her, fucking her hard, and she was enjoying it.

"Get up, slave!", our master commanded Joe. "Stand up and face reality, like a man. Do you doubt now that you are no longer a married man? Or would you like me to get video tape showing your drill sergeant and his new wife doing what men and women do together?"

Joe shook his head, and I saw his chest heaving as he tried to battle with his emotions.

"Well then", our master continued "Your objection to displaying yourself is proven to be false. You thought that married men did not do the things you were commanded to do tonight, and now you know that you are no longer married."

He dismissed us then and we went back to our cell. As we lay in bed Joe was still pretty upset, so as I stroked his cock gently I whispered in his ear "Never mind, mate... Some women are like that, you know. They can't live without a cock up them. It's not really Sharon's fault - she just can't help it. When she knew, or thought she knew, that she wasn't going to get this cock again, she had to find a substitute. And we all know the sergeant's hung like a horse..."

Well, I'd done it again, hadn't I. I'd tried to help Joe get over it, and instead I'd upset him even more. He started to go on and on about how I didn't know what I was talking about, and couldn't be expected to know as I'd never got married. How husbands and wives meant more to each other than just being sex partners. That he loved Sharon, that he'd kill the bastard of a sergeant.... And on, and on, and on. He started to really piss me off though when he started to say that he expected that all Tina saw in me was a big cock, and perhaps that's where I'd got my ideas from.

So I shut him up at long last, by turning him over and giving him a good fucking. As we lay in each other's arms afterwards he'd got over it, and he said "Well, at least I'm getting your cock now, even if Tina isn't. And I know you love me, Bill, and I love you, too.... Not like Sharon, but different."

"Good different, or bad different?", I asked. I just can't keep my mouth shut, can I?

"Oh, just different!", he said. And I knew he must be cheering up, as his head went down before I could stop him, and he sank his teeth into my left tit: he can be playful like that!

MOHAMMED

I'm really glad I invested in that private investigator to get the picture of the sergeant and Joe's former wife. Seeing his former woman being fucked, and fucked by a man who was noticeably even

bigger and more powerful than he himself, had a salutary effect on him. Although I was tired after my party, I watched in "real time" through the video eye in their cell as they talked. I was exceedingly encouraged by all this talk of "love" - once two slaves bond together in a way that is further on than just pure sex, they become much easier to manipulate and control. A slave can be made to do things to avoid punishment for his "lover" even more readily than he can for a slave who is just his sexual partner.

I considered it particularly interesting that Joe had broached the subject, but that Bill had made no effort to deny it or to contradict him - I might have expected a man like Bill to react very badly when his comrade spoke of "love", but he had not. Indeed, he tried to find out more. Things seemed to be developing very well.

In spite of my triumph that night I did not sleep well - I envied Bill and Joe as they curled up together after their bout of sex and their intimate conversation. I don't often lie awake at nights as I am not one given to worrying about what might, or might not, happen. But I knew that the situation on my bet with Yani was heading for a climax - even though I still had some weeks left, the situation in our country was worsening as I have told you. And now that I had displayed my slaves to my friends, I knew that Yani's spies would have the news and he would be working on a way to avoiding paying on the bet - nothing you tell to twenty people, even if they are your friends and close associates, does not remain a secret, does it?

Even though I still had concerns about the degree to which I had actually "tamed" the slaves, I nevertheless felt that I had to act to bring matters to a head. I wasn't in a good mood and was a little petulant when I telephoned the office of the Council the next morning and found that there was no time on the agenda for my slaves to be exhibited for at least another eight weeks. I sensed that that would be too late, and aided by my bad temper, managed to force the issue and the wretch who was the agenda secretary agreed that time could be found earlier - but then he offered me the meeting the following day! I tried to back out, but the bastard, in a very oily way, grovelled and suggested that I was perhaps mistaken, and that the slaves were not ready at all. I tell you, if that man was my slave, I'd have him castrated!

I had no choice therefore but to get the slaves prepared for their ordeal, and I summoned them to my work room.

"I am extremely pleased with you two slaves", I told them. "And you

did well last night. I trust that any lingering concerns that Joe has over his role have been resolved?" My lack of sleep and generally petulant mood made it difficult for a note of sarcasm to remain out of my voice, but these big, tough slaves probably were not alive to all the subtleties and nuances of expression.

"Sir, yes, sir", Joe replied. Was he telling the truth? I don't know!

"Tomorrow morning you will perform again. This time in front of the ruling Council of this country, of which I am a member. A great deal hangs on this performance - my reputation, and my wealth, in particular. So I am relying on you slaves to act as proper dutiful slaves should, and to do what you are commanded."

"Should you fail, I fail, And when I fail I am extremely vindictive. You would not wish to be the slaves who caused me to fail in a task that I set myself. But if you perform well, I will be pleased, and may consider rewarding you. I do not normally threaten slaves, or offer the prospect of reward for a job performed satisfactorily - a slave should always do his absolute best to obey his master's orders, after all. So it is perhaps some measure of the importance that I attach to this that I am speaking to you in this way. Do you understand?"

"Sir, yes, sir", both slaves replied. Then Bill shuffled his feet a little, and went on "And what are these tasks likely to be, master?"

I pricked up my ears - he normally called me "sir"!

"I do not know, slave. I need to prove that you are true slaves, and I expect that the Council will wish to see some proof, probably in the form of a demonstration such as you did for my dinner party last night. You will appear completely naked in front of them, and you will then do whatever they wish to see. I would expect that one of you will certainly have to fuck the other - although which one, I have no idea. So be prepared - you may have the rest of the day to do as you will, but contemplate carefully about what lies ahead, and resolve to again make yourselves a credit to me,"

It was extremely difficult to focus on the work that day, and by about seven in the evening I gave up, and ordered one of the compliant pleasure slaves to be brought to me so that I could attempt to remove my tension by filling his arse with my seed. At least the worry had not made me impotent, as I understand can happen to many men.

So important to me was this visit to the Council that I personally supervised the preparation of the slaves the next morning. Well, I stood there and issued the orders for the household slaves to properly prepare the bodies of Bill and Joe. I had forgotten that they had not yet been introduced to the joys of the enema, and they did not like, at first, the way their insides poured out of them. But it is hardly seemly for the Councillor's nostrils to be assailed by the smell of slave shit when the cock is removed, if they should order a fucking, is it?

I called my barber and the slaves' hair was trimmed again, their balls were run over not once but twice to ensure they were silkily smooth, and their pubic hair was generally trimmed again so that it was short and neat. After all this I ordered a long sauna for both of them to get any vestiges of grime from their skin, and finally I had them rubbed down with a light slave oil, so that their pelts glowed, properly reflecting their inner good health.

They could not of course travel in my limousine with me, but I did not want to risk any delay and so I had them put into the luggage compartment. Everything was going well until we were delayed by a complete travel blockage - I radioed to the police, and they told me that the rioters were disrupting the city centre and that it would be difficult to reach the Council chamber at all. Well, that was not an option, was it? So I telephoned the Chief Of Police, reminded him that I was a councillor much favoured by the king, and ordered a way through to be cleared for me.

It was most distressing to see the way that the police clubbed some of the rioters, even though they were attacking my car by then - it's entirely wrong. Rioters, especially when they are healthy, strong young men, should not be clubbed add beaten by riot police - they should be arrested, tried, sold in the slave markets. I cannot abide seeing young male flesh going to waste as it was that morning.

Even these efforts by the police were not sufficient to get me there before the meeting had dealt with several items of business, however. But it was not wholly a bad thing - as I made my entrance, all eyes swivelled to observe the magnificent naked men who followed me into the room. I took my accustomed place just below the King's throne and opposite Yani, bowed to the King in apology, and smiled at Yani, gesturing with my hands to indicate the slaves, who stood behind my chair, hands neatly clasped behind their backs in a position of general servitude.

I wondered what business had already been conducted, as at one end of the Council chamber there was a restraint cage - you know, one of the standard ones about four feet by three feet by four feet high. Inside was a young soldier - he can't have been more than twenty one or two - in the uniform that I recognised from so many TV programmes as being that of a US Marine. The poor lad looked most uncomfortable as he had had to bend almost double, and have his head pressed to his knees, when he had been forced into the cage and its lid was closed. He was struggling and thrashing about, but they had gagged him so our meeting was not disturbed by his evident attempts to make a raucous protest.

BILL

What a turn up for the book! Our master went on and on about how we had to perform the next day, about the duties of slaves, and about how we'd suffer unimaginable punishments if we failed, but would be rewarded if we did well. I wondered how he'd reward Joe and me - well, we got a little something out of it, as he in effect gave us that day off so we just did a bit of light exercise, swam, and then went back to our cell and fucked.

The whole place seemed in a frenzy the next morning, and our master even turned up to watch as we went to the special suite they have for washing and barbering slaves. Look, I've read about enemas, and I knew they involved shoving a tube up your arse and so on, but no one had ever told Joe and me that you feel really stretched and unpleasantly full inside after they've pumped the water into you. And when it does come out, it's like the worst bout of diarrhoea you've ever had - it just comes thundering out of your arsehole, like an express train! And whilst Joe and I were used to crapping in front of each other, and even with other slaves in a communal crapper, it's not very nice when your master watches you empty your bowels, is it? Especially when he screws up his nose the first time, when most of your shit comes out. It wasn't so bad for the second washing, and by the fourth, the water was coming out clean and the head slave suggested to our master that that was sufficient. It was going to be interesting fucking Joe when he was clean inside - I wondered what it would be like to get my cock out of him just covered in cum and sweat. Mind you, my own arse felt a bit tender from all the stuff that had poured through it, and I suppose Joe felt the same way, so I'd better be careful and go as slowly as I could.

The barber is really good - he only uses scissors on your head, and

gets a fantastic finish. And we were no longer so worried as he razored our balls clean as we had been the first time, as we had a lot of confidence in him now. I stood there feeling myself after he'd done, and I'd never known them to be so silky and smooth. I carried on feeling them, enjoying the sensation of the smooth skin and its precious cargo, until Joe hissed at me to stop playing with myself!

We've had saunas before of course - one really good one was when we went on manoeuvres with the Swedish army's equivalent of the marines. Do you know, the blokes there always have saunas and they're all stark naked together. Then, totally in the nude, they run out into the snow and beat each other with birch twigs! Joe and I couldn't believe it the first time it happened and thought it must be some sort of elaborate practical joke - but it makes you feel fucking fantastic. Our sauna that morning was just a regular one - although it went on and on, and Joe and I were absolutely running with sweat when they finally unlocked the door and allowed us to emerge.

Our master then inspected us - and I mean really inspected us. There wasn't a part of us that his hands didn't run over. We even had to kneel down so that his could probe around inside our mouths with his fingers, so that he could make sure there were no bits of slave chow lurking in our cheeks. I don't know what sort of things he was expecting us to have to do, but whatever it was, he seemed to be concerned that we'd be in absolutely perfect condition for it.

I've never been oiled before. I suppose that the only time I've ever really been aware of oiled bodies is when you watch those body building contests on satellite TV - those huge muscled men seem to cover themselves in it. I don't know how they can bring themselves to exercise themselves into such unnatural shapes, and I was glad Joe and I had bodies that were so completely natural, but in such amazing condition. I wouldn't like to have to have all my hair shaved off, either, and I suspect that some of those blokes only get their muscles from pills and such like - they're reputed to make your balls shrivel, aren't they? And some of those blokes really seem to have huge bodies and really tiny cocks in those obscene little posing pouches.

Well, this oil wasn't anything like that - Joe and I lay side by side on a massage table, and the slaves rubbed this light stuff into us - all over, and I mean all over! They even stuck their oiled fingers up my hole, they were so thorough. There was no actual trace of oil as such when they'd done: it was just that our skins kind of shone with an amazing healthy glow - I've never seen Joe look so handsome. And then I thought "fucking hell, Bill... You're

not supposed to think of your best mate like that, not to think of him as handsome and looking fucking marvellous, even if he is!".

Our master inspected us again, and then we all three went out of the palace where his limo was waiting. A slave opened the luggage compartment at the back, and Joe and I had to climb in and lie down, so they could close the lid. I'd hoped to be able to drive through the city and see a bit more of it, but I suppose a slave can't really ride with his master, can he? And perhaps our master was worried about our oiled bodies spoiling the upholstery in his car. Anyway, after we'd shuffled around a bit, Joe and I started to really enjoy it - being locked in that small, dark place together was somehow very exciting, and we soon discovered that our oiled bodies slid over each other in an incredibly sensuous way. It was a bit like being kids again playing "hide and seek" and squashing into tiny spaces, except now there was a hard body, a solid cock, and silky balls to feel.

It was lucky, I suppose, that the car stopped and there was all the banging and shouting going on outside, else we might have got so carried away with the feel of each others bodies that we'd have been unable to avoid having sex with each other, and that would certainly spoil our master's plans.

They teach you some of the police's riot control techniques at Hereford, so Joe and I knew that our master's car must have got caught up in some sort of mob violence. At one point it even shook and rocked backwards and forwards as if they were trying to overturn it. But then we heard the wailing of police sirens, a lot more shouting, then screaming, and finally we got underway again. I can tell you, it was scary! We wondered how it must have felt for our master, who could see what was going on and would be much more in the middle of things.

When the car finally stopped and the lid was lifted so that we could get out, our master was waiting and gestured for us to follow him. We went into this fucking huge marble building, and inside it was cold - both Joe and I broke out in goose bumps at first, until we'd adjusted - I suppose they set the airconditioning for the benefit of the masters wearing clothes, not for us totally naked slaves. Our master had a quick visual inspection of us, then made us wait for a few minutes - he'd seen some small marks on our skin caused by the carpet in the car, and wanted to wait until these had smoothed themselves out naturally, to avoid spoiling our perfection.

We almost gasped when huge double doors were opened and we went in

to what was obviously an enormous meeting room - there must have been fifty men in there, all in traditional Arab costume, sitting in a semicircle around this big old bloke whose chair was on a raised platform. Our master bowed to him, then went and sat at a vacant chair very near the centre, and we went and stood behind him. Joe made a little gesture to me, and I saw that he was standing with his head bowed and his hands clasped behind his back, in a sort of respectful way, and so I did the same.

But the most amazing thing in the room was the fact that there was an American marine, in full uniform, at the back of the room Well, I suppose it was full uniform, as you couldn't see all of him - they'd got the poor bloke in a fucking cage! Yes - he was bent almost double, in a cage made out of stainless steel bars, and they'd got some sort of gag in his mouth to stop him shouting. Not that he wasn't trying - we could see his body shaking and his head almost banging the bars with frustration as he tried to make himself heard.

They take them young into the marines in the USA - we've been to San Diego on a visit and seen the young eighteen year olds - and this bloke can't have been more than twenty one or two. We don't take men that young into the SAS, but this bloke looked as if he'd qualify if we did - he seemed to have a really toned body, and he was putting up such a good struggle that he had the right attitude. What the fuck had they got him like that for, I wondered.

BILL AND JOE, Part 14

MOHAMMED

I was seething with impatience as I waited for the item on the agenda where my bet was to be adjudicated. At last the oily clerk called on me, and I rose and addressed the Council.

“Gentlemen: Many of you were here when my colleague Sheikh Yani and I bet one billion dollars that two British SAS soldiers, captured during one of the terrorist incursions they make in to our country, could not be tamed within six months to be good slaves. I call on you all today to witness that this has been achieved - the slaves stand here with me, totally naked, and you can observe that they are no longer soldiers, but my property. I have had them ‘skinned and their bodies honed to the peak of perfection, and they stand before you, ready to carry out my commands. So now I call on Sheikh Yani to make good on his bet, and to put in hand arrangements for the money to be transferred to me.”

Yani rose, and, unlike my calm, measured delivery, he shouted “You lie! These are not slaves, but actors. You did not tame the SAS men, as that would be impossible. You have hired decedent Western actors to play the part of your slaves, you...”

“Observe!”, I raised my voice now. “See, my ownership marks on their bodies.” As I spoke, I gestured for Bill to turn around so that the Councillors could see his arse, and I pointed at Joe’s pec. “Do you think that actors would allow themselves to be seared?”

“Yes. You must have paid them enough!”

“Enough for this...?”. I lifted Joe’s cock up so that it rested against his belly, and invited the councillors on either side of me to verify that the mark there was indeed my brand. A little ripple of appreciation ran around the room, as not many masters have the innovation necessary to think to mark their slaves like this.

“So you paid them enough. They are still actors...”

“Observe again!” I was getting more strident now. The room darkened as one of my assistants began a slide-show on the chamber’s viewing screen (I had employed a specialist to compile a number of interesting clips from my many hours of the slaves’ training). Joe and Bill were most surprised, I think, to see themselves being stripped, caned, fucked, ‘skinned, raced behind the Land Rover, and, finally, being branded - on the huge screen the sight of the branding iron pressing into the underside of Bill’s erect cock was particularly impressive, and there was a round of applause from my fellow councillors.

“No, my friend Yani, these are indeed the two SAS men, as I have showed you all the stages of their taming. Now, please make over the prize, or suggest some test that you want the slaves to perform to verify that, as well as having these magnificent bodies, they have indeed be tamed - although having them come here, totally naked, should be convincing enough. But if you want

them to fuck.... or do any other act that will convince you that they are tamed, obedient slaves, now is the time to name it.”

“My good friend Sheikh Mohammed...”. Yani stopped shouting now, as I sensed that he knew the Council was tired of his games, and were becoming convinced by my arguments. He was trying to appear to be reasonable. “... I do not wish to cast aspersions on your honour, but it is still possible that you have bribed these SAS... Slaves... to do your bidding. No doubt, if I ask you to get them to fuck here in the sight of the Council, they will. No, I do not believe they are truly slaves and willing to obey any order you give. I suggest we call off the bet.”

I was furious! The bribery allegation was a serious one, of course, as with one billion dollars I could probably pay any man on the planet to take cock up his arse - most people forget that a billion is a simply huge number, far, far bigger than a mere million (and, I suspect, most men would do it for that). My brain raced, as I did not wish to lose at this last critical juncture. Noticing the US Marine, still vainly thrashing around in the restraint cage, I quickly asked my neighbour about him, and the man just told me that he had been sentenced to death as an insurgent - when our meeting was over, his cage would be wheeled out and he would simply be shot, there and then.

“Would my friend Sheikh Yani...” (my voice was heavy with irony as I said “friend”) “...agree that SAS soldiers are renowned as masculine, virile men who have a strong honour code? A code that requires them to behave as true soldiers to other combatants?”

“Yes, of course. That is why they are so difficult to ‘tame’....”

“So two members of the SAS would never - however much they were paid - rape a fellow soldier?”

“No, I suppose not. Except, of course, if he were an enemy, who they captured in a fair battle. Soldiers have been known to do terrible things to their enemies.”

“But not to their comrades and their allies, I assume you mean?” I had him now, and my voice rose slightly to communicate my excitement to my fellow councillors. “So if my two slaves, who you agree are the same SAS soldiers who we bet on, were to rape that US Marine there on my orders, then we should consider them to be properly tamed slaves, and no longer the men they were?”

Yani saw that he was in a no-win situation. If he disagreed with me he would lose all credibility, but if he agreed with me, then if my slaves raped the marine, he’d have lost anyway. I think he saw the problem, and realised that his only hope was if Bill and Joe refused to obey my orders. He didn’t reply, and the Council cheered my victory over him, and were obviously looking forward to a rare spectacle.

My blood was however turning to ice - as you know, I thought that the taming of Bill and Joe was not totally complete, and I had rushed this demonstration forward. I had been fairly confident that they would fuck each other in front of the Council, as this was only a small

increment further on from that which they had already done. But it was by no means certain that they would fuck - no, rape - another man, and especially not one who was clearly a US marine and with whom they would closely identify. But it was too late to go back now, as the King had given an order and guards were rolling the restraint cage back into the middle of the chamber, so that the marine was under the gaze of all of us.

I could feel the tension almost radiating from Bill and Joe - they would know he was a US marine, and would wonder what was happening as all our proceedings had so far been in Arabic. I turned to them and held out my hands in the "inspection" position, and I was at least relieved that they responded properly. The feel of their silky balls on my hands was at least comforting, and I lowered my voice so that other Councillors would not hear me.

"Bow your heads!", I almost whispered. "Appear to be very supplicant, and I need you both to hear what I am about to tell you."

To the watchers it must have seen that the slaves were obediently showing their obeisance to me. I carried on, as calmly as I could "You two are going to rape that US marine. Can you overcome him if he is released?"

Bill almost shouted "No way! Not rape - not a fellow soldier..." I had to squeeze his balls hard to make him realise that I was still in control.

"Silence!", I hissed. "Listen - all our fates rest on this. If you fail me now, my reputation will be lost. The King is looking forward to this demonstration - he has a tough time with the other business today and deserves a little pleasure - and if I disappoint him, he is likely to confiscate all my possessions, including you two."

"No!". At least Bill kept his voice down. "It's not right to rape a fellow soldier. And so what if Joe and me are 'confiscated' - it's no worse being a slave for the King, than it is for you."

Well, actually, he was wrong on that. They didn't realise what a good, merciful master I was. But there was no time to go into this.

"Answer me, Joe", I went on. "Could the two of you, naked as you are, overcome that young marine who has been dressed in his combat uniform and boots to be brought in front of the Council? "

I squeezed Bill's balls again to make sure he kept silent, as I wanted to hear the views of Joe, who I always thought gave me honest answers.

"Sir, yes, sir. In general two men, if they work together, as Bill and I do, can always overcome one. And the clothes and boots are not a problem - he'll try to kick out at us with those heavy leather boots - probably aim at our balls - but we'll be expecting that. And he's young, and obviously very fit. But I suspect he's only ever been trained in hand-to-hand combat, whereas Bill and I have actually done it in anger, lots of times. And it's one of those things where experience counts. So we can easily overcome him, sir. But we won't rape him. That's not

right. He's a soldier, like us, a friendly soldier, sir. So however much you punish us, and however unpleasant the consequences, neither Bill nor I are going up his arse."

Oh damn these moral soldiers! Defeat was staring me in the face. I had one last attempt. "Understand this, then - you are condemning him to death. He has been sentenced to be shot by the Council, as an enemy insurgent. And when that cage is wheeled out of here, the guards will put a pistol to his head and perform the Council's bidding. If you fight him, and if you win, and rape him, I can get the Council to agree to transfer him to my ownership, just as you two are, and he will live. It's the classic 'death or dishonour' choice that so many of your Victorian novels portrayed - except that we're in the twenty first century, and you are going to have to make the choice for him. So tell me, now - death for the marine, or are you going to fuck him here?"

"No marine would want to be raped!", Bill said. "So let's cut the discussion. Even if you're telling the truth, it's not on."

I felt like pulling his balls off, I was so angry. As it was, if I survived this, Bill was going to have to watch a very severe caning of Joe for his insolent attitude. How dare he suggest I would demean myself by lying to a slave. But even as I tensed to give his balls a nasty squeeze, Joe whispered "Sir, so, sir... Bill's wrong. Soldiers have to survive. And if that means that young guy has to have Bill or me fuck him, that's the choice he would make. I don't think Bill's thinking clearly today, sir. He's always told me that survival comes above everything else, so let's do it. OK, Bill?"

I saw Bill look at Joe with a new expression, and he just shrugged.

"Watch your manners, slave!" I hissed at Bill. "Show me proper respect. Now, get out there and get that marine subdued, stripped, and fucked! And both of you.... This has got to be 'real'. No trying to tell him what's going on or anything - you just get it over with, quickly. Fuck him hard. And, now I think about it, you're both to fuck him - that will make a better spectacle for the Council."

I let their balls go, and turned to face the Council. My exchanges with Bill and Joe had only taken a few seconds, and they had all been talking amongst themselves, anyway. I decided to continue in English, for the benefit of Bill and Joe who would now understand how critical the position was.

"Gentlemen...." I waited until the room went quiet, and went on "I am looking forward to seeing my slaves fuck this marine as much as you are. But it is not possible."

Some of the councillors shouted "Why not?", and I saw Yani getting to his feet, ready to scorn and mock.

"It would be contrary to our law, gentlemen. You may remember that earlier this year, contrary to my advice, the Council voted to approve the Universal Declaration Of Human Rights as part of our legal code. I said it would cause problems, and it now has. I know we

choose to ignore those parts of it that make it difficult to properly discipline and punish our slaves, but they, after all, are not truly human - the Declaration makes no statements about the treatment of animals. But the raping of men, free men, is forbidden, and the US Marine, even though he is condemned as a criminal insurgent, is still, technically, a 'free man' under our laws."

"If the Council allows my slaves to fuck the marine, then the Council will have broken its own laws, however unwisely they were passed. And so, gentlemen, we are all to be deprived of our sport this morning. And unless Sheikh Yani can think of some better test, one that pleases him, I demand he pays the wager."

There was uproar! The Councillors had been getting excited at the prospect of a little rough sex, live in front of them, and were not pleased now that it was being taken away from them.

The king banged his gavel, and spoke. "I am the supreme ruler here, and I wish to see this exhibition. It is a long time since I have seen strong, virile men fight, and it interests me. Let the contest go ahead, and we will simply override the law."

"With respect, your majesty..." I waited, of course, until he had finished speaking before I spoke. "...I believe that to be unwise. Should your majesty ever wish to visit a Western country, and it became known that you had authorised a breach of the marine's rights, then some of those do-goody pressure groups might seek your arrest. At the very least it would be inconvenient. It would certainly be embarrassing. And your majesty's wives like to travel inconspicuously on their shopping trips, I know...."

"You are right", the king told me. "Ah well... But, you know, Mohammed, I'm afraid we're going to have to call off this wager of yours. Without this convincing proof...."

Now I had him. "There is perhaps a way, your majesty. If the Council were to rescind the death penalty on the marine, and instead condemn him to slavery, the problem would go away as we would no longer be in breach of his human rights. My slaves could then fight him and, I am certain, take his virginity for our pleasure this morning."

"Yes! Oh, Mohammed, you do have a most excellent and subtle mind. But there is another problem - we would then have a wild and unruly slave...."

"Your majesty, it's simple. Order the marine to be enslaved, and then give him to me as a gift. All of that is well within your power. There will be no subsequent problem with the slave as I am skilled at 'taming' men - I have 'tamed' two SAS men already, even though Sheikh Yani fails to admit it. I can easily tame a US marine, and afterwards, when he is at the same state of perfection as my two slaves who are here before you, your majesty might consider accepting him as a gift...."

I saw his tongue run around his lips in a little gesture of satisfaction as he contemplated the prospect of having a handsome, fit, young male slave like the marine as his plaything. I knew I had him.

“Excellent, Mohammed!”, then, turning to the Council secretary, he commanded “Let it be so ordered. I am exercising my prerogative of mercy on the prisoner in the cage, and his execution is rescinded. But for crimes against the state, he is sentenced to lifelong slavery. And I now formally make a gift of this slave to my esteemed Councillor, Sheikh Mohammed.”

The marine had gone silent whilst this had been going on - poor lad, I don't think he'd realised he'd been condemned to death as until now everything had been in Arabic. But he seemed extremely angry, rather than pleased, that I'd saved his life and was now again attempting - futilely - to break out of the cage again.

I told Bill and Joe to stand near the cage and to get ready. The whole chamber went silent, and I realised that I was in charge - the marine was now my slave, so he was my responsibility. I looked at the guards, and ordered them to unlock the cage.

The marine sprang up as soon as the lid was released, and seemed completely in “fight or flight” mode. Seeing all the guards around he knew “flight” was impossible, and, anyway, Bill and Joe advanced on him.

It was no contest, really. The twenty one year old, although fit and tough, was absolutely no match for my two older, harder, seasoned fighters. He did, as had been predicted, use his boots to their best potential, but as he viciously kicked out at Joe, Joe swivelled and caught his foot in mid-air and threw the marine to the ground.

It took only a couple of minutes, really, to completely subdue him - I'm no expert on fighting and I don't attend the slave fights that some men here enjoy and so I'm not the best person to describe it in detail. But Bill and Joe worked as a team, and it was a splendid sight to see their cocks waving up and down as they circled and grappled the marine. Once he was down on the ground and Bill had thrown his body over him, it was effectively all over. I was glad that it hadn't turned into one of those bloody punching matches where both slaves attempt to beat the life out of each other - I'm not particularly keen on the sight of blood, and I would have hated the bodies of Bill or Joe, or the marine for that matter, to suffer permanent disfigurement or damage. I was taken to a slave fight once, and I felt almost sick as one slave's face was battered by the fists of the other - when teeth actually came out, I felt it was such a waste as the slave's face would be permanently damaged (although presumably he was used for sucking the cocks of nervous men in future, where a toothless slave is seen as a positive advantage by some).

Bill and Joe, acting together, pulled the slave to his feet. Bill's huge hand went inside the marine's shirt and he simply tore it open, then stripped it away from him. The man had a very pleasant upper body, with good-sized dark brown aureoles making a fine feature on his well-defined pecs. He had a moderate thatch of dark brown hair on his chest, and from that a thick, but not unpleasant, “treasure trail” went across his flat belly and disappeared invitingly into the top of his combat trousers.

They half dragged, half pushed the half-naked marine across the floor and threw him belly-down onto the cage, his feet still on the ground. Joe leapt up with that astonishing lightness I've observed before in very fit but very big men, and sat on the marine's back, so he was unable to get up. Bill went behind the man and reached under him to undo his belt - the marine, knowing Bill was there, lashed out viciously at him with his boots, but Bill managed to dodge and pulled the man's combat fatigues down to his ankles, effectively preventing further violent action like that.

All the Councillors leaned forward - until his tight boxer shorts had been revealed by Bill's action, none of us had had a real opportunity to see the marine's arse as his combat fatigues, although suggestive, had concealed the sheer perfection of his backside. He had what my American friends call a "bubble butt", and as Joe now pulled the boxers down to the man's feet to join his trousers, there was an appreciative sigh as he was fully exposed. Regrettably, of course, there was that unpleasant area of very white flesh that makes such a nasty contrast with the tanned thighs and upper body, as evidently this young man, in spite of his handsome form, chose not to display it for the enjoyment of his fellow men when out in the sun.

Although Bill had become a very gentle and considerate lover as he had spent more and more time with Joe, we were now seeing the "old" Bill, the aggressive, dominant top, and even as he'd stripped the marine and pushed his legs apart, his cock had gone rigidly hard. Bill hardly bothered at all - he spat into his hand, rubbed it very cursorily over his cock, then positioned himself at the marine's hole and simply rammed himself forward - us watching councillors all gasped as we appreciated what the marine must then have felt as Bill's powerful arse and leg muscles simply battered his cock into the marine's hole. The poor man was screaming, of course, and it hardly stopped as Joe almost brutally powered in and out of him. It was a really splendid sight, as Bill's body was so perfect, and I know all my fellow councillors were extremely envious of me for having a slave who was such an excellent fucking machine.

When Bill's like that, though, I think he's in a frenzy and he isn't able to sustain for long. His hands were gripping the marine's narrow waist as he fucked away, until his back arched, his head went back, and he too gave a great shout as he evidently shot his load. He remained like that for about a minute, and we all watched in fascination as he made little, almost feeble, thrusts into the marine again as his aftershocks pumped up from his balls. Bill's face was contorted as this happened, as he was experiencing that exquisite pain that men with sensitive cock heads feel when they try to continue fucking after their first shoot - I say pain, but it is, well at least for me, one of the most intense sexual pleasures I ever have.

Bill pulled out of the man and stood there, breathing very hard. I could see the sweat all over him, and he was truly a magnificent sight - a male animal in his prime, who has just demonstrated his complete mastery of another man.

I needed a totally convincing proof for the Council, however, so I called out to Bill to take Joe's place holding the marine down, and for Joe to fuck him. Joe's too nice, really - he just couldn't take the marine doggy-fashion, as Bill had - I'd sometimes heard him say that it was a bit demeaning. Even now, when all that mattered was that the marine got fucked, he muttered something to Bill and they flipped the marine over on to his back before Bill leapt astride him.

Joe bent down and pulled off the marine's leather combat boots, and quickly stripped away his combat fatigues and boxers from where they were clustered around his ankles. He picked up each of the man's legs in turn and bent them up and back, and as Bill knelt on the marine's chest, he neatly tucked the guy's ankles under his arms.

Actually, that wasn't a bad thing - we had all not previously been able to observe the marine's hole, and now, before Joe started to fuck him, it was fully exposed for all to see - a delightful pale brown against the dead white of the marine's flesh, fringed with its dark gold hair.

Joe's fucking was competent, of course, but lacked the sheer animal passion of Bill - I think he was trying to spare the marine as much pain as possible, but you'd never have known it - the man continued to squeal like a stuck pig as Joe methodically ploughed in and out of him.

Once Joe, too, had cum, both of my slaves pulled the marine to his feet then stood there with him held securely between them, looking at me and waiting for a signal.

Before that slug Yani could think of any more problems, I bowed to the Council, and began to clap. All my fellows joined in to give Bill and Joe a huge round of applause, and even Yani had to join in. I let it go on for a couple of minutes, then held up my hands for silence.

"Fellow councillors, please do not continue to show your appreciation! My slaves are only doing as they were commanded by me, and slaves need no praise for acting like that: it is to be expected. Now, if you have all seen enough, there are other items on the agenda.... With your permission, I will dismiss the slaves."

I didn't give anyone time to say anything, before I turned to Bill and Joe and said "Get out of here. One of my men is outside and he will escort you back to the palace. Do not, under any circumstances, speak to the marine!"

I saw Bill tense as if to argue, and I snapped "Don't argue, just obey - all will be revealed later. Take care of the marine in your cell, but tell him nothing, absolutely nothing, about yourselves or your life so far. Now, get out of here - I am having difficulty in controlling this mob!"

Joe inclined his head at Bill as if to say "Let's go", and they escorted the marine from the chamber. Looking to the king, I bowed low again and addressed him. "Majesty, thank you for this indulgence in being allowed to demonstrate that I have fully 'tamed' the two SAS men. Will your majesty now assist me in getting settlement from Sheikh Yani, a settlement from which, I might add, I am going to make a substantial donation to your majesty's favourite charities."

"How substantial, Mohammed?"

"Ten per cent, Your Majesty?"

"Excellent! Yani - go outside NOW and call your bank and tell them to transfer one billion dollars AT ONCE to Sheikh Mohammed, then come back and tell me that this has happened."

Yani looked furious, but what could he do? He bowed, muttered “Yes, Highness”, and left.

“Thank you, Majesty”, I said. “I will send a cheque around to the royal palace as soon as I am at home. Perhaps it would be simpler for me to make it payable to the royal purse, so that Your Majesty can then distribute it to his favourite charities?”

“Excellent, Mohammed. If only all my councillors were so sensitive to life’s realities. Thank you.”

After my triumph, though, the rest of the meeting was a disaster. We were debating how to deal with the rioters, and I counselled mediation and compromise - let us meet their leaders and see what minimal level of things we could agree to in order to restore peace: and if their price was too high, we would have them in our charge, and could simply enslave them. But the Council, led by that fool Yani, insisted that there should be no compromise and no meetings - the army should be brought in to assist the police in crushing them utterly. Again I pointed out that this was a waste - many fine young men would be killed or wounded, but it was to no avail.

As I was driven back to my palace I could see the helicopters in the air, bringing in the troops.

BILL

We stood there naked, side by side, behind our master as he argued and debated with the other members of the Council. It went on for ages, and I had time to cast several glances at the young US marine in his impossibly small cage: poor bastard! I expect he was going to be given to one of the Council, just as we had been given to our master.

Our master then turned and held out his hands, and Joe and I nestled our balls in his palms and positioned our cocks along his wrists then stood at “display”. Although I’d initially hated doing this, somehow I now felt safe and secure, knowing that my master held me and cared for me.

When he told me that we’d got to fuck the marine I initially almost told him to go fuck himself, and he squeezed my balls to make me shut up. Then when I heard what was going to happen to him as he was taken out, I was appalled - a soldier ought to die in battle, facing the enemy, not be shot as he crouches in a cage, like some circus animal that’s to be disposed of.

Well, what do you do? I knew he’d hate being raped, but we couldn’t let him be killed, could we? You know it’s funny, but it never occurred to me that my master might be shooting us a line, and that wasn’t really the choice - although I hated what our master had done to us, he’d never lied to us about any of it, and I suppose I thought of him as an essentially honest man.

Our master needn’t have worried about Joe and me - even with those combat boots on there’s no way a lighter less experienced guy can win over two bigger, heavier and very experienced fighters like us two. It was no contest, really - of course he did his best, and all credit to him

for fighting even when the odds were hopeless, but Joe and I soon had him completely floored with the wind knocked out of him.

I was in full “fight” mode by then, though, and it never even occurred to me to strip him carefully - I’d ripped his shirt off even before I thought about it, and we threw him over the cage thing as it was at just the right height to fuck him on. The little cunt carried on struggling, though, even when Joe was sat on him, and he nearly caught me a nasty kick on my shin when I was trying to pull his combats down. They all kind of cheered when I stripped his boxers off, and by this time I’d got that sexual rush going through me: I’d felt myself go erect and got that lovely sensation as my cock bobbed up and down as the fight finished, and now my cock was almost hurting as it was straining so hard to get started.

For a moment I wondered if I ought to wank him and use his spunk to lubricate him, but the atmosphere was electric and I just needed to start fucking. I could think of nothing but fucking now, and the world focussed down to my cock and his arse - I almost totally ceased to notice all the men watching us as they melted into a blur in the background. In a frenzy, almost, I just gobbled into my hand and slided it over my cock, then I forced his arse cheeks apart. My cock gave a jerk, and I thought I was going to cum there and then when I saw his pucker, fresh and inviting, waiting for me.

Well, I raped him. Really hard. I could hear him screaming as I slammed into him to ram my cock up his hole. And he carried on screaming as I fucked him, my belly making incredible slapping noise as it collided with his arse muscles on each stroke. It was utterly fantastic - his hole was hot, moist, and tight - far tighter even than Joe had been when I’d first fucked him.

It didn’t last long, of course. I suppose there’s a trade-off between the intense pleasure you get from a frenzied, short hard fuck, and the less intense but much longer lasting sensations from a luxurious, slow, gentle fuck when you’re with a partner you know well. I enjoyed fucking Joe of course, but this was different - this was how it used to be, with me taking what I wanted and knowing that the man under me was being utterly subdued by me. So it was over almost before it started, and I got four aftershocks, so intense had been the experience.

As I pulled out of him and saw his arse and his young body I suppose I felt sorry for him just a little, but I was so excited and pleased with myself that I really didn’t care that much - I’d done what a strong man has the right to do to a lesser man, and I felt great.

It was Joe’s turn next, and he said he wanted to fuck the guy in the missionary position, so we flipped him over on to his front. I leapt astride him and shuffled forward so that my knees were on his shoulders - the little fucker couldn’t move then so he’d give Joe no trouble. I looked down directly into his face, and saw my cock hanging over him: he was moving his head from side to side, as he tried to avoid the mixture of cum, sweat and his shit that was slowly dripping off the end of my cock. I was very conscious of the hot sensation in my own arse - his how, sweaty body was pressed up between my legs and as I shuffled around a bit I got new ripples of pleasure through me as my hole moved across his body.

Joe pushed his feet towards me and I held them under my arms, then the guy started to scream again as Joe must have begun fucking him. I was sorely tempted to piss into his mouth - that would have taught him to keep quiet, but I wasn't sure that if I started to squeeze some out that I'd be able to stop, and I didn't think they'd want their Council chamber messed up with my piss if that marine couldn't take it all.

As usual Joe took a long time, but when he slapped me on the back to say he'd finished, I got off the marine and we pulled him to his feet and we stood in front of our master. He told us to leave and that we would be transported back to his house and, interestingly, commanded us not to tell the marine anything about ourselves. I wanted to ask why not, as I thought the guy would be cheered up to know we were fellow elite troops - after all, he can't have been very pleased to be fucked by what he probably thought of as just a couple of ordinary guys, could he? If he knew we were properly trained fighters, he would understand why he'd lost.

My master rarely loses his temper but he seemed to be really cross at me this time, though, and just commanded us to do as we were told.

Outside one of the officials from my master's palace guided us to a slave transport vehicle - just an ordinary delivery van, really, but with cages inside. We were told to push the marine into one of them, but we were not caged as I suppose they knew by now we were proper slaves. I knelt by the marine's cage as we sped along and tried to make conversation as all soldiers do, but the young cunt wouldn't even look at me and kept turning away. It was just as well he was caged as I felt like slapping him good and hard.

Once back at the palace all three of us were in the same cell, and Joe at once went to try to comfort the guy. "Let's have a look at you", he said. "Bend over, so I can see if there's any serious damage...".

The young fucker spat at Joe, and shouted "Keep away from me you dirty fag."

Now Joe's not one to lose his temper, but he'd just done something really great for this guy - we'd saved his life! And that's all the gratitude we got. It's not as if we intentionally hurt him or anything, is it?

BILL AND JOE, Part 15

MOHAMMED

I summoned Bill and Joe to my chamber later that day, leaving the marine temporarily locked in the cell. It was so gratifying to see them standing there, now almost touching - their physical proximity no doubt reflecting their mental state - and proudly naked.

"Tell me, Joe, did either you or Bill speak to the marine about your past, and your status?"

"Sir, no, sir." I knew I would have the truth from Joe - Bill might lie, if it were to his advantage and if he did not understand the importance of the question, but Joe would always be truthful, even if it meant punishment.

“Good. You should know that I am extremely pleased with your performance before the Council. I expected that you would have to fuck each other, and did not anticipate the unexpected events that led to me acquiring another slave. Another totally untrained slave, I might add, and one who looks to be just as troublesome as you two were initially.”

“In normal circumstances taming the marine might have been as interesting as taming you two, a task in which you might have been pressed into service.”

I saw both men give each other a slight smile, as if they thought that would be fun. But I went on “However there will be no time for that. Events are reaching a climax in our country and I will have no time for hobbies; Indeed, I may have only a very little time of any sort left in my life. The problem therefore arises over the disposal of the new slave.”

“I could of course simply sell him as ‘wild’ stock, and let some other master have the pleasure of taming him, but most of those in this country able to afford such an expensive slave will, like me, have no time. The only option therefore if he is to be sold is to dispose of him to one of the large mining conglomerates, but I don’t like to think of the world being deprived of the sight of such a glorious piece of man flesh as he toils away permanently underground. I have therefore decided to free him, and that is why it is so important that you did not discuss with him your own pasts. Had you disobeyed my orders as you left the Council chamber, you would have condemned him to a life in the mines as I could not afford to let news of your continuing presence on the planet leak out - you are, after all, supposed to be dead. But by obeying my orders implicitly, you have again saved him. He should be eternally grateful to you for firstly saving his life, and then for saving him from life as a mole-like creature, forever scabbling around on his hands and knees thousands of feet underground.”

“ We will have him brought here ,and I will tell him that he is to be freed, as soon as I can make suitable arrangements.”

The two slaves stood quietly as I issued orders for the guards to bring the young marine into my presence, and then as I continued to work away as I waited. Their training as slaves did seem to be working well, as it was almost as if they sensed what was the right thing to do - they did not chatter or move, as that would have distracted me from my work. But perhaps that’s what comes from enslaving a soldier - they are used to standing silently in the presence of their officers.

When the marine came in he was of course naked as the guards had had no orders to give him clothes, and he looked flushed and embarrassed - even good looking men like this are often ashamed to be on display in public at first, and I smiled to myself at the thought of how in his previous life he probably did all those funny things with towels when he changed at the beach, and now his magnificent body had been fully exposed to all my servants and guards.

“Bill, Joe : take hold of the marine.” They did so, and I was then able to dismiss the guards. What a pity I could not keep this man - as he stood there between my two large ex-SAS men, he made a most agreeable contrast: four inches shorter, thirty pounds or so lighter, and about

seven years younger, I guessed. His well muscled body twisted and turned as he attempted to break free from Bill and Joe, but they held him firmly by the biceps with their strong hands. All this motion allowed me to observe his genitalia, and it was a delicious distraction from my worries to see his well-sized cock swinging from side to side and his low-hanging testicles slapping against his thighs.

The marine was screaming at Bill and Joe to take their hands off him, calling them “fags”, and shouting for the American Ambassador!

“Silence, marine!”, I snapped. “If you do not remain silent, I will have you gagged.”

He evidently did not believe me, even when I took a slave gag out of my desk drawer, as he continued to shout and struggle. It was unwise of me to approach him from the front, but I simply did not think - I had the strap around his head and was about to insert the ball into his mouth when he kicked at me. Fortunately my robe protected me to some extent as his foot was caught in the fabric - had I been wearing Western dress, it would no doubt have connected with my testicles!

Bill and Joe almost let the slave go, they were astonished. Bill called out “Master, are you OK?”

I nodded, and reached for my cane - this marine needed punishing. Then Bill and Joe both saw the cane in my hand and I swear I saw their buttocks involuntarily flinch as they remembered the pain and degradation it had brought to them in this very room.

I gestured towards the “barrel” and Bill and Joe began to drag the slave towards it. That lovely arse seemed even more enticing than it had when it was first revealed to me earlier in the Council chamber, and I thought that perhaps I could get away with only administering three strokes across it - that would surely be sufficient to punish the man, as I did not want to wantonly spoil such beauty. The contrast between his slim but muscular buttocks and those of Bill and Joe, so much broader as their body shape was fundamentally different, was especially exciting as they dragged him along. But then it occurred to me that the marine was not in fact going to be a slave - I was going to free him. It is always a good policy to differentiate rigidly between men and slaves I have found, as it helps both of them to understand their status. Were I to use the cane on this free man it would diminish its importance as an instrument for punishing slaves - hurting them and humiliating them simultaneously. And I might yet need to take the cane to Bill, and would need the full majesty of it to impress on him that he was not yet perfect and that there is always room for improvement in a slave’s behaviour.

“Hold the marine, Joe - do one of those wrestling holds so that he is immobile”, I called out. “And Bill - go and sit on my sofa.”

Bill looked really surprised, as he had never been allowed to sit on the furniture in my palace before - at the dinner for my friends, you will remember, both slaves assumed their proper places by sitting on the floor at my feet.

He sat there, wriggling slightly as the soft leather clung to his sweaty skin. “Now, Joe, take the marine over, and put him across Bill’s knees. And Bill, hold his head down with one hand and prevent him from moving by grasping his cock between those powerful thighs of yours.”

I think all three were startled by these orders, and Bill and Joe of course obeyed, but the marine stopped his noise, as if he had not heard me correctly.

The much slighter body, with its dead-white arse, looked so erotic as it lay draped across Bill’s tanned muscular thighs. I felt myself having an erection as I imagined the delicious sensation that Bill must be feeling as the marine’s hot body lay across him, and the man’s warm cock, covered in sweat, tried to pull itself free. Was the marine erect from his efforts, I wondered? - struggling with his cock trapped in that way would be a bit like masturbation, with Bill’s hot flesh taking the place of his own hand.

“Marine!”, I shouted. “You are lucky to avoid the cane on my flogging apparatus. But you cannot be allowed to go unpunished for your attempt to injure me.”

“Bill - spank that arse. Six hard slaps from that free hand of yours should be sufficient to teach the young man a lesson.”

Bill grinned at me, and raised his hand and began. The slaps rang around the room, and after the first three the marine began to give little grunts as Bill struck - a bare-hand spanking from a powerful man like Bill is no light matter, no easy option for punishment. But there is of course no danger of scarring.

There was silence in the room when he finished, except for the sound of Bill’s heavy breathing and a kind of snuffling noise from the slave.

“Sir, please, sir, permission to speak?” Joe said quietly, and I nodded my assent.

“Sir, please may I punish this marine too, sir? After all the kindness you have shown him his actions were outrageous, and I would like to show my disapproval.”

Bill was smiling hugely now, and I too began to laugh a little. “Yes, Joe, of course you may. But we need to show the man a little mercy - only another six strokes, I think.”

Actually I was very pleased with Joe’s reaction, which I could not have anticipated. It showed that as a slave he was now properly becoming completely aligned with the needs of his master and completely identifying with my own thoughts.

Joe sat down next to Bill and they passed the marine between them almost as if he was a parcel, and I saw that Joe, too clamped the man’s cock firmly between his thighs - and he was indeed erect (that’s quite common when men are beaten, I’ve found). Amusingly, Bill was sporting a huge erection, too, as he had evidently found the experience interesting. And as Joe began to spank the marine, I saw Bill running his fingers along the inside of his thighs and then

bring them to his nose - he grinned at me again, and I knew from the way he made little motions with his head that it must be the marine's pre-cum that had leaked onto his body.

When Joe finished I told them to get the marine to his feet, and once again all three of them stood naked in front of me - Bill and Joe smiling as they'd seen how merciful I had been to the young guy, and the marine himself scowling and angry. This time the marine did not kick out at me as I went up to him and removed the gag. He went to speak, but I stopped him, saying "One more word and my men will spank you again until you've learned to keep your mouth shut!"

"Now, I went on, I need to take a photograph of you and some other vital measurements."

"You bastard!", the marine cried out, unheeding of my warning. "You perverts. All of you. Stripping me, raping me, spanking me, what the fuck's going on...."

I really didn't want to punish him again, so I shouted "Bill - squeeze his balls until he shuts up!"

Smoothly, as if they were in perfect harmony, Joe and Bill let go their joint grip on the marine and Joe once again held him from behind in one of those wrestling holds - I could only imagine what a pleasure it must be for Joe to have that young tough muscled body pressed into mine, and to have my cock pressing into his strong muscular arse. Bill knelt and reached up and took the marine's balls in the palm of one of his big hands, and the marine abruptly stopped his shouting and gave a kind of strangled cry.

"Look, I don't want to have to order you to be hurt", I told him. "But I can't stand all your noise! Time is short, and there are things that have to be done. You say one more word without permission and my slave here will squeeze your balls until the pain is such that you stop - and if it makes you vomit, you'll be made to lick it up from the floor. Is that understood?"

The marine stood there, silent but sullen. I nodded briefly to Bill, and the marine gasped a small shout of, well not exactly pain, shall we say one of acute discomfort?

"I said, do you understand?"

This time the marine mumbled "Yes.", very sullenly.

"Tell me, marine, is that how you address your superiors in the US army now? Do you not think I deserve at least the same respect? My slave thinks so, don't you Bill? And he is likely to get upset if you do not behave properly."

"Sir, yes, sir. You deserve to be treated with respect, sir!", Bill rapped promptly, and gave the marine's balls another little squeeze.

"Now, marine, you can begin by telling me your full name."

He looked at me, saw me glancing at Bill, and muttered “Sir, Private First Class Wilson, sir, 83769645.”

“Good. I’m afraid that you’ll have to lose the ‘Wilson’ for reasons that will become apparent, but what’s your first name?”

“Sir, under the Geneva Convention for the treatment of prisoners I’m only required to give my name, rank and serial number....”

“Ah yes, that is so. But you are not a prisoner of war. You are a slave, my slave, my property. Did you not hear the king commute your sentence of death into one of slavery? - I was going to say ‘life long slavery’, but of course all enslavement is for life so that would be tautology. So as a slave, not a prisoner, you will obey me and give me your first name.”

“Sir, Private First Class Wilson, sir, 83769645.”

I would have argued again, but Bill, without any action on my part, leapt to his feet, thrust his face close to the marine’s and almost screamed “You ignorant young puppy! How dare you ignore our master like that! I’d tear your balls off if I wasn’t worried about permanently damaging my master’s property! You don’t know what he’s done for you, and now, when he wants to help you, you’re being an ignorant little shit! Now, answer me - what’s your first name?”

I think the marine was so startled by Bill’s outburst - which was probably rather like that a sergeant would make to a recruit who was failing on the parade ground on his first day - that he almost shot out “Sir, Todd, sir.”

“Down, Bill!”, I said with a smile as I was so pleased by his efforts to look after my interests, and Bill dropped to his knees again and grabbed the marine’s balls once more.

“Now, Todd”, I said, gently, “You are in extreme danger. You were condemned to death as a terrorist insurgent and I managed to save you. You disliked taking the cocks of my two slaves up your arse, I know - disliked it very much. But it was necessary in order to get your sentence commuted to that of slavery. That, incidentally, helped me in an enterprise of my own which need not concern you, except in as much that I have decided to free you. However things are not that simple - our country is collapsing into chaos, and there is no way that I can release you here - as a foreigner, you would almost certainly be killed in the increasing levels of violence and disorder on our streets. So I have to make arrangements for you to get out of the country. And for that I need a photograph for your passport, and other vital measurements...”

“Sir, I have a passport, my army passport, in my uniform...”

“Long ago stripped from you, and lost. And, in any case, you cannot use it as it would enable the US authorities to trace you too easily. You do realise, I suppose, that you can never go back ‘home?’”

“Sir, although I was captured, there’s no dishonour. Once I’m back in the USA I can report back to the marines and....”

“No, Todd, no. I’m afraid you cannot. Watch.....”

I flipped on the TV and, just as they had for Bill and Joe, there was a concocted story about a few US marines who had gone missing “in a sea training exercise off the coast of the Carolinas”. An officer, nominally in charge of the exercise, was being interviewed for CNN and spoke of the unexpected storm that has caught all the brave boys.

“So you see - there’s a cover up for your real mission, and, what your officers must consider to be your death. Now, what do you think would happen if you went back, and tried to set the record straight? They might have been willing to have the international opprobrium of a failed, illegal operation had you been on the news the moment you were captured. But now this elaborate cover up has been concocted they’ll alter the facts to make it stick. And if you do go back, your drowned body will assuredly be found!”

The marine looked completely bewildered, as if not believing that his officers could betray him like that. But Bill looked up at him as he knelt there, and said quietly “You know he’s right, don’t you, mate?”

I saw the whole stance of the marine change, and nodded to Bill and Joe to let him go free. He stood there in front of me looking bewildered, and finally murmured “Sir, thank you, sir.”

“Right, Todd... Now first, a photograph. And then I need your height and weight.....”

He stood there as I photographed him (And I couldn’t resist taking a few full body shots, to aid my memory in old age) and gave me the information, and then I looked at all three men.

“I have much work to do now - Bill and Joe, look after young Todd. I will try to get him away tomorrow morning. Until then, it is best that he remains looking like a slave - with the current uncertainties in the country he’s safer as a slave than as a free man, I think.”

I made a gesture of dismissal, and Bill gently guided Todd towards the door.

BILL

It was a real shock when that fucking marine seemed so ungrateful at being saved. If ‘d been our master I’d have gone ahead and beaten the arse off him to make him learn, so I was a bit astounded at first when I was ordered to put him over my lap and spank him.

Then I saw how clever my master was - it wasn’t so much the pain of the spanking that would make the marine see sense, but the total humiliation of it all and the knowledge that he was anyway in my master’s power. It was a bit of a laugh, really - making him sprawl over my lap, and when I clamped my thighs tight together, trapping his cock and his balls, he gave a little yelp

of surprise. I don't know how much his arse was hurting when I'd finished the spanking, but my hand was really sore - you're not used to slapping hard muscle with your palm, are you?

I tell you one thing, though - if I ever get to own a place of my own again I'll certainly have leather furniture. I felt myself sticking to it with my sweat, and if that sofa had been upholstered in fabric after a few uses it would stink! And it does feel sensual, as well - I particularly liked the feeling of the chamois-soft leather against my arse hole and the bottom of my balls.

The marine was erect when I shoved him along to Joe (well, I was, too - funny that, isn't it? I don't really like blokes for sex, as you know, so why should spanking this lad have turned me on?). He'd leaked pre-cum all down the inside of my thighs - these young guys have no control, have they?

You'd have thought that after Joe had done the same thing to him - and that was odd, too, the way Joe seemed so cross that he wanted to join in the punishment, but then, Joe's always been one for doing 'the right thing' - the marine would have seen sense and shut up whilst things were explained to him properly. But he carried on shouting, and then refusing to answer our master's questions.

It felt odd gripping his balls to "encourage" him to behave - once you're used to holding nicely smooth shaved balls in your hand, getting all that wiry pubic hair there isn't as nice, is it? I can't understand why all blokes don't shave themselves, really - well, I suppose I didn't, before I was enslaved, as it never occurred to me to do so. I wish I'd been Joe, holding him in that full Nelson, though - I'd rather have had my cock stabbing at his arse than just a handful of his balls.

I had to shout at him a bit to make him shut the fuck up finally - I don't suppose our master realised that all blokes in the army get pretty conditioned to obeying their sergeants when the sergeants really shout at them. A bit of "conditioned behaviour" seemed to work better than all that ball squeezing.

He didn't believe our master at first, but I see his government was just as bad as ours at trying to hide the truth - that loop our master showed him from CNN did the trick, though, and he seemed to see reason at last and calm down.

When we were dismissed Joe and I kept a hand on him as we walked back through the palace, though. I think it gave him a bit of courage to actually display himself to all the other people around - it's not as bad to be totally naked when you've got others around you in the same state, is it? (especially when all those watching you are in suits and stuff - your mates give you a bit of moral courage). Not that they seemed to notice us much - the atmosphere in the palace is normally one of calm (although people do move purposefully about their business), but today it seemed to be verging on panic: through some of the office doors we could see people going through files and shredding documents, and all those in the corridors seemed almost to be running in their hurry to get wherever they were going.

Back in our cell Joe and I tried to cheer Todd up. “Don’t worry, lad”, Joe told him. “I’m sure you’ll be OK. Our master is a clever, powerful bloke, and if he’s said he’ll see you right, I’m sure it will be.”

There wasn’t anything to put on, of course, and in spite of everything else going on the bloody air conditioning seemed to be keeping the place fucking freezing as usual. I saw Todd start to rub his hands up and down his body, as if to try to rub a bit of warmth into himself - Joe and I were a bit more used to being nude, so perhaps we’d kind of got a bit more tolerant to the temperature.

Joe went to put his arm around Todd to pull him close and warm him, but the lad snapped “Hey, man, I’m no faggot....”

“You think I am?”, Joe came back. “I’ll have you know I’m married, with a kid...”

“Joe!”, I warned him. “Remember what our master said - no details. It will be easier for Todd in the long run.”

Joe saw I was right, and just shrugged “Suit yourself.”, he told Todd. “I was like that at first, but you’ll find it’s very cold in here at night. I’d advise you to put your silly inhibitions away, and get into the bed with Bill and me .”

I don’t think Todd trusted us, or completely believed everything he’d been told, as even when Joe and I got into bed and pulled the blanket over us, he stayed there sitting on the edge. The silly fucker wasn’t one of those blokes who could admit they were wrong, as about an hour later we could hear his teethe chattering and feel his body shaking through the bed. Joe whispered to me that we should invite him in again, but I whispered back that he needed to learn his lessons the hard way, and we’d just lie there and wait for him to see reason. But Joe’s not like that - he’s a lot softer than me, especially with those he thinks are weaker, and a couple of minutes later he got out of bed, sat beside Todd again, put his arms around the guy and started to rub him vigorously to help him get warm. Then he kind of led Todd onto the bed, pushed him up against me, and slipped in on the other side of him so that he was sandwiched between us.

I almost jumped out of my skin as Todd was so cold - it’s bad enough when the person you’re sleeping with gets up to piss or something and comes back to bed with old feet, isn’t it? But he was cold all over, and really made me jump. I sensed though that his shivering wasn’t only with the cold - he seemed afraid, too.

“Don’t worry, lad, Joe was saying. “I’m sure our master will get you away. And you’ll have to give up your old life, sure, but there are lots of other things you can do... Do you have a wife, or a girlfriend, or anything, to worry about?”

“No, it’s not that.”, Todd told him. “I’m not married, and my bitch of a steady that I’ve been living with for the last year went off with another guy just before I came on this operation.”

“So what’s the problem, then? I wish I was twenty one again, with a chance to start over...”

“Look, it’s you guys.... I’m not.... I’m not.... I’m not a faggot. I don’t want you to fuck me....”

I heard Joe laugh quietly. “Well, don’t worry about that! I don’t usually get to fuck blokes - I only get fucked. I leave the fucking up to Bill. But he’s fucked you once already today, and now he’s almost thirty, he can’t keep it up... So I don’t think you’ve got anything to worry about.”

I wrapped my legs around Todd’s, and kind of snuggled my cock into his arse crack. “Joe’s right - he likes to take it, and if I wanted to fuck seriously again today, I’d rather fuck him than anyone else. Now, you can feel my cock nestling in your arse crack, can’t you? Well, unless you’d like me to show you how much fun two blokes can have together - being raped in public isn’t the world’s greatest experience, I’ll give you that - I’ll just forget it. But I’ll leave my cock where it is - its is cold in here, and it doesn’t really like the cold... It’s much more at home in a nice warm lodging like you arse crack.”

Well, I don’t think he really liked being sandwiched between us, but he did at least shut up. The problem with trying to sleep with a guy who you’re not used to, especially a young guy like Todd, is that your bodies aren’t synchronised. I’m sure Joe moves and tosses and turns just as much as Todd did that night, but my body’s used to Joe’s and we kind of accommodate automatically. But every time Todd threw himself about a bit as he dreamed (and I suppose he had a lot to dream about, as he tried to make sense of what had happened to him that day) he managed to wake me up. And when you’re awake in the night, you get an erection, don’t you? And look, when a bloke’s got an erection, especially one that’s so hard it’s almost hurting, he needs to do something about it.

I felt a bit deprived - I couldn’t get to Joe, on the other side of Todd, to slip my cock into him, and I’d promised Todd that I wouldn’t fuck him. I had to content myself with wriggling down the bed a bit so that my cock, instead of nestling in his arse crack, could slip between his thighs. Then, with a bit of gentle rocking backwards and forwards I did manage to shoot a load after all and keep my promise not to fuck him. When we woke up in the morning and there was that smell of sex in the bed, Joe reached down and felt some of the still-liquid semen on our bodies, and just looked at me and said “I might have known....”

We had a big helping of slave chow in the morning, and at first Todd didn’t want to eat any. But I pointed out to him that we didn’t know what was going to happen next, and he might not get any food for a long time. A soldier needs to keep his energy up, doesn’t he, and he started to munch it down.

“Is this all you guys get to eat?”, he asked me.

“Sure. They say it’s got everything we need. And it keeps our teeth healthy....”

He looked at my body, and said “Well, I suppose you’re not doing too badly on it!”

We might have gone on at that point to talk about fitness and our bodies, but the cell door opened and a guard told us to go up to the master's workroom. The palace corridors seemed decidedly empty, and there was no guard at the door - we just knocked, and went in.

Master looked as if he hadn't had much sleep. He had a pair of jeans and a T that he told Todd to put on, and his army combat boots that had been retrieved from somewhere.

"You two - you'd better come with us to the airport as I might have need of your strength. Slave shorts and Ts for you" He indicated a pile of the standard slave garb to Joe and me, and we pulled them on. After so long entirely naked, the clothes felt odd against my body - and a bit ridiculous, really.

MOHAMMED

I spent a really hard night. Everything was breaking down on our country and all my usual levers of power were working sluggishly, if at all. Still, I managed, by means of a judicious combination of calling in old favours and absolutely outrageous bribes to get an Australian passport for Todd, and a seat on the morning plane out to Singapore, with an onward connection to Sydney. Curiously, the plane seat seemed to be the most difficult - I got the impression that it was only because my bribe was much bigger than the bribe that someone had already paid to "jump" a passenger from the plane that he in turn was being "jumped" in favour of Todd.

My servants seemed to be deserting the palace, and when we got to the garage there wasn't even a chauffeur to drive us. I decided to take a discrete vehicle - a Land Rover - rather than a large Mercedes - and told Bill to drive. I wondered why Bill and Joe gave a bit of a shudder as we went towards the vehicle, then remembered that it was probably this very Land Rover that they'd been dragged along behind for so many, many miles through the desert, during their initial training.

There wasn't much traffic at all, but the airport was complete chaos - evidently thousands were attempting to flee the country. Rank still had some privileges, though, and no one stopped us when I directed Bill to drive us around to the special VIP entrance. I'd been in that lounge so many, many times as my business took me around the world, but now it seemed sad without the usual smiling teams of airline employees to give me the very special treatment I deserved.

Things were so bad that bribery failed! It needed Bill and Joe to get quite threatening with one of the few remaining ground staff we could find before they could be "persuaded" to check Todd in for the flight - the unprincipled creatures were, I think, hoping to collect even bigger bribes from some of the terrified throng outside in the main airport area.

And when the plane did touch down, there were shots fired to stop the crowd from mobbing it. Fortunately I knew the guard commander, though, and Todd did succeed in making it up the steps (the crew that are supposed to work the jetways had long since deserted) at the last minute - although I had to give the guard commander half of the half a million dollars that I'd

taken out of my personal safe to give to Todd. Still, a good looking young guy, fit and strong, ought to be able to make a good start in life with a quarter of a million, I thought.

BILL AND JOE, Part 16

BILL

It was a complete fucking nightmare. I've never believed that people could behave as badly as that, but the things they were doing at the airport were something else! You've probably seen those scenes in "The Deer Hunter" where the last few are trying to get out of the American Embassy, off the roof, on the last helicopter? Well, it was like that.

Our master knew a back way in, though, and it was only through his skill and cunning that Todd managed to get away. He had me almost beat up an airline guy to get Todd checked in - I had to slap the guy around really hard to make him see that it was in everyone's best interests for him to do so. And when the plane did land the guards were actually shooting at the crowds to hold them back.

I saw my master give the commander of the guards a big package of something, and a similar one to Todd - at the time I wondered what they were, but I didn't really have time to think. My master was badly jostled and we had to almost fight our way back to the Land Rover after the plane lumbered down the runway and took off - I think all our hearts were in our mouths, thinking some idiot was going to shoot at it! You never think it can take so long for a jet to taxi then roll down the runway, do you? I never thought I'd be so glad to see that fucking Land Rover, either - at least we could get away from the airport, but it had unpleasant memories for Joe and me as we remembered being dragged behind it and having to run for our lives when we were being "trained" initially.

Back at the palace the whole place seemed to be deserted. We strode up from the garage towards my master's workroom, Joe and I flanking him, one on either side, to give him as much protection as we could.

He seemed to be almost defeated as we went in, and he sat slumped in his chair.

He sat at his desk and wrote on a couple of pieces of paper. Joe and I just stood there, as we'd been taught.

"Bill, Joe...", he said quietly after a few moments, and I looked and saw his hands outstretched, palms up, in the summoning position. Joe and I dropped our shorts, went over to him, placed our balls in his palms and lay our cocks on his wrists, then clasped our hands behind our heads.

I felt my master's thumb run up and down my cock, and that wonderful stirring when you know you're sliding into an erection. He carried on stroking me for a couple of moments, as if savouring my cock for the last time, then spoke.

"Bill, Joe.... I release you. I release you. I release you!"

He dropped his hands, and sat there, looking up at us. He continued "There. You are now no longer my slaves. I have recited the traditional words that free you. If the systems in our

country were still working I would process the paperwork to make it 'official', but I doubt that anyone will ever be checking, at least for the next few years. Still, you are free,"

"It's traditional for a master to say a few words at times like these to the slave - who has usually been in his master's service for many, many years, and who needs encouragement and welcoming to his new life. But you have been my slaves for only a short time, and I do not think you will have problems readjusting to the world you used to inhabit, before enslavement: providing you can make good your escape, that is."

As he was speaking, we could hear the sounds of a mob outside, and there was a smell of smoke in the air.

"I do not expect to survive: even though I was a moderate on the Council, the mob associates me with the ruling elite and I will, at best, be tried and executed, or, if I'm lucky, enslaved. At worst, those animals out there will tear me limb from limb when they finally get the courage to break down the doors."

"So time is short... Take these pieces of paper. Now, read them, and memorise them! Memorise them VERY carefully. If you make it out of here, these papers give you the address in Zurich of my bankers, and a fourteen digit account number for each of you. Go to that address, demand to see the Special Services Client Executive and recite those fourteen digits to him. Each of you will then be the proud owner of the accounts in question, each of which, when I last bothered to look, had a little over ten million dollars in it. I hope that is not bad pay for a spell of harsh exercise, some painful punishment, a little humiliation, and the loss of your anal virginity."

Well, Joe and I were astonished. We stood here, naked except for our Ts, and Joe spoke - he's always good at times like this. "Master.... Master... Thank you. But it's too much. It's not necessary. For me, you've already given me enough, master. I hated you at first, but now I realise you've given me something I would never normally have had - the love of Bill. We were close in the SAS - best mates, friends.... but I'd never have understood what it was to really know Bill, to really be close to him, to feel his body against mine, to take his cock...."

Joe stopped at that point, and put his arms around our master, and hugged him.

You know I'm not one for the sentimental stuff, but what can you do? I knew what Joe meant, of course, and I agreed with him.

"Master.... Master.... Thank you." Was all I could say. It didn't sound as good as Joe's piece, but it was no less sincerely felt.

"Right.... Off with you both, whilst there's still time", our former master said, and touched the button that opened the door.

Joe and I picked up our shorts and went into the corridor, and the door slid shut behind us.

The smell of smoke was very strong now, and across the courtyard we could see that the mob had set fire to the East Wing.

“So what now?” Joe asked.

“Let’s get the fuck out of here...”

“Yes, but what about our master?”

“What about him? Just leave him. Let him stew in his own juices...”

“Bill, we can’t do that - he’s not a bad bloke, really...”

“Are you fucking mad or something? Not a bad bloke? He’s had us stripped, he’s raped my arse and yours, he’s beaten us, he’s had us nearly killed hundreds of times when he devised all those exercises....”

“But that’s just the system here, Bill. He’s not a bad bloke deep down - look at the way he did all that stuff in the Council to save that marine from being shot. And he put himself at risk today, to get him away. And he’s just given us each ten million dollars to start a new life... And, you know, it wasn’t all bad, was it? We would have been just mates if all this hadn’t happened, and now....”

I grinned at him to tell him to lighten up a bit. “You mean, Joe, that you’ve found you like a nice cock like mine up your arse. You’ve got to appreciate the perfection of my cock, previously reserved for women....”

He punched me playfully on the shoulder. “Come on, Bill. We might not get out of here, but let’s go down fighting. And let’s take our master with us.”

MOHAMMED

I really thought it was all over as we drove back from the airport and I saw the mob around my palace. I hold no illusions about “justice” and “fair trials” at times like this. A mob has a mind of its own, an evil mind, one set on destruction, even when it is destroying things that will later be needed by their new order. Still, I’d had a good life - better to have a short, happy life, doing the things you like, than one of those grey, colourless times that so many live in our world, going through pointless routines at the office, factory or store every day.

I’m a tidy person, though, and I don’t like loose ends. And almost as a last act of defiance of the mob who were intent on destroying my property and everything I’d worked for, I decided to release the slaves.

I made the “display” gesture, and relished once more the sight of their bodies as they obediently shucked off their shorts. Their balls had the usual warm, silky softness as they lay there in my palm, and I couldn’t resist stroking their cock heads one last time, remembering the

pleasure that taming these slaves had brought me, and how they had enabled me to triumph finally over Yani. Bill, as I might have expected, was unable to prevent an erection driving his cock along my arm, but good old Joe, slower and more reflective, just remained flaccid.

At least I'd never need to do all the tedious paperwork our society demands now at a slave's release, and there was a certain excitement in pronouncing the time-honoured formula to free the slaves. They had been fun, and they were basically good men. I decided to play one last trick on the mob, and give the former slaves the major accounts I held outside the country (well, except for my billion dollars, of course, which I considered to be so well hidden it was beyond anyone's reach). If these slaves survived I'd rather they had the money than the dictatorship that would inevitably follow us here.

I watched the slaves leave, with a tinge of regret. I sincerely wished them well, and thought that if anyone was going to fight their way out of here it would probably be those two, trained fighters as they were with their skills honed in the famous SAS. I locked my door, put a favourite piece of Bach on my hi-fi, and sat, composed, waiting for the inevitable arrival of the mob.

It was sooner than I thought, and the second movement of the double violin concerto had barely begun when there was a thunderous knocking at the door. I did not deign to answer it, and soon the sound of boots could be heard, as they started to kick it down.

I was simply amazed when Bill and Joe appeared once more in front of me. "Come on, master", said Bill, forgetting the mode of address he'd been taught and initiating a conversation. Actually, I suppose he was allowed to do that now, as he was a free man. "Let's get out of here - half the palace is on fire, and the mob is roaming the corridors."

"No, gentlemen. Save yourselves. I am too well known to have any chance of slipping past the mob - they are here specifically for me, I think."

"No, maser. We're not leaving without you.", Joe echoed Bill's words. "But I have a plan."

At first I thought they were taking revenge on me for all the humiliation I had meted out to them in their training (although in truth most of the things that were done were just processes slaves need to go through, and were not designed to be humiliating, per se.). They bundled me in to my private bathroom, and Bill simply commanded "Strip!".

When I hesitated, as I was so surprised by being ordered around by him, he almost tore my robe off in his haste to have me naked. I had of course been naked in front of the slaves before when I was taming them initially, but now I felt peculiarly awkward as I stood there, nude, whilst both of them were in shorts and Ts.

Bill snatched up the electric clippers that I keep in there for when my barber comes to trim my hair, and snapped at me "Kneel, so I can get at your fucking head."

I was so surprised that I dropped to my knees, and then I heard the clippers buzz, and began to feel my dark, wavy hair tumble over my naked shoulders. Had I not been almost beaten by the thought of my imminent death at the hands of the mob I would have demanded that he stop this humiliation, but now it didn't seem to matter. I just knelt there as my hair was reduced to a half inch stubble over my whole head.

"Right - on your feet..." He hauled me to my feet - or was it that he was helping me? He dropped to his knees, and I felt the clippers running over my pubic bush, and my feet tickled as my rich crop of wiry hair tumbled and fell over them. He was at least gentle as he moved my cock up and down to run the clippers over my ball sac, although I was sorely afraid that he was going to inadvertently hurt me - although why I was concerned about this when I was going to be torn to pieces by the mob, I don't really know.

As Bill was working away Joe was lathering one of my finest shaving brushes and as soon as Bill had finished he knelt in front of me and lathered my sac, then used one of my barber's razors to shave me clean in this area. Clearly these two slaves were intent on taking a peculiar revenge on me, and presumably planned to hand me over to the mob as naked as they had been, with trimmed pubic hair and a shaved sac to display me better to the vile crowd.

"We can't do anything about the brands", Bill said. "There's not time. And even if we could find that electric branding tool, it would just be a mass of scar tissue and wouldn't really help."

Joe went out into my work room and returned with one of the "magic markers" one of my staff had been using during a presentation to me - was it really only two days ago that I was in charge, and all was normal?

"Bend over the bath", Joe said, and I complied as I had no other option with both of them standing there. And then I felt the moist tip of the marker on my arse.

"Right! That's a passable imitation", he said to Bill. "Now, stand up, sir."

I did as he commanded, and he bent forward and used the marker to draw a reasonable simulacrum of my ownership mark on my pec.

"Sorry, sir, but one more, in case anyone checks..." Joe dropped to his knees again in front of me, and started to stroke my cock. In spite of the pressure, the tension, the worry, and the imminence of my death, the ministrations of his hand was so tender that I could not help but have an erection. Joe at once lifted my member up and gently held it against my belly as he drew an ownership mark on the underside of my penis.

To my astonishment Bill and Joe then stripped off their short and Ts - clothes which I had allowed them to wear as free men - and all three of us stood there, naked. I was perhaps an inch taller than the two men, but was of course nowhere near as well developed. But with my hair cropped, my pubic area trimmed, and my ball sac shaved, I certainly had the aspects of a slave when you compared me to them - an impression reinforced by the sight of the ownership marks on all of us - seared into their flesh, of course, but marked out on my skin. They were

of course superbly and deeply tanned, evenly, all over, from all the exercises they had been made to do naked under the harsh sun, whereas my skin was much paler. But I have the swarthy appearance common to many of my people, so it was not as if I was that deathly, slug-like white that some Westerners are before they are tanned.

I suppose I found it surprising that there was so little difference between us - when I was clothed and as normal, there was a clear distinction between master and naked, branded, slave. But now, anyone entering the room would not readily have understood that it was I who was a master and they were newly-released slaves.

BILL

Well, although I usually take charge, sometimes Joe just insists. He can be very stubborn when he thinks he's right. I knew it was pointless arguing with him on this occasion, so we first politely knocked at our former master's door, and when there was no response, even after several attempts, I just kicked it down.

Our master looked really surprised to see us, but said nothing. I was all hot and sweaty from attacking the door, and time was really short as the mob might appear at any moment. So I just snapped at him "Strip!", so we could start to put our plan into action. Actually, although I was no longer his slave, it did feel funny to be ordering him around like this. He hadn't got a bad body, though - I suppose I'd thought that the first time he'd dropped his robe, when Joe and I were strapped over that barrel thing. He wasn't erect now, though, as he had been then - it almost looked as if his cock had shrivelled up in fright.

It was as if he was in a bit of a daze - usually master was very definite and incisive, but now he was acting like a zombie. I almost had to push him into the bathroom, and then I needed to be quite curt to get him to kneel down so I could crop the hair off his head - funny, I've never done this before: it just shows you, you don't need much skill to be a barber if all you want to do is take almost all the hair off. Once I was done, it was astonishing how different he looked - that crop made him look a lot more like us.

He clearly didn't like me using the clippers to get rid of most of his pubic hair, either - he had a really thick, wiry crop, and once it was gone and he had the same little one inch high bar just above his cock, like Joe and me, I personally think he looked much better. I was glad it was Joe who shaved his sac, though, as I don't think I could have been as gentle with him as Joe was - I could still remember the stinging of those canes he used on me, and I don't think it would have hurt to have been a bit rough with his balls to pay him back a bit. But Joe isn't like that, of course.

After Joe had drawn all the ownership marks on his arse, pecs and cock, we shucked out Ts and shorts and all three stood there together. It was fucking amazing - he no longer looked like a master at all - nude, shaved, and marked, he was just the same as us. Well, actually, he wasn't in such good shape as we were, but, nevertheless, he looked just like a slave.

We could have stood there all fucking day admiring our bodies in the big mirrors in the bathroom, but I shouted at Joe and my master to follow me, and ran out. It was Joe who told me to hang on a moment, and he collected up all the clipped hair, and our shorts and Ts, and bundled them into the waste bin where they were unlikely to be discovered.

Then I ran, leading them down the familiar corridors and steps, and into our cell. Joe leapt into bed, and I pushed my master in after him, then joined them so that our master was sandwiched between us. I wondered for a moment if I ought to give him a good fucking, to pay him back a bit for what we'd been through, but then I thought I might need all my strength for what might happen next. Still, he hadn't got a bad body, and my cock couldn't help but go half erect as it tucked itself neatly into the crack between his arse cheeks as we all lay there on the narrow bed.

We were only just in time - the door of the cell flew open and about twenty of the mob poured in. They were a vile, smelly lot, and there was a whole lot of shouting and jabbering. One of them came over and pulled us out of the bed, and we all three stood in front of them, naked.

"British soldiers!", Joe said. They all jabbered something in Arabic, and my master went to translate so I gave him a swift kick on his shins to shut him up. "British Soldiers!", I repeated, and they all jabbered again.

After a couple of minutes someone was found and pushed to the front of the men facing us. "We're British soldiers", I explained very slowly - that's what you have to do, isn't it, when you've got a load of foreigners: speak very slowly, very clearly, and very loudly. Sooner or later they get the message. "British soldiers", I explained again. "Captured. Tortured..." - I pointed at the brand on my pec.

The one who seemed to be in charge said, in almost perfect English, "We understood there were some enslaved soldiers down here somewhere - two SAS, and an American Marine. Is that you?"

"Yes - that's right. Two Brits and a Yank."

"Do you know where Sheikh Mohammed is?"

"No, mate - the last time we saw him was yesterday, when he ordered us to be whipped again. If you find the fucker, be sure to let me know, as I've got a few scores to settle with him...."

"I don't think you'll have a chance, Englishmen. His own countrymen have first call on his body, and after we have finished extracting retribution for all the years he and his kind ruled us and taxed us, I don't think there'll be anything left for you! Now, we must go on with the hunt. Stay here, and we'll come back and deal with you later. Do you need anything? You look very uncomfortable, all huddled together in that bed - or is it the well known 'English vice' that you are enjoying...."

“You dirty minded fucker! Do you think me and my mates are queer or something? Just because we have been kept naked by that Sheikh, it doesn’t mean we like it, you know....”

The man just smiled, and went out of our cell, the rest of the men followed, and we all just stood there.

“First hurdle over”, Joe said. And our master looked relieved.

“Right then....” I led them out of the cell and we raced through the palace. I managed to find some slave shorts and Ts whilst we were still on the slave levels, then we ran up to the street.

MOHAMMED

When they took me down to the cell and threw me on the bed, I felt for certain that they were going to rape me in retribution for having had them fucked. When I felt Bill’s big cock pressing into my arse I gritted my teeth and expected him to start to force an entry into my secret place at any moment. I remembered thinking that I was not going to scream - I was going to show them that a real man can take a cock without complaining. The bastard didn’t seem to be making any effort to lube me, though - not even so much as a mouthful of spit - and so I expected that I would be left with a torn, bleeding anus when is monster forced its way in to me.

It was almost a relief when the mob burst into the cell - at least I’d be spared the pain of Bill’s cock. There was a lot of shouting, and one of the leaders of the student faction - a man I recognised - was brought forward to translate, as Bill kept shouting “British soldiers!”, louder and louder. I remembered that that’s what the British do when dealing with foreigners - just keep shouting louder and louder, in English! Incredibly, the student didn’t recognise me - even though I’d had several meetings with him in my office. Could it be that without my hair, and my clothes, I was so different?

Before he arrived I’d tried to translate what the mob was asking, but Bill kicked me, quite hard, and I was hopping around nursing my shins, and couldn’t say a word for a couple of minutes.

Then all at once I saw the plan! They weren’t going to punish me or abuse me - they were using my nakedness as a “disguise” - we were now three slaves, of no concern to the rioters, rather than two slaves, and their master who was being hunted like a dog by the mob.

We ran up out of the cells, and somewhere along the way they got me slave shorts and a T, and some boots. The shorts were very unpleasant, being made out of rough material with no support for my cock and balls, and I suppose I felt a little twinge of remorse for inflicting these on all my slaves - but then, they were exceptionally cheap and there’s no point in wasting money on slave uniforms, is there? Chaos reigned in the streets, but Bill just attacked the driver of a military jeep who was waiting outside the palace, and we drove off in it. At the outskirts of the city it was considered to be too dangerous to take the jeep any further, and we set off, on foot, into the desert.

Bill and Joe were superbly fit as a result of my training, and their SAS experience had given them expertise at survival in the desert. The story of the next ten days as we inched our way away from my home, making for the border, is a story in itself and one day I will write it as one of the great adventure sagas of our time. I was very conscious that I was holding the two men back as I simply was not able to make the heroic efforts they made to keep going, and it was only Bill's dogged determination that we were all going to make it that kept me alive. Many times he roughly pushed and prodded at me to keep me going, and then, when I collapsed with complete exhaustion, it was he who picked me up and half dragged me along. And it was Joe who, when we at last stopped in the worst part of the heat of the day, crouching under whatever rocky shelter we could find, massaged my aching limbs and cajoled me to give it another shot and to keep going.

I was almost delirious when we arrived at the Dahrán border, and, without money or belongings we had nothing to bribe the border guards with. Without passports or papers, they were going to turn us back into the desert where we would surely have perished. It's a tribute to the SAS training that two unarmed soldiers, near to complete exhaustion, could overpower four heavily armed border guards. We did then at least have a little money, and a vehicle, and we sped off into the capital.

Fortunately I know the head of one of the major British investment banks in Dahrán, as Sir Jonathan and I have done business together on many occasions. He was very surprised to see me appear in his office dressed in rags and tatters of guards' uniform, but with his innate British courtesy he at once arranged for funds to be made available to me, and complimented me on how well I was looking. I suppose the days of hard, gruelling trekking in the desert had indeed done me good, and I was indeed now feeling leaner and fitter than I had for several years. Sir Jonathan offered us a recuperation period at his famous Aloe Palace, and I was in favour of going as I very much wanted to see the many changes he had wrought there, and to experience his fabled cohorts of slaves. But Bill and Joe seemed uneasy - I expect because they recognised Sir Jonathan as "upper class", and felt embarrassed at the thought of the lavish entertainment he would no doubt lay on for us as they might do "the wrong thing". As we all know, the British are obsessed with "class", and I was interested to see what a powerful influence it could exert - Bill and Joe had pulled off an amazing feat of heroism and had saved my life, but would not wish to be a guest of Sir Jonathan through fear of embarrassment.

That's one of the problems of travelling with free men rather than slaves - although I would dearly have liked to accept Sir Jonathan's invitation, I felt that I had to accept a "vote" on the subject. Instead of the fabled luxury of the Aloe Palace and the ministrations of Sir Jeremy's well trained slaves, we had to content ourselves with the penthouse suite at the Dahrán Mandarin Oriental. Although the employees there are extremely well trained and the hotel offers every luxury, it just doesn't compare with the individual, lavish attention one expects when one is used to having an establishment staffed by slaves. I was, for example, expected to bath and shower alone, and there were no naked bath attendants to service my needs. Still, after travelling extensively in Europe and the USA I was expecting this, and it was not such a great hardship.

Bill and Joe seemed to enjoy it, though - I think having a huge whirlpool bath in the bathroom, and the ability to order any food they wanted at any time on room service, was a real treat. They did seem excessively alarmed about the prices of everything, though, and I had to remind them that they themselves were now really rather wealthy, and that I was excessively so.

Sir Jonathan's staff (and, I suspect, some of his slaves) worked tirelessly for me in the next few days. A tailor delivered me some new exquisite Western cut suits, and I had space in the offices in Sir Jonathan's bank to make a number of important telephone calls. A visit to the Swiss Embassy was arranged, and finally I chartered a private jet to fly all three of us to Zurich three days later.

It's amazing how adaptable Bill and Joe turned out to be - properly dressed in well-cut clothes they seemed more like wealthy playboys than common soldiers. I was experiencing the second lesson in the way that people react to you as a result of my adventures - naked and clipped, I was no longer a powerful, rich Sheikh but a slave. Now Bill and Joe, wearing expensive clothes and with new platinum watches that I bought them as gifts, were taken for cultured men of the world rather than ill-educated soldiers of no rank. They soon relaxed, spent much time swimming in the private pool of our suite, and exercising in the hotel's luxurious health facilities. The only problem was when they went to the "public" pools used by other guests where, in spite of wearing swimming trunks rather than swimming naked as they preferred, the other guests stared at their magnificent bodies and at their identical slave brands that were visible through the thin fabric.

BILL

Well, what can I say? I've been in hotels before, when we went on holiday to the Costas, but nothing like this! We had the whole top floor - private swimming pool, everything. You could order anything you liked, and they came and served it in our private dining room - Joe and I had a bit of a problem, actually, as we weren't used to rich food as we'd eaten slave chow for so long, and we had really upset stomachs for a couple of days.

Our master gave us these stunning watches - I thought they were stainless steel at first, until Joe said it was platinum. I saw one advertised in one of those swank magazines that lay around everywhere - and they said it cost forty thousand dollars! Fuck me - our master was obviously a rich man. But then, so were Joe and me - although I wouldn't spend that much on a watch, even so.

He kept wanting us to leave the hotel and go to this place owned by friend of his, called the Aloe Palace, but Joe and I stuck out for staying where we were. Our master went on and on about how this British guy had this huge staff of perfectly trained slaves and how much more comfortable we'd all be, but Joe and I didn't fancy it: it seemed to us that if our master forgot himself he'd find it all too easy to get us classified as slaves again, and this Aloe place sounded as if it was well used to enslaving guys.... We felt a lot safer in the heart of the city, in a proper hotel!

Having all the space in our suite caused Joe and me a bit of a problem. Well, if there had only been one bedroom for us, we could have shared it without any difficulty - we're used to sharing rooms after all. But as there were several bedrooms, we had to make a choice. And making that choice made Joe and me think about how we wanted to go on - I really liked sleeping with Joe and fucking him, but were we going to carry on like that now we were free again? I dithered and worried about it - that first night, I paced up and down and didn't want to go to bed, didn't want to have to make a decision. And I think Joe was the same - until he came up to me, put his arm around me, and said "Come on, then, mate I'm fucking tired, and I know you are. If you don't come to bed soon you'll say you're too tired to fuck tonight, and I think we ought to celebrate, don't you?"

So that was that, and we've slept together ever since. Mind you, I don't like the waiters coming in in the morning and seeing us all twined up together amongst the cum-stained sheets when they bring us our early morning tea - I still think it's a bit odd to see a couple of blokes in bed together, rather than a bloke and a bird like it's supposed to be. The waiters never say anything, though - I expect they get used to that sort of thing in these big fancy hotels.

I've never been on a private jet before, and I was expecting one of those baby things that executives use. But we had a whole 737, all to ourselves! And I tell you, when you charter something like that you get fabulous service - no waiting around at check-in or anything: you're driven straight up to the plane and then it takes off!

BILL AND JOE, Part 17

MOHAMMED

Even in Switzerland “money talks”. With my one billion dollars safe n my Zurich bank, plus a number of lesser holdings, I was a welcome visitor to the country. And more than that - as a result of the several calls I had made from Dahrán, we were swiftly sworn in as Swiss citizens and within a couple of hours Bill, Joe and me were all the proud possessors of that most exclusive of passports.

We went “shopping” for a new home, and today I still live in the place we first found - very inaccessible, perched on the side of its steep valley. The stunning desolation of the snow-covered mountains reminds me a little of the bleak splendour of my native desert. In the Summer, it’s true, we do see the occasional walker moving across “my” valley, but that is rare. I doubt that the place could ever be built today with the environmentalists always whining about the “despoliation” of the mountains, but my house, built for a reclusive exiled king in the 1930s, adds a very special presence to the otherwise boring natural landscape, I believe.

Once it became known that I had escaped the mob, there were calls for my extradition to face a so-called “trial”, but my lawyers swiftly demonstrated that the alleged “crimes” - amounting to little more than the use of the state’s resources for my personal profit - were not ones for which a Swiss citizen could be deported. The new rulers then announced that they were prepared to pay several million dollars for my death, and I think that shows what very unprincipled people they are.

Bill and Joe were horrified when this news broke in the world’s press, and insisted that I needed bodyguards. When they saw the best that was on offer, even from the world’s premier company specialising in services of this type, they were however appalled. Bill announced that, in spite of being wealthy men themselves, they would take up positions as my guards. This at least resolved an issue that had been troubling me a little - the men showed no signs of leaving me, and I was worried about sleeping arrangements when we moved to the new house (Actually, with its twenty bedrooms and other facilities on a heroic scale, it resembles more of a palace, and that’s how I think of it, and is the usage I will now adopt). Clearly there were ample bedrooms for all of us, I knew that Bill and Joe were sleeping together, but did not want to force the issue.

As ever it was Bill who took charge - in the master suite there was a smallish alcove only some twenty five feet square. He proposed that my bed should be there, with he and Joe sleeping in the main chamber. Any potential assassin would then have to get past them to reach me. The suite had two bathrooms, and he pointed out that therefore I could have perfect privacy, with he and Joe sharing the other.

I was delighted with these arrangements as I was missing the sight of my regular slaves who had routinely served me before - although I did not often fuck them, I enjoy the sight of the naked male form as you know. It had proven impossible to get Swiss servants who were prepared to undress for work each day, and so the thought of having the splendid bodies of my two former

slaves generally on view as I retired for the night was a pleasant one. It was also good to be able to go to sleep lulled by the noise of the men's enthusiastic lovemaking - I do so like to know that those around me are enjoying life to its full.

After all the excitement of the move into the new palace, life settled into an easy routine. Bill and Joe generally managed the estate, vetting the servants carefully and ensuring they performed to the standards which I expect. They accompanied me everywhere, and soon there was the risk of photographs of them appearing on the society pages of the glossy magazines, as they shadowed me as I attended the tedious round of charity balls and the like that my status as a business magnate almost demands. They were, after all, stunning men, and the photographers desperately wanted to be able to feature the "two unattached Swiss bachelors" who looked so good in their discreet, expensive well-cut clothes, with their dark tans from the sunshine at our home, and their fit bodies that almost exuded an air of masculinity and well being. Bill had to "persuade" several of these society hacks that such pictures were very unwelcome - he told me that he generally just took their cameras and stomped on them, but Joe laughed and said that it was when Bill grabbed their balls and threatened to tear them off that really focussed their attention. We were able to lapse into relative obscurity after that, and Bill and Joe relaxed a little from their tight vigilance, so much so that they were able to take up skiing.

As you might expect, with their physiques and fitness they were experts, and I did not mind when they suggested that we had a personal helicopter and pilot added to the staff. Ostensibly it was to get us to the airport when the roads from the palace were bad in the worst of the winter weather, but I am used to the wily ways of slaves and former slaves, and it amused me to see that they asked me for the helicopter for this legitimate purpose, whereas, slyly, it was primarily intended to drop them on the top of peaks inaccessible by ski lift, so they could "extreme ski" to the valley far below. I did not begrudge the expenditure at all, as I sensed that Bill in particular needed more in his life than our routine was now able to provide.

I was alone with Joe one day when Bill was outside inspecting our defences, or ordering the servants around, or something, when he suddenly said to me "Sir, what have I done wrong?"

I was astonished, and asked him what he meant, as I believed the two men served me perfectly. "Well, sir....". Joe was shuffling uneasily in his chair now, and I knew something very important was about to be said. Bill would almost never say anything of great importance as he didn't think much about the future, but he was always rushing around issuing orders and generally making sure things were "right" at the moment. Joe, I knew, thought about things long and hard, and generally said little. But when he had thought things through, he almost had to come out with them, however unpalatable they might be.

"It's like this..", Joe went on, almost flushing with embarrassment. "You fucked me, sir."

"Yes, Joe. You were my slave, and that's one of the functions of slaves, to satisfy their master's pleasure."

"Sir, you don't fuck me now. What have I done to displease you?"

I was truly astonished. I knew something of importance was to be said, but could never have expected this.

“But you’re no longer my slave, Joe. And you have Bill - I hear you both, every night.....”

“Yes, sir. But... Well.... When you were fucking me, I felt that I truly belonged to you, that I was serving you properly. And now I am responsible for your safety, I feel well.... incomplete... somehow.... It’s as if you no longer trust me enough to allow me in your bed, sir.”

Joe was almost stammering as he got to the end of this sentence, and was peculiarly ill at ease.

I stared at him, long and hard, and he lowered his eyes in supplication. My cock was stirring in my trousers (so inconvenient - I had given up my traditional robes in favour of Western dress but I still found it very restricting at times like this), and I was excited at the thought of this big virile man almost offering himself to me. In a moment of inspiration, I decided to push the decision back to Joe - he was going to have to make this one himself, to be completely happy with the choice he made, and not have me take the burden of it from him. I stretched my arm and held out my hand, palm upwards, in the order to “display” that Joe had learned as a slave.

Joe knew the significance of the gesture at once, and I could almost see his brain working as he weighed his options. Finally, he made his choice, got to his feet, unbuttoned his shirt and dropped it to the floor, then swiftly dropped his trousers and underpants to stand naked in front of me. As ever I was thrilled by the sight of his muscular, fit form and my cock was now painfully straining as it tried to escape from the confines of my trousers. Joe took a step towards me, raised himself on his toes a little to be at the right height, and deposited his balls in the palm of my hand, laying his cock on my wrist before claspng his hands behind his neck and standing there silent, eyes downcast.

I thrilled to feel the silky smoothness of his sac once more - I knew the two men continued to shave themselves as I frequently watched them in their bathroom at their oblations as I discussed the day’s plans with them, but since our arrival in Switzerland I had not physically touched them. I used my other hand to gently stroke his cock as it lay there, and was rewarded by Joe’s slow, but incredibly hard, erection as it inched along my forearm, followed by a delicious bead of pre-cum that eased itself out from his piss slit. Almost as if it was in spite of himself, Joe gave a deep sigh of contentment.

“Joe....”, I said, and, almost without hesitation, he replied “Master, yes?”

Now I knew what Joe needed, deep down - he needed to be owned and controlled, to be given that deep sense of security and contentment that only a caring master can give to a slave. It would be a kindness to him to relieve him from some of the stresses and strains of “normal” life as a free man - indeed, that’s probably why he joined the army in the first place: I consider it likely that many men, whilst glorying in their power as marines, or SAS fighters, or whatever secretly crave the order and lack of real responsibility that a rigid power structure, with officers deciding their every move, brings to them.

“Joe, slave... Kneel before me.”

Joe sank to his knees in front of me, and I unzipped my trousers and allowed my cock to spring out. I was already leaking pre-cum, and as I watched Joe’s magnificent body, his cock rigidly at right angles, I felt that thrill of power that a master has when his slave is before him. His hands were still clasped behind his neck, and I commanded him to worship my cock with his mouth only, keeping his hands where they were.

It’s not as satisfactory to have a slave bring you to climax as it is to fuck him - the pleasure and excitement is not as great, as I’m sure you’re aware. And it’s not as good for the slave, either, as sucking a cock is, after all, fairly routine for many men whereas a fucking is a little more exceptional (especially when undertaken just to pleasure the master, with no regard for the slave). But I had an important business call to make shortly, and did not want to have to clean my cock before the appointed hour, whereas I knew that Joe would take my gift of cum and leave my cock fresh and clean from his mouth.

When he had finished and was still kneeling there, I said simply “You may dress, slave. Now proceed as normal about your work, and I will decide later what is to be done.”

Joe did, as I expected, looked relieved at this - he had made the decision for himself to be my slave once more, but now the responsibility for his future life and well being was mine. He looked as if a great weight of responsibility had been removed from his shoulders, and I believe I detected a new lightness in his step as he strode out to find Bill.

BILL

Well, it could almost have ended there - a Swiss passport, millions in the bank. I’d got what most blokes only dream of. I thought Joe and me would go off somewhere, buy a pub in a nice small town up in the Yorkshire Dales or somewhere, and live happily ever after. But that’s only in fairy stories, isn’t it? We talked about it a lot as we lay in each other’s arms in bed, but I think I always knew it wasn’t going to happen - perhaps those are the best kind of fantasies, I suppose.

No, Joe was really concerned about our former master, especially when those bastards who took over his country put a price on his head. Joe said we had to vet the security firm he employed, and they were a load of useless wankers - I could have killed the entire bunch of six guards they supplied with one hand tied behind my back. Once Joe saw this, he insisted we stayed on to guard our former master, and when he bought his fucking great palace it was quite exciting for a time, vetting the servants, supervising the deliveries of furniture, and all that other stuff. We travelled around the world as he pursued his business, and I was astounded at how his money made life easy - the private jets, special arrangements at airports, chauffeured cars, helicopters out to the private estates of other rich and powerful men, and so on.

With all this rich living Joe and I found it really hard to keep in the absolutely top physical condition we needed, and every now and then we went off for a week to “re-toughen”. It’s

not generally known, but most armies in the world are desperately short of money, and in exchange for a very substantial payment will open their training facilities to private people. Well, it's not as if you can book it like a holiday or anything - the "payment" was usually some special deal for arms or something that our former master cut for them. The first time it happened it was for the Swiss themselves, and they obviously thought that Joe and I were just rich playboys out for a special experience. It was only after I'd broken the arm of one of the instructors who was "playing" rather than really "trying", that they got the message!

Still, it wasn't a bad life - the palace was spectacular, and Joe and I had a great bedroom with picture windows overlooking our valley and the mountains. It was a great idea, too, to have our former master sleep in a room only accessible through ours as it made keeping him safe at night so much easier.

Of all the training I did in the SAS I hated the Arctic stuff the most - spending weeks trekking across frozen glaciers and stuff when it's minus thirty isn't my idea of fun. But once things had settled down a bit I started skiing, and it really gave me a buzz - actually, it was almost the only real danger that Joe and me now had at all, and a bloke needs something to make him want to shit in fear occasionally, doesn't he? We very quickly tired of all the normal runs and the off-piste around the resorts, though, and it was only when I read an article about helicopter skiing in one of those magazines for rich posers that I saw what we needed. Our former master was easily persuaded to get the helicopter as I told him it would increase our security on the way to the airport, and I made sure that the pilot, Ken, was capable of landing on the mountains and was not just a hack trained to go from one safe landing pad to another. He'd served in the US Air Force, gunning down various scum from a helicopter gunship, and he relished the prospect of a bit more excitement again as he'd been paid off following one of their cutbacks.

Those fucking photographers needed to be put in their place initially, too - I didn't want our photographs appearing every where, did I? Suppose Joe's former missus or his nipper saw one and thought they recognised him! These rats are all over the place, and they don't listen to reason: even after I'd smashed a few cameras they persisted (stupidly, I thought, our former master always paid off the bills for damages they sent us, however outrageous they were. I'd have told them to go fuck themselves). The worst one was this young pushy American guy, and one day I actually found him with a telephoto lens trying to photograph our home from the other side of the valley - I saw the glint of the sun in the lenses, and was immediately alerted as I thought it might be a sniper scope. As the valley is empty, anything like that does tend to show up, and I was worried.

I called to Ken and we went over there at once in the 'copter - I was a bit worried that a sniper would bring us down, but Ken seemed to be enjoying it all hugely and told me not to worry - he'd only been "downed" three times in action, and he'd landed safely each time!

Once I saw it was that fucking photographer, we went to land so I could "talk" to him, but he started to run off and got into his car and sped away. Ken's a great pilot, though, and simply tracked the car as it went faster and faster down the valley, then landed in front of him on the

narrow track. Ken was complaining that he didn't have a machine gun mounted on the front, as it was a long time since he'd been on a "shooting trip" destroying moving vehicles.

I pulled the photographer out of his car, and demanded his camera. The little fucker actually refused to give it up! Arrogant bastard, he thought that everyone played by the rules. So there, in the snow, I strip searched him. He was shivering from the cold even though the sun was out by the time he was naked, and he squealed like a stuck pig when I told him I needed to do an internal inspection to make sure he hadn't hidden a roll of film up his arse (fat chance, actually - he was so tight that I could barely get my finger up, let alone a roll of film!). "Now, matey", I told him as he stood there in the snow, all dignity gone, and almost crying to himself. "I suggest you tell all your mates that I don't like being photographed. And that if I ever find anyone else taking shots of us again, I'll need to examine them, too, to make sure there's no hidden film. And I'll do it anywhere - I don't care if it's in the middle of a fucking cocktail party, or at a gala film premiere, or where ever: the next guy that takes a photo of us gets stripped and searched." We never had any more trouble after that.

It was good to have Joe every night - when you're approaching the big three O you need to keep your cock in good working order, don't you? Sometimes I'd wank him, and sometimes I'd tell him to wank himself so that there was a good supply of lube for my fuck. He sometimes made an attempt to fuck me, but I wasn't having any of it - I didn't mind him teasing my arse hole with his cock head as a bit of foreplay, and all guys like to horse around with each other occasionally, don't they? But he'd fucked me when I was a slave, and I wasn't going to have any more of that.

Just after we'd finally settled in the palace, Joe and I were in the shower and as usual and our former master came in to talk about his day's programme. He liked to look at us as we soaped each other, and this particular morning I shouted "Hey, Mo, chuck us the shampoo, mate", as we'd left it on the shelf by mistake. I felt Joe's body stiffen, and thought at first I must have caught his balls or something. Only afterwards, as we were towelling each other and our former master had gone, did I discover what the problem was.

"That wasn't respectful, Bill", he told me.

"What?"

"Calling our former master 'Mo' like that."

"Oh, don't be such a silly fucker - he calls me 'Bill', and you 'Joe', and, anyway, he didn't mind. He gave us the shampoo, didn't he?"

I bent down to pull on my underpants, thinking that was that, but Joe went on "No, Bill. We're not his slaves any longer. But he still deserves respect. We work for him, and I don't want to hear you being familiar like that. In future, call him 'sir' like I do - that' properly respectful, OK?"

Well, as you know, sometimes there's just no arguing with Joe. I didn't call the geezer anything much anyway, and if it made Joe happy, I didn't mind using "sir" occasionally. After all, most of the people I met in the SAS, other than the other lads, were "sir", so it wasn't much of a change. But I was surprised, I think, to see Joe so concerned about something like this.

A couple of weeks later we were stripped and ready for bed, and my cock was already half erect as I sat on the edge and wondered whether to wank Joe or whether to get him to wank himself, when he walked out on me and went through into the semi-secluded areas that housed our former master's bed. I thought at first that something might be wrong, then I heard the sounds of fucking! I went through and saw our former master's hairy arse pounding up and down, as he was giving Joe a good seeing to!

I knew Joe was in no danger as there was no way Mo could fuck him against his will - there weren't any guards other than us, so no one was going to tie Joe down or anything and rape him. So I let them get on with it, and just stood there and watched. And when Mo finally pulled out and went into his bathroom to wash his cock, I stood there and looked down at Joe.

"What the fuck are you doing....?"

"Bill, it's OK. It's just that.... Well... This afternoon, I knew that I wanted to serve our master for ever, properly. And as you will remember, a master has the right to fuck his slave. So I gave myself to our master, Bill."

"Cut this 'our' crap! You may be off your head, but I'm a free man now. Now, get up and get back to our bed, as you need a good fucking from me to put you straight!"

"No, Bill. I can only sleep with you when my master is satisfied."

At that moment Mo came out of the bathroom and got into bed next to Joe. He clamped one hand on Joe's cock and was playing with it gently. He ignored me, and said to Joe "That was good. You did well, Joe. You may stay here tonight as it is a long time since I had a body like yours to amuse me."

That did it! "No!", I shouted. "Joe, get out of there, as I need to fuck you."

Mo almost imperceptibly tightened his grip on Joe's cock as if to hold him there, or reassure him, and Joe just shook his head at me.

Well, what was I to do? I wasn't going to have Mo cheat me out of Joe's arse, was I? I'd told Joe I was going to fuck him, and I wasn't going to lose face and back down. I could hardly hit Mo, as I knew Joe would defend him, and neither could I force Joe to come with me - we're too evenly matched as fighters, and if I started anything, the outcome was far from certain.

My cock was really hard, and I could feel the blood almost pounding in it, in time with the pounding in my temples from the excitement. There was only one thing to do - I went over to the bed, flipped Joe over onto his belly, put my hands underneath him and pulled him up on to

his knees, and fucked the life out of him, “doggy”. He was co-operating of course as there’s no way I could have flipped him over, or fucked him against his will. But I knew that Joe liked to be fucked on his back so he could see the guy riding him, and that’s the way I normally fucked him and the way Mo had taken him, and so I did him ‘dog’ to show him I was pretty pissed off with him generally.

It was a great fuck, actually - I think I’d got too gentle with Joe, and his body was too familiar to me and I spent too much time worrying about whether he was enjoying it as much as I was. That night it was more like the old me - I just fucked and fucked, slamming in and out to give my cock the maximum sensation, without regard to what Joe did or did not want. Afterwards I just didn’t want to move, so I flipped Joe back on to his back, and collapsed on top of him so I could twist his tits a bit and make him buck around under me.

But then what was I to do? I got up to wash my cock, and when I came back Joe was still lying there with Mo next to him. So the only thing I could do was to join them, and Mo was sandwiched between us. I thought about giving him a good fucking, too, but I’d only just shot and it does take me a little time to recover nowadays. And I was feeling a bit sheepish about how I’d treated Joe, and I thought he wouldn’t like it if I went ahead and fucked Mo. It wasn’t so bad, actually - in fact, I liked having a different arse to nestle my cock in as we went to sleep. And there’s always something a bit exciting about three in a bed, isn’t there- who knows what might happen!

MOHAMMED

I remember the incident in the shower! No one has ever called me “Mo” before - I have been, variously, my son, Mohammed, Your Highness, Master... But this level of familiarity was not to be tolerated. I never got around to doing anything about it, though, as it never happened again, and Bill started to call me “Sir”, as Joe did.

After Joe had given himself to me again that afternoon I confess that I was intrigued about what was going to happen that night. I’d undressed and was in my bed as usual, when Joe appeared and knelt at the side.

“Master”, he began. “Master, do you have any further orders for your slave today?”

I recognised that he was trying to push all the responsibility on to me. He wanted to absolve himself from any “blame” or “shame” that he might feel if I ordered him to give himself up to me to be fucked. And as much as I longed to feel my cock slide into his magnificent arse, I am adept at controlling slaves and do not let them get the upper hand, even psychologically.

“A slave knows how to satisfy his master, Joe, and does not need constant orders.”

I saw I had struck home! Joe now knew that he ought to make himself available to me, but that if he did, the responsibility was his.

He lay down beside me, turned his head towards me, and I felt his body start to tremble as he began to wank himself.

“I’m sorry, master”, he gasped as his seed shot out and covered his belly. “I will in future prepare myself before approaching your bed. But it will take just a moment to ready myself for the pleasure of your cock, master.”

I smiled inwardly and lay there as he contorted himself a little to reach down and slick his hole with cum, and then he whispered “Master, I am ready, whenever you wish.”

I suppose I ought to have ‘dogged’ him to emphasise again at this point his lowly status, but I do like to see the emotions flicker across a slave’s face as I fuck him. So I allowed him to remain on his back, and proceeded to insert myself into him. I hadn’t had a man for some time and so it was a particular pleasure for me, especially as the body underneath me satisfied all my senses - it was good to look at, good to feel, the scent of his sweat and cum as it floated up to me was truly manly, and as I thrust away he started to make proper moans of appreciation in time to my motion. Altogether a most satisfying experience for me, and one which I believed reaffirmed Joe’s own notion of himself as existing to serve a master.

Bill came through and started to shout at Joe, almost ordering him to leave me. I sensed that Joe’s new dedication to once more being my slave might waver a little in the face of his best friend and lover’s onslaught, and so I placed my hand over his genitals, and gently stroked them to show that his master was concerned for him.

It was interesting to see Bill’s reaction. Having stated that he needed Joe as his cock required satisfaction, he could not back down - men like Bill just cannot give way, cannot see that they should not back themselves into positions from which escape is difficult. Once it became clear that Joe would stay in my bed until I released him, and that I was not going to do that, Bill therefore had no alternative, as he saw it, but to fuck Joe there and then. I knew Joe was glad to be co-operating as he had a real affection for Bill, and I gave him subtle permission to accede to Bill’s demands by removing my hand from his genitals and pushing a hand under his magnificent arse as if to help him turn over for Bill to use him. Actually it was good to watch a good, hard, brutal fucking again - Bill did not spare his friend at all, and it was as well for Joe that he had been properly stretched and lubricated for it by my much more accomplished and refined performance a few moments before.

Poor Bill, though - his choices were not yet over! Once he had cleaned his cock he assumed Joe would return with him, but I once again was exerting subtle pressure on Joe by gently scratching his balls in a very proprietorial way.

When Bill saw he would have to sleep alone, he had the effrontery to get into my bed! I decided to let it go this time as there was such an air of sexual excitement and tension in the room that it extremely erotic. He couldn’t sleep next to Joe as he was on one side of my bed with me next to him, so Bill had to be next to me, and I was once again sandwiched between these two perfect bodies.

No sooner had we settled down to sleep than I felt Bill's cock was nudging at my arse - surely he wasn't going to dare to try to fuck me? But he made no attempt to go for my hole, and I realised he was simply getting comfortable by resting his cock against my arse crack. It felt good, actually - sometimes back in my own palace I'd taken two pleasure slaves to my bed so that whichever way I turned there was one of their lithe bodies available to me, and as I lay there feeling the breathing of Bill and Joe and experiencing the delicious sensations of their flesh pressed to mine, I wondered why I hadn't done it more often.

When I awoke I was conscious of my morning erection as usual, and it took a moment or two for me to remember where I was as my cock was lodged so comfortably between two moist arse cheeks. It felt so good that I reached down and pushed my cock up and down between the banks of hard muscle, and I had that sensation that makes you want to squirm coming from my cock head. It was particularly erotic when my head grazed the pucker, and I rested my cock there for a moment or two, savouring the warmth and closeness that you only experience when you are in such intimate contact with a man.

I don't usually have sex in the morning but my erection was almost hurting it was so stiff, and I remembered that my first telephone conference was not until 08:30. I therefore decided to break with my habits, and fuck Joe again. He wasn't awake as I continued to give myself immense erotic jolts from pressing my cock head into him, and that made it even more sensual somehow. I decided to press ahead and experience his awakening as my cock slid into him, and so I pushed gently forward, nudging my cock into him. In spite of being fucked by both me and Bill last night he was incredibly tight, and I had to give a really hard thrust to gain entry.

That woke him up, and then there was utter confusion! In my dreamy state, and with the room lights dimmed, I had been pushing my cock into Bill, not Joe. He leapt out of bed and started to shout at me, calling me extremely unflattering names that I will not deign to reproduce here. He just didn't see that it was an honest mistake, that anyone could have made. And, in any case, what did it matter? It's not as if my cock had not enjoyed his arse before, was it? Why was he making such a fuss about such an inconsequential thing, when millions of men take cock every morning?

I thought he was going to hit me, he was so angry. But fortunately Joe came to my defence and sprang to restrain Bill, wrapping his arms around him and trying to calm him. In itself that provided me with another erotic sensation that I will remember for a very long time - the two muscular studs, sweating, erect, every sinew and muscle straining, in the height of passion, standing there in front of me.

Bill was particularly surly all day, though, and that night he behaved very badly when it was bed time, roaming around the palace turning lights on and off, flicking the TV in their bedroom from channel to channel even though it was clear that I wanted calm and quiet, then going and getting a beer and standing there drinking it from the bottle (a practice I detest, and which I have forbidden them to do! I only occasionally allowed them alcohol at all, as it is not good either for men's reflexes, or the condition of their bodies.)

As he looked down and Joe and me in my bed, he finished the beer, slammed the bottle down on the bedside table, then started to strip. When he was naked he went to get into bed with us, and I said "NO, Bill."

"What?"

"No, Bill. You can't sleep here tonight. Well, not in the mood you're in."

"I'm not in a mood!"

"I'm not debating with a former slave, Bill. You have been in a silly, childlike temper all day, and until you change your attitude, I don't want you around. Now, get to bed and stop disturbing us."

"Look, it's not fair.... You know I don't like being fucked, and you tried...."

"Stop that! I do not want to go through all that again. It was an honest mistake, and, in any case, it's not a real problem, is it? As you will remember, my cock has anyway been right up your arse on many occasions. So I don't understand what's 'not fair'. 'Not fair' that we don't want a surly bad-tempered guy around? 'Not fair' that a tough man like you can't take cock? What do you mean?"

I'd used an icy tone of contempt as I spoke these words, and it had thrown Bill off his stride. He was always, as I have already written, quick tempered but, like a match, he flared quickly then soon dimmed to a steady burn and then quickly went out. He stood there, his fists clenching at his sides as if in silent rage, then stormed out.

He was back a few minutes later, completely calm.

"I told you to get to bed, Bill, in your own bed."

"Sir, please, sir, can I sleep with you and Joe, sir?"

I laughed silently to myself - this training of free men was much more interesting than training slaves. There's much more skill needed when you use your brain and your power to get what you want, rather than the whip.

BILL AND JOE, Part 18

MOHAMMED

We settled into a kind of routine after that. We all slept together, and now that I had started fucking again, I used Joe every night. I could feel Bill lying there, tensed, watching us, and the moment I had pulled out, he would take his pleasure in turn.

I had sent Joe to resolve a problem with the outside servants one day - he's good at that sort of thing, as he listens to them, then makes suggestions that encourages them to find the "right" solution. They seem to dislike it when I simply order the implementation of the solution, even though that's by far the quickest way. And Bill can be a disaster in such instances, as he often threatens to strike them if they don't do as he says.

I had finished an important telephone conversation and was relaxing at my work table when Bill came through the room. "Can I get you a beer, sir?" he asked. "I'm just going along to the pantry to get myself one..."

"No, Bill. I don't want one. And you are not to have one, either."

"Hey, if it's a big problem, I'll pay for it...."

"It's not that, Bill. The cost is of absolutely no concern. But you know beer is bad for you - you lose your fighting edge, and last night I detected that your belly is no longer the pleasing slab of solid muscle it used to be - I believe it is the alcohol."

Bill blushed a little, but he'd never admit something like that. "No, rubbish! I'm still in great shape..."

"Strip!"

"Sir?"

"I said 'Strip'. Get naked. I'm tired of your constant contradictions of what I'm saying. Let's prove now, once and for all, who's right. We can't do that without inspecting your body, can we? Or are you ashamed of it now that you are going soft and effete? You used to be a proud slave who relished displaying his physique to other men. Are you now worried that your former master will see that as a free man you are no longer in such good condition?"

I knew that appealing to his pride would get him to do as I wished, and he gave a little shrug, unbuttoned his shirt and tossed it to one side contemptuously, then slipped off his shoes and dropped his trousers. He stood there, almost defiant, in his socks and underpants.

"See? Just the same as usual!", he muttered, with a note of triumph.

“Get those underpants off! They’re that fine Swiss cotton, and I can see that they’re holding you in.”

Bill dropped the white garment to the floor, and I was again rewarded with the sight of his wonderful cock and balls.

“Approach”, I commanded, and when he was standing conveniently close to me, I laid my hand on his belly and stroked it gently. I felt him initially jerk backwards, just a little, but enough to tell me that he was no longer used to being handled and inspected as once he had been. I reached out and put my other arm behind him and let my hand rest of his arse, then stroked his belly again. It was only a token restraint, of course, but enough to prevent him moving backwards from me. I then stopped and probed at the flesh of his belly, taking a small pinch of it between my thumb and forefinger.

“See”, I told him. “There was a time, when I was having you properly trained, when the skin here would be stretched so tight that I could not grip it like this. Now you are going slightly less taught - you are more like those men who just routinely work out hard in a gym, rather than a superb muscled slave, driven to the limit to produce a body that is pleasing to his master. And the alcohol does not help: in future, you will not drink.”

Bill looked down at me, and was flushing with embarrassment - he knew I was right, but had not liked to admit it to himself.

“And whilst I am speaking of your behaviour”, I continued, keeping him “sandwiched” between my hands so he could not move away, “You are not treating Joe properly. He is exhausted.”

“What do you mean? Joe’s my best mate, I’d never do anything to hurt him...”

“But you do, Bill. Every night. After I’ve fucked him, you take him, and take him hard. Joe’s got a great arse, but it doesn’t deserve to be fucked twice in quick succession every night. He needs a little rest, so you must show him more consideration and stop fucking him.”

“You can’t be serious! Joe and me are mates. I always fuck him. With respect, it’s you who should stop fucking him...”

With respect? The last thing the man was showing me was respect! I slapped his cock - which had become semi-erect as we spoke - with my open hand and roared “How dare you! You know Joe is my slave, and you believe you can tell me how to treat a slave? You know nothing about the treatment of slaves. Joe needs to be able to truly please me, else he will be unhappy. He needs to know that I am taking pleasure from his arse. So I will continue to fuck him, not only because that is what I enjoy, but because, as a slave, Joe needs it!”

He’d winced as I’d administered the very mild punishment to his cock, and now stood there, very flushed and angry. I thought he might be going to strike me or, at the least, shout and scream in one of his silly tempers. But perhaps he was thinking back to the way that he felt as a

slave, because he suddenly slumped slightly - as a master I constantly look at the body language of my slaves, and I took this as a sign that I was winning.

“Sir, is that really right? Is Joe being used too much...?”

“Do not question me like that, Bill. Would I say it was so, if it was not? Yes, Joe needs a rest from the amount of cock that he has experienced recently. Clearly I need to continue fucking, and so it is you who must stop.”

“But sir... I’m still a young guy. I need sex. If I can’t fuck Joe, what am I going to do?”

“Well you can’t fuck me, Bill. So you must either wank yourself, or find one of the servants who will service you. Or you could of course hire one of those paid escorts who advertise all the time on the Internet - the overnight fees seem ludicrously high, but you can afford it.”

“NO, sir! I’d never pay for sex!” Stupid man, I thought. You used to live with a woman - you were constantly paying for sex, but you did not think of it that way.

“Well then, it’s wanking, or one of the servants. What do you think of the new gardener? Once you’ve got his clothes off I’d imagine he’d have quite a good body and I know he skis a lot - he’s the champion of his village - so he’s probably got a muscular arse.”

“Sir, I can’t go around fucking the servants. Joe and I are supposed to run the place for you, and it would be bad for discipline.”

“I can see that, I suppose. It’s one of the advantages of having slaves, rather than servants - they expect to be fucked, and it actually help with discipline. But there is another way..... But it would take a lot of courage on your part, to do the right thing by Joe....”

His body posture adjusted subtly again - I’d got him, playing on “courage” and “doing the right thing.”

“Sir?”

“Well, the problem is two men fucking Joe every night. If I ordered you to fuck Joe, he’d still know he was obeying my orders and would be happy - and I know he likes you very much anyway. That only leaves me unsatisfied - so I will, in turn, fuck you.”

“NO, sir! I don’t take cock. I only give it....”

I’d heard all this before, of course. I played my final card, and put out my hand in the “display” order, and, almost as if his body was hypnotised, Bill moved forward and rested his sac in my palm. I moved my hand away from his arse, and began to stroke his cock as it lay on my wrist.

“Bill, please don't lie to me. We both know you do take cock. You have already taken mine many times, and Joe's. You may not have liked it, but, as a slave, you did it. So now you will do it again, for the sake of Joe.”

Bill's breath was coming in little spurts now, as my continued stroking of his cock had caused pre-cum to start to flow.

“See”, I continued, “Your body knows that it needs a master. Look how your cock is reacting as I handle you. You will do as you are commanded tonight, as you now understand that it's best for Joe, and best for you.”

I did not allow him to come to climax, but dropped his cock. He stood there in front of me, erect, and with a kind of helpless look that I've seen before on the faces of men who have suddenly realised a truth that they may find unpalatable.

“Get dressed, and go about your work. And remember, no more alcohol. And tonight, obey.”

BILL

Well, I suppose it was OK. Mo always fucked Joe now, and he seemed to really like Mo's attention. I'm not sure I like going up an arse that's already full of another bloke's spunk, but I need regular sex, and the only game in town was Joe, after Mo had finished with him.

One day when we'd stopped half way down a mountain and were just sitting there enjoying the sunshine, breathing heavily after we'd braved the deep fresh powder on one of the untouched snow fields, I decided to have it out with him. “Look, Joe”, I said, “I'm getting pretty fed up with you always taking Mo and making me fuck you second. I thought we were mates, and that's not how mates behave.”

“Bill, don't be so fucking stupid. Of course we're mates. But you know I think of myself as a slave to our master, and his needs have to take priority. That's what it means, to have a master - you do whatever you can to please him. And please don't call him 'Mo' - you know I think it's disrespectful. He's my master.”

“Well he's fucking well not MY master! I'm a free man, and so are you, remember? And we're rich.”

“Look, if you don't want to fuck me for a bit, I'll understand - but let's not fall out over this, Bill.... You know, well, you know I'd do anything for you; we've got a bond that's stronger than anything. But I can't deny my master, and if you were a real friend, you'd understand that.”

Fucking Joe! Always twisting things around to make it seem as if it's my fault. Now it's me that's in the wrong for wanting him to act like a free man. There wasn't any point in arguing with him, as I never won an argument when he'd made up his mind, so I got to my feet and skied off, shouting at him that I'd get to the bottom first.

Well it went on like that - I had to lie there every night listening to them fuck. I sometimes even watched. And then I could go with Joe, but it wasn't the same as it used to be. And one morning Mo even tried to fuck me! Yes - I woke up and found him trying to stick his cock up my arse: I know he'd done it when I was a slave, tied down and helpless across that barrel thing he had, but there was no way he was going to fuck me now I was free. I almost hit him, I was so cross - it's one thing to sleep with your cock nestling in a bloke's arse crack, isn't it, as most blokes sharing a bed do that, but that doesn't give you the right to try to stick it all the way up him. Joe stopped me just in time - I think Mo would probably have fired me if I had hit him, and then I don't know what would have happened as I'm not sure that Joe would have left too, and then where would I be?

Things didn't get a whole lot better - well, I needed sex, didn't I? I was still a young bloke. So I just had to wait for Mo to finish, then take Joe. It was only when Mo was away on a trip where he felt he didn't need us (usually when he went to the USA, where he thought that the FBI would be more than capable of stopping any terrorists from getting at him) that I had Joe to myself. And then, sometimes, as I was fucking him, I began to feel uneasy - was Joe always comparing me with Mo? Was he weighing my performance against Mo's? You know I tend to be a bit impatient and even if I start off trying to make it good for Joe, I can get caught up in the heat of the moment and just go into a frenzy - well, did Joe really not mind, as he said he didn't? It was sometimes enough to put me off my stroke, and occasionally, if I thought about this too long, - my erection actually failed. Well it's not funny, is it, especially if you're a young, fit guy? Joe tried to be nice about it and never laughed or anything, but I couldn't help think that he was then comparing me again with Mo again, as he seemed to be able to fuck away for hours without losing his hard-on, and in turn that made it even more difficult for me!

Joe was out one day settling some dispute with the servants and I decided to have it out with Mo. I found him in his work room, and told him that it had to stop; that it wasn't right; that Joe and me went back a long way, and that if anyone was going to fuck him, it was me; and that Mo had better get used to it and find another man to fuck.

Well he comes on with all that psychological crap, about Joe needing to be a slave and about how he'd offered himself to Mo, and that Mo was doing him a good turn by fucking him: Joe needed the strong control of a master like Mo, he said. And then he tells me it's all my fault that Joe's tired and stuff - it's because he's having to take so much cock, and that it's me who's got to stop fucking Joe. He even suggests I take a look at the new gardener - well, he's a pretty nice looking bloke, but I can't fuck one of the servants, can I? How could I tell him to cut the grass after that? And finally he says I should go and buy one of the rent boys off the Internet - even has the cheek to say I can afford it (actually I have had a look at some of the guys selling their bodies there - some of them are pretty tasty. But they'd need to come here overnight, and the rates they charge are fucking ridiculous.)

So then he says that I can fuck Joe, as if he orders Joe to take my cock, Joe will be happy. But then he won't have anyone to fuck, and it's unthinkable he should take one of the servants, or pay for sex. So he says that he'll fuck me!

“No way! You know I don’t take cock”, I tell him.

“Oh but you do, Bill. You’ve taken it many times. You’ve taken it from me, and from Joe. I think you are lying for some reason - is it that you enjoyed it secretly, but don’t want to admit it?”

“Don’t talk such a load of crap! Of course I don’t enjoy it. But I didn’t have much choice, did I, strapped down over that barrel of yours, legs spread, and all exposed?”

“But after a time you stopped screaming. You took it, if not willingly, at least without a struggle. Now if you were a real comrade of Joe’s, you’d know that the current situation cannot continue, and that the only right thing to do is to follow my suggestion. I assume you’re not scared?”

“No... Not scared. It’s just I don’t like it much....”

“Are you sure you’re not scared, Bill?”

“No! Nothing scares me.”

He’s holding out his hand in that fucking “display” gesture, I see, and I realise what he’s doing - he’s daring me to show him that I’m not afraid of acting like a slave again. I’m in half a mind to tell him to fuck off, then he’d just say that he always knew I was scared, wouldn’t he? There’s only one thing to do, and I unbutton my shirt and pull it off, then take my trousers and stand there in my underpants in front of him.

He never makes a move - doesn’t say anything, doesn’t move his hand, or anything. Just looks into my eyes, daring me to pull back now. I push my pants down to the ground, and move forward and lower my balls into his hand, and put my cock on his wrist, as I used to. Actually it feels good - the warmth of his palm against my balls, and when he starts to stroke my cock with his other hand, I can’t help moaning with pleasure.

I don’t get to cum, though - he lowers his hand, and I’m standing there stark naked in front of him, my cock jutting out in front of me leaking pre-cum.

“So, Bill, you have not completely forgotten the pleasures of being a slave, and having a master control your access to sex?”

“Sir... No, it’s not that, sir.... It’s, well, you know, I’ve got nothing to be afraid of. You’ve seen me naked lots of time before. You’ve stroked my cock lots of times before....”

He cuts right across me and says “Yes, Bill. And I’ve fucked you lots of times before. Have you forgotten that? So if you’ve got nothing to be afraid of, why are you so unwilling to do the right thing by your friend?”

Well, there's no answer to that, is there? I bend down and pull my underpants and trousers back on, pick up my shirt, and walk out. I knew I had a lot of thinking to do.

MOHAMMED

I deliberately delayed myself that evening, spending a lot longer than usual in the bathroom. I was gratified to see that Bill and Joe were in each other's arms in my bed when I emerged, gently stroking each other and kissing, as they used to but had not recently because Joe had given me his undivided attention.

As soon as he noticed me he broke off, sprang from the bed, and knelt at my feet.

"Master...", he said, and bent forward to kiss my cock.

I looked at Bill and saw him looking at me. He seemed bitterly disappointed that Joe had left him. I raised my eyebrow in a quizzical gesture at him, he thought a moment, and then half nodded. I felt a surge of exultation go through me - I had won!

"No, Joe. Tonight, I want to see one of those fine displays that used to interest me so back in the old palace. I wish to see Bill fuck you for my amusement - it's a long time since I have enjoyed the spectacle of two fine bodies like yours having sex. I want to see you give yourself enthusiastically to Bill's cock."

I thought Joe was actually going to thank me! That would never have done! A slave does not express feelings like that. Before he could speak, I rapped out "Bill - take charge. Wank this slave, or get him to wank himself, and prepare himself for your cock."

Joe almost threw himself onto Bill, and there wasn't a lot of ordering or taking charge going on - it was almost like the old times, with both men completely wrapped up in their shared passion. It was a beautiful sight, not just because their bodies were still in extremely good shape and their love making had all the power and beauty that only two male bodies can bring to that act, but because there was an indefinable "something" in the air - passion, lust, or, dare I say it, love?

I sat upright in the bed, resting against the headboard, and watched the scene played out in front of me. In truth it was better than when we had been in the desert - these men needed each other, and had been denying themselves. Even though Bill had been fucking Joe, it was a mere mechanical act, whereas now it was the supreme act of togetherness that only two men can share. When it was over and they once more lay still, arms and legs intertwined, gently stroking and caressing each other and revelling in the feeling of each other's sweat-soaked body and allowing their rapid breathing to sink back to normal, I felt as if I ought to leave them there and allow them their shared ecstasy. But I did need to continue with my scheme to "tame" Bill again.

“Very good”, I commented, and clapped my hands several times, as if applauding. Both men turned and looked up at me as I half lay there. “No, excellent! A most pleasing performance. You have both done well.”

“You have aroused me”, I continued, and pulled the sheet down a little, so that my cock was unrestrained and reached upwards. “And now I need relief.”

Joe at once sat up, and said “Master, at once.... “

“No, slave! Do you think I wish to place my cock where it will be covered in another man’s seed? As we are playing games, pretending we are back in the old country, I will instead take Bill, as I used to occasionally.”

I thought that Bill was going to object, but he saw the look of happiness on Joe’s face, and I sensed that he knew that if he did not accede to my request then he would never have the opportunity of being with Joe in such a way again.

“Right then!” he said, in a tone of mock heartiness. “Now you’ve seen how the experts do it, sir, come and show Joe how much you’ve learned!”

If we had been back in the desert I would have had him flogged for his insolent attitude, but I knew that it was just bravado, and that he was “putting on a brave face” and pretending that he was pleased.

I didn’t care - he’s an excellent fuck - in many ways better than Joe! Not only is his hole really tight, but there’s a hidden tension to him all the time as you push your way in and then ride him, as if he’s going to throw you off and walk away at any moment. Truly it is exciting.

BILL

It was just like old times - I thought I was going to escape that night as Mo wasn’t around and I got into bed with Joe. He snuggled up to me and started to stroke and caress and kiss me, and, well, you know how it is, you just can’t help responding when you’ve got a bloke doing all those sorts of things to you, can you?

And when Mo did come out and told Joe that I was going to fuck him, there was a great air of expectation - Joe really wanted me, I know, and my performance was superb. It was probably the nervous energy I was getting from knowing that it was going to be “my turn next”. As I fucked away at him it was almost as if I was detached, looking down on us, and I could almost replace the picture of my body piling into Joe with one of Mo pounding me! It added a whole new dimension to it, and as my cock pistoned in and out, I kept thinking of how it would feel when the same thing happened to my arse.

It was the best fucking we’d ever done, I think - and afterwards, as I stroked Joe’s back as we recovered, I felt the sweat literally steaming off him. Well, it was from me, too - we’d been at

it so long and I'd worked so hard that I was drenched. We were both utterly exhausted, and all we wanted to do was sleep.

But then I heard Mo telling us how well we'd done, just as if he was a fucking judge at the ice skating or something, giving us marks out of ten for performance, and artistic interpretation. I wanted to hit the guy, but I knew it was no good - he'd got Joe well and truly under his control, and if I did anything like that, I'd lose Joe permanently.

So I had to let him fuck me, didn't I? He took me on my back, and put my legs up on his shoulders. I thought I'd scream when he started to push himself into me, but he'd told Joe to loosen me up well first, and that had been a bit of a laugh, as Joe kept holding up his fingers on one hand to show me how many he'd got up me on the other. I couldn't take my eyes off Mo as he fucked me - I looked up at him and saw him "playing" me. Well, I had to look away after a bit, didn't I, as Joe kind of came and lay down so that his chest was on mine, and began to kiss me as Mo ploughed away. It was fucking brilliant.

MOHAMMED

After that first night things settled into a regular pattern - usually now I let Bill and Joe fuck, but it was always clear that it was by my permission that they did so, and that whenever I wanted I would use Joe first. I only occasionally used Bill, perhaps once a month, to continue to remind him of my power over him. And sometimes, after I'd finished, I would have Joe mount him to reinforce his memories of the old days.

It was a good, settled life, and all seemed perfect - my many business deals were paying handsomely, I had two perfect men who were as good as being my slaves, and I think they were content - as well as their fierce love for each other, they both enjoyed the extreme skiing they practised. It seemed to bring danger and excitement into their lives, and helped keep their bodies toned to perfection. For me, I found that living the life of a business magnate was even better than that of a hereditary Sheikh - no more power struggles in Council, no more teams of slaves to control, and no more plotting in my palace from my staff. My new high-powered executives who I hired to run my ventures were only interested in one thing, I discovered - money - and thus it was easy to manipulate them and manage them, without fear of the scheming and internecine strife that used to plague my life when you have bailiffs, seneschals, slave captains, and so many others who have their positions by "right of inheritance".

It was the "Trollheim Incident" that really shook me. I'm sure that I don't need to repeat the details here as the whole story has been told - wrongly, of course - by the world's press so many times, and there's even been a TV series and a film. When the assassination squad from my old country finally infiltrated itself into Europe and crossed into Switzerland, I do not think they expected the resistance they met. I had never understood the real power and violence that both Bill and Joe were capable of, and the way that their SAS training, even after all those years, had so conditioned their bodies to instant, total response.

It took a great deal of money, and a huge amount of co-operation from the Swiss government (who were inclined to co-operate as they were so embarrassed about an attack even being possible on three of their citizens), to hide the real facts.

You will have read that ten men were killed in what has become known as the “Trollheim Incident”, supposedly by a crack contingent of Swiss troops. It has never been fully explained why the men were in Switzerland, although many hints were made about a “daring attack on a major Zurich bank”, and none of the stupid news reporters even asked why therefore they were near our remote valley. It was of course Bill and Joe who slaughtered the men.

Something did not seem quite right as our helicopter flew us home down the valley after a business trip, and Bill and Joe went strangely silent. As soon as we were back in my palace they insisted I went to the “safe room” deep in the basement, and I saw them blacking their faces and donning combat clothes. Even now they will not tell me all the details, which are in any case not absolutely germane to this story. My own knowledge is that at some time around three in the morning I opened the door to the “safe room” to see Bill and Joe outside - they were both grinning hugely, were on an obvious adrenaline high, and their clothes were covered in blood.

The local police found the first of the bodies later that morning, lying by the side of the road with its throat cut, and at first it was thought that it was a simple murder - in itself shocking enough in that quiet part of the country. Over the next two days nine more were recovered, all showing assorted signs of extremely violent deaths.

On that first morning, though, Bill and Joe stripped off their clothes, told me not to worry, and showered to clean themselves up. Their adrenaline high rapidly collapsed, and they fell into bed with that extreme tiredness that only men who have experienced extreme danger will know. But, with eyes bleary with fatigue, Bill assured me that there was no longer any threat to my safety, and asked me to “make everything right with the authorities”. It was Joe who added “But, master, if that’s not possible, make sure that you are in no way implicated. If you need to, give us up.” Truly he is a loyal slave.

Later that day Bill knocked on my workroom door, and stood in front of me. By then I had already put in place an extensive misinformation programme, and had spoken to my government contacts at the highest level, so I knew we were all safe.

“Sir”, Bill said in a tone I had not heard before. A kind of soldierly, commanding tone. “Sir, there is one more thing you need to do. You must frighten away your enemies, so that they never attempt an attack on you again.”

“Before he died”, Bill went on, “Their leader told us he was the son of a guy called Yani, who, it seems is a power in your old country now. He offered us anything we wanted if we would let him and his men go - although he did not know that he was by then the only one remaining alive anyway.”

“It was of course stupid - he couldn't live as he knew too much about how Bill and me got them all. Had he gone on trial, you would have been exposed, sir, so he had to die anyway. And once he had told us who he was, it seemed to us that you would want to let his father know, and use the occasion to tell him not to attempt to do any such thing again.”

“You are right, Bill. Yani was my enemy, and sided with the rebels and no doubt the snake now has considerable power. But I doubt that he would heed my threats - he is stupid and vain.”

“We thought of that, sir. And so we brought you this, to send to that Yani with your message...”

Bill reached behind him and drew something out of the back pocket of his Jeans. He threw a plastic bag onto my desk, and there, inside, was a set of testicles.

“Sir, with respect, sir, we know you Arabs think a lot about your manhood, and about sons. So we removed these from their leader before he died - or, should I say, the removal of these resulted in his death?”

“A very traditional approach, Bill! You are almost an Arab yourself.”

“You'd be surprised what you learn in the SAS, sir!”

He was right, of course. Once Yani had had the DNA in the testicles examined and found they truly were from his son, he was mad with grief, especially as his medical examiner told him that the state of the blood vessels was such that they had been removed from a still-living body. I have never had any more trouble from my former country.

As I sat and reflected on what had happened I suddenly thought about the dangerous game I was playing. Bill and Joe had been my slaves, and when I was surrounded by guards and they were chained and secured it was easy for me to exert my will over them. Here in Switzerland the “re-taming” had been a game, something to amuse me and pass the time. But now I realised the risks I was taking - these two men had the power in their bodies to maim and kill, and would do so without a moment's hesitation.

Suddenly, it became so much more exciting: a real challenge, with real risks!

BILL AND JOE, Part 19

BILL

Well, you're taught in the SAS to keep details of all your missions secret. So I'm not going to say much about what happened when those fuckers came for us.

We were flying back from the airport as we'd been to collect Mo from a transatlantic flight, when I saw something move in the snow - that's unusual, as even the chamois almost hibernate at this time of year. I told the pilot over the intercom to keep flying as if nothing had happened, then used an infrared scope that we'd had fitted some time ago to peer down: no doubt about it: bodies under the snow. They couldn't be up to any good, could they? No one goes into remote valleys in the middle of winter and then hides under the snow.

Back at the palace Mo called his contacts in the Swiss government and verified that there wasn't a covert training exercise going on or anything. We told him not to come out of the secure room - something else we'd had fitted in the basement, against just such a crisis as this, and went and got our combat gear on.

"Just like old times", Joe said as we checked out each other's equipment - we had the finest money could buy, of course.

"Yes, mate - and let's hope this mission is as successful as all the others!"

We slipped out into the night, got into a car and drove down to the valley bottom. Then we started the long yomp up hill to the point where we'd detected the intruders.

It's actually one of those silly myths that you see all the time on TV and in films - trained fighters don't go rushing in with bren-guns blazing - well, not if you want to get the whole lot. Stealth is the name of the game, and I took out the first one without anything disturbing the stillness of the night - it's the first cut to the throat that's important, to cut the vocal chords as you slice through the arteries. The guy's then so intent on stopping himself drowning in his own blood that he doesn't even know he can no longer scream, and it's no good anyway as he's dead meat.

They must have been a bunch of real amateurs - they'd spread out, and were not even expecting the possibility of a counter attack. Joe and I bagged nine of them without even firing a shot, although I knew we'd have to buy more combats as once the blood really soaks into them you can't shift it.

The leader had made himself a kind of hole in the snow and was inside, desperately calling on his walkie-talkie for any of his team to answer - they were never going to, of course, and he almost died of fright when Joe and me suddenly tapped him on the shoulder.

"Right, mate", I said to him. "Now, talk. How many men on this operation? When's your transport coming? Are you the only attack group, or are there others?"

“Never, fuck pig!”

I hit him, hard, very hard, and he fell backwards.

“Now, tell us...”

“Never. And I will report you to the Red Cross. Soldiers are not supposed to hit their captives...”

“I don’t think you quite understand”, I told him. “We’re not soldiers. We’re your intended victims...”

“No - I only want the Arab cur. You slaves are of no consequence. We only kill a man’s slaves as incidental damage, as we kill him...”

Joe leapt on him then, and started pummelling him. I’ve never seen him so cross - he’s usually so placid. He sat astride the guy, constantly pounding his fists down into the guys face. I could tell from the amount of blood that started to flow that he’d smashed the guy’s nose.

Joe stood up, kicked the guy once or twice, and snarled “Kill my master, would you? We’ll see about that. Now, answer my mate’s questions...”

Look, they teach you a lot about interrogation techniques in the SAS. You practice some of it on your mates - sleep deprivation, all that kind of stuff, but that all takes a long time. We didn’t have time to wait for the long-term stuff: we needed answers now. You only learn about the other more violent stuff theoretically as you can’t really practice it, can you? And I know that some of the blokes in my squad said they’d never use them anyway. And before I was fucked, I probably wouldn’t have. But raping a straight guy is one very quick way to break down his resistance, and we knew that most of these Arabs were really keen on their “manhood”. So as blood continued to pour out of his face, we pulled down his combats, threw him into the snow, and gave him a good hard fucking - each of us. It’s not all that good, actually - without any lube it hurts your cock (well, probably not as much as it hurts his anus).

After we’d finished there was blood trickling down the inside of his thighs, and it continued to pour out of the shattered remains of his nose.

“Now, any more squads like you?”, I said again. “You’re no longer a soldier, you’re just a plaything for my mate and me now. You’ve got a good arse, and we’ll have another go at persuading you to talk if you keep that mouth shut again...”

“Fuck you, slave pig!”, he managed to get out.

I was about to fuck him again but there was a problem - in spite of the excitement, I just couldn’t get an erection. It must have been the cold, as Joe said he was the same way.

“You’re just a play thing”, I went on, “And you’re not a soldier. Now you’re not even going to be a man.... Tell me what I want to know, or I will castrate you with this knife.” I held my combat blade in front of his eyes, and went on “It’s still sharp, in spite of helping despatch your nine comrades.”

I could tell from the look in his eyes that he’d lost all hope. He’d heard me say “nine”, and that had been correct - his eyes confirmed it.

“Now, is there another group out here tonight?”

He just spat at me, so I threw him down on the snow again, and knelt on his chest.

“Hold his legs, Joe”, I called, and Joe sat himself on the man’s feet.

One thing they do tell you about torture - once you’ve made a threat, you have to be prepared to go through with it other wise you lose face and the victim gains strength. I’ve never castrated a guy before, but we’d had lectures on it at Hereford. I put the tip of my knife to the side of his sac, at the base of his cock, pushed it in slightly, then pulled down to slit open the side. Blood started to flow, but I could see his testicle inside - funny that, I’d never realised they were that greyish-white colour. I put the tip in and got kind of underneath the ball and flipped it out, then sliced the twisted cord of fibre holding it on.

The guy was screaming terribly, so I leaned over and hit him on the throat, paralysing his vocal chords.

“That’s better”, I said, icily calm now. “I can hear myself think. Now, is there another mob of yours out here tonight? Nod or shake your head! You’re still half a man....”

He spat at me again, so I reached down and took his other ball out and excised it from his body in just the same way.

Joe dragged him to his feet then, and I knew he wasn’t looking forward to the next step - after the balls, it’s the eyeballs, isn’t it? And Joe knew it was up to him to do it.

The bloke was getting his powers of speech back, though, and was babbling and scrabbling, trying to say something. Joe’s a kindly soul, and he hates seeing people suffer, so he hit the bloke with a big back-hander that almost snapped his neck, and said “Cut the crap. Look, tell us what we want to know, and we’ll fix you up. We’ll stop the bleeding that’s going to kill you from your balls, and we’ll take you to a surgeon to fix your nose. Just nod or shake your head, and all this will be over - are there any more out here? After your balls, I’m going to have to take your eyes - please don’t make me have to do that. You can live your life as a eunuch, but do you want to live as a blind eunuch?”

You’d have thought the bloke would have been grateful for Joe caring like that, wouldn’t you? But as he spoke Joe had taken his full attention off things, and the guy threw himself to one side and reached for his gun, lying in the snow.

It's reflexes, isn't it? Mine cut in immediately, and I didn't even know I'd fired until the crashing noise inside the snow shelter almost burst my ear drums. These modern bullets leave few wounded, and in a confined space, there's no chance at all - he'd almost been cut in half by my short burst.

"Thanks, mate, I owe you!", Joe said. "But what are we going to do now? Are there any more out there?"

"Well, I think this lot was ten. He seemed to agree that there were nine of his blokes that we've taken out.

We made our way out of the little hide, and back to the car, and drove up to the palace. I don't know what made me pick up the balls that were lying in the snow, but I know Arabs are funny about that sort of thing and you never know when something like that will be useful, do you?

The helicopter pilot didn't want to fly at night - said he wasn't licensed! I ask you, as if that matters, especially when you work for Mo. But I didn't need to persuade him very much as he'd flown combat missions in the USAF and when he saw my blood-spattered clothes, he knew what the score was. We took a couple of hours flying up and down our valley, but there weren't any other signs of life from the infrared scope.

Mo was his usual calm self when we gave him the signal to come out of the safe room - that guy must have nerves of steel, to sit in there calmly knowing that it might be killers coming to release him rather than Joe and me. But when I gave him the balls of his enemy later, he seemed mightily pleased - as I said, it must be something in the Arab mentality.

MOHAMMED

It took quite a long time for all the furore over the "Trollheim Incident" to die away, and Bill and Joe derived a great deal of amusement as they watched the news and heard all the stories about divisions of the Swiss Army mobilising to take out a small insurgent force. I've never seen Bill happier than after he'd demonstrated his skills as a warrior so convincingly, and Joe looked pleased, too.

About a week later the two men were fooling around after their shower, having a mock wrestling match on the thick carpet of our bedroom - it's not as easy as it looks, as nude wrestling needs a lot of care if your balls are not going to get painfully trapped between a falling body and the floor! I've told you that I had now realised the risks I was taking in taming these wild men, but that the thrill of knowing that they could kill me without even trying had simply added to the enormous satisfaction I was getting from it. Both had obeyed my orders explicitly since that fateful day, Joe willingly, and Bill rather less so: he was acting the part of an obedient slave, but I wasn't sure that, deep down, he agreed that he really was.

They stood up, laughing at each other after their sport, and went to go to our bedroom. I don't know what possessed me - it must have been the excitement of their nude bodies engaged in such erotic games. As I sat at my desk I put out both my hands in the "display" gesture.

Joe of course came over and rested his balls in my palm. Bill looked at Joe, looked at me, and gave a kind of little shrug and walked, hesitantly, towards me and similarly positioned himself. The sinuous warmth of their sacs in my hands was intoxicating. I pressed on.

"No master could have better slaves than you.", I told them. "You have saved my life, and so I now give you back yours. I release you, I release you, I release you."

Bill smiled, but Joe's face turned ashen. "Please, master, please, no. I want to continue to serve you. You need us to protect you, in case the assassins come again..."

Bill pulled away, but Joe kept his balls in my hand. "Joe, good, faithful, Joe... You can continue to serve me. You can stay here as an employee...."

"Please, master, no."

"Well I can't have one slave and one free man, can I? I couldn't have the right to fuck you whenever I wanted, but would be reliant on the generosity of a free man like Bill to be allowed to use his arse if he chose. It would make bed time too complicated. So as Bill has chosen freedom, so too must you be free."

Joe looked at Bill, and whispered "Bill, please... do this, for me.... I never ask you to do anything, and you're always in charge. But this time, mate, please.... I don't want to lose you...."

My heart almost stopped. The room seemed to freeze and we were all suspended in time for what seemed like minutes but was probably only seconds. Bill gave one of those little shrugs he does when he wants to say "who the fuck cares anyway?", and moved back and placed his balls once more into my hand.

BILL

So there I was, "free" one minute, and a fucking slave again the next! Why did I do it? I don't know. It doesn't make much difference, actually, as Mo, no, my master, never makes me do anything demeaning. I guess I knew Joe would stay whatever happens, and I'm too old now to find another best mate like him, aren't I? And my master doesn't fuck me all that often, and, actually, it's no big deal anyway once you're used to his cock.

MOHAMMED

After all this heavy emotional stuff, I was glad that my business was going to take me to London and then on to New York for a few days - it would give Bill and Joe time to work out any remaining differences between them as regards "freedom" and "slavery". It was only an

attitude thing, of course - both were independently wealthy and I did not chain them down: they could walk out any time they chose. And the “slave” thing was hardly onerous to Bill, as he rarely had to do anything at my command that he would not anyway have done.

Even when you’re travelling first class they make you go into the departure lounges with the cattle from the back of the plane once boarding starts, and I was standing at JFK later that week at the departure gate, waiting to be invited to board. There was a staggeringly beautiful man also standing there, looking eager to be away, and I thought he looked familiar. In earlier times I would have got my cell phone out and got one of my agents to investigate the possibility of capturing him and enslaving him as his body was compact yet graceful, his well-proportioned legs terminated in a delightful arse inside his tightly-stretched Jeans, his face was ruggedly handsome, and his blond hair trailed to his shoulders (although that’s easily fixed, of course). I kept hoping that he would turn around a little more, as I wondered whether his Jeans would afford me a promise of his cock, as they were so tight.

He saw me looking at him, and his brain, too, appeared to be searching for a clue as to who I was. His curiosity got the better of him, and he came up to me.

“Excuse me, sir. You look very familiar. Have we met before....?”

“I’m not sure. You, too, look familiar. But I would expect to have remembered meeting someone with a body like yours.” Oh, fuck me - I was beginning to sound like an old man, desperate for the company of a young guy. And fuck me again - spending so much time with Bill is coarsening my expressions!

We continued to stare at each other, and then, as the human brain does, the answer was retrieved. “We last met at an airport”, I said in a quiet voice. “There was some difficulty in getting you on board a plane...”

Recognition kicked in for him, too, as I said this. “You’re the Arab who had me fucked... Who...”

“Shhh....”, I said. I was worried, now. My ability to manipulate the system in the USA is not as great as it is in Europe! I did not want to be arrested as a slaver, as I’d heard stories of the brutality of American jails.

“No, it’s OK, sir. I’m Todd, remember?”

Yes, I very much did. That delicious young marine whose life I’d saved when Bill and Joe raped him, and who I had got out of our collapsing country.

“Well, Todd, it’s perhaps wise not to talk of these matters here...”

“Too fucking right, mate! I remembered what you said about being a ‘dead’ marine, and I always feel a bit uncomfortable when I come back to the USA...”

They called for first class passengers to embark then, and I said “Well, in London...?” And then I had another idea. I went to the desk and asked if there was space in first class. The woman clicked her terminal and said yes, and I offered to buy an upgrade for Todd.

“Sorry, sir. We can only process ticket sales before the flight opens for boarding...”

Silly bitch. Turning down thousands of dollars of additional profit - yes, profit, as Todd had already paid for his ticket in steerage, so the upgrade would be pure profit - for her employers.

I was going to make a fuss, but then saw that there was a male member of staff at the adjacent terminal. I looked at him, and he started to say “Sorry, sir...”

“Look, I know you can’t process a ticket purchase. But perhaps you could give a complimentary upgrade? I’d be so very grateful, and I have a thousand dollars here in my wallet that I’d be prepared to donate to your favourite charity... And, well, you know, we’re both men of the world.... Look at that young man over there - the blond...”

The man’s eyes swivelled, and I saw him lick his lips as he took in Todd standing there, fresh and perfect.

“Well, I particularly want him next to me on the flight. We have just met, and you know...”

“You’re a very lucky man, sir!”, the check-in clerk almost whispered. “Please tell him that the next time that he’s in New York he would be most welcome to stay at my place....”

He gave me a broad wink, tapped something on his keyboard, and a boarding pass snapped out of the slot. I opened my wallet - ostensibly to put the piece of cardboard away - and passed over ten one hundred dollar bills to him.

I’m sure you don’t want the sordid details of the flight. I think the “mile high club” thing is a myth, as even in the first class lavatory there’s hardly room to swing a cat, let alone fuck a delicious arse like Todd’s. All I managed to do was to thoroughly explore his cock and balls as he lay sprawled out on the big seat next to me after they’d dimmed the lights after dinner and the stewardesses stopped pestering us - that’s one of the disadvantages of first class, I suppose.

After the fine chablis and burgundy with the dinner, Todd was very relaxed. I looked at him and said “So....?”

“So.... So what?”

“Well, you clearly are no longer cross! And the last time we met you were really sore - in both senses of the word: angry, and hurting, as I remember.”

“Yes. But on the plane to Australia I had time to think. A long time. And I knew that what you’d said was right - I’d be dead meat if I went back and exposed their lies. And when I

opened your little parting gift and saw all that money... Well, it was the opportunity for a fresh start, wasn't it?

"Look, I liked being in the marines. But It wasn't exactly by choice. I'm a small town boy from Kansas, and my folks had not much money. So college was out of the question. And in my town you either stayed there and lived and died there, eking out a living from the land as my dad did, or you went off and joined the army or the navy or the air force. It was great being in the marines, and after the shock of boot camp, I really liked the life - but even before that last mission, I'd begun to see it for what it was - I was just as trapped as I was in Kansas: without a college education I wasn't going to get higher than sergeant. So I was stuck as a grunt for my whole career.

"I was kind of dating, but that seemed to make it worse - most of the girls who went with us cannon fodder didn't have high expectations, either. I could see that I'd have a wife who lived on the base, two or three kids, and that's all I could expect.

"But it was probably the best I could expect - at least I was fit and healthy, lots of sport, lots of other guys to hand around with. No debts, no worries. Just keep your head down, obey orders, and have an OK sort of life until they kick you out, then have an OK sort of life until you die.

"By the time I'd landed in Australia I'd made up my mind to break the mould. I hardly spent any money at first, and just bummed around the country, seeing new places, meeting new people. I've always been a strong swimmer, but I'd never surfed - there's not much beach in Kansas! - and I fell in with a crowd of dudes who toured around following the competitions, and I got good at it: very good, actually.

"There's a lot of chicks who throw themselves at surfers - they see your body, see you living a free and easy life, and see you braving the waves - and I never said 'no'. Well, a bloke's cock needs exercise, doesn't it? But there was always something missing when I was in bed - there I was, working away trying to satisfy these women and them bucking around and moaning under me, but they never really turned me on completely. Like anything physical I was bloody good at it, mechanically perfect, and became renowned as Todd The Stud who'd shag any reasonable looking woman.

"Then one night when we were sleeping on a beach after a competition, I accidentally brushed the cock of my surfing buddy as I turned over. He reached out for me, mistaking my action for a 'come on', and took my cock in his mouth. Well, you can guess the rest. My body responded in a way I never thought possible as he gave me a fantastic blow job. And afterwards just holding the firm, hard muscles of another guy was so much better than going with any of the women I'd ever had.

"So I experimented. I found a lot of surfer guys liked being with other blokes but were too shy to make the first move - it was just easier for them just to take the women who threw themselves at them, rather than thinking about how much better it would be with another guy like themselves, who had the same feelings and needs.

“It was great surfing all day and fucking other surfers all night, but it couldn’t go on like that for ever, I knew: I really did need a ‘proper’ job. I hadn’t spent much of the cash you gave me, and the Australian dollar was weak so that when I converted it, I had a nice little nest egg. There was a run-down surf shop just outside Sydney and I managed to buy it. There’s lots of competition, of course, but I had a USP - that’s what us retail guys call a unique selling proposition - I provided a place where the guys could hang out with other guys as I made it subtly obvious that women weren’t welcome. I had an open-plan changing room, too, where you could try on the gear, and a lot of blokes started buying from me as they could size up the other guys at the same time!

“Business took off. Now I’ve got a chain of six shops, and I’m just on my way back to Oz from a new venture I’m planning - I’ve designed a new range of surfer gear and I’ve been talking to the rag trade in New York about getting it manufactured.

I was intrigued. “So what’s the ‘USP’ of your new gear? Surely the market for all that clothing is pretty well populated...?”

“Hey, you catch on quick, don’t you! Well, my gear is specially designed to show off the male form, and to be comfortable to wear at the same time. So often if you get tight stuff that shows off your cock, it’s crushing on your balls. And the baggy stuff that’s comfortable to wear doesn’t let other guys know how you’re hanging! My range is designed by a gay surfer for surfers who want to display, and skilful cutting, the right fabric, and proper use of support inside means that a guy can be comfortable all day and still let other blokes know he’s got a nice cock.”

I laughed at the idea, but could see that it would be a success. “I expect you’re going to model it? With your looks, that body of yours, and your cock, it couldn’t fail! Half the men on the planet would be getting an erection just thinking about you.”

We chatted on, and I took a real liking to Todd. It just shows you that even a “farm boy”, crushed always by the system, can make a success of life if he just gets the right opportunities. I asked him why he was flying to London, and he told me that it was because he was still saving money - it’s cheaper to get a seat to London from New York, then from there to Sydney, than to go direct, and I liked his practical approach to running a business.

“Trouble is”, he told me, “I’ve got to wait three days in London for my flight, as that was the cheapest flight I could find - all the others were booked because it’s near Christmas and so many British go out to visit their families.”

They looked a bit strangely at us as we went through customs - me, the businessman with my expensive case, and Todd with his backpack, but they didn’t stop us (although one customs officer did give me an envious look as he obviously thought he’d like to be able to put a proprietorial arm on Todd’s shoulder, as I had). It’s extremely inconvenient that they no longer allow private jets to land at Heathrow, and Todd and I had to endure the misery of the London traffic as the limo crawled its way towards the private airfield I use. Todd had readily

agreed to my suggestion that he accompany me back to Switzerland as he had time to spare, and he was like a child on my executive jet, as he played with all the controls and stuff.

At Geneva Bill and Joe were pacing up and down on the tarmac as the jet landed, and rushed to greet me. Bill saw Todd coming down the steps, his long blond hair blowing in the breeze, and almost knocked the guy to the floor - he ran his hands all over Todd, doing the most complete frisking I've ever seen.

"Bill, this man is my guest!"

Sir, yes, sir. But you can't be too careful..."

"Bill, he's been on my plane with me. If he was going to stab me or something, he'd have done it by now!"

Bill gave me one of his wolfish grins, and half whispered "Yes, but I wanted to check out his cock, too, to see if it's in character with the rest of him!"

My two loyal servants (slaves?) were strangely silent as the helicopter flew us home. There wasn't the usual happy banter and chatter, and it was only Todd's infectious enthusiasm for the countryside as it slipped underneath us that broke the silence. It was almost as if both of them were sulking, or were jealous, or something.

One of the house servants showed Todd to a guest suite and he said he wanted to change and shower after the journey, and so did I. As I came out of the bathroom in our suite, Bill and Joe were standing there, still looking glum. I dried myself as they brought me up to date on happenings whilst I'd been away, but it all still seemed very subdued. And when we went back into the drawing room, and Todd bounded in, looking fresh and clean, his long blond hair gleaming under the ceiling lights, they positively scowled.

You could have cut the atmosphere with a knife over dinner, as neither Bill nor Joe said a word, and Todd and I almost ran out of conversation. And total silence fell as we sat on the sofas in the drawing room afterwards, having dismissed the servants.

"We need some after-dinner entertainment!", I said. "Bill, Joe, why don't you give my guest and I a treat by doing some of that wrestling you're so good at?"

You'd like that, wouldn't you?", I continued, looking at Todd.

"Sir, yes, sir!" He snapped smartly back, but Bill and Joe just sat there.

"Come on, snap out of it!", I said. "Shuck those clothes, and get stuck in - we're waiting."

It was loyal Joe who moved first, getting to his feet and starting to unbutton his shirt, very slowly.

“Come on, Bill.... Are you shy, or something?”

He gave me a look that was almost one of hatred, but he did obey, and got to his feet and did the same thing, exposing his muscular torso. Joe had pushed down his trousers now and slipped off his shoes and socks, and stood there in his tight, thin white pure cotton briefs, and soon Bill was in the same state.

“Look, I’m tired of this! You two are not usually slow to get your clothes off! Now, you’ve been like wet blankets ever since I got home - what’s the problem?”

Joe and Bill looked at each other. They looked down at the floor, they shuffled their feet, Bill’s hand strayed and he seemed to be playing with the end of his cock through his briefs.

“Will you answer me? Call yourselves slaves? Even the paid servants here are more obedient!”

It was Joe who finally said something, in a voice so low that I could hardly hear. “Sir, please, sir... What have we done wrong? What have we done to offend you? Aren’t we enough to satisfy you, sir?”

“Done wrong? What on earth do you mean? Other than your sullen surly mood this afternoon, you’ve done nothing wrong.”

“Sir, please sir, then why did you bring this new slave back with you? That’s what he is, isn’t he, sir? A new slave for you to enjoy.... Why aren’t we enough, sir?”

I laughed. “Look, slaves don’t question their master. If I had bought him at a New York auction, that would be my business. And it shows that you and Bill are not the perfect slaves you like to think you are, if you dare to question anything I do. But I will forgive you.”

I looked at Todd, who was laughing with me, as I’d started to smile as I lightly admonished the men. I think he liked the idea of being able to make these two men jealous. I leaned over and whispered something in his ear, so that Bill and Joe could not hear.

With one sinuous movement he got to his feet and pulled off the polo shirt he was wearing, to reveal his lithe tanned upper body. He wasn’t wearing underwear, so as he undid the drawstring on his ultra-fashionable surfer trousers and let them drop to the floor, he was completely naked.

As we had agreed in our conversation, he threw himself over the arm of the sofa, and spread his legs wide so that his cock and balls were plainly visible swinging between his thighs.

“Recognise this, gentlemen?”, I asked my two slaves. “Do you not remember seeing this lovely arse before, although not when it was tanned like this? Perhaps if you went and inspected the tattoo on his biceps, that is the only blemish on this perfect body, the words ‘Semper Fi’ might bring things back to you!”

BILL AND JOE, Part 20

BILL

Well, I was really pissed off when we went to meet Mo at the airport and he came home with this toy boy! Long blond hair flashing in the sun, and one of those long, lean muscular bodies - he did look tasty, though. I decided to frisk him not because I was worried he might have harmed Mo, but because I wanted to see if his package was really as big as it seemed to be from the bulge in his tight jeans. It was - and his cock definitely stirred into life as my hands ran over his bulge - so then I knew why Mo had him: randy bastard, he'd been fucking this boy to remind him of Joe and me!

Still, as he chattered away as we went home, Joe and I felt left out - Mo gave all his attention to the lad, who, to make matters worse, seemed to be an Aussie! I don't like them much - sure, a lot of them have nice bodies from the outdoor life style, but they have it too easy there and they don't breed real toughs. And all over dinner, they talked away about the USA, Australia, all that crap - places where Joe and me have never been.

Mo seemed to want to impress his toy boy after dinner so he told me and Joe that he wanted us to put on a nude wrestling show - well, you know we do that, sometimes, but it's when we're laughing and larking around a lot, and we want to play with each other a bit more. It's not something you can really do just on a whim. And it's something we do for ourselves, not as a public spectacle. I was about to tell him "no", but bloody Joe gets up and takes off his shirt, then drops his trousers - he always obeys orders, even when he doesn't really want to.

Joe looked at me as I still sat there on one of the huge sofas, and kind of tossed his head to tell me I should get up. Well I didn't want to make him look ridiculous, did I, standing there in his underpants (that's one thing about the Swiss - the really fine cotton stuff they have is fantastic: it's so delicate and soft you hardly know you're wearing it, and the cut really shows you off when you wear it). So I stand up and strip down, too.

The last time Joe and I wrestled we did it totally naked, but you have to watch yourself as your balls can get really hurt if you get them trapped as you're writhing around. I thought we might wrestle in our underpants - we'd look quite like professional wrestlers then (except that our bodies are fit and muscled, with no flab).

"Come on, men, shuck those pants!", Mo called out. "You're not shy, are you?"

Well, I would have done it - I don't mind exposing my body, after all. But Joe, who's been totally silent all night, worried about the toy boy, suddenly bursts into life and asks Mo what we've done wrong! I felt embarrassed for him, actually - if another bloke's a bit pissed off with you, you don't start to ask why, do you? You either ignore it and it will all blow over and you're back to being good mates again in a couple of days, or you hit him. Still, Joe's a bit more reflective, I suppose you'd say, so he starts going on and on about how we must have done something to upset Mo. We're still standing there in just our thin underpants, and I can feel the heat of the big log fire almost starting to scorch the back of my legs and my bum.

Mo doesn't answer him directly, and Joe lapses into silence. Mo then whispers into the toy boy's ear, and they're both laughing about something - I can see Joe's body all tense up, and I know something terrible's going to happen as he sees Mo and the toy boy sharing this intimacy: Joe idolises Mo, and thinks all that sort of stuff ought to be done with him. I'm really worried now, as any moment Joe's going to go over and knock the shit out of the toy boy, and that will really piss off Mo. Or Joe's going to break down, and that's no good for him either, to lose face like that. I'm standing there wondering what to do about it, and I reach out and touch Joe on the arm to kind of restrain him, or to give him support, or something - I don't know which, really: when you're as close to another bloke as I am to Joe it just seemed the right thing to do: you just hope he knows you're looking out for him.

But then the young guy gets up and pulls off his polo, and we see his body for the first time - "lithe" is the word for it, I guess, but he's got nice pecs with big dark tits, and the blond thatch is quite thin and bleached almost white, making a contrast with his dark, even tan. As he flexes his arms we can see he's got really strong biceps, too - the sort that only guys who work hard have.

Without stopping he pulls down his trousers - he's wearing those young bloke's things with a drawstring, and he's not wearing any underwear: I was right about his cock - it is big, and he's not cut. His balls are hanging down, low slung, and he's got a neat patch of pubic hair. He shaves down there, obviously, as his cock and balls are nicely set off against his body. And he spends a lot of time naked - you can just see a faint paling of the tone of his tanned skin around his cock from wearing Speedos, but he's not got that deathly white area some blokes have. Hmm... Tasty: I can see why Mo's been fucking him. Wouldn't mind going up him myself, I think.

You can tell he's a guest, though, as he goes and throws himself over the arm of one of the huge sofas, arse towards us, and spreads his legs. Mo never lets Joe and me "play" in this room, as however careful you are some pre-cum or cum can splash around, can't it? And the sofas are really huge and upholstered in pale beige suede - they cost an absolute fortune (not that that's a problem to Mo), but he's commissioned them from some famous furniture designer and he's always worried about semen stains damaging the material. Pity really - the suede's so soft, so fantastic, that when he's been away I've actually come in here and stripped off and tried it out - the feel of it against my body was fucking marvellous!

Joe and I are thunderstruck by this. We're still standing there in our underpants, but I can see the tension has drained out of Joe a bit: at least there won't be an explosion now. Seeing the bloke's arse, though, has made me go hard, and I can feel the cotton stretching as my cock tries to break free of its confinement.

Then Mo speaks. "Joe", he says, "Take a closer look at this man. Go over and see what he's got tattooed on his biceps. And when you see it's 'Semper Fi', think back to the last time you saw a tattoo like that."

Well the last time I saw it was in a bar in Geneva - there was a party of American lads “doing the town” before going back to the USA. They were a group of marine buddies who’d been stationed in Germany and were spending their last leave before returning home. Most of them were very fuckable, and I went and asked one of them in particular if he wanted an afternoon in bed. But that’s another story. And I don’t think that’s what Mo meant.

Funny how memory works, isn’t it? It came to me like a flash - that last time: Joe and me were naked, the guy was tied down, and there were a big group of Arabs about to watch us rape him.

“Fuck me, Joe! That’s Todd, that American marine we saved just after we..... After we became slaves.” There. I’d said it.

Todd got up off the sofa arm, and came over to us, laughing. “Hey, guys”, he said. “Thank you! I never got chance to say it before...”

“Look, we’re sorry...”, Joe started. “We didn’t want to have to do that thing to you... But it was the only way to save you...”

“Hey, don’t worry! There’s nothing to be sorry about. You didn’t only save my life, you changed it - changed it, totally. I’ve thought about you both ever since, and I always intended to try to find you...”

He put his arms around both of us, pulled us all close, and hugged us. His mind was also on the next step, though, because we all stood there he was moving and gyrating his hips so his naked cock, now erect, was rubbing against the huge bulges in our underpants.

“Come on, guys - get those off! I didn’t really appreciate your cocks last time, and I want to see whether the reality lives up to my fantasies.”

Well, Mo didn’t complain that night. And, yes, it turns out you can’t get cum stains off pale beige fine suede, and it did cost a fortune to have all the sofas re-done. But we none of us wanted to break the mood that swept over us as Todd rubbed out bodies and kept on murmuring his thanks... Mo dimmed the lights a bit, the snow swirled outside the huge windows, the logs burned, and we fucked and fucked and fucked. Joe tried to bring Mo into it, as he always looks after Mo’s interests, but he shook his head and just at there, watching us play.

MOHAMMED

I didn’t want to spoil this spectacular reunion. It was fantastically expensive, and a lot of trouble, to get the sofas re-covered. But who cares, when three men like that are having such fun. I sat there and watched - I almost longed to take part, but I didn’t want to spoil there intimacy.

Later that evening, their passions spent, the three were in a kind of heap, sprawled over each other. In the dim light it was almost impossible to make out which body was which. I went and sat next to them and gently stroked them.

“When I met Todd, quite by chance in New York yesterday, I wondered how such a reunion might go. You all of me make me feel very proud that you are so mature - I never thought, back in the old country, that you would ever get to this state, to be able to recognise that men can take such pleasure from each other. You have all now made a final ‘closure’ on that terrible time, and so can move on to a happy, fulfilled life. You should recognise what you have all discovered about yourselves, and take it and build on it. Now, I am off to bed, as my body knows it’s a quite different time after a week in the USA!”

I got up, and saw Joe start to disentangle himself from Todd and Bill. Faithful to my needs, as ever. “No, Joe. Not tonight. You have already given me more pleasure than you can possibly imagine, and I do not need the further consolation of your flesh. Stay with Bill, and with Todd.”

The three men did not come to bed at all, and at daybreak I went back to the drawing room - they were still there, on one of the huge sofas, all wrapped up in each other and snoring away quietly in that way that men do when they are sleeping the sleep of exhausted fulfilment and contentment. I slapped each of them on their naked arses, and told them to go and shower - I didn’t want to outrage the Swiss servants more than necessary - it might be difficult enough explaining away the stains on the sofa as it was - my housekeeper is a real “housefrau” and she ticks me off terribly if there’s any damage to my possessions!

When they came into the dining room where I was reading financial papers as I ate my frugal meal, they all looked so happy and innocent, so squeaky clean, and smelling so delightfully of maleness (I don’t allow Bill and Joe perfumed soaps and stuff, as I enjoy the special masculine tang of their flesh). They all fell on the food that’s always available on the breakfast buffet, and fed voraciously.

“So, your little romp last night has left you ravenous!”, I said laughingly. “So what are you going to do today?”

“Sir, we’re working, sir”, Joe replied.

“No, Joe. I have much paperwork to catch up on. You and Bill take the day off and take Todd skiing, or something - work off some of that excess energy, as I want to be able to get SOME sleep tonight!”

We all laughed, but Todd said “Thanks, sir. But I’ve never skied before. And I’d guess Bill and Joe are experts.”

“Too fucking right, mate!”, Bill cut in - he can be coarse sometimes. “But don’t you worry - we’re not going to get you killed today, after we saved your life then.”

I watched the helicopter take off with all three of them in it, and thought how cruelly life was treating me: I was so jealous of the three men and the bonding experience they were going to have that day as they would try to out-do each other, and I had to stay here and work. Even though I have more money than I can ever spend, business takes on a life of its own and my staff, however much I delegate to them, always insist on referring some decisions to me.

They didn't come back until nightfall, and they looked exhausted as they trooped in.

"Todd, are you OK?", I asked. "You said you'd never done it before, and these two took you off into the uncharted mountains..."

"Yes, sir. It was brilliant! I've only ever water skied, and it's not the same. But I'm pretty used to physical things - I was a marine, you know, and I was almost a champion surfer. And I have a few years on those two..."

Bill was grinning at me. "Yes, sir. Once he'd got the basic idea there was no stopping him. Fucking ran us all over the mountain, and I'm afraid there'll be a big bill for fuel as we went up and down so many times."

"I'm really stiff now", Todd went on. "It's different muscles... I can feel myself seizing up."

Bill grabbed at his crotch, and said "Well I can feel one muscle that's stiff... Come on, we've got a big Jacuzzi.... And I can get you a beer, although Joe and me aren't allowed it."

"Anyone would think I'm some sort of control freak, Bill, I chided him gently, smiling. "As it's a special occasion, you and Joe can have a beer, too."

They went out, and a few minutes later I went into the sports complex and saw all three of them in the hot, bubbling water, Bill's arms around the shoulders of the other two. I should have been angry - there were six empty beer bottles on the edge, and I had only told Bill that he and Joe could have one and I doubted that Todd had drunk four - but the sight of them relaxing there, like proper buddies, was enough to touch my heart.

BILL

Well, I've never had a night of sex like that before. I lost track of who fucked who. That Todd had learned a few tricks in Australia, and he used all of them. We fell asleep finally in front of the fire, and I think Joe wished that Mo had taken part - but, as ever, Mo was right: I think we did all need to properly discover each other, by ourselves, after that disastrous first time.

After the snow fall that night, as it so often does the sky was clear and blue, and it was one of the best day's skiing we ever had. Todd soon learned, and it made a change to have another guy to compete against: Joe and me do it all the time, unconsciously daring each other to do things we might ignore if by ourselves (well, no bloke likes to admit he's scared to ski something, does he? Especially not to his best mate).

We were completely shagged out when we got home, and it was really nice of Mo to let us all have a beer as we were in the Jacuzzi together - it reminded me a bit of when I used to play rucker for the Army: those communal baths after a hard, physical game were fantastic. If only I'd known then how much better they could have been if we had all played with our cocks. Mind you, Mo's housekeeper will probably complain tomorrow as the cum goes into all little stringy bits in hot water, and they clog the filters on the Jacuzzi - I think he's a bit afraid of her, and if she goes at him, as she usually does, about how difficult it is to keep this palace clean without a lot of men constantly making extra work, he'll have a go at us in turn. But sex in a Jacuzzi with a couple of great blokes is worth it.

Joe and I had a bit of fun, too - when we got out of the Jacuzzi Joe grabbed Todd, and then I used the electric clippers to buzz his long blond hair away so that he had a "decent" proper soldier's haircut again. He kept saying how all his boyfriends wouldn't like him, but we told him it made him look "harder", and they'd be falling over themselves to see if he'd had his pubes done too!

That night I was looking forward to another fantastic night of sex, but after dinner Todd told Joe and me he was too tired and his muscles all ached from the skiing. What a wimp, I thought! But then I saw him whispering to Mo, almost as if he was pleading. I saw Mo shake his head a couple of times, but then kind of shrug as if to say "OK."

Well, Todd had been lying - or knew some way of easing muscle ache that we did not! When we were all in the bedroom Joe and me lay on either side of Mo as we usually did, and I was wondering how Todd was going to fit in. Then he leaps astride Mo, sucks Mo's cock until he's rock hard, then turns and lowers himself down onto it as Mo lies there, and fucks away: you could see the strain in his thighs as he took the whole weight of his body, riding up and down on Mo's cock. I nod to Joe, and we each take one of Mo's nipples and squeeze them - that always makes him buck, and we manage to get him thrusting up and down to meet Todd's thrusting. Mo's not very vocal in bed, but when he hid shoot, he gave a great cry. And he carried on, as Todd continued to raise and lower himself trying to coax aftershocks out of him.

Then Todd collapses forward onto Mo and kisses him passionately, and I can hear him whispering "Thank you, thank you, thank you." into Mo's ear. Fucking hell, I thought, I hope Mo doesn't get to like this way of fucking too much - Joe and me are both much heavier than Todd, and even though I've got really powerful thighs, I wouldn't like to have to keep riding my weight up and down like that too often. Still, it would be interesting to lower myself onto a cock instead of having it stuck up me - I must try that with Joe.

After that, Mo says "Enough! You men are still too frisky, and I need to sleep. Off with you - go to your own bed and fuck the night away: but keep the noise down!"

Well, that's the sort of command I like to hear from Mo. All three of us almost run across the huge room to our bed, and my cock's rock hard before we even get there.

MOHAMMED

I wanted the men to spend another night together, but Todd's urgent plea to be allowed to "thank me properly" won me over - that and the thought of his spectacular body. I'd not been "ridden" before as Todd rode me that night, but it was interesting, especially when Bill and Joe joined in and played with my nipples as my climax approached. When I have more time I must experiment with this - having Bill ride me like that will be an interesting experience.

We all wanted Todd to stay on, but he had a pre-booked ticket from London. I did not even have to offer to buy him a new one - both Joe and Bill did so, before I had the opportunity. But Todd was adamant that he had to get back to his own business - an attitude that I applaud - as he had been away so long. It was amusing to see them all saying goodbye at Geneva airport - with his short hair again, Todd looked so much more masculine; and as they hugged and kissed they could have been a group of soldiers saying farewell to each other.

I resolved to make Bill and Todd go and visit Todd during our summer - deprived of skiing, they do not get enough outdoor exercise (although they jog up and down the lower slopes), and have to rely on the fitness suite. A couple of weeks in the sun, learning new sports, will do them good - and I noticed that Todd clearly exercises naked most of the time, and so there would be an opportunity to top up the tans on Bill and Joe naturally.

Actually it's just as well he did return home, as managing the relationships between four men is extremely difficult. Even for one as skilled in human relations as I am, making three work together all the time can be a challenge: balancing the needs of me, Bill and Joe requires a lot of hard work on my part, work that I am sure they do not even notice. I am not sure that I could maintain the web of relationships between four men for a sustained period, and it might bring the whole edifice crashing down.

It snowed hard for several days after Todd's return - that skiing day was a most fortunate break in the weather - and, as always, Bill and Joe became more introspective as they were confined indoors. Even though I was very busy with a new deal that would give me control of a substantial part of the entertainment industry globally (as I had decided that this is where the money was to be made in future), I couldn't help noticing that the slaves were not as happy as usual. I upped their required quota of time and repetitions in the fitness centre in the hope of exhausting them, and that seemed to help.

Joe can usually find something to do - he has been known to read, and even goes down to the servants' quarters and finds little jobs to do (my housekeeper is always complaining that having Joe sweeping, or whatever, upsets her routine). But Bill tends to sit around and mope when he's bored.

He was in my work room, pacing up and down, fiddling with my books, staring out of the window, and generally not settling. I was extremely busy, and having a luscious male animal pacing up and down in front of you like a caged wild beast is most distracting - in fact, so much so that I decided I needed a break from work. A bout of sex is good for clearing the head, I believe, as it's hard to focus on business matters when your cock is ploughing a tight arse. And it seemed to me that Bill needed reminding anyway of his status.

I turned off my PC, and told him to drop his trousers. I do like these tiny pure cotton underpants they have taken to wearing - they emphasise the cock and balls, and are so sheer that the shape of their muscles is not obscured.

“And those, Bill”, I told him, gesturing at his underwear. “Then wank yourself, and lube up - I need a fuck.”

He looked resentful as usual, as he doesn't really like taking my cock, even now, but that's not the point, is it? I sat there as he beat life into his cock, and enjoyed the play of emotions that always cross his face as he shoots. He'd sat on the floor to masturbate, and now he lifted a leg and started to slick his hole. Then he sat there, quiet and composed, waiting.

I'm never quite sure how to fuck slaves in my workroom - the floor is hard under my knees if I take them “dog” on the floor. And if I have them lie on their backs on my desk, I have to clear all my papers. I didn't have all that much time, and so I told Bill to simply stand, bend from the waist and grip the edge of my desk for support, and then I quickly and efficiently fucked him to relieve my tension.

Afterwards he stood there, my semen starting to ooze out of him and trickle down his thighs, and made no move to dress. I really wanted him out of there, so I said “You may get dressed, Bill. Why don't you go and find Joe, and swim, or something?”

He pulled on his clothes very slowly - so slowly that I could see my cum turning the back of his thin underpants almost transparent. He still looked sullen and bored, perhaps even more so, in spite of my fucking.

BILL

It was only about eleven in the morning, and so I was surprised when Mo told me he was going to fuck me - he's usually a night-time guy. I was so bloody bored as the snow poured down, and even though I don't like taking cock, as I keep telling you, a bit of sex would at least help pass the time. But Mo was just cold and took me with almost surgical precision - he watched me as I wanked, then I just had to bend over whilst he went into me: it was all over in about ten minutes.

He obviously thought I was pissed off at him for fucking me so casually, especially as I don't like taking it; and, actually, I was. But the real reason for my lack of enthusiasm was the fact that I was worried about Joe - he'd been spending his money getting the security firm Mo uses to investigate his former wife and the sergeant, and he had a whole stack of photographs of his nipper. He'd set up some sort of trust or something to channel money to them, and they were living a good life. From what we could tell, the sergeant treated Joe's kid just like the one that he'd fathered on Joe's ex-wife after they were married, and, with the extra money, they all seemed to be happy. But Joe kept telling me how much he wanted to be a father, and how he wanted to be part of his son's life as he grew up. He knew it wasn't possible, of course, but the more he thought about it, the more miserable that made him, and it was starting to get to me.

Mo says "Get out of here, Bill. I can't stand seeing your long face. For Christ sake, man, I've only just fucked you, not ordered you to be whipped as I once could have. Grow up, will you, and accept that just sometimes you have to take it?"

He can be bloody unfair sometimes! But then, you expect that from officers, and from slave owners, I suppose. But it was so unjust - sure, I didn't like being fucked, but I'd stood there and taken it, hadn't I? And I'd even tried to put on a bit of a show by turning my hole to him as I lubed myself up. I hesitated, and he obviously took my hesitation wrongly.

"Yes, get out! Go and find Joe, or something. Anything. Just let me get on with my work. And next time I fuck you, remember that you're supposed to be here for my pleasure!"

It was so bloody unfair. It had been building up for days. I snapped inside. "Sir, that's not true. I do try, sir. I did try to perform properly. I know Joe's your favourite, but I work hard for you. You just don't appreciate it. You just ignore me most of the time and concentrate on Joe. Well, we both work equally hard for you. But you just don't appreciate me, sir. And I don't think you really appreciate Joe, either - he's been moping ever since Todd left and you haven't even noticed."

That shook him, I'll tell you. He came and put his arm around my shoulders, led me to his sofa, and sat beside me.

"Bill, brave Bill", he says. "I know you like to be the tough guy. You like to think you can take it, everything, without complaining. So I know how hard it must have been for you to say all that. You don't like to talk about things like that, do you, slave?"

He'd got me. Even as he said it, I knew he was right - he'd understood me completely. I suppose that's what makes him a good master.

"I won't insult you, Bill, by asking you what's wrong with you. You won't tell me the truth, anyway. And, in any case, once the sun comes out and you're off skiing, you'll have forgotten all about it. You live life from day to day, Bill, and today's not a good one for you. But it will all change tomorrow.

"But I don't like what I hear about Joe - you and I both know that he runs deep. And by the time something gets near the surface, it's got deep roots. So do you want to tell me what's the matter with Joe? It isn't Todd, is it? I'm sure you two haven't fallen out over him - you're been together too long to be jealous of another guy or anything. So what is it?"

I was dumbfounded. He was right again. "Sir, no, it's not Todd. He was a fantastic fuck, and we both had a great time with him. And we're looking forward to going to Australia when you can spare us, sir, as he's promised to line us up with a lot of his buddies for a great couple of week's fucking. But, actually, it's Todd that brought it on."

"Joe suddenly said to me, after we'd said goodbye to him at the airport, 'Oh Bill, I'll never be able to do that with my son.' And when I start to listen, it seems that having Todd, who's

younger than us, had made him think about his nipper and how he'll grow up to be a man, like Todd, but that Joe will never get to hug him, or see him off at an airport, or teach him about sex, or anything.

“He's had those enquiry agents following the family, sir, and he's got pictures and everything. He said 'Just think, Bill - knowing what you and I know now, how easy it would be for our kids, as we'd be able to teach them about proper sex, and love, and everything. Neither of our dads knew a bloody thing about it, did they? Or, if they did, they never told us. I would be different. And I'm sure that sergeant, although he's a good father conventionally, really doesn't understand.' I tell you, sir, he's gone kind of broody - always thinking about bringing up kids. I keep telling him it isn't going to happen as we're slaves and we're pretty committed to each other, but he just doesn't listen. Well, he hears what I'm saying, but he doesn't seem to believe it.”

Mo kind of hugs me again. Then he says “Bill, don't worry. You're right - you and Joe have each other. Leave the problem with me - that's what masters are for, you know, to shoulder responsibility. Just be patient with Joe. Just carry on loving him. I'll work something out.”

Well, I felt like saying to him that he shouldn't talk about two blokes loving each other - sure, they can make love to each other - fuck and all that - but not love each other. But then, perhaps that's what I really feel about Joe - Mo seemed to have struck home again.

MOHAMMED

I could have done without Bill telling me all about Joe's problems that day, as I was so busy. But I took the time to listen, and I know Bill felt better after our talk. Outsiders may think that being a slave owner's easy, and, indeed, it is, if all you own is hundreds of field slaves, or miners, or whatever. Then all you need are big tough overseers who enjoy wielding the whip, and everything runs like clockwork, with no problems. But when you have really expensive, close personal slaves like Bill and Joe, there's a lot more potential for trouble. I'm not sure it always pays off - the time you save as they dress you, shave you, and all that stuff can easily get wiped out if you have to take the time to resolve their problems. And it's not as if you can just order a flogging and get rid of this emotional stuff - well, I suppose I could for Bill, as he'd just burn with resentment and forget whatever other difficulties he'd had before, but not for Joe.

Still, important though this was, I mentally noted I needed to resolve it, and parked the problem whilst I got on with reorganising the global entertainment industry.

Fortunately the sun came out the next day and the two went off skiing again all day - Joe may be hurting inside, but if he's properly exercised, at least he'll sleep! And I made a special effort to be kind to him that night, taking extra care to fuck him very gently. I told Joe to play with his nipples, too, and to kiss him all the time I was fucking, so that Joe's mind was fully occupied as his body was responding to both the men he loved.

I had to go to Los Angeles to tie up the final parts of my deal - well, actually, to go to one of those tedious formal ceremonies where the contracts are actually signed, as it was really a

“done deal”. I’m sure some of Joe’s unhappiness was boredom, so I ordered them to accompany me the whole way.

BILL AND JOE, Part 21

MOHAMMED

I always travel first class of course, but although I am absurdly wealthy, I still do not squander money and insist that Bill and Joe only fly in the business cabin. Initially I used to make them fly at the back of the plane as it helps reinforce their lowly status, but then they arrive tired and are no good for sex that night. It's good to be away from them for a time, anyway - if Joe was in the first class with me, he'd always be jumping up to try to pour my drink or something, and that pisses off the stewardess. And Bill would always be tense, thinking that as they bent over me to minister to my needs, the cabin crew were trying to kill me. So, all in all, it's better to have them in business, and I know this is seen by them as a real luxury - before they were my slaves they only ever travelled on charter flights for depressing, bottom-end-of-the-market cheap holidays in the sun, along with millions of other Britons. I smiled inwardly to myself as I knew that Bill would be illicitly sipping a glass of champagne: he thinks I don't know that he does this, but for him it's one of the "thrills" of the jet set life, and I am prepared to let him have this tiny indulgence. It makes him feel "free", and it's harmless enough.

Even in first class you do have to sit next to someone, and I usually do not strike up a conversation - if they turn out to be boring, it can be a long eleven hours to the West Coast. However on this occasion I was intrigued when a woman was shown to the seat next to mine. It's unusual enough to have a woman travelling in first, and the ones that there are are often outrageously dressed - film stars, and the like, trying to make a pathetic show. But this woman, in her early thirties, I judged, wore very expensive, very elegant, very understated clothes. She was, I suppose, very beautiful, but it seemed as if she was trying to underplay her beauty. Her bag was from Hermes (I had bought the company a couple of years ago, and had leafed through some of their promotional material) and the small amount of jewellery she wore was clearly equally expensive. The man whose plaything she presumably was must be extremely wealthy, I judged.

I expected her to be leafing through "Vogue" or "Elle", but as she sipped her pre-takeoff champagne, she got out this week's "Economist" and started to read it intently. When dinner was served the head steward tried to give her some way-over-the-top gobbledygook about the wines available, but she coolly rebuffed him, pointing out that the 2000 Bordeaux were not yet really ready as he had alleged. His expression, as she so calmly put him down, was a picture. And after he had left, I congratulated her.

"Why thank you", she said. "I thought you were ignoring me, like so many of the snooty bastards you meet here..."

"Not at all.... I was working, and do not usually talk on planes as there are so many bores. But this could be a very special flight...."

"So I'm Kandy, as you probably know.... And you are...."

“Mohammed. But there’s one special person who calls me Mo, and that will do. Now, tell me, why should I know who Kandy is?”

“Well, the films, you know...”

“I’m sorry, I have very little time for the cinema.”

“Oh, these are not the type of films you watch in the movie theatre. More the kind you watch at home, alone, with just your hand for company...”

I was intrigued. Her accent was that cut-glass upper-class English one that shrieked money and expensive education, but her expressions and usage of language verged between the British and American.

“I’m afraid that I rarely indulge like that...” I smiled, to indicate that I knew what she meant.

“Oh, I’m sorry. Of course, a handsome man like you has a wife...”

“No, I’m not married. There’s no permanent woman in my life.”

It’s amazing how you reveal these intimacies to perfect strangers on aeroplanes, isn’t it?

“Well, anyway.... Half the men on this plane have probably seen one of my DVDs. A lot of men in the departure lounge recognised me, and I think some of them even went out to wank! This cabin crew all know - don’t believe what they say about the stewards all being gay - One of them recognised me as soon as I boarded, as he called me ‘Miss Kandy’, and he’ll have told all the others. You can even tell that the stewardesses despise me, although they’re secretly envious!”

“Anyway, enough about me”, she went on, “What do you do, when you’re not spending time fending off hordes of women who must be chasing you?”

She had an easy intimate way of talking, and as she spoke, her elegantly manicured hand rested lightly on my elbow. Even I, who, as you know, am unimpressed by women, felt some strange attraction to this one.

“Well, I’m just a business man. I own things, and run things.”

“We are being cagey, aren’t we? Now, if I show you mine, will you show me yours, as the little girl said to the little boy? If I tell you a bit more about me, will you tell me a bit more about you, or shall I go back to reading, and you to working?”

“No... Please... Tell me more, Kandy.”

“Well I’m the star of the five biggest-grossing porn films ever made. Hard porn, that is. Not the type you ever see at the multiplexes. I’m not embarrassed about it, not ashamed about it.

It's a living - and it's been a good one. And it brings a lot of pleasure to a lot of people. Most of the actors are complete jerks, of course, but generally I only have to put up with them for a day or so. And in-between times, I make the odd few thousand providing... Well, shall we say.... escort services."

"You must be good, very good, to be able to travel first class. I congratulate you."

"No, I wouldn't pay these prices. But there's some rich guy in California who's keen to get into my pants, and it's part of the deal - first class, out and back. Plus twenty thousand for a night."

"That's more than I make!". It wasn't, of course, as the interest in my bank accounts clocks up more than that in an hour. But I was impressed.

"Now, what about you?", she continued.

"I was in oil, and.... and 'human resources', shall we say. But when my country collapsed into anarchy, I managed to get out and build a new life in the West. Now I own things, as I said - mostly businesses, mostly in 'high tech' and increasingly in media and entertainment."

"And no permanent lady friend?"

"No. And, since we're being honest, I don't go with women. But I don't have a permanent boyfriend, either."

"So you live alone?"

"No, I have two sl.... Servants, who look after me. They're in business class - you'll see them when we get off, worried that someone will assassinate me! They're good men, loyal, tough, virile, handsome...."

"And good fucks?"

It sounded so odd, when such coarseness came from such poise and beauty in such an elegant accent.

"Yes. And excellent fucks. How did you know?"

"Because your eyes brightened the moment you mentioned them. They're more than just servants, then?"

I could, I suppose, honestly say "Yes. They're not servants." as they were my slaves.

"You're very lucky, you know - you've got it made..."

“Oh, you may say that, but it has been tough. I was almost killed by enemies last year. But you, too, have a life many would envy - it pays well, you do not have to work long hours, you enjoy it - I can say that because you, too, change your tone when you speak of work.”

“But unlike your work, mine will soon be over. I’m thirty, and most men only want to see young twenty year olds in porn movies. And soon the men will stop wanting me. I’ve got expensive tastes, and it’s going to be hard to maintain my life style. But, more important, there are things I want to do, things I don’t think I will ever be able to achieve.”

“Such as what?”

“Have children. I was brought up by loving parents, and I’d like to pass that on. But there’s no chance, realistically, of a husband, home.... All the good men won’t be able to see beyond my reputation. And even if they could, ‘ordinary’, decent men would always be comparing themselves with the actors I’ve been with, and it makes them, well, fail.”

“It’s interesting”, she went on. “The men who pay me for sex always seem to be able to get it up. Or perhaps they’re just on Viagra. Who cares? But if I ever just pick up a man for my own pleasure and then afterwards, when we’re swapping intimacies as you do when you’ve fucked, I tell him what I do for a living, they just shrivel up and can’t make it again!”

“I think I can understand that! No man likes to compare his cock unfavourably with another’s. Fortunately, I do not have to be concerned in that department.”

She smiled at me, and whispered “All you men are such braggarts, until it comes to the test!”

“Well, sadly, you will not find out, in my case. But, tell me, what do your parents think of your career?”

“Oh, mommy and daddy just can’t understand it. He’s army, and they paid for the best schools, everything. Frightfully conventional. And my sisters all did the ‘right thing’ - married solicitors, doctors, army officers - all have 2.4 kids, live in Weybridge... Mommy and daddy see me as the bad apple, and they don’t really understand. Still, that’s life. You have to live it for yourself.”

“So if Kandy was not facing a bleak future, as her charms fade, what would she do?”

“Oh, you know... Have kids. I’d love that. But I don’t think I could stay married to one man, and it’s not fair to bring kids into the world deliberately if you’re a single parent. It’s bad enough for kids who lose a parent, without being born that way. So instead, I suppose I’ll take my little nest egg, and retire somewhere, and paint, and have dogs, and will end up as the mad old lady with a pack of hounds and dog hair all over her dull tweed coat...”

“So you’re an artist, too? And an animal lover! Better and better!”

She became serious for a moment - some flicker of fierce emotion ran through her.

“Yes, I paint. I want to express... To express ‘something’... I don’t know what it is yet. I’d really like to make films, as that’s where the future of the visual arts is, but I’ll never be able to afford that.”

“Why not?”

“Money, Mo. Money. For a businessman, you’re very naive. Movies - quality movies, the type that can change people’s lives, cost money, lots of it.”

“So, if I can sum up, Kandy wants to have children but doesn’t want to live with a man permanently, wants to make world-changing movies but can’t afford them.... You may be destined to be unhappy, my dear.”

“No, Mo. I have my dreams. If you don’t have dreams, then you’ll never get anywhere towards achieving them. Better to aim high and fail, than to live life out in dull greyness. That’s why I left home, I think, and why I did what I did - the fun, the excitement. And I’m my own woman - I stand or fall by what I do for myself.”

I could have hugged her! Here was someone with almost my own philosophy.

“I’m a shrewd judge of character, Kandy. I think you’ll succeed. But even if you don’t, you’ll be glad you tried. But tell me, that isn’t your real name, surely?”

“No, Mo, it’s not. You know, I like you - there’s something about you. So I’ll tell you something I don’t tell most of the men I sleep with, let alone those I pick up on planes... My real name’s Rose. But when I went into porn, I used ‘Kandy’ as something to attract the audience - it’s a very overcrowded field, you know. So ‘Kinky Kandy’, ‘Kinky Kandy Rides Again’, ‘Kandy and King Kong’ - that one was actually painful, I tell you, and so on. The only one that doesn’t use that sort of title was my first - One Bride For Seven Buggers, and, thinking about it, that was painful, too. And you’ve really never seen any of them?”

“No, Rose. I take it I have permission to call you that, as you’ve ‘picked me up’? But the only one that sounds vaguely interesting is the ‘One Bride For Seven Buggers’ - was it all anal action? I could, perhaps, put aside my prejudices and watch that one....”

She laughed out loud, a sweet, tinkling laugh, and squeezed my arm a little. There was no doubt about it - she had that ‘something’, that indefinable ‘it’ that makes people shine. You know that I don’t even like women, and yet she had captivated me even more than the glimpse of a tight young arse, or a well hung stud, or a perfect, toned body could.

I scribbled a note on my pad, tore it off, and pressed the call button. When the stewardess came up she was scowling - very unusual in first class, where they smile all the time normally - and I think she thought I was being seduced by Rose! Far from it, of course - I had spotted a potential solution to a problem I had, and a major commercial opportunity.

“Please take this to one of the gentlemen sitting in row 9, and would you be so very kind as to wait for a reply?”

She came back a couple of minutes later, and handed me back my paper. I read it, and grinned to myself.

“So, Rose, it is perhaps fortuitous we’re on the same plane. Now, tell me, did you say you were picking up twenty thousand for tonight?”

“Yes.”

“Very well. I would like you to spend the day with me. Would one million be an acceptable price?”

“You’re joking!”

“I never joke about money.”

“But I understood you didn’t like women....”

“I like women, Rose. But I don’t fuck them. I don’t want to fuck you, but I do want to spend the day discussing a business proposition with you. And one million dollars ought to get your attention, ought to show you that I am serious.”

“What proposition?”

“I want you to make me a film. There’s only one condition - you have to star in it.”

“Oh, another porn flick. Kandy And The Exciled King....?”

I laughed. Her humour was so subtle. “No, my dear. I was never a king, just on the ruling council. And I don’t care what sort of film it is. The choice is yours. But you must star in it. You can take off as many or as few clothes as you like. I really don’t care.”

“You’re mad...”

“No. Not mad. A shrewd businessman. Tell me, you are of course familiar with ‘Casablanca’? I’d be interested in your views on why it’s still a success, more than half a century after it was made, when the social context has vanished, and the dialogue is stilted...”

“Well, the cinematography, the subtle changes of plot...”

“Wrong! What makes it a success still is that indefinable something called ‘star quality’. Look what happens whenever Bergman appears on the screen - it lights up! The rest of the film is now risory. Even Bogart’s performance now appears faintly ridiculous. But when she’s on the screen, the whole cinema falls into silence as that ‘something’ comes over.”

“I believe you have that quality, and if you star in the film, it will be successful. And if it’s successful, I will make money.”

“You can’t possibly know...”

“No. But I have two red-blooded British men who were soldiers at one time who are now my sl.. Servants. Look....”

I unfolded the paper I had sent back in the plane, and showed her. I had written “Bill, Joe: when you were in those barracks at Hereford, or wherever, I assume you and the other men used to watch porno movies and wank away silently. Without thinking too deeply about it, give me, quickly, the title of a film you remember - not the plot, the title. One each, NOW!”

Underneath Bill had scrawled “Kinky Kandy”, and Joe, “Kandy Rides Again.”

“Now, see? Think about it - all those hard young men in their barracks, sitting around watching porn, and probably masturbating themselves and hoping their mates would not see... I assume the actual action in your films is no different from that in any of the others? Just the usual fucking in every possible way? So if that’s what my two men remember, there has to be something special about your films. And that, my dear Rose, was you.”

She laughed, but I could see that I had struck home. She was even more impressed when I took out my cheque book and wrote her a cheque for one million dollars. We got off the plane together, and went to meet Bill and Joe, who were collecting my bags.

BILL

Oh no, we thought, as Mo came up to us with this stunning woman on his arm. After he picked up Todd last time, we wondered what history there was here. It couldn’t possibly be anything to do with fucking, as we knew Mo wasn’t like that.

He just gave us her baggage stubs and told us to get her cases as well as his, and then Joe and me followed them out to the limo.

As we sped down the freeway she sat next to him, holding his arm lightly. Joe and me sat opposite them, and I could tell Joe was asking himself the same questions as I was: who on earth was she, and what was the plot here? Mo was going to some important meeting about a studio or something, and they’d lent us this stunning penthouse for the stay, complete with servants. She didn’t seem to bat an eyelid when Mo said, as we arrived “The lady will have this room, and we will sleep together, as usual, in the other.”

After we’d all showered, we went into the fantastic living room looking out over the downtown area, and Mo was sitting there, looking relaxed, and yet somehow coiled, as if he was facing a difficult decision. That’s the first time I’ve ever seen him give anything away about

how he's feeling. Joe and I are just standing there, feet slightly apart, hands behind our backs, eyes slightly down, as that's the way Mo likes us to be when there's nothing else to do.

The woman comes in and Mo leaps to his feet, and sits her down by the side of him. He doesn't introduce us or anything, but starts to say, very quietly "Rose, my dear... On the plane we discussed film making. And after all those hours you have accepted that I have the power to let you make whatever film you want - I am here, after all, to complete the purchase of the largest studios here in Hollywood. And I have the money. You have complete editorial control, you can make whatever film you like, and my only stipulation is that we share the profits equally, and that you star in it. Is that your understanding of what has been agreed?"

"Yes, Mo."

"Well, thank you. This is excellent business - you get one of your lifetime's ambitions fulfilled, and I get to make even more money. A 'win, win' situation. I want you to understand that this deal is agreed, even if you do not accede to my next proposition. I do not want you to be under any pressure at all. The only thing that remains in this deal is all the tedious paperwork, but we have shaken hands on it, and my word is my bond."

"Now, what was your prime wish for your life... Making films was only the second, as I remember."

"Well, to have children..."

"Exactly. We may be able to do mutually acceptable business here, too. As I remember, you do not feel able to marry, and yet you believe children should be brought up in a stable, loving environment."

The woman nodded.

"Well", Mo went on, "I propose that you should have children and that they should live at my palace. They will have the finest possible care - I will hire the best available nurses, nannies - and you can visit whenever you want. Indeed, I will give you the whole of the East Wing as your permanent home, somewhere you can come back to in-between making pictures, a secure, safe haven for you where you can be with your children. And when you are away, they will still be loved... By their father."

"Oh, Mo... That's one of the nicest things anyone has ever said. But do you really want children?" The woman had moved closed to Mo, and was now holding his arm tightly. Her body language, as well as her body, was superb.

"Rose, I told you that I was looking to do something that would be mutually beneficial. You would have the children you want, and I... I would get to solve a problem I have."

Looking up, Mo suddenly snapped at us "Bill, Joe - get out of those clothes!"

Well, you could have knocked me down with a feather! One minute he's taking about kids, and the next he's telling us to strip. And in front of this bird.

We just stood there, frozen. He put out his hands in that "display" gesture of his, and snapped "I'm waiting! Move it!"

It's like a dream - I see Joe starting to undress, pulling his shirt off and dropping his trousers, and as usual I can't bare to let him down, so I do the same, ever so slowly, aware that my cock's rock hard and leaking pre-cum already - even though I love Joe and like to be with blokes, that's still one stunning looking woman.

I'm so conscious of my cock waving up and down as we walk across the thick carpet, and I can't believe I'm standing there, stark naked, my balls in Mo's hands, with this woman watching us. She must be pretty special, though - she doesn't seem shocked at all, just interested - in fact, here eyes have lit up and she's licking her lips in one of those ways that means she's getting turned on, too. My eyes are respectfully down, and I can see my pre-cum oozing all over Mo's wrist, and the heady smell of sex wafts up to my nose.

"Now, Rose", Mo went on. "The problem I have is this: these slaves. I call them servants, but they are my slaves. They are, as you can see, fit, strong, virile, some might even say handsome. And with your experience you will know they have nothing to be ashamed about in the cock department. The problem is that I wish to breed them - the fair one first, and then the dark one. They have such stunning bodies that I wish to carry their genes for ward to the next generation."

"I can assure you that they are kind, loving, caring, loyal... Have all the qualities to make excellent fathers. Whilst you are away filming, they will provide the love for your children, a father's love. It's often underrated, compared to that of a mother, but just as important."

"So here's the proposition: have children by these superb specimens - you could hardly select more physically perfect men for breeding. They will be loved, cared for and cherished by the most experienced servants, and by their fathers, whilst you are away. And you will be welcome at all times to return to live with them."

"Mo... I don't know what to say... Bill, Joe, what do you think?"

I went to open my mouth, but Mo tightened his grip almost imperceptibly on my balls, as a warning.

"Their views are unimportant, Rose. As I have explained, they are my slaves. Slaves obey, absolutely and completely, and as I have decided to breed from them, that is all they need to know."

"But I couldn't marry a man you chose for me, Mo..."

“And I would not expect you to. I am only offering you these men for the purposes of breeding. A few simple acts of coitus at the right time, to make you pregnant. They are no longer marrying men - Bill and Joe are bonded together. But you need not fear embarrassing failure - both of them, in former times, went with women and are fully experienced. And, as you will see, they are both aroused by the prospect.”

Fucking hell - he was talking about us just as if we were animals! He wanted to breed from us! Well, he may have done that back in the old days, but there was no way he was going to breed from me. But why was I so excited? My cock was positively aching, and if I had to stand here much longer, I felt I might cum.

The woman continued to stare at us. She looked at Mo and said “I don’t believe it. It’s ‘Candid Camera’ or something, isn’t it? A Million dollar cheque... Make whatever film I want, regardless of the expense... Slaves... Breeding....”

Mo just said quietly “No. This is real. I will make money from the films. And it will solve a problem I have with these slaves if they are bred. But I don’t expect you to make an instant decision. As I said, the two transactions are not linked in any way. Come with me to the studios tomorrow and we’ll get your film making career started. Then, when you’re ready, whenever you’re ready, give me an answer about using my slaves to sire your children.”

I felt myself beginning to relax. I wasn’t going to be used as some stud animal after all. I could just tell she was going to turn him down. I could feel the sweat running down my spine in little cold rivulets, I’d been under such tension. It was worse than going out to fight.

Mo let go of our balls, but Joe and I continued to stand there, hands behind our necks. Why the fuck were we waiting for Mo to dismiss us? I just wanted to get my clothes on, and stop this woman staring at my cock. I knew the answer, of course - he’d fucked my body often enough, and now he’d fucked with my mind, so I no longer really knew what I really wanted.

It was Joe who threw it all away. He doesn’t rush into things all the time like I do, but sometimes he fucks things up in a really big way, making up for all the times he keeps his cool. He fell to his knees, hands still behind his head, looked up at Mo, and was almost crying as he said “Thank you, master. Thank you for knowing what I want most in the world. Thank you for trying to give me even more happiness through your efforts. More even than I’ve known with Bill.”

He looked at the woman, and went on “Please consider our master’s proposition. He’s a really good man. He saved our lives. He’s given us more happiness than anyone deserves. I want to share that with kids. Please listen to him - if our master believes it’s right, then it will work.”

To my astonishment I saw the woman’s eyes fill with tears, and she looked at Mo, and said simply “Yes. Agreed. With a recommendation like Joe’s, how could anyone turn it down?”

BILL AND JOE, Part 22

MOHAMMED

When we were in bed that night I at first put Bill and Joe's lack of enthusiasm for sex down to tiredness - flying to the West Coast always upsets the body's clock. But my own cock was commendably erect, so even though they seemed reluctant, I told Bill and Joe to kneel on the bed and press their heads to the mattress, so I could decide which arse to take. I suppose I knew Joe was looking forward to taking the essential first steps to becoming a father, and so that conditioned me slightly to leave him alone: so I relatively quickly took Bill so that my balls were drained and I could look forward to sleep.

He can be surly at the best of times when he's been fucked, as he still likes to maintain that he does not like taking a man's cock, but tonight he seemed particularly truculent. In spite of my tiredness it was difficult to sleep as the two bodies bracketing me kept tossing and turning - one thing I do require of my slaves is that they should sleep peacefully, and at about three in the morning I had had enough. I slapped both their arses hard, to wake them up.

Bill remained grumpy, and Joe, although he's usually fairly taciturn and silent, was unusually un-reactive, even for him. They sat there next to me, knees pulled up to their chins and their arms wrapped around their legs, and my nose caught the delicious perfume of their male bodies as their arm pits and genital areas were exposed to the night air.

I looked at them, and said nothing. I could tell they knew they had displeased me, and I waited to see what would happen. It was of course Bill who could not bear the tension of waiting, and spoke out. "We're not animals! You don't breed from us."

"Mind your manners, slave! No, you are not animals - had you been, I would have had you gelded by now for your insolent behaviour. You are men, and men have one prime purpose in life and that's to pass on their genes to the next generation - that's what millions of years of evolution have fitted you to do. You are always telling me that you do not take cock, and that you used to 'shag', as you so crudely put it, your girlfriends when you were in the SAS, and that Joe was married and sired a child. So why are you now complaining when I decide that I should allow you to fulfil evolution's destiny by siring a child for me? Are you afraid to take a woman? Will you be able to perform?"

"Sir, no, sir." At least he'd got the respect back. "It's just that... Well, a bloke is supposed to choose who he gets to shag..."

"Nonsense. Arranged marriages are a long-standing institution in many cultures, and what you will do at my command is merely an extension of this. Now, let me hear no more of this nonsense. What's done is done - I have made an agreement, and you surely would not expect me to break it just because the sensibilities of my slaves interfere, would you? Now, back to sleep, both of you, and keep still - you know how I hate it when you two squirm around in my bed!"

That seemed to be the end of the matter, and I congratulated myself that, once again, I had resolved the slaves' problems by my calm exposition of the facts of life. Slaves need to be content, and a wise master sometimes tempers apparent arbitrary orders with reasoned explanations.

The following morning I breakfasted with Rose, and Bill and Joe were allowed to sit at the table with us. Both of them continued to stare at her with wide-eyed amazement, but she was obviously used to the gazes of males sizing her up as a sexual plaything, and did not seem at all nonplussed.

We all went to the Studios, and as I went in I was appalled by what I saw - the most incredible extravagance and waste, everywhere. It continued when we went into the executive building: the row of uniformed chauffeurs outside alerted me to the attitude these men had to my money, and on the top floor, the only offices appeared to be a tiny cubicle for the secretary to the Studio Head, and the entire rest of the floor for him. I run my entire global business empire from my tiny work room (and train my slaves in that same space!), so this was a further illustration to me of how my money was being squandered.

He had the arrogance to keep me waiting - me, who owned the company now. And when his secretary, an elderly woman, beautifully coiffeured and obviously 'a lady', had nervously apologised to us several times, I finally told her to release the door and let us in. She was loyal to her boss, and refused, so I gestured to Bill and he casually kicked it down.

It was immediately obvious that the Studio Head, as well as being arrogant, was a bully - he was shouting down the phone in a way that's perfectly unnecessary if you are really in control. And he seemed to treat me as if he thought I was his equal at best, and possibly his inferior, as he barely bothered to stand in order to shake my hand.

"Glad you could come", he started. "Now, I need an immediate increase in this year's budget..."

"No."

"I said, I NEED an immediate...". He actually dared to shout at me.

"There will be no increase. Indeed, the operating budget here is cut. With immediate effect, by twenty five percent."

"Impossible. You know nothing..."

"Nothing is impossible. And whilst I know little about movie making, I do know waste and extravagance when I see it. But I am not here to discuss, I am here to instruct. Now, the Studio will immediately begin work on a new film. The director and star is my associate here..." I indicated Rose. "And the budget is one hundred..."

“Impossible. We’re full. Now, if you’d like the little lady to have a bit part in one of our films that’s underway....”

“I don’t believe you heard me. I said we would start work immediately - by which I mean today - on a new film, starring, and directed by....”

“Impossible. Anyway, you get nothing for a hundred thousand.”

“It was a hundred million, actually.” Even Rose gasped.

“Well, I’ll see what I can do. I’ll bring it up at the next production meeting.”

“You’re fired.”

“You can’t do that... I have a contract.... I’ll call my lawyers....”

“I can do it, and I just did. You do not have the right attitude to serve as one of my senior executives, as I operate a ‘can do’ culture in my companies. Your contract is terminated, immediately. Call your lawyers - mine are even more numerous and more highly paid than yours. Now, get out.”

“I’ll call the Studio guards...”

I gestured to Bill and Joe, and they simply went and picked up the flabby, obese man and carried him out. He stopped struggling after a moment or two - sometimes it’s especially useful to have two big men who look so tough around you!

I went out side to the secretary, and said “I’m sorry about that disturbance. Now, tell me, who is the most go-ahead executive here?”

“Oh, sir... It would not be right for me to say...”

“Yes, please, I’d value your opinion. You see everything that goes on here, and I respect the opinion of a real lady when I meet one.”

“Well, sir, Mr Attwood, the Director Of Strategic Development, is charming. Unfailingly polite. All the secretaries say so. He treats everyone as if they are his equals, but he’s really tough underneath. He and my previous boss were always locked head to head, and I’m sure he was about to be fired.”

“Please be so good as to telephone him and have him come up here. And I hope you will agree to stay on as his executive assistant - he will need all the help he can get in his first few weeks.”

I don’t want to bore you with the short - but in terms of this story - tedious, discussion I had with Sam Attwood. But he did at once understand and accept my order for the immediate budget cut. And he saw no problem with starting, and finishing, Rose’s film within six months.

He clearly had the proper executive focus, as he understood the real needs of the business, as expressed by its owner.

We left Rose at the Studio to kick off plans for her film, then flew back to Europe on the overnight flight - I allowed the slaves to go business class again, and in spite of a new enthusiasm for talking to my fellow traveller next to me, I was bored! Rose was clearly a "one off".

It always takes me a day and a half to recover when we get home from the West Coast, and this trip was no exception. Bill and Joe remained strangely silent, though, but seemed to pick up enthusiasm for a day's skiing as I allowed them a break from their duties. We were, I think, all nervous when the day after that we stood at Geneva airport, waiting for Rose to emerge.

In spite of the tedium of the overnight flight, she looked radiant as she came through the doors from the customs hall, carrying only a small, exquisitely styled overnight bag - she clearly needed no huge wardrobe to bolster her femininity. She smiled at me, and kissed me gently, full on the lips. Then, in a move that astonished us all, she put her arms around Joe's neck, pulled his head down towards her, stood on tiptoe, and kissed his lips, too. Then she did the same to Bill. Not a word was spoken, but I was amused to see the two slaves blushing wildly.

BILL

Well, it's not surprising we couldn't sleep that night after we'd first met Rose and had been made to strip off in front of her, is it? It wasn't so much that I mind being naked in front of a woman - I've been there lots of times after all - but this stuff about breeding really worried me. And Rose wasn't like most of the women I've been with - well, she was kind of, well, you know, more like an Officer's wife, than a woman who went with us squaddies, and she made me feel nervous.

Mo was in one of his "control freak" moods that night, and he made Joe and me kneel and present our arses for his inspection so he could choose which one to fuck. I can read him like a book sometimes - I knew it was me that was going to get his cock before he started all of it, as I guessed he'd keep Joe "on the boil" for this breeding stuff. So why did he pretend to choose, if it wasn't to make us really feel like slaves? Well, it's not so bad really - Mo was quick about it and I supposed I'm used to his cock by now, and I liked having Joe wank me and slick my hole: he's really gentle and considerate (well, he's got to be, hasn't he, as next time, when I do the same to him....).

In the middle of the night he woke us up - actually accused us of disturbing his sleep. Bloody liar - we were asleep, so how could we be disturbing him? Then he gave us this little lecture, a load of shit about "fulfilling our destiny as men" and he made out that he was doing us a favour by breeding from us. Look, he's a master, and, OK, he can do almost everything he wants with slaves. But sometimes I think he forgets he's not back in the old country, where he had total control. Actually it doesn't worry me all that much - he's going to breed from Joe, I know, so I'll be left alone. And Joe will like that - he really does want a kid around the place again: it will do him good.

It was great at the Studio - It's been a long time since I last kicked a door down, and then I was shit scared that there was a bloke waiting behind it with a gun to cut me in half. This time it was fun. And when Mo ordered me to take this geezer and throw him out, I liked the way everyone watched us as we did as he commanded - showing other blokes you've got a bit of muscle power can be fun sometimes.

Joe and me just stood behind Mo after that, heads properly bowed, as he had some other meetings at the Studio. I think the guy he chose as the new Head was impressed by this - two, big, powerful blokes who could kick down doors and stuff, just standing there, poised, but respectful.

The day ended well, too. Joe and me could relax for eleven hours, knowing Mo was safely away from us in first class. And I had a couple of glasses of that champagne they give you - Mo would have a fit if he knew I defied his orders not to drink, but what you don't know about doesn't worry you, does it? And I usually do this on the plane.

It seemed odd to be home, especially as Mo didn't really settle. He was "waiting for something to happen" - the planned arrival of this Rose woman a couple of days later, and it unsettled Joe and me a bit to see him pacing around. And he was fucking bad tempered, too: he's a bit of a perfectionist at the best of times, and now none of us could do anything right. Still, he seemed to calm down a bit when he fucked me again that night - although it was a bit cruel to keep tweaking my tits as hard as he did, just because he said I wasn't trying hard enough to please him. And, of course, it confirmed me in my belief that he was saving Joe up for this breeding thing.

He was really foul tempered at breakfast the next day, though, as one of his deals had gone wrong. Well, it's not our fault, is it? We were both glad to be able go out skiing - as he ranted on about the fucking Japanese who'd let him down, I said, in a kind of innocent voice, "Sir, so you'll be busy today, sir... Picking up the pieces, and everything, sir?"

"Yes, of course. Are you an idiot? Of course I'll be busy."

"Sir, so if you're busy, you probably won't need Joe and me, sir. So, please, sir, could we go skiing, sir, please, sir?"

I think he likes all those "sirs", and five in one sentence is good going for me.

We had a great day, actually. You know, people always think I lead and Joe follows, but we're real mates - sometimes you only truly compete with the person you know best, don't you? So when Joe and I get out on the snow from the helicopter, miles away from anyone else, in the fresh powder, we're absolutely equal. He can be a real daredevil when he wants, and that day he actually scared me as we tried to outdo each other in what we'd go down. It's fucking fantastic - there's no stopping down some of the stuff we do, and you just have to hang in there even though your legs are killing you. But when you get to the bottom and you're still alive - well, then you're really living! Joe and me stood there, alone in the snow, breathing hard, sweating like pigs, and we both just threw our heads back and laughed and laughed and laughed.

We couldn't stop - we were just so happy to be together, doing something we both loved. No, it wasn't happiness we were expressing - it was joy. The sheer joy of being a couple of blokes together, conquering our fears to conquer the world. Oh, fuck me, I'm getting almost as bad as Joe with all this poetic crap! You know, looking back, I don't think we ever had such a good day's skiing again, ever.... It was so perfect, everything. At the back of my mind was the thought that if Joe had a kid it would start to pull as apart - and I wanted the way we felt at that moment to go on for ever.

We went with Mo to Geneva the day after that, and she came out of customs almost as soon as the flight landed - first class, and with only hand baggage, I suppose. She was stunning - every man there was looking at her, and she kissed Mo, something I've never seen a woman do before. Then, as Joe and I stood there, trying to watch in spite of our bowed heads, she stands in front of Joe, puts her arms around his neck, pulls his big head down, and kisses him, too, full on the lips.

I'm laughing to myself at first, as Joe looks so surprised, and then he's blushing all over, as she doesn't stop for ages and ages. But then she does the same thing to me! I can't remember when a bint last kissed me, and it was nothing like this - her lips were like silk against mine, and the scent of her was absolutely intoxicating. She was pressed right up against me, and I know she must be feeling my erection that's struggling to tear itself free from my underpants.

In the helicopter she and Mo are talking away, looking at the scenery and discussing her film, and I look across at Joe. He's got a smug kind of smile on his face - perhaps he isn't so upset about this breeding stuff as he ought to be: a lot of blokes are like that once a woman has made a pass at them: they're like putty in her hands.

MOHAMMED

She was so easy and relaxed during the flight back to my palace, bubbling with excitement about the countryside and about the incredibly rapid process that Attwood made in getting her film of the ground.

"I suppose you could take longer if you need", I told her. "That six months was just my guess. I want to impress them with a new need for urgency, a new need to spend money wisely. But for you, there is no limit. Spend what you want."

"No, Mo. Dear Mo. No, it has to be six months. I'm the star, remember? And I don't think even I can 'project', as you call it, when I'm hauling around a great bump in front of me, and my back's aching from the kind of big, heavy baby I'm sure one of those men will give me..."

"So you're happy to go through with it?"

"Yes, of course. I can't believe it: within ten months I will have my first film out, and my first child."

Well, now there's a practical problem, isn't there? It's one thing for me to decided to breed from Joe and give him a son, and quite another to engineer the next few hours of this enterprise. How exactly was I going to command Joe to take this woman? If we'd been back in the old country I could have just had a slave girl tied in one of the special slings they use in the breeding farms and then Joe could have been led to her and told to get on with it, encouraged by a light cane if necessary. But here in Switzerland, with Rose a free woman... What on earth was I supposed to do?

Actually I keep talking about breeding from Joe, but I have no particular interest in the child. Ordinarily it would be mine, of course, as children sired by slaves are themselves automatically slaves, property of the sire's owner. But I was only doing this as I knew that Joe desperately wanted a child, and, in turn, I wanted happy slaves. I knew, though, that there's no way that Joe would get around to planting his seed in a woman unless I ordered him to do so, so I played heavily in all my discussions with them on this notion of a master breeding from his slaves as it would make Joe feel more "normal". The child would be a bit of an encumbrance, actually, and I hoped Rose would take an active part in its upbringing as I did not want my slaves diverting too much attention away from me.

Dinner was, shall we say, "difficult". Although Rose was a superlative dinner companion, the conversation floated around on a sea of trivia. And although Joe and Bill were properly completely silent as they stood behind our chair, heads bowed, it was almost as if they were radiating an aura of looming apprehension. Things were not any better as we sat on the sofas - newly back from the re-upholsterers - and the servants brought in coffee.

In an effort to change the mood, I dimmed the lights so that we could see the swirling snow against the black sky outside. With a decisive click Rose put down her cup, opened her bag and brought out a DVD.

"Mo, darling", she said. "I'm sure you can play this somewhere...."

I looked at Bill, and he at once got to his feet (He and Joe were sitting on the floor by my feet, as they often did in the evenings), took the box from her and opened part of the panelling to reveal the entertainment centre that had recently been installed - I really do not understand why all the fibre optics cost so much to install. He touched the button to open the panelling above the fireplace, and the giant plasma screen came to light.

As we watched, the title appeared.... "Here Kums Kandy."

"No, Rose, there's no need..."

"Yes, Mo, I want to demonstrate to you all that I'm not ashamed of my body, not at all embarrassed at appearing naked in front of men. Not at all concerned about men's bodies and the way men use mine."

There's a copy in the library still, and I must watch it again some day. I don't remember the plot - is there a plot - but I do remember Rose's beautiful body being bent every which way as the several male 'co-stars' filled her every orifice with their copious ejaculations.

When it was over we all sat, perfectly quiet, with just the crackling of the logs in the fireplace breaking the silence. I knew I had to act now, else the moment would be lost. "Bill, Joe", I commanded. "Stand here, and get naked."

Both slaves scrambled to their feet and stood in front of Rose and me, then slowly removed their garments to reveal their wonderful bodies. Both had rock solid erections (as did I - some of the co-stars on the DVD were pretty good looking). The firelight flickered and reflected from their solid muscles, which I realised must therefore be covered in a fine sweat. I watched, fascinated, as Joe's hand reached out and clasped Bill's, as they stood there, side by side.

"Now, Rose... It's still your choice - Joe here, or Bill, or shall we take 'pot luck' and you take them both, then we wait until the child is born before deciding on our next step?"

Rose got to her feet, saying nothing. Instead, she stood in front of Joe and, as she had at the airport, put her arms around his thick, strong neck and pulled his head down towards hers, and kissed him on the lips again. This time he responded - one of his huge hands went behind her head to lock her to him, and I saw his mouth open and his tongue make its way into her mouth. They kissed, passionately, for what must have been two minutes, then Joe stopped, scooped Rose up in his huge arms, and with her arms still holding him tightly around the neck, carried her off towards our bedroom.

He looked around as his beautiful naked back and arse moved away from us, and said quietly "Sir, Bill, please follow..."

I looked at Bill, and he seemed to be about to explode - there was a visible drool of pre-cum hanging down from his cock, and he was breathing very hard indeed. I put my arm around his shoulders to guide him, and we followed Joe into our bedroom.

Rose took off her clothes without a trace of anxiety or shame, and when she was as naked as Bill and Joe, once more leaned up to pull Joe's head towards her and kiss him. This time his arms went around her and he hugged her smooth, slim body to his toned muscles, crushing her breasts into his pecs. She moved backwards, to allow herself to fall onto the bed.

Then he fucked her. I've seen Joe fucking many times before, of course, but always Bill. It wasn't so very different - Joe is always slow and considerate, and if it wasn't for the smaller size and pale white flesh peeking out from under Joe's toned body, I could have almost imagined that it was all as usual as his muscular legs and arse pistoned backwards and forwards.

He's not usually all that loud when he cums, and tonight was no exception - I heard his familiar groans, then saw his lovely back arch as he obeyed that male instinct to inject his cock as far in as possible as it pumps seed, and then it was all over. He collapsed forward, taking his weight on his elbows, and lay there for some moments, his skin glistening with sweat under the lights.

All this time I'd been feeling the tension in Bill's body as I still had my arm around him, and he was still very erect - his balls must be aching, I knew. The drool of pre-cum from the end of his cock had formed a wet patch on the carpet where we were standing (more expense! And more complaints from my housekeeper!).

We all stood, as if frozen, until Rose wriggled a bit, and sort of pulled herself away from under Joe. She dressed, calmly and quietly, and without saying another word, went back to her own room. Joe continued to lie there, and I could see his chest rising and falling even though it was pressed into the mattress.

"Go to him, Bill", I said. "Go now, and show him you still love him. He's lying there, ready, but be gentle - he's not lubed. Fuck him, Bill, just as he fucked a moment ago."

It was one of those rare times when I knew I had done exactly the right thing. Bill needed to be told to go and fuck Joe - he wanted to do it, he needed to do it, and the state of his cock verified that his body was ready. It was almost beautiful to watch - Bill is not often tender and sensitive, but this time he parted Joe's thighs so gently, then "dogged" him slowly and carefully, as he lay sprawled half on the bed.

Rose returned to Los Angeles two days later - she spend the days with me, talking business, life, everything. She spent the nights with Joe, and Bill. She was, however, quite unabashed about telling me what went on. "I only let Joe fuck me, of course, as it's his child I'm going to bear. But Bill is always there, always trying to interest me in his cock. Although I'm not sure he wants to follow through - even though Joe tells me that Bill used to be a real stud, I get the feeling that if I told him to go ahead, he'd give up! It's not that he's not full of cum - after every time Joe fucks me, Bill always fucks him. And I don't think it's that he's gone off women. Perhaps it's that women who know what they want, like me, scare him. But they're both sweet, adorable men, and I can understand why you love them."

"Rose, how interesting! I can see your point about Bill being scared of powerful women, especially those from your social class. But you're wrong on one point - they are indeed sweet, adorable men, but I don't love them. I own them. And of course I take care of my property - you may mistake this care for love. Her, let me show you...."

We were sitting on the terrace and I pressed the button on my mobile phone that summons Bill and Joe. They appeared almost instantly, and as it was a warm day with strong sunshine I did not need to go indoors in order to tell them to strip naked. Rose watched, as she always did, almost as if it was a surprise that the slaves should obey me. And I am glad that I had not lost the power to impress her - when I lifted up both men's cocks and showed her the ownership mark on their underside, she was astonished.

"See... You have seen the marks on their pecs and their arses, but I think you were inclined to disbelieve me. A man would only allow his cock to be marked in this way if he truly accepted that his master owned him totally. When I had many slaves I allowed my slave masters to do the other brands, but I always gave the slaves the honour of doing this one myself."

“But Mo.... Doesn’t it hurt....”

“Oh no, only if you let the tip of the branding iron inadvertently touch your fingers as you hold it...” We both laughed, as I slightly re-told the oldest of old jokes about the castration of camels.

It’s difficult to know who was most anxious as we waited later than month for news. Every morning at breakfast Joe stood there, bursting to ask me if there had been an e-mail from Rose. But of course he would not ask, and neither would Bill, even though he too was curious. I never said a word, until one morning, as breakfast was over and I got up and was about to leave the breakfast room, I said, casually, “Oh, incidentally... Joe.... Well done! You’re not just a good fuck with men... You’re pretty good at impregnating women, too. Rose is with child.”

Both slaves broke training and hugged each other, whooping - literally - with joy. They did, of course apologise, but they saw I was smiling with pleasure, too.

Rose came back to us five months later, and Little Joe was born in the palace, almost to coincide with the release of Rose’s first film. It was interesting to see how the men reacted as Rose went into labour - even though I had hired the best midwife and had paid an outrageous sum to have a consultant obstetrician forsake all his other patients and take up residence, they were still worried and afraid that “something might go wrong”.

“Nonsense!”, I told them. “Rose is fit and healthy, She has eaten the right things, does the right exercises, everything. And Joe is a healthy, powerful sire. Nothing will go wrong. The child will be perfect.” And, of course, he was.

It was astonishing to see Joe standing there shortly after the birth, the tiny naked baby cradled in his massive arms, and with Bill standing next to him, an arm wrapped almost protectively around Joe. I had not realised that such strong men could be so tender - clearly the human body has been genetically programmed to make men care for the future of the race.

A week later, as Rose was preparing to leave to start work on her next picture, I asked her how she felt about leaving her child. “It’s a wrench, Mo. Human mothers are desperate to keep their children. But I am even more desperate to make films. Even so, I can only do it because of you, and Bill, and Joe. I know little Joe will receive real love and affection from you all, even though his physical well being will be in the hands of paid nurses.”

“And what about this...” I showed her the previous day’s LA Times, which I had had flown in, where headline screamed “Shocker By Movie Unknown Causes Riots”.

“Yes, they are rather pleased to see it, aren’t they? I told them to arrange for a release everywhere, but they insisted on ‘Art Houses’ - and now there’s queues day and night all over the city.”

“You should have called me, Rose. I would have hired every cinema in the land...”

“No, Mo. I want my own success. I don’t want you to buy me. And here....” She handed me a paper from her bag. “Here’s my cheque for a million - that first million you paid me for a day with you. I don’t think you got value for money. I’ve taken it from the movie budget instead, so you only pay half, as I think it was a legitimate set-up cost.” We both laughed, delighted in our understanding of each other.

Life after that was, shall we say, interesting. Even though Little Joe had the entire East Wing for his nannies and toys, Joe, and Bill, kept insisting on bringing him to the main room to play and I became tired of having to watch my step and not crush some sordid plastic object lying on the floor. Even the tiniest baby appears to have the ability to spread its possessions over every flat surface! And if it was not bad enough to have had to have had my sofas re-covered at huge expense after Todd’s visit, I had to do it again, but in a much less worthy cause: Little Joe threw up, extravagantly, all over Joe and my sofas as Joe carelessly tossed him up and down in the air as he played some stupid game. At least my housekeeper did not complain - mess made by babies is, apparently, acceptable. Mess made by men is not.

Bill seemed to be coping well with having Joe’s attention divided - although he did become irritated on one or two occasions I observed when Joe said he wanted to stay at home with the baby rather than go out and ski. I had to order Joe out, as it’s not good for a man to be always indoors and I anyway wanted him to keep his body in perfect condition. In spite of Joe’s pleadings, too, I insisted that the three of us sleep alone and that Little Joe’s cot was not to be brought into the main palace. Joe then wanted a “baby alarm” thing, but after one night of having Joe lying there, straining his ears for the tiniest sound from the nursery, I forbade that, too, reminding Joe that there was a full staff of nannies right next door. When he was in my bed, Joe needed to be alert to my needs, not to those of his son.

Five months passed, and one morning, as I was working, my phone rang - my private phone, the one which only a very few on the planet have the number of. It was Rose.

“Mo, darling.”

“Rose... There’s not a problem, is there?”

“Mo, you’ve got to stop this! I’m a film director. There are always problems. I solve them. That’s what I do. You’re almost as bad as Bill, scared that the little woman can’t cope...” Her laughter tinkled down the line, but did I detect an edge of truth there?

“Anyway”, she continued, “The film is going fantastically. But there’s a natural break whilst I wait for the weather to clear for some special outdoor shots in the Andes, and, well, you know, it happens to be a good time in the month for fertilisation. But I’m not sure I could get to Switzerland...”

“You want to continue?”

“Of course, yes. I don’t want Little Joe to grow up and only child, with only you three men as companions. It’s Bill’s turn next, isn’t it? If I can’t make it this month, can we make a diary date for a couple of months time, as I’ll be frantically busy...”

“Where are you now?”

“Quito.”

“When we finish, stay on the line and give my secretary your exact address. You will be with us tomorrow.”

Even though I am absurdly rich, even I was astonished at the price of chartering a transcontinental jet at such short notice to fly from Quito to Geneva, and back. I only became aware of it as my secretary, who usually executes my orders without question, thought that on this occasion she really ought to check that I knew what was involved. But that’s the privilege of wealth, and what’s the point of having it if you don’t use it for some good purpose? Better that my plans should proceed months earlier than I had hoped, than some ungrateful government somewhere should reap a bigger tax take from one of my companies.

I decided not to tell Bill that I was about to put him to stud - he’d been touchy about it when I used Joe, and I didn’t want him to brood. It would be a nice surprise for him tomorrow.

BILL AND JOE, Part 23

BILL

I remember thinking it was funny when the helicopter was brought out to take us to Geneva that morning - Mo didn't have a trip planned. He sat silently as we flew across the country, and we sat in the VIP lounge at the airport apparently awaiting an incoming flight - but none was scheduled.

The plane spotters at the airport - those sad men in anoraks whose whole life revolves round writing down the registration marks of airliners - must have had an orgasm that day! Avianca does not fly into Geneva, and when one of their liveried 747s touched down, they must have creamed themselves. Joe and me were even more amazed when only one passenger got out - Rose, looking as stunning as ever.

She came up and kissed Mo lightly on the lips, as she always did, then hugged and kissed Joe deeply, and then it was my turn. As usual, her subtly intoxicating perfume and the lightness of her body against mine almost blew me away, and I was, as I often was in her presence, instantly erect.

In the helicopter both Joe and I were able to speak to her as Mo had to take a phone call about some deal or other, and we told her about how we had both been moved to tears when we saw her last picture. Well, Joe said that. A bloke doesn't cry at the movies, does he, and even though it had really got to me, I couldn't say something like that, could I? She rested a hand on each of our arms, and lowered her voice and almost whispered "If you men feel that way, I must be doing something right. You are so brave to admit it..." It was like electricity running through me when she touched me - her performances on the screen, magic though they are, just don't bring home how there is that "something" in her personality.

When we landed she almost ran to see Little Joe as she was so eager, and my Joe was standing there like a big dumb fuck, so proud of his kid. I think he was lusting after Rose, too, and wondering if Mo would let him breed again to give Little Joe a brother. But after that she spent the rest of the day with Mo - I suppose they must have had a lot of business to discuss.

We had dinner all together that night - Mo let Joe and me sit at the table - and there was a sort of charge in the air. Something exciting was going to happen, and I kept wondering what it was. After dinner, when Mo had dismissed the servants for the night, we were all in the big room with the log fire blazing, and I felt so happy and relaxed - Joe, Mo and Rose, the people I liked most in the world, were all around me. Or perhaps it was the couple of glasses of fine Burgundy that I'd managed to snaffle as the servants cleared the table - neither Mo nor Rose had really drunk theirs, and I drained their glasses as I helped the servants clear the table.

Suddenly, Mo looks at me, and says "Now, Bill, it's your turn."

For a minute, I wonder what he's going on about. Then it strikes me - Rose is here again, suddenly... But Mo's still speaking. "Get undressed, Bill. Let me look at you properly once more."

Well, what can I do? I want to tell him to fuck off. I hate taking my kit off in front of Rose, even though I've got nothing to be ashamed of - a bloke doesn't do that in front of women, does he, unless he's about to shag them? Then of course it struck me - I was about to shag her. I got to my feet, and my head was spinning (and, no, it wasn't the wine. But there was a buzz of stuff going on - I wasn't an animal. I didn't breed to order. But I liked Joe's kid. And if Joe had a kid, I wanted one, too.)

I stood there, like an idiot, frozen to the spot. Mo was watching me, and he said, gently, "Come on, Bill. Take them off. Let go of your stupid prejudices. You're with friends here - we all admire you, and there's nothing to be afraid of. Reveal your body, and then, naked, move on to the next step in your life, becoming a father. Don't be afraid..."

Well, I couldn't let them think I was afraid, could I? So I slipped off my shoes, unbuttoned my shirt and tossed it to one side, then dropped my trousers. I remember hopping about a bit as I took my socks off - funny that, as I'm usually in perfect control of my body - and then stood in front of them in my white cotton briefs.

I could feel my erection already straining the fabric and my cock longed to be free, but somehow the rest of my body froze. This was some real test for me, some defining moment, and something was stopping me from moving at all. If I dropped my underpants I'd have to go ahead and "breed" as Mo called it, and then I knew I'd really accepted that I was a slave. Up until then it had been, well, sort of "pretend" since we came to Switzerland - I could have walked out, with lots of money to my name, at any time. Well, except for bloody Joe, that is! But fucking a woman, on command, in order to produce another slave, well, that's like.... Like I don't know what. It's like surrendering your whole being to another man.

They all sat there watching me. I heard a log fall in the grate and the hiss of sparks flying up the chimney. Sweat broke out all over me. I could see Mo staring at me, his eyes boring deeply into me, almost daring me to disobey him. But I couldn't move. They say the body's conditioned to "fight or flee" in times of crisis, but I couldn't fight these people, as they were my friends. And I couldn't flee, as they'd think I was a coward. I was rooted to the spot.

Joe came to my rescue, as usual. Well, not as usual - I usually keep him out of trouble. But sometimes, when the going's really rough, he knows just what to do. As if it was in the frames of film in a camera, I saw a number of "snapshots" as he first glided up from where he was sitting, then came to stand right next to me. Then, flash, flash, flash, he's taken off his shoes and socks, thrown his shirt to one side, dropped his trousers, and is like me, standing there in just his underpants. But unlike me, he doesn't stop - he pushes them down and steps out of them, and I can see his cock is as hard as mine, sticking straight out in front of him.

He comes and stands in front of me and, before I can stop him, he puts his arms around my neck and kisses me, just as Rose did earlier. Only this time I can feel his tongue forcing its way

into my mouth. We usually only do that in bed, and then only when Mo's not watching. He kisses me for ages, and then he pulls back, looks deep into my eyes, and whispers "Come on, mate! You can do this. There's nothing to be afraid of. Come on, let's do this together."

He takes a step back, kneels down, then pulls my underpants down and I can feel them land on top of my feet. He gets up again, kisses me once more, whispers "That wasn't so bad, was it? Come on, mate - let's show them what real men can do..." Then stands by the side of me and takes my hand in his. We must have looked like a couple of real queers, standing there holding hands, stark naked.

MOHAMMED

It was the most wonderful example of comradeship I've ever seen. I knew I might have problems with Bill, and, to tell you the truth, when I commanded him to strip, I thought he might walk out there and then. He is, after all, a wealthy man, and the laws of Switzerland would hardly allow me to send troops after him, have him hauled back, flogged, and locked in a restraint cage! So when he did start to remove his clothes I exalted that I had at last completely tamed him: I knew that he had, for some reason, this irrational prejudice against breeding with the partner I had arranged for him, and I thought I had overcome it.

But when he froze, standing there in those silly tiny underpants, just like some naughty schoolboy, I began to worry. I needed to do something, but what? I ran through all the options I could think of, but all of them seemed to have dire consequences. I started to curse myself - I had been a fool not to approach this more gently. I stood in danger of losing my slave, and all because of my desire to control him too tightly. What a fool I had been not to breed Joe again - he would willingly have played the part of the stud for Rose for a second time.

And then it happened. One of those defining moments in the relationships between men. Without being commanded to, Joe stood up and slowly removed all his clothing. Then he went to his friend, naked, and kissed him, deeply. Rose and I sat together, absolutely frozen, scared that even the slightest movement would break the magic spell that seemed to surround us. He whispered something to Bill that only the two men could hear, and then fell to his knees and, with that effortless grace that only practice can bring, removed Bill's underpants. He kissed his friend again, this time pressing his body close, and my own cock almost exploded in a spontaneous orgasm as I imagined the sensations that must be running through the men as their cocks rubbed together. And then he was standing next to Bill, reaching out with his hand to take Bill's, so that the two men stood there, proudly, side by side, drawing comfort and support from each other.

Rose knew that this was a special moment, too, and as I turned to look at her, I saw tears glistening in her eyes. She, too, now got to her feet, then, to my astonishment, put out her hand and motioned for me to stand. She glided towards Bill, almost towing me, stopped before him, let go of me, put her arms around his neck to pull his head down, and kissed him deeply, just as Joe had done a few moments before.

As Joe and I stood there watching, she stroked Bill's cock, then whispered something in his ear. His face, up until then so strained, broke into a smile, and she took him by the hand and led him off towards the bedroom. I was astonished when Joe took my hand and led me after them.

Bill had always had a more vigorous approach to sex than Joe, and when we were in the bedroom I was expecting to see Rose utterly crushed by the power of Bill's fucking. Indeed, as he first entered her he started to power in and out in the way that I had so often seen him do when he was not particularly thinking about Joe's pleasure as well as his own. But Rose pulled his body down towards hers and again whispered something in his ear, and everything changed.

It took them ages - Joe was grinning, no, almost laughing, as for the next forty minutes or so Bill performed the most amazing contortions as his cock continued to explore Rose. With her uncanny way with men she had managed to turn something that was a huge problem for Bill in to a game, a game they both played with excitement and vigour, completely oblivious to his audience of Joe and me. And when, finally, he did cum, I felt certain that after such stimulation he must have swamped her with the volume of his seed.

Just as with Joe, Rose would not sleep with Bill that night, so he lay there with Joe and me.

"So, stud, enjoy that?" I heard Joe ask him.

"Oh, pretty average. You never saw me with a bird before, did you? But that's the way I usually do it", Bill replied. Even I could tell he was lying through his teeth!

Unusually, Joe took the initiative - he slapped Bill a couple of times, playfully, said "Well, you're pretty much spunked out I would think, so if there's going to be any more fun tonight, I'd better do it..." And proceeded to fuck Bill. Even more amazingly, Bill just lay there and took it, and never complained - he was face down, and his head was turned towards me on the pillow: as Joe thrust in and out of his arse, there was just a happy glow of pure contentment all over Bill's face.

Well, Rose had to return to Los Angeles the next day (Oh no - I've spent too much time with Bill! I've even picked up his habit of starting sentences with "well"!). She gave me one of those enigmatic smiles, and murmured "You pick them well, Mo. I'm sure that's done the trick, first time."

"You can't possibly know that, Rose."

"Oh yes I can! A woman knows!"

"You are making me another fortune with the picture, Rose. Perhaps you could bottle this secret pregnancy test and make me another one?" We both laughed.

BILL

It's the best fuck I've ever had. I used to screw anything I could find on the base, so I speak from experience - not like Joe, he was always a one-woman bloke.

Once Joe had pulled my underpants off there didn't seem much point in holding back. Well, I've got nothing to be ashamed of in the cock department, as anyone who's seen me in the showers will tell you. So I took her off to the bedroom, and gave her the fucking of her life.

Once I'd started she pulled me down on to her and whispered "Slow down, big boy - you'll cum much too soon. Oh, Bill... I've never felt anything like you in me... I want it to go on for ever. Oh, Bill... You're the best man I've ever had - you could teach those professional porn stars a thing or two. Show me how you can take me long, and slow..." Well, I'm not one to give up on a challenge, am I? And so I kept asking her if I was doing as good as the other blokes she'd been with, in her DVDs, and she kept betting me I couldn't do more and more outrageous things. It must have been a real treat to watch for Joe and Mo - and a lesson for them in how it's done (well, at least for Joe - when he had Rose he hardly took any time at all. And Mo won't ever fuck a woman). I'd have gone on for hours, but my balls gave me away - they were so full of spunk they just had to let go.

Afterwards I was completely shagged out - I always wondered before why they use that term. I just lay there in bed, and I even let Joe fuck me: the poor bastard was so horny after he'd watched me that his cock was like a ramrod. Still, we're mates.

The next few weeks seemed to race by - it was good weather, and Joe and I went skiing a lot. I'd almost forgotten all about that night until after breakfast one day Mo suddenly says "Another mouth to feed, I see... Well done! I suppose Bill, that epic performance you did with Rose seems to have paid off..."

Joe almost leaps on me, slapping my back and hugging me and whooping with joy. And I find myself laughing, too, and joining in. And then a big wave of happiness sweeps over me - I'm going to have a little Bill, just like Joe's got Little Joe. I bet he'll be bigger and stronger and more of a man than Little Joe, too. All day I can't stop laughing and grinning and smiling - I don't know what's got into me, and that night when we're all in bed, I'm still at it. I don't even mind when Mo decides to fuck me, and then says he'd like to see Joe go up me - I don't really care any more about taking their cock: I've shown them that mine's the best. Well, that's not quite right, but that night it felt fine.

Rose comes back to the palace for her last three months, and she had the "first cut" of her new film on a DVD. All of us watch it, and it's fucking marvellous - she can really act, and it all seems so realistic. Mo says that's the art of the director, and that Rose is absolutely the best there has ever been, and I suppose he's right - he usually is, about things like that.

I try to be nice to Rose, as somehow I feel so protective towards her. I want to keep sitting by her, guarding her, keeping her safe. Well, she has got my sprog in her, hasn't she? But after a couple of days she sits me down and says "Bill, thank you."

"For what?"

“For being so protective, so kind, so sweet. But you don’t need to. I can look after myself, you know. And I’ve got all the servants..”

“Yes, but we’re having a kid...”

“No, Bill. I am having a child. And he shares your genes. But we’re not ‘having a kid’ - that’s what conventional people do, and we’re special, aren’t we, Bill? Special people? The best in the world at what we do? And special people don’t act like the boring mass of ordinary people, do they, Bill? So you fucked me, and it was good - very good - no, the best. And when the child is born you’ll be proud of it, very proud, I know, as he will be very special: yes, Bill, the child will be a ‘Little Bill’. But I don’t need your protection, Bill. And there is someone who does need it, someone who you are ignoring.”

“Who?”

“Joe, Bill. He needs you, needs you more than I do. Please, Bill, for me, for all the special people in the world, show me how special you are and go back to being with Joe, and serving Mo.”

I’m not sure that’s exactly what she said, but that’s the gist of it. I don’t know - I was so confused. A bloke is supposed to look after his kid, isn’t he? But the way she put it, so gentle, so firm... There was just no arguing. And she’s right - I am special, she’s special, and Little Bill will be special: my son is going to be the best in the world. And Joe has been looking a bit glum since I started spending so much time with Rose.

I’m smiling again for some reason, so happy inside about having a son, so I go off to find Joe to tell him the good news, then take him out skiing.

When Little Bill is born I’m not as soppy as Joe was, but I do all the conventional stuff like laughing, and crying, and holding the little bugger in my arms, still wet from his mom’s womb. Mo even gives us a glass of champagne to celebrate. I don’t go overboard about all that baby alarm stuff, like Joe did, as I trust the nurses - well, I went to visit them and suggested what might happen to them if ever anything happened to Little Bill, or Little Joe, so I know they’ll be extra careful.

Life went on much as usual - I dragged Joe off to Australia for a couple of weeks when Mo went to the USA again (well, I wanted to go for a month, but Joe wouldn’t leave the kids. And he was right - I really missed them after only a day away!). That Todd really does have some interesting buddies, and they seemed to like what they called “old dudes” - I ask you, Joe and me are only about eight years older than most of them. I’ve never really been to an orgy before... But I’ll describe that another time.... I don’t want to make anyone jealous.

Rose comes and visits a couple of times, taking a quick break from her current picture, and she’s really proud of the kids, too. And then one day we go off to Geneva again, sort of

unexpectedly, and there's this big Qantas jet - again, they don't regularly fly in there - with a single passenger, Rose.

We're all sitting around after dinner that night, just as we've done before, and Mo's looking really uneasy. I bet he's going to tell Joe he's going to breed from him again, or perhaps from me. I wouldn't mind - once you've got one kid, another one would be no problem. But he doesn't say anything, and as the evening goes on, it's Rose who suddenly says "Come on, Mo, 'cut to the chase' as we say in the film industry. You flew me half way around the world for this, and time's getting on.... Which stud is it going to be?"

"Rose, my dear. You really want to continue?"

"Of course."

"Well, I wanted to breed from Joe, and Bill. And I've done that. So why don't you choose?"

"Really?"

"Yes. You can select, and I'll honour your choice."

I prick up my ears at this, as now I'm really wondering whether she'll remember that fantastic fuck, and pick me! I know Joe would like another sprog, but I'd hate him to think he was a better stud than me.

But I hear Mo say "Slaves, undress.", so I leap to my feet, and almost tear my clothes off in haste, and stand there, smiling at Rose. And so is Joe.

Rose gets to her feet and comes over to us and kisses us - on the mouth, tongue and everything, and kind of wraps herself around me, and fondles my cock, and I feel certain she's going to choose me, except that she does the same to Joe, too.

Calm as ever, she looks down at Mo and says "It's you, Mo. I choose you."

"No", he says

"Yes. You said you'd honour my selection, and I select you."

"Rose, it's impossible. I do not go with women, as you know."

And then we see what makes Rose such a fantastic director, as she really cuts through the crap. She faces Mo, puts her hands on her hips, and says "Nothing is impossible, we both know that. Now let's just look at this... Firstly, you agreed to abide by my choice, and now you are renegeing on our agreement: that is not the way I understand you do business, and I am sure you do not want to dishonour yourself in front of the slaves. Secondly, you say you do not go with women - well, neither Bill nor Joe went with men before they became your slaves: if they can change, so can you. And thirdly, you are neglecting your duties as a master- yes, Mo, duties.

What's going to happen to Bill and Joe if you die? Who will own them? Their sons, to whom you have left your estate? Impossible! They will be left alone, with no master to protect them. You must leave a son of your own, to take over."

It was magnificent. Joe and I almost burst into applause. Mo looked utterly defeated.

He sat there, silently, and after a moment Rose says "Any counter arguments?"

Mo just shakes his head, so she takes him by the hand, and leads him off to the bedroom.

Joe looks at me, and I look at him, and I say "This will be worth seeing...", so we follow them. They haven't shut the bedroom door or anything, and Rose is lying there, starkers, and Mo is standing at the end of the bed, also naked.

He hasn't got a clue, poor bloke! Like a lot of the new lads we used to get into the regiment - eighteen, but had never been with a woman until we insisted on it with one of the local slags at their initiation ceremony. I've seen that look on a bloke's face before - like a rabbit caught in a headlight, not knowing what to do.

But Joe and I know - we've helped a lot of lads through it. And in worse conditions than this, with a gang of drunk squaddies all around, laughing and cheering. Here it's only the four of us, and we're all used to each other. So Joe and me go up to Mo, put our arms around his shoulders, play with his cock, and, well, you know, just "help" him to do the business with Rose.

The next day Mo's back to normal. He just treats us as he always does, as if nothing out of the ordinary has happened, and we get the idea that he doesn't want to even think about it, let alone talk about it.

A few weeks later he even tries to play down the news that Rose is in the club with his sprog, except that there's this big smirk on his face when he tells us, and he says something like "it's not just slaves who can breed, you know - it's a perfectly normal human activity."

But when they come and tell him he's got a healthy son, and Rose is fine, He joins in as we all slap each other on the back, and shout with laughter. And I didn't just get one glass of champagne that night - we all sat on Rose's bed, with all three kids in there, and I got through the best part of half a bottle without Mo complaining. That shows you - a kid mellows a man!

MOHAMMED

I will pass over my amazement when Rose announced that I was selected to be the father of her next child. I was proud, and thrilled, and willingly led her away to perform the necessary function, and I did not mind that Bill and Joe watched - it does a slave good to see that he is not really necessary, and that his master can function without him.

Little Mo changed me, though. And now I had Bill and Joe, and Rose paying almost constant visits, and the three children, I thought that there was nothing more I could want in life. I threw myself once more into my work, and found true fulfilment in continuing to build a strong commercial empire to protect us all.

Of course I noticed that Bill seemed constantly to be flying off the handle, and was unnecessarily aggressive with some of the servants. And Joe looked more and more sad, and sometimes very worried. On those nights when I did not take them into my bed, I could hear them having sex as usual but it was always preceded by long, whispered arguments, which seemed to be really passionate.

Finally, I could stand it no more. I called Joe into my workroom - I knew I could get honest answers from him, whereas Bill would tell me there was no problem, or that it was trivial, or something. He stood in front of me, shifting from foot to foot in that way that he always does when his is about to say something that causes him pain. I needed to make it easy for him, so I simply said "Joe, tell me what is wrong."

He looked down, and mumbled "Nothing, really, master."

"Slave, don't lie to me!" That shook him. "A slave does not dissemble before his master. Now, tell me."

It took a long time to start, but once started, it all came out in a flood.

"Master, it's Bill. He's so unhappy. He loves the children. He wants to stay with them. But he's a fighter, master, and it's been a long time since you truly needed fighters to protect you. So Bill feels worthless. He needs to fight, master, it's his nature, I know that, and I understand, because there's something of that in me, too. But for Bill being a tough fighter, a leader of men, is what makes him, what defines him. Living here, in safety and security, is killing him. Not physically, master, but destroying his spirit, slowly and surely. And his spirit is what makes Bill. And I love Bill, master, and I can't bear to see him hurt, to see him tearing himself apart. He needs to fight, master, to leave here and join one of those bands of mercenaries, and fight, and..."

"Stop, Joe. Good Joe, who tells it like it is, even when it is unpalatable. But Bill can leave, can leave at any time. You know that. You are both only slaves in name only, You are both wealthy, Bill can buy a ticket to anywhere in the world, and join mercenaries..."

"Yes, master. But I will not let him. I will not leave you, master, or the children. And I cannot let Bill go alone - he is so headstrong, so tempestuous, so brave: he would be dead within seconds if I'm not there to watch his back. It's always been like that - we're both fighters, and fucking good ones, but Bill charges in, and I look out for him. I'm being torn apart, master - I won't let Bill go, and it's destroying him. But if I do let him go, he will get killed..."

"Oh, Joe, whoever said owning slaves was easy. Whoever said life was easy? Look, Rose is coming next week, let's all four talk of this with her. There must be a solution."

There was no easy solution, of course. All four of us sat in the huge room once more, the logs crackling, and first Joe, then Bill, then Rose spoke. Joe was passionate, Bill at first denied that there was anything wrong. Then Joe argues with Bill - something I had never really seen them do before in public, and I knew that this must be striking at the heart of their relationship. Then Bill swears, and shouts. And in all of this Rose remains Rose, cool, calm, reasonable, rational, Rose. I can hardly say anything: these are my slaves, and I admire them, respect them - yes, respect them, for the men they are; there, I've said it: a master admiring and respecting his slaves.

Only in cheap novels is there a perfect solution to human problems. We talked for hours, looking at all aspects of the problem. Then Rose suggested we slept on it, and we went to bed - Rose to her own suite in the East Wing, and Bill and Joe to my bed. We lay there, all wide awake, too emotionally exhausted even to toy with each other's cocks.

I woke at dawn, and saw that Bill and Joe had at last fallen asleep. The sight of them, twined together in their normal companionship, made up my mind. I stood there, looking down at them, and could have wept at what I knew I must give up.

Rose was up, too, standing staring out of the windows at the snow. She looked at me, and with that uncanny perception she has, said "You know, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You have to let them go."

"Yes. I have decided."

"Oh, Mo. I always considered you to know nothing about human relationships. You never cease to amaze me. But, my friend, my lover....." She touched my arm, in that particular gesture that first endeared me to her...

"...you are doing the right thing. If Bill stays, he will tear himself apart and that will be no good for either Bill or Joe, or for you, or for the children. And if Bill goes, Joe must go with him - forget all that rationalisation about 'watching his back': Joe loves Bill, deeply and fiercely. If Bill goes without him - and I say 'if', as it's possible that Bill would not leave without Joe - Joe will tear himself apart."

"Yes, I know. But you express it better."

"But Joe is staying because of loyalty - and love - for you."

"No, for the children..."

“Yes, for the children as well, Mo. But you and I know that they will lack for nothing, physically or emotionally. They will still have you and me. Joe is masking his real reason for wanting to stay under the smokescreen of this secondary, but still important, one.”

“As ever, you are right. So what the fuck do I do?”

I rarely swear, and Rose at once knew that I was in huge difficulties internally.

“Come, Mo. You know. I want you to say it. You must, for all time, recognise that it is your decision, that you made it. If I speak it, you might in future allow yourself the luxury of believing it was not you who decided. Come, Mo, tell me. Whisper it first, if it will be easier than speaking it aloud...”

She put her arms around my shoulders and pulled me down towards her. I put my lips to her ear, and whispered “I have to order Joe to leave.”

There. I’d said it. I’m not sure it was right ethically - a master is not supposed to consider the needs of his slaves, after all. But I do not let ethics stand in the way of my decision making.

And after that initial whisper, Rose was her incredible self in helping me make the truth more palatable - they should go for only three months. They must agree to take the finest armour, the finest weapons, a GPS tracker. They were not leaving permanently - only taking an extended break, and they would come back.

But did we really both understand the terrible danger they were going into? I think we believe war is some incredible game, and when it is waged between civilised countries, it is. But Bill and Joe were to be mercenaries, fighting barbaric civil wars with men who had reduced themselves to little more than wild beasts.

Rose and I now stood hand in hand - without her by my side I do not think I would have had the courage to continue - and I called Bill and Joe into the room.

“You are both getting slack and stale”, I told them. “I am not convinced that your fighting skills remain sufficient to protect me. Rose has asked me to go to Los Angeles for three months to guide her on her next venture, and whilst I am away, I have no need of you. So I wish you to undertake an extensive programme of re-training, with real fighters. Please arrange to sign up with some suitable organisation, and be back here in three months. If it is a success, I will consider further such training periods every year.”

Bill gave Joe a great slap on the back, and shouted with glee. Joe looked at first shocked, then sad, and then, as he thought through the subtlety of my approach, he too joined in.

BILL AND JOE, Part 24

MOHAMMED

Giving my permission to Bill to leave and for Joe to accompany him, that enabled the secret arguments between them to stop, was the hardest thing I have ever done. I realised that these slaves had become much more to me - they were now my friends. No, that's not the word. They were my companions, my comrades, my 'mates', as Bill would say. No, that's not right, either - they were the men I loved more than anything else on this earth, except for our sons.

As I sat in my work room remembering our conversation, my mind came up with something I'd once read on one of those awful sentimental greetings cards you see - I must have been at an airport passing time waiting for a flight, as I never routinely look at anything like that. It said something like "Children are like young birds. You must give them a secure nest, and then you must teach them to fly. And then you must have the courage to let them fly." Well, Bill and Joe were not children, but when they came to me they were naive and unsophisticated, just rough soldiers. I'd given them a secure nest, I'd taught them to "fly", to experience all the delights that only another man can bring. And now I had to find the courage within myself to let them fly.

Bill was seized with excitement, and made several "secret" trips to make contacts with assorted bands of mercenaries. Mysterious cases of equipment arrived at the palace.

I had my lawyers flown in, and we all jointly made each other guardians of all the children in the event of untimely death, and joint executors and beneficiaries of each other's wills.

It was supposed to be a happy time - Rose flew in again, and all four of us, and the children, had a "going away party" with cake and paper hats. Bill was in his element, crawling around the floor with the kids riding on his back, but Joe just looked sad as he watched. And I thought my heart was going to break.

Rose discreetly retired after dinner, pleading tiredness after her journey, but with her usual tact I knew she wanted to leave us alone. As we sat by the roaring fire as we had so often done, with the snow swirling outside, I held my hands out once more in the "display" gesture. Both men at once undressed, and stood with their sacs in my hands, arms clasped behind their necks, and their bodies proudly displayed before me.

"I release you, I release you, I release you", I intoned. And then to try to cheer Joe up, said "This is getting to be a habit. I hope I don't have to do this every time you take a vacation without me!"

I didn't let go of their balls, but instead said "Now, to please me - release your hands, as you are free men, and kiss."

Tears flowed down my cheeks as my two lovely, strong, virile slaves kissed passionately as I held their most vital parts and watched. And then, as I let them go, they simultaneously fell to their knees and threw their arms around me in a spontaneous display of affection and... and love.

At Geneva airport, scene of so many events in my life, all seven of us stood for one last time in the VIP suite. Rose took the children away to a corner as their flight was called, leaving me alone with Joe and Bill.

“Master...”, Joe said, his voice shaking. “We have born your ownership marks for all these years. Please wear this until we return, as a symbol that we are all now bonded together in something that is greater than that.”

He opened a Cartier box, and drew out a simple, but exquisite, platinum pendant, engraved with my ownership mark. I knelt - it felt the right thing to do, even there in that semi-public place - as they fastened its chain around my neck. They had enslaved me long ago with their love and devotion, and this physical manifestation was but a tawdry symbol of what we all knew and felt.

We'd always known they were going into danger, of course - nothing less would have satisfied Bill. But the sheer savagery of the guerilla war into which they willingly joined amazed even a cynical, war weary world. It was two years before I finally admitted to my self they were never coming back, and that they had been brutally butchered.

On the anniversary of that day they left I was again at the airport, to meet Rose, and I could barely walk to the helicopter, so great was my grief once I had finally let myself accept that they were dead. My mind ran through all the tortures the savages might have put them to before they died, and it was only Rose who saved me from complete madness. “Yes, Mo”, she told me. “But, equally, they might have gone charging into battle, Bill bravely leading, and Joe loyally following. That's the only way that men like that can be truly happy, and the way they would want to die. It would have been no fun for them to grow old, even here, with you and the children: to feel their bodies losing power, their hair going grey, losing their ability to fuck every few hours. Some men are just not destined to be pensioners. It's hard, very hard, for you and me to accept their loss, but this is what they wanted to do - they remained your slaves, and will hold that place in your mind for ever. And you, as a wise and loving master, knew what was best for them and did the right thing.”

She was right, of course. But that does not lessen my grief. Never a day goes by without some thought of them going through my head, and sometimes, in the still of the night, I cruelly awake from a dream where I have just experienced once more the touch of their bodies against mine, and have once again felt their passion, and their love. It's at times like this that I sincerely wish I could subscribe to one of the Ju-Ju worshipping cults like Christianity - to be able to believe that I would, one day, meet them again in some mythical Valhalla and we could once more share the passions that joined us. But I am grown up, and have put these childhood myths that they teach you at school behind me, and I have to rely on my memories. You only have one shot at life, and you need to make the most of it: that's what I do, that's what Rose does, and

that's what Bill and Joe did when they made their decision to strike out, once more, as brave men facing danger together.

I believe Joe knew they would never come back, and, loyal as ever to me, he wanted to lessen my pain. The lawyers we used when we made our wills subsequently handed me a plain white envelope, addressed simply to "Master". Inside, in Joe's rough handwriting, he had copied out a poem that was voted the most popular one in the English language by listeners to the BBC. I cannot read it, even now, without tears forming in my eyes, in spite of its admonition. I believe it captures exactly the spirit of Joe, and Bill :

Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glint on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you wake in the morning hush,
I am the swift, uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circling flight.
I am the soft starlight at night.

Do not stand at my grave and weep.
I am not there, I do not sleep.
Do not stand at my grave and cry.
I am not there, I did not die!

Joe had underlined the "I am the diamond glint on snow", and sometimes, still, as I stand at the windows of the palace, alone, in the still of the night, I watch the moon playing over the shiny white scene, and weep for my loss. As long as their memory lives within me, and with you, they did not die.

So, my sons, that is the story of your fathers, or, at least, of our lives together. I must have had a premonition that they would not return from their mercenary expedition, as I asked Bill and Joe to write accounts of their lives for you: a man should not go to his grave without passing on his experiences to his sons. I was surprised when only Bill did it, as I would have expected Joe to write a more thoughtful, more "feeling" account. But Joe told me "No, I've let Bill do this one. It will do him good to think for a change, to contemplate what's gone on, rather than just to rush around doing things. I've read it, and it's pretty accurate, and he even made a few changes I suggested."

I wrote my account at the same time, without seeing Bill's, and he never saw mine, of course. It is astonishing how our recollections of these far-off events are sometimes so close, and sometimes so divergent. I cannot tell you, at this distance in time, and with my prejudiced mind, which of us is "right". There is no absolute truth, after all, only our perception of it.

Bill and Joe loved you. You may feel they abandoned you, but they were obeying a higher calling: Bill needed to fulfil his destiny, and Joe would not leave Bill. I deliberately withheld this text from you all until Little Mo was eighteen, as I want you to read it with the maturity that only age can bring.

You are of course all wealthy. I invested all Bill and Joe's money for you, and, one day, you will be rich beyond most men's dreams when you inherit my fortune also. But you have a legacy better than money - you have had the love of your mother and me as you grew up. And she and your fathers have given you a priceless genetic inheritance: your mother's empathy, grace, and blinding artistic talent, and your fathers' courage. I see it in you all the time, as you stride now into the world - there is so much of your fathers in each of you. Do not be afraid to use these gifts. Do not be afraid to love, as you have been loved.

If you ever are in any doubt about the love of Bill and Joe for each other, and for you, go and see your mother's most famous film, "Comrades", again. She won the Nobel Peace Prize, as you know, for the way in which this made a substantial contribution to bringing about a world where men are less inclined to go to war and fight each other. It runs today, as it has done ever since she made it in the year of Bill and Joe's disappearance so long ago, in all the major capitals of the world. New generations of men and women still stream out at the end, in floods of tears, as it has such a power to move.

Her direction is of course perfect, and although she has made many other films since, she has never appeared in another one as an actress - as she said to me after the film was complete "No, Mo, that's it. You told me that first time we met that I shone out from the screen. I want to shine this one last time, as the only memorial I can give them that will live on long after we are both gone." Now, you, my sons, join your mother and me in being the only people in the world who truly comprehend the ending. As it finishes, so abruptly, and those enigmatic words appear, you now understand why. Your mother has never explained to her adoring public, and never will, why her greatest masterpiece finishes so starkly with those simple words "Bill and Joe. Together. Always."

Other than this document, and my memories, all that I now have left is my pendant. I wear it always, and will take it to my grave with me. In a way, I am a slave to Bill and Joe, and always will be.

THE END.

"That poem" : here now is the "afterword" I published in the group shortly after then end of "Bill and Joe:

So many readers have asked me about the origins of the poem in part 24 of Bill and Joe that I am posting this single explanation.

I first saw it in a book published by the BBC (our public service broadcaster). One of their regular weekly programmes is called "Poetry Please", where, for half an hour most Sunday evenings, they have really good actors read out listeners' favourite poems. Now I find it almost impossible to read poetry (as I am a speed reader who "scans" text), but hearing it read out - well, that's something else.

Some years ago this programme decided to search out "Britain's favourite poem" and for many weeks read out poems that figure in anthologies of British verse. There then followed a poll, of listeners to the programme, to rank them in order.

Whilst all this was going on there was a newspaper story about a young British soldier, Steven Cummins, who was murdered by the IRA terrorists whilst protecting the peace in Northern Ireland. He left the poem "Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep" in a sealed envelope for his parents, to be opened only in case of his death on service. There was much speculation on who actually was the author, with various claims for nineteenth-century obscure poets, and even Navajo Indians! Nowadays it is generally accepted it was written by Mary Elizabeth Frye (1904-) in 1932, and it exists in more than one version - the one I used is her edited version of a longer original.

Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glint on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you wake in the morning hush,
I am the swift, uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circling flight.
I am the soft starlight at night.

Do not stand at my grave and weep.
I am not there, I do not sleep.
Do not stand at my grave and cry.
I am not there, I did not die!

The poetry programme had finished reading out all its "competition entries", but there was "write in" activity amongst the audience. The poem was therefore awarded a special "out of the contest but clearly the winner" prize!

Number 11 in the contest was another poem I considered using in "Bill and Joe":

REMEMBER by Christina Rossetti (1830 - 94)

Remember me when I am gone away;
 Gone far away into the silent land;
 Where you can no more hold me by the hand,
 Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
 Remember me when no more day by day
 You tell me of our future that you planned:
 Only remember me; you understand
 It will be late to counsel or pray.
 Yet if you should forget me for a while
 And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
 For if the darkness and corruption leave
 A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
 Better by far you should forget and smile
 Than that you should remember and be sad

But in the end I favoured the directness of "Do Not Stand By My Grave And Weep".

Given that the listeners to "Poetry Please" are overwhelmingly middle class and "gentile" (i.e. "refined", not the opposite of Jewish!) it is perhaps amusing to note that the BBC read out, and the voters voted for, another favourite of mine (it came in at number 56)

THIS BE THE VERSE by Philip Larkin (1922-1980)

They fuck you up, your mom and dad.
 They don't mean to, but they do.
 They fill you with the faults they had
 And add some extra, just for you.

But they were fucked up in their turn
 By fools in old-style hats and coats,
 Who half the time were sappy-stern
 And half at one another's throats.

Man hands on misery to man.
 It deepens like a coastal shelf.
 Get out as early as you can,
 And don't have any kids yourself.

If I ever do a "sequel", detailing the adventures of Little Mo, Little Bill and Little Joe, as many readers are urging me to, I must remember this one!

Pete