

JOCKS FOR SALE

PART I: THE TRAP!



By
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I woke up with a hangover in a cheap Mexican motel room. Sunlight was shining in through a crack in the blinds, hitting me in the face. I groaned and felt around on the floor for my jeans. I managed to dig my phone out of the pocket and check the time. 11:42 am.

Spring break in Cancun is a twenty-four-hour party. My frat brothers and I had stumbled back to the room around dawn. Well, most of us. Kurt had hooked up with this girl from Seattle. He was probably still fucking her brains out.

Across the room, Gabriel had the other bed all to himself. He was tangled up in the sheets and had only gotten his jeans halfway off before he passed out. Gabe's a great guy, always good for a laugh, but he's a total mess when he's drunk. He's a little on the pudgy side, which gives him this baby-faced look.

I was sharing my bed with Jake, my "little brother". — That's fraternity lingo for the pledge that I get to boss around.— Jake was lying there in his boxers, out cold. Hugging a pillow like it was a teddy bear. Jake's just a freshman, but I'd worked it out so that he'd be in this room with me and some of the seniors. The other brothers think that it's because Jake and I both play varsity lacrosse, and I'm just looking out for one of my teammates. But really, I've got my own reasons for wanting to keep Jake close.

He rolled over and mumbled something in his sleep. Jake is blond and shorter than me. But he's got this tight little body that's really fast on the field. He'll probably make first string next year —*if* nobody kills him first. 'Cause, that's the other thing about Jake. He's kind of a jerk.

I moved closer and "accidentally" let my body press up against Jake's. He muttered something about Batman and tequila, but he didn't wake up. I lay there for a while, enjoying the feel of his warm smooth skin against mine.

And then I heard someone fumbling around with the lock on the door. I quickly rolled back to my side of the bed. Just in time for Kurt to come strutting in.

Kurt's a tall gangly redhead, a second-stringer on the basketball team. And he was looking pretty damn pleased with himself this morning.

He jumped up on Gabe's bed.

"Wake up losers!"

Gabe jerked awake and fell on the floor. Jake blinked and tried to lift his head from the pillow. I groaned.

“Great,” I mumbled. “It’s God’s gift to ugly women.”

Kurt laughed and jumped over to my bed.

“Ugly? Did you see the girl I went home with?”

“The fat chick with one eyebrow?” I said.

“Nah, the blond one with the great tits.”

“I don’t remember,” I said.

“Yeah, well she blew me . . . for an hour straight.”

“Really?” Jake asked.

“Yeah. We barely got back to her room before she was unzipping my jeans and pulling out my cock.”

Jake and Gabe clustered around while Kurt gave them the blow-by-blow. How she pushed him up against the wall. How she wrapped her lips around his cock.

I tried to look interested. But I’ve been with plenty of girls, and I pretty much know what they can do. And scoring during spring break is like shooting fish in a barrel. The girls are as drunk and horny as we are, and they don’t play so many games. They know that they’re never going to see us again, so they don’t care what the fuck we’re saying about them the next day. I could have scored five or six times already if I was trying.

Kurt just kept on rambling. You’d think that nobody had ever gotten a blowjob before.

“Did you get to fuck her, too?” Gabe asked.

Kurt rolled his eyes.

“Dude, after an hour of sucking on THIS,” he said, grabbing his crotch for emphasis, “she was begging for it.”

Kurt went on, describing the whole conquest for us. He’s quite the storyteller. He even acted out some of the positions, humping a pillow and imitating the noises the girl made while he fucked her. I watched Jake getting more and more turned on by the tale. His dick started to fill out, and I saw the head peeking out the leg of his boxers. He tried to hide it with his hand. But by the time Kurt had finished his story, Jake was ready to bust a nut.

“I’ve got to grab a shower,” he announced.

Jake got up awkwardly, trying to keep his back to us. Gabe and Kurt were so busy yakking that they didn’t even notice his hard-on.

Jake went into the bathroom and I heard him start the water for his shower. I gave him a sixty-second head start, and then I went barging in. Sure enough, my little brother was all soaped up, with his hand wrapped around his hard cock.

“Jesus!” he shouted, turning away. “What’s a guy gotta do to get a little privacy?”

“You could get your own room,” I suggested, as I got my toothbrush. “And anyway, you know the rules. Pledges aren’t allowed to jerk off.”

I’d been the one to come up with that little rule. The brothers all thought it was hilarious. And it was kind of fun, watching the pledges throw themselves at every girl around, desperate to get off. But Jake’s frustration was the sweetest of all.

My little brother flushed crimson and turned his back to me. I brushed my teeth slowly, stealing a look at him in the mirror every so often.

Jake glanced over his shoulder at me.

“Can we at least get a fucking shower curtain?” he asked.

“I asked the maid,” I said. “But it’s a cheap motel. What do you expect?”

“Fuck.”

Actually, I’d ripped down the shower curtain our first day in Cancun and tossed it in a dumpster. I’d also broken the lock on the bathroom door. Just to make sure that Jake couldn’t get any “alone time”.

Jake soaped himself up, keeping his back to me so that I wouldn’t see his boner. The poor guy hadn’t gotten off once since we’d gotten to Cancun four days ago. He must have been ready to explode.

I spat out my toothpaste and walked over to the shower. I leaned in and stuck my head under the water.

“Hey!” Jake shouted, jumping back.

“Chill dude. Just rinsing off. And you don’t have anything that I haven’t seen before.”

I let the water soak my hair, while I glanced down at Jake’s throbbing cock. He was worked up to a fever pitch. I’d seen him naked plenty of times, in the showers after practice. But I’d never gotten a good look at him hard before. He was packing six inches. Smaller than me. But then most guys are.

I pulled my head out of the shower and shook it dry.

“Hey! Watch it!” Jake complained.

“What? You’re already wet.”

I toweled my hair off, then threw a little gel in it. Jake took his time rinsing off. Probably hoping that I’d leave and give him a chance to finish jerking off.

Fat chance. I finished my hair, then flossed my teeth. Then trimmed my fingernails. Then my toenails. Jake finally gave up and dried off.

We finished cleaning ourselves up, and then the guys and I threw on our board shorts and walked down to the Hyatt to meet the rest of the brothers for lunch. It’s half a mile away, but it’s got better food than the roach motel that we’re staying at.

Over lunch, we got the lowdown on who’d gotten lucky the night before. Kurt told his story all over again, and three of the pledges bragged about how they’d finally scored. And then we headed out to the Hyatt’s pool to start the game all over again.

It was a good scene. A decent DJ, and girls in bikinis everywhere you looked. The brothers and I staked out a spot at the shallow end of the pool. We sat around, joking and checking out the hotties, working up our nerve. Slowly the guys began to peel off, one by one, to go out on the hunt.

I kept an eye on my roommates. So far Kurt had gotten lucky twice, and Gabe once. But never on the same night. I needed tweedle-dee and tweedle-dumb to get lost and leave me alone in the room with Jake for a night.

I watched as the two of them made their moves. Or tried to. Gabe was off to a slow start, but then this cute Asian girl came over and started talking to him. Gabe trotted out of a couple of his funnier stories, and before long the two of them were laughing and hitting it off. During a lull in the conversation he handed her his phone and she put in her number. So it looked like she was serious about getting together with him later.

Kurt, on the other hand, was totally barking up the wrong tree. He’d gone over to this table of four sorority girls and was laying on the charm. I don’t know what he was thinking.

Sure, they were all hot, but you can never score in a situation like that. I mean, it's not like all four of them were gonna go home with him. And there's no way that one of those uptight girls was gonna close the deal with him in front of her friends. Well, maybe Kurt would have better luck in the evening.

And then there was Jake. I was definitely keeping an eye on him. If a girl showed any interest in Jake, I was gonna have to sabotage that real quick.

Not that I needed to worry. Oh, Jake is blond and cute, and he's rocking the jock bod. So there were girls coming up and talking to him all afternoon. But Jake drove them off without any help from me.

Like I said, he's kind of a jerk. He's from Long Island, and he has this weird accent that makes him sound like he belongs in a gangster movie. I guess that's not his fault. Everybody from his neighborhood probably sounds like that.

But the thing is that Jake *acts* like he's in a gangster movie, too. He swaggers around, calling girls things like "sexy" and "dollface". It's enough to make you want to punch him.

But the main thing keeping Jake from hooking up was that he was *desperate*. Girls can smell that a mile off. I watched at least a dozen hotties come up, start to flirt with him, and then leave as soon as he started talking. The constant tease and disappointment had to be making him crazy.

Good.

I watched the train wreck for a while. And then I noticed that a woman with a camera was taking pictures of Jake. She was older than the college girls, and she sure wasn't dressed for spring break. Baggy shorts, a t-shirt, sunglasses. Almost like she didn't want to stand out.

I watched her snap a few more pictures of Jake, and then turn to photograph some of the other guys around the pool. I was wondering what her deal was when Kurt came back and sat down on the edge of the pool with me. Apparently, he'd struck out with the sorority girls.

"What's wrong?" I asked. "The Chi-Oh's didn't invite you back for an orgy?"

"Nah, they're stuck-up bitches. But I think the tall one likes me. We might hook up later."

"Good hunting."

Kurt knocked back a mouthful of beer, and then looked at me funny.

"What the fuck is up with you, Connor?"

"What do mean?" I asked.

"Have you hooked up once since we got here?"

I shrugged.

"Wow," Kurt said, shaking his head. "You have totally blown your record."

I laughed.

"I think *that* record still stands."

"For now."

"You think you're gonna break it?" I asked.

Kurt grinned.

"I might."

"Fat chance."

Last year, I'd set the fraternity record for spring break by fucking a different girl every day . . . and *two* different girls for the last three. Really, I only did it to impress the guys. It's a lot

of work to fuck a girl in the afternoon and then turn around and get another one that night. Oh, it's not that hard to pick up the second girl. But it's a pain in the neck to get rid of the first one. You're better off just fucking the same girl twice and saving yourself the grief.

"Heads up," Kurt said, nodding to my left. "That girl is checking you out."

I turned to see which one he meant. Girls had been looking me over all afternoon --Let's face it, I didn't get to be the starting forward on the lacrosse team by being fat and out of shape.-- Anyway, Kurt was nodding towards this short brunette, with some very nice curves. She saw me look at her, and took it as an invitation to swim over.

"Hey, Connor!"

"Hey . . ." I said, pretending I was happy to see her.

How did she know my name?

"Remember me?" she asked.

It took me a second, but her voice clued me in. Oh yeah. She was one of the girls that I'd hooked up with at spring break last year. I grinned, as the memory came back. She'd been a lot of fun. We'd made out Thursday afternoon. Had a real good time. I'd been tempted to hang out with her, maybe fuck her again that night. But by then I was working on my record, and I had to move on to fresh game.

"Oh yeah. I remember you."

She sat down next to me, letting one of her legs brush up against mine. Kurt took the hint and went to get another beer.

"You kind of disappeared on me last year," she said.

"Yeah, well things were kind of crazy."

I glanced over at Jake. He was trying to get this black girl to put suntan lotion on him.

"Hey, gorgeous!" he said. "Would you mind doin' my back?"

The black girl just rolled her eyes at him. Meanwhile, the girl from last year leaned in close to me and her breast brushed up against my arm.

"You know, all of my sorority sisters are down at the pool right now. There's nobody up in my room."

"Really?"

"Yep."

I looked past her at Jake. He was trying out his suntan lotion line on another girl. I watched the way the sunlight played on his blond hair and tanned body. At the way, his board shorts were hanging low on his hips.

Damn. What is it about Jake? I don't even like him. You'd think if I was gonna get the hots for a guy it would be one of my buds, like Gabe or Kurt. But there's just something about Jake. I remember the first time I saw his tight little body in the showers after practice. Hell, even that stupid accent of his gets me horny.

The girl glanced down at my shorts. I pack a good nine inches when I get hard, so it's kind of obvious. Particularly in wet board shorts. I tried to cover by putting my hands on my lap. The girl just grinned.

Yeah. Women all say they don't care about size. But I've noticed that they all come back for seconds after they've seen what I've got swinging between my legs.

"You want to come up?" she asked.

I seriously thought about it. I'd been watching Jake like a hawk the whole trip, making sure that he was never alone. But that meant that I hadn't gotten off either, and I was horny as hell. I could go upstairs and fuck this girl for an hour. Jake probably wouldn't hook up in that time.

But he might go back to the hotel room and jack off. Or find another place to get some alone time with his hand. And then I'd be right back where I started.

We were only in Cancun for a few more days. After that, we'd go back to school in Minnesota. I'd graduate in a couple months. Probably never see Jake again. If I was ever gonna mess around with him, it had to be now.

The girl from last year put her hand on my thigh. My cock jumped, eager for some action. She would be a really fun lay. But...

I've fucked *a lot* of girls. In a few months, I wouldn't even remember one more. But Jake? Man, I *had* to grab this chance to get into Jake's pants. At least once.

"Come on," she whispered. "Let's go."

I tried to find a graceful exit.

"I can't," I told her. "I've got a girlfriend."

The girl from last year looked annoyed.

"Well, is she here?"

"No. Her sorority went to the Bahamas for spring break."

The girl brightened up a bit.

"She let you go on spring break alone? Dumb girl."

She squeezed my thigh, and my dick got rock hard. I might want to hold out for Jake, but my cock wasn't so patient.

"Uh..."

She nuzzled my ear.

"Come on Connor," she whispered. "I'm here and she's not. Let's have some fun."

"I... can't," I said, after some effort. "We're pretty serious."

I thought she was gonna get mad, but instead, she just sighed.

"Room 715, if you change your mind," she whispered.

And then she slipped into the pool and swam away.

Kurt came running over.

"Dude! How did you blow that? She was totally into you!"

"Yeah, well . . ." I said, and then just shrugged.

Kurt glanced down and saw the massive hard-on in my board shorts. He bust out laughing.

"Dude, we have got to get you laid!"

"Yeah," I agreed.

We hung out by the pool, watching the other brothers on the prowl. Two coats of suntan lotion and five beers later, the sun started to go down, and we all headed up the street for some tacos. Then it was off to the beach for the parties. We caught a wet T-shirt contest, and we made some of the pledges fight it out in a jello-wrestling pit.

I saw the photographer a couple more times. But she was always on the fringes of the action, and I never got a chance to ask what she was doing.

As the night wore on, some of the brothers started to get lucky. Gabriel caught up with his Asian girl, and the two of them disappeared around eleven o'clock. With any luck, he'd be gone for the rest of the night.

By one am most of the brothers had either left with a girl or looked like they were about to. Kurt and Jake and I were the final holdouts. So we headed back to the Hyatt. It's a good place to make a last stand. The bar by the pool stays open all night, and any girl who hasn't hooked up by then knows that her options are running out. Plus it's close to their rooms. So no long walk after you've closed the deal.

That night the scene looked promising. I did a quick headcount, and there were about 4 girls for every three guys. Even Kurt should be able to score with odds like that. I watched him sidle up to a blond and start his pitch.

Jake went over to the bar and began downing tequila shooters.

"Hey man! Go easy on that stuff," I told him.

"Fuck off Connor, and let me get drunk."

He ordered another shooter. When the bartender finished pouring, I picked it up and downed it myself.

"Hey asshole, I paid for that."

"You've had enough of the hard stuff," I told him.

I turned to the bartender.

"Give us a couple Coronas."

Jake grumbled but took the beer. I wanted him a little buzzed, not out cold.

I glanced over at Kurt. He seemed to be hitting it off with the blond. Everything was falling into place. Kurt would leave with his girl. Jake and I would go back to the room alone. Both of us horny as hell, both of us a little drunk. We'd strip down for bed. Jake would be so desperate to get off that I could probably talk him into anything. We'd start jacking off. I'd put my hand on his dick. Get him to put his mouth on mine.

Maybe I'd even talk him into rolling over and taking it in the ass. I've fucked a few girls in the butt, and they all seemed to enjoy it. I wondered if Jake would, too. But that was probably just a fantasy. He'd never let me do anything like that.

I watched Jake take another swig of his beer. He looked over at the girls by the pool and scowled. All that sexual frustration was starting to make him bitter. I'd gotten his body all prepped for what I wanted. Now I just had to get his head in the right place.

"See anything you like?" I asked.

"Fuck these girls," he said. "They don't like me."

"Hey, don't be so hard on yourself. Every guy has a dry spell once in a while."

"Screw that. I haven't scored all week."

"Neither have I," I reminded him, sipping my beer. "You know, it's a shame that girls aren't more like guys. Wouldn't it be great if they were horny all the time and needed sex as much as we do?"

Jake's eyes lit up at the idea.

"Man, that would be cool."

"We'd get laid every night of the week," I said.

"Yeah," Jake grinned. "And twice on Sundays."

Across the pool, Kurt and the blond seemed to be closing the deal. They were discussing something intently. Probably where her room was.

“Yeah,” I went on. “And we wouldn’t have to play all their stupid games. We could just walk right up to a girl and say, ‘I know you want it. So put your mouth on *this*.’”

Jake’s grin got bigger as he thought about it.

“Yeah. Why can’t things be that simple?”

I put an arm around his tanned shoulders.

“Because girls are *stupid*,” I said.

“You think?”

“Yeah,” I said. “I mean, look at you. You’re a jock. You’ve got a great bod. You’re a total stud. Girls should be lining up to get fucked by you.”

“Yeah! You’re right.”

“Like I said, they’re stupid. Let’s call it a night and go back to the room. We’ll start fresh tomorrow.”

“Sure.”

Jake knocked back the rest of his beer. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Kurt walking up to us with his girl. Probably wanting to show her off before he fucked her.

“Hey guys!” he said. “This is Emily.”

“Hi Emily, I’m Connor. This is Jake.”

Jake looked her over, practically licking his lips.

“Yeah,” he said, “hiya, Dollface.”

Kurt leaned in close to us and whispered.

“We’re gonna need the room for a couple of hours. Can you guys hang out here for a while?”

“What? No way!” I said.

“Hey, be a bro,” Kurt insisted. “She’s got roommates, so we can’t go back to her place.”

“And where the Hell are Jake and I supposed to sleep?” I asked.

“Dude, I’m not asking you guys to stay out all night. Just give me a couple hours to fuck her brains out before you come back.”

I tried to think of a good response.

“Hey, come on,” Kurt pressed. “You know that I’d do it for you guys.”

“Yeah, but...” I stammered.

This was totally fucked up. I had Jake all horny and primed to go. All I needed was for Kurt to take this fucking blond cow some place, *any place* besides our motel room.

“Thanks, guys! I owe you big time,” Kurt said.

And then he and the blond walked off together. Back to our room.

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

I sat down on a bar stool. Jake turned around and ordered another beer. I just stared at him. Hot and tanned and *ready for it*.

This was fucking crazy! He was right here. Horny and desperate. And I couldn’t have him. And I couldn’t wait much longer. After four days without getting off, I was ready to explode.

I thought about the girl from last year. The one up in room 714. I could go knock on her door. There might still be a chance to hook up with her. Get some damned relief.

I tried to convince myself that it would be fun. But then I looked at Jake again. His tanned skin, a little rosy from too much sun. The muscles of his back and shoulders. The way his board shorts hung over his cute little ass. I was so horny for him that I couldn't think straight.

I didn't even notice the woman who walked up behind me.

"Hey there, handsome."

I turned to take a look at her. She was older than the spring break girls, maybe late twenties. But real easy on the eyes. Red hair, great tits, a killer bod. And a white string bikini so small it would have been illegal in Utah.

"My name's Veronica," she said.

"Hi. I'm Connor."

"Good to finally meet you, Connor. I've been watching you all day."

"Yeah?"

I managed to lift my eyes off her tits and look at her face. And that's when I realized who she was—the photographer who'd been shooting pics around the pool. She sure looked different out of those baggy clothes.

"You're not here on spring break, are you?" I asked.

"No," she said laughing. "I graduated a while ago."

"Not *that* long ago," I said. "So why are you here, then?"

"Honestly? Looking for boys like you."

She took the beer out of my hand and helped herself to a sip.

"You've got a great look, Connor. You done any modeling?"

I've had a few girls try that line on me.

"Nah," I said, playing dumb.

"You should."

She finished off my beer and put down the bottle.

"I shoot for *Playgirl* sometimes," she said. "Did you know they have a college issue coming up?"

I laughed.

"Uh... no. I didn't know that."

"How'd you like to be in it?"

"That's not gonna happen," I told her.

"Why not? Think about all the attention you'll get from the girls at your school. You know after they see what you've got to offer."

"Yeah, I'm actually thinking about how much grief my fraternity would give me."

The brothers would never let me live it down. Lord knows what those bozos would do if they got their hands on a picture of me with my junk hanging out. Maybe send it to all my female professors. Maybe send it to my mom.

Veronica put her hand on my knee, letting her fingers slip inside my shorts. Electric tingles ran up my leg.

"Why don't you just pose for a few test pics?" she suggested. "If you like them, I'll show them to the magazine's editor. And if you don't, no one else will ever see them."

She ran her fingers over the inside of my thigh as she talked.

“I don’t think that would be a good idea,” I mumbled.

“Why not? I’m sure you’ve been naked in front of a girl before.”

Veronica slid her hand another couple inches up the leg of my board shorts. Her fingers brushed against the head of my cock. I shuddered as my dick jumped and started to get hard. She leaned in and whispered in my ear.

“I might even be willing to sweeten the deal,” she offered.

Normally, I like women who cut to the chase. And she was certainly fuckable. I ran my eyes down the curves of her body, across her flat little stomach, to the tiny white triangle of her bikini bottoms and everything it promised.

And then I looked over at Jake, drinking his beer. I thought about what his skin would be like under my hands. What his mouth would taste like. What his lips would feel like on my dick.

Damn it. This was stupid. I was too damn horny to go another night without sex, and too hung up on Jake to sleep with anyone else.

Veronica leaned in and whispered in my ear.

“You want to come back to my place, Connor?”

She ran a finger over the head of my cock, just in case I’d missed the point.

“You’ve.... you’ve got your own place?” I stammered.

My body was screaming for sex, and it was getting hard to think.

“Mmm-hmm. Very private. In case we want to make some noise.”

Great. I thought of all the things that I could do with Jake if I had a place like that.

And then an idea hit me.

I looked her in the eyes and put on my best smile. The one that makes girls melt.

“I wish I could,” I said. “But I can’t leave my friend alone tonight.”

She glanced over at Jake. He’d moved a few feet down the bar to give us a little privacy. But he couldn’t help noticing Veronica’s hand moving up the leg of my shorts.

“I’m sure he can take care of himself,” she whispered to me.

She reached up and grabbed my cock. I tried to keep it together, as my dick jerked and leaked a drop of precum. She was being awfully persuasive.

“Uh . . . He’s in a bad place right now,” I said, trying to keep my train of thought. “His girlfriend broke up with him this afternoon.”

She looked at Jake, skeptically.

“He doesn’t seem to be taking it too hard.”

“He’s out here trying to score,” I explained. “Best way to get over a girl is to sleep with another one. Right?”

I gave her a minute to do the math, while her hand kept stroking my cock. She looked Jake over, appraising him like a buyer checking out a racehorse.

“He is kind of cute,” she said. “Nice body. Handsome face.”

“Yeah, he’s on my lacrosse team.”

“A genuine college jock, huh?”

She studied Jake’s body for a few more seconds and then smiled.

“He could come with us,” she whispered in my ear. “If you like.”

I tried to act surprised.

“Really?” I asked. “You’d be cool with that?”

She flashed a smile at me.

“Sure. It could be fun.”

“Great! Let me tell...”

She squeezed my cock, and I lost track of what I was saying.

“Easy, Connor,” she whispered. “I don’t want everyone in this bar gossiping about how I left with two guys. So act like I just turned you down. And then you and your buddy wait five minutes and come meet me on the beach. Understand?”

I nodded.

“Good boy,” she said quietly, giving me a pat on the cheek. “And don’t tell anyone else about this.”

She stood up.

“Sorry, not tonight Tiger,” she said loudly, making sure that everyone heard.

And then she turned and walked away.

I took a second to catch my breath and then moved down the bar to Jake. He’d almost finished another beer.

“Hey buddy,” I said, putting an arm around his shoulders. “How you doing?”

“Sucky.”

“Well, I’ve got something that will cheer you up. Did you see the girl I was talking to?”

Of course, he’d seen her. Jake had been staring at Veronica’s twat like a starving man at a piece of steak.

“The babe in the white bikini?” he said. “She was fucking hot.”

“Yeah,” I agreed.

And then I leaned in and whispered in his ear.

“And she wants to take *both of us* back to her place.”

Jake’s eyes went wide.

“Really?”

“Yeah. You game?”

Like I really had to ask.

“Fuck yeah!” Jake said.

He jumped to his feet. I put a hand on his shoulder and shoved him back down on his bar stool.

“Hold on, Jake. If we’re gonna fuck her together, then I’ve got two rules.”

Jake looked up at me. He would have done *anything* I asked just then.

“Number one,” I told him. “Let me do all the talking. You’ll just fuck it up.”

“Sure, Connor.”

“And number two: You do *exactly* what I tell you to. You follow my lead without question. Got it?”

He nodded his head in agreement.

“Sure.”

“I mean it,” I told him. “*Anything* I say goes.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Jake said, eager to get started. “I understand. Let’s go!”

Jake tried to stand up, and I shoved him down on his stool again.

“Cool your jets,” I whispered. “She doesn’t want everyone in the bar to know that she’s fucking two guys at once. So we’re giving her a five-minute head start.”

“Oh. Okay.”

Jake knocked back the rest of his beer. And then he sat there, drumming on the bar. Full of nervous energy, as he imagined what was coming. Hell, I was excited, too. I kept checking my phone, wondering how five minutes could crawl by so slowly.

Finally, it was time to go. I grabbed Jake and we headed out. A couple of girls by the pool pointed and giggled as we walked by. They’d spotted the big old hard-on swinging around in my shorts.

Jake and I walked down to the beach in front of the hotel. Veronica wasn’t hard to find. At two am, no one else was out on the sand. She was down by the water, letting the waves wash over her feet.

Jake ran up to her.

“Heya angel! I’m Jake!”

She smiled back at him.

“Hey yourself,” she said. “Glad to see you boys were up for my invitation.”

“Hell yeah!” Jake said.

He’d already forgotten that rule about not talking.

I tried to play it cool. I figured that I’d pretty much closed the deal with Veronica, but I didn’t want Jake to blow it by sounding desperate.

“Nice night,” I said.

“Yeah,” she agreed and started walking down the beach.

Jake took off after her like a puppy dog. And I followed both of them.

“So . . . you said that you’ve got a place?” I reminded her. “Is it close?”

“Oh, it’s close. So where are you boys from, anyway?”

“Minnesota,” Jake blurted out. “We go to school at State.”

“You’re a long way from home. Did you boys come down for Spring Break on your own?”

“Nah. We’re here with our whole fraternity,” Jake said.

“Really,” Veronica said. “I hope you didn’t tell your brothers about going home with me, did you?”

“No,” I reassured her. “They weren’t even at that bar.”

“Good,” Veronica said. “I hate boys who brag about what they did before they even do it. You can tell ‘em the story tomorrow. Once you’ve got all the really good details.”

“So where is this place of yours?” I asked.

I didn’t want to sound as desperate as Jake, but we were walking quite away. And I was eager to get him peeled out of those shorts.

“We’re almost there,” she said. “But seriously . . . You boys didn’t brag to the bartender or anything like that? Didn’t point me out to a friend?”

“Nah,” Jake said. “Not my style.”

“You’re sure?” she pressed. “It’s okay if you did. I just want to know about it, so that I’m not caught off guard when I hear the story. Hell, if you boys are good enough I may even be bragging about it to my girlfriends tomorrow.”

“Scout’s honor,” I told her. “Nobody knows that we’re meeting up with you.”

“Good. That means I’ve got you all to myself.”

She reached around and untied the top of her bikini, letting it fall to the sand. Jake’s eyes went wide.

“Want to go skinny-dipping?” she asked.

She slid out of her bikini bottoms and stood there on the beach, naked. In the moonlight, I could just see the dark triangle of her snatch. Jake stared at it like he’d never seen one before.

“You boys joining me?” she asked. “Or are you too shy?”

Jake looked around nervously.

“What if someone comes along?” he asked.

It was gonna be up to me. I shucked off my board shorts and tossed ‘em on the sand. Veronica stared at my nine-inch slab of meat and her smile got even bigger.

“I knew you were hiding something special in those shorts,” she said.

Nick eyed my cock nervously.

“Jesus, Connor.”

“Yeah, I’ve got a big dick,” I admitted. “Now lose your shorts already.”

Well, at least Jake hadn’t forgotten rule number two. Sheepishly, he pulled off his shorts, and his hard dick snapped up against his stomach. Embarrassed, he put his hands in front of it.

That made Veronica laugh.

“This is gonna be fun,” she said.

And then she went splashing into the surf.

“First one to catch me gets to fuck me!”

Jake’s jaw dropped, and he froze for a second. And then the two of us sprinted after her.

The ocean around Cancun is as warm as bathwater. We ran through the surf, heading for deeper water. Jake’s fast, and he might have gotten to her first if I hadn’t grabbed him.

“Hey! Let go!” he shouted, laughing.

“No way,” I said.

I had him in a bear hug, his naked body pressed against mine in the warm water. I held him like that, as he struggled in my arms trying to get loose. And then I pushed him underwater and went after Veronica myself.

When I finally caught up to her, she was standing on a sandbar, the water just up to her navel.

“I win,” I said.

“Hey, no fair!” Jake complained. “Connor grabbed me.”

“All’s fair in love and war,” she said. “But I’ll give you another chance.”

She glanced over her shoulder, at a light in the distance.

“You boys good swimmers?”

“Yeah, I guess,” Jake said.

“Good,” Veronica said. “Try to keep up.”

She took off swimming towards the light. I wasn’t wild about heading out into the Gulf of Mexico in the middle of the night. But Jake went after Veronica. And so I took off after Jake.

It was a long swim, but I finally got close enough to see that the light was on a boat. A *big* boat. I don't know if you'd call it a yacht, but it was nice. Like something, a rich guy would take out on overnight fishing trips.

Veronica swam up to a ladder hanging over the side. Jake and I caught up with her and grabbed a hold of it.

"Wow," Jake said, "Is this yours?"

"Sort of," she said, climbing the ladder. "The owner lets me use it on business."

I followed her up... and was surprised to find a guy waiting on the deck. He was tall, and kind of tough looking. Mid-thirties, wearing dark pants and a black silk shirt.

I just stood there, right in front of him. Naked and dripping wet. Wondering how much trouble I was in.

He looked me up and down. Noticed my raging hard-on. And then handed Veronica a fluffy white towel.

"Thanks, Yohan," she said, drying off.

He grabbed another towel off the stack and handed it to me.

"Yeah," I mumbled. "Thanks, dude."

I wrapped it around my waist.

Jake climbed up the ladder behind me, and Yohan handed him a towel as well. Jake just held it, not sure what to do.

The tough guy looked at Veronica, and she waved him off.

"I'll let you know if we need anything," she said.

He gave her a little nod and then went up to the front of the boat.

"Uh . . . who is that?" I asked.

"Yohan? Oh, he comes with the boat."

I had a feeling that there was more to the story than that. There was something about the way that Yohan looked me over that I really didn't like.

Veronica finished drying off and dropped her towel on the deck. Apparently, she was used to having other people pick up after her.

"Come on boys. Let me show you the master suite."

She took us down a short flight of steps and opened a door. We stepped into a room, still dark.

"Hold on, I'll get the lights."

She found the dimmer switch and brought them up softly.

Wow.

The decor was not exactly subtle. A bed big enough to sleep a whole basketball team. Red silk sheets and pillows. And track lights that illuminated the whole thing like a freakin' stage. There was even a huge mirror on the wall behind the bed. I guess Veronica likes to watch herself getting fucked.

She curled up on the bed like a cat. Jake started to follow her in, but she held up a hand.

"Not yet. I want to get a good look at you two."

She gestured to a spot at the foot of the bed where a couple of the lights were focused.

"Stand there."

Jake and I stood in the pool of light. I took off my towel and dropped it on the floor, letting her get a good look. Veronica ran her eyes over us, practically licking her chops. She put her hands on her tits, playing with her nipples. And then she reached between her legs and started stroking her pussy.

Jake grinned.

“Like what you see, Dollface?”

Veronica started to say something, but then I heard movement coming from behind the mirror.

“What’s that?” I asked, suddenly feeling kind of exposed.

“Oh that’s just Yohan,” she said. “His room is on the other side of the wall.”

She knocked on the glass.

“Hey, Yohan! Keep it down! I’ve got company in here!”

She turned back to Jake and me.

“So are you boys just gonna stand there all night? Or are you gonna show me what those peckers are good for?”

Well, she didn’t have to ask me twice. I dove into the bed with her. Yeah, it was kind of weird, knowing that Yohan was probably listening in on the whole thing. But I was too damn horny to care. I grabbed Veronica and kissed her. I felt her quiver as my hard cock pressed up against her stomach. She was probably thinking about what that big old piece of meat was going to feel like inside of her.

Behind her, I saw Jake climbing into the bed. He knelt there, watching Veronica writhing against me, her face buried in my neck.

“Come on in,” I said, with a grin.

Jake reached for her tentatively and then pulled his hand back.

Jesus. I knew that Jake was bad with women. But I hadn’t realized that he was a *virgin*. Well, this is what big brothers are for.

“It’s okay,” I said, taking his hand. I wrapped it around one of Veronica’s perfect tits. Jake’s face lit up like a kid in a candy store. I thought he was going to cum just from touching her.

I guided his other hand down her warm smooth stomach, towards her pussy. His fingers brushed the head of my cock, sending electric tingles all through my body.

“Sorry!” Jake said, jerking his hand back.

“It’s okay,” I told him.

“No, I didn’t mean to . . .”

“It’s okay,” I interrupted. “I’ve got a dick. So do you.”

I reached over and grabbed his hard cock. It jumped in my hand, and he trembled as a few warm drops of precum leaked out. Jake’s eyes went wide.

“Stop being so fucking uptight,” I said. “We’re screwing the same girl, we’re gonna bump dicks a few times.”

Jake nodded.

I took his hand and put it on my cock.

“See?” I told him. “It’s just like yours. And I know you’ve touched your own cock before.”

Jake looked at me nervously. And then he slowly wrapped his fingers around the shaft. Like he knew that he wasn't supposed to, but he was kind of curious anyway. I let him get a good feel.

"You boys need a minute to sort this out?" Veronica asked.

"My buddy's never shared a girl before," I told her. "I'm just showing him the ropes."

I took Jake's hand off my dick and slid it down to Veronica's waiting pussy.

"Like this," I told him.

I let his fingers brush against her soft pubes. And then I guided them inside her.

Veronica let out a moan, and Jake almost creamed himself.

He looked at me and grinned

"Cool!"

"Yeah, cool," I agreed.

Veronica let out this weird little cry and bit into my shoulder.

"Gently," I told Jake.

I kissed Veronica, while Jake's fingers explored her pussy. The boy was doing something right. I could feel her body trembling against me. Finally, she couldn't take it anymore.

"Fuck me," she whispered in a husky voice. "Fuck me now."

I smiled at Jake.

"Okay, buddy. You're up first."

Veronica rolled onto her back. She grinned at Jake, and then slowly spread her legs for him. He just stared at her, like he couldn't believe this was really gonna happen.

"You ready, babe?" he asked.

It was the stupidest question of all time. Veronica grabbed Jake by the back of the neck and pulled his tanned jock body down on top of her. And then she reached for his dick and guided it inside her.

Jake's eyes rolled back in his head, as his cock finally felt the inside of a pussy for the first time.

"Oh . . . yeah . . ." Veronica moaned.

Jake started pumping away, trying to fuck her. But he was so excited that his rhythm was all over the place. Veronica got that frustrated look that happens when girls are getting *almost* what they need . . . but not quite.

I knelt beside Jake and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Slow down," I whispered in his ear. "You've got to feel her rhythm."

I slid my hand down to the small of his back, trying to guide his tempo. But the boy was too excited to think straight. He knew that something was wrong, but he couldn't figure out how to fix it. I could feel him starting to panic.

I slapped him on the ass, and he stopped.

"Hold still for a second."

I moved in behind him. My arms around his shoulders. My chest pressing against his warm back. My legs brushing against his. He was fine until he felt my hard dick slap down against his ass.

"Uh . . . Connor?"

"Dude, stop freakin' out," I whispered, "Just follow my lead."

I pushed my hips against him, forcing his cock deep inside her. My own dick sliding up the crack of his ass. Then I pulled back, letting him slide out of her.

“Yeah, like that,” I whispered.

I ground my hips against Jake’s sweet little ass, showing him the rhythm. Long slow strokes to really drive her crazy.

Veronica let out a desperate moan.

“Kind of like we’re both fucking her, huh?” I whispered. Jake looked over his shoulder and grinned at me.

Veronica started to go nuts. Moaning and shaking. Jake broke out in a sweat. I held him close, my breath hot in his ear.

I felt the muscles in his butt tense up, as he got ready to shoot his load.

“Not yet,” I told him.

I slapped him on the ass and told him to get off her.

“But Connor...?”

“Rule two,” I reminded him.

Jake glared at me like a kid who’s been told that he can’t play with his birthday presents. But he did what I told him to. He pulled his dick out of Veronica and laid down next to her.

“You ready for the big guns now?” I asked.

She glanced down at my huge slab of meat and smiled.

“I sure hope you know how to use that thing,” she said, catching her breath.

“I haven’t had any complaints.”

I nudged her legs further apart, and then guided the head of my cock into her warm wet pussy.

She arched her back as the shaft slid inside her. And then she gasped in surprise as the last couple inches struck home. Like nobody had quite reached that place before. Like I said, girls, all claim that size doesn’t matter. But only until I’ve fucked ‘em.

I screwed her slowly, letting her get used to the feel of my big old dick inside her. She bit her lip and began to make those little whimpering noises that girls make when they lose control. When they can’t play it cool anymore and have to admit that they need sex as desperately as guys do. God, I love this moment. Girls start off holding all the cards. But they always end up with this pleading look in their eyes, begging you to get them off.

I glanced over at Jake. He was lying there watching us fuck, fascinated. Still, rock hard.

I started giving it to her faster. Kind of showing off for Jake. Veronica thrashed around, totally out of control. And then suddenly she sank her teeth into my shoulder, trying to stifle a scream. I felt her body convulsing underneath me with the force of her orgasm. And then she finally slumped back onto the bed, sweating and panting.

“Fuck,” she said, gasping for breath. “That was awesome.”

“Oh, we’re not done yet,” I told her.

I will never understand girls. If I could get off multiple times in a row I’d probably never get out of bed.

I climbed off Veronica and rolled onto my back.

“Ride my cock,” I told her.

She was too fucking horny to argue. Jake watched wide-eyed as she straddled my waist and guided my big old cock back into her pussy.

“Oh yeah,” she moaned, as the shaft slid inside her.

And then she rode my dick like a cowboy breaking a bull. Hips gyrating. Panting for breath. Sweat running down her breasts. Her hot fuck juices dripping over my balls.

Jake watched the show, spellbound. I reached over and grabbed his cock, still hard and wet from Veronica’s snatch. I wrapped my fingers around the shaft and started jerking him off.

He looked at me, a little uncertain. But like Veronica, he was too fucking horny to argue. I felt his dick throb in my hand as he gave in and let himself enjoy it.

“Get behind her,” I told him. “I want to see you play with her tits.”

Jake was getting good about following my instructions. He knelt behind Veronica, as she bobbed up and down on my cock. She moaned as he wrapped his arms around her and tentatively squeezed her breasts, his fingers exploring her nipples. This big old grin on his face.

Yeah, that’s where I wanted him. I grabbed Jake’s dick again and guided it into Veronica’s pussy.

She let out a cry as she felt the head of his cock sliding into her from behind. I couldn’t blame her. It was pushing up against the base of my dick, too. And it was gonna be a real tight fit with both of us in there.

Veronica stopped gyrating and looked down at me. This crazy look in her eyes, as she realized that she was gonna get fucked by both Jake and me at the same time. And then she collapsed on top of me, fighting for breath as my little brother slowly worked his way into her. The slick shaft of his dick sliding up against mine.

I looked up at him, while Veronica quivered on top of me.

“You like that?” I asked.

“Hell yeah,” he admitted.

And then Jake and I started fucking her. Our hard cocks sliding over each other inside her tight wet cunt.

Veronica started screaming, “Oh God, OH GOD!” like she’d never *really* been fucked before.

Good as it was, we were all too damn horny to make it last. Veronica came first. She buried her head in my shoulder and cried out, every muscle in her body shaking. That was enough to send Jake over the edge. He gave a final thrust and bust his load. His hot jizz shooting up inside her and all over the head of my cock. And that set me off. I groaned and shot the craziest fucking load of my life.

We all lay there for a while, piled on top of each other, trembling.

I was so spent that I don’t even remember pulling out of her. I guess I just passed out.

* * *

I woke up with my arms around Jake. His naked body warm against mine.

He was still out cold. No wonder, after all that fucking. I smiled, remembering all the things that I’d gotten Jake to do. And thinking about how much further I’d push him *the next time*.

I’d gotten Jake used to the feel of my hand on his cock. To the thrill of our dicks rubbing together. And most importantly, to doing what I tell him to in the sack.

And it’s not like Jake can get girls on his own. So if I start hinting that I might take him along on another one of my conquests? Hell, I’ll bet that Jake will do *anything* to make that

happen. And after we've jacked each other off a couple of times, putting his mouth on my dick won't seem like such a big deal.

The boat bounced, shaking me out of my pleasant daydream.

Something was wrong. We were moving.

I raised my head and looked out the window. The sun was up, and the ocean was racing by. Where the fuck were we going?

I looked for Veronica, but she wasn't in bed with us. I'd have to go find her. I searched around on the floor for my board shorts . . .

And realized that they were back on the beach. Along with my phone, my ID, and the forty bucks that I'd had in my pocket.

Great. Just great. But then I looked back at Jake, still sleeping in the bed. Well, I guess last night had been worth it.

I looked around for something to cover up with. We'd had some towels last night, but I couldn't find them. That Yohan guy must have picked them up while we were sleeping. It was kind of creepy. Thinking about him coming in and tidying up, while we were all just lying there naked in bed.

Well, there was no help for it. I went up on deck, stark naked. I figured that Veronica and Yohan had already seen my dick. Hopefully, there was no one else onboard.

I stepped out onto the back deck. It was cold up there. We were going fast, and the wind was whipping by. I looked around. The coast was a few miles off, and I didn't recognize any landmarks. I sure as hell didn't see any of the skyscrapers in Cancun, so we must have traveled quite a ways down the coast.

I found Veronica up at the front of the boat. She'd changed into shorts and a tank top. Yohan was behind the wheel, driving. He was wearing the same black shirt and slacks he'd had on the night before.

"Hey!" I shouted to Veronica, over the noise of the wind and the motor.

"Oh hi! You're up."

She seemed surprised by that.

"Yeah. What's going on?" I asked.

"I had to move the boat," Veronica said. "We're not allowed to anchor there during the day."

"So where are we going?"

"Just a few miles down the coast to the owner's house."

"Yeah . . . well, Jake and I need to get back to Cancun."

"Sure. I'll take you back after we refuel," she promised.

And then she looked me over and grinned.

"And if you're good we can have some fun on the way back."

Yeah. An afternoon messing around with her and Jake did sound like a good time. I could break down a few more of his inhibitions. My dick got semi-hard just thinking about it.

I noticed Yohan glancing at it. I really didn't like the way he looked at me. Like I was a used car he was thinking of buying.

And then I noticed his shoulder holster and the pistol.

"Uh . . . what's with the firepower?" I asked.

“What?” Veronica asked. “Oh, *that*. Just protection. You don’t drive an expensive boat around Mexico without some kind of gun on board.

Yohan just kept staring at me without saying anything. I was beginning to wonder if he spoke English. Or anything else for that matter.

“You know, I really should call my frat brothers,” I said. “Just to let ‘em know that Jake and I are okay.”

“Sure,” Veronica said. “You can use the phone at the owner’s house.”

That sounded awkward.

“He’s not gonna have a problem with you . . . ‘entertaining’ other guys on his boat?” I asked.

Veronica laughed.

“Trust me. He’s not going to complain about me bringing a couple of frat boys over.”

Great. I didn’t like anything about this situation, but it was pretty much out of my control. What was I gonna do? Even if Jake and I could swim the three miles back to shore, what then? Were we gonna hitchhike all the way back to Cancun buck naked?

“Yeah, well my shorts are still back on the beach where we left them last night. So unless your friend wants me wandering around his house with my dick hanging out . . .”

“Oh, I’m sure we can find something for you to wear,” Veronica said.

She led me back down to the bedroom and started rummaging through drawers. Jake was still passed out on the bed, his naked body tangled up in the silk sheets. I gave him a little shake.

“Huh?” he mumbled, rubbing his eyes.

“Wake up sleepy head,” I said. “Time to get dressed.”

“Catch!” Veronica said as she tossed us our outfits for the afternoon.

Unfortunately, her idea of “something to wear” turned out to be a couple of speedos.

“A weenie bikini?” I said. “I’m not wearing this. You got any shorts? Maybe some jeans?”

“Sorry boys, I don’t keep a full set of men’s clothes onboard.”

Jake looked at his speedos and reluctantly pulled them on. I grumbled and did the same.

I checked myself out in the mirror behind the bed. I looked ridiculous. Guys with nine-inch cocks should not wear speedos. Even soft, my package was showing.

I could just imagine walking back across Cancun to the motel wearing this thing. The brothers were never gonna let me live it down.

“Fuck,” I said. “I look stupid.”

“You look hot,” Veronica said. “Now stop being difficult.”

I heard the engine shift gears and felt the boat slowing down.

“We’re there,” she said.

Veronica went up top. The last thing I wanted to do was to walk around in front of other people wearing this thing. But I didn’t have much of a choice. Jake and I followed her onto the deck.

The boat was coming up to a small island, a few miles off the coast. I shaded my eyes and tried to get a good look at it. As near as I could tell, her friend’s house was more of a mansion. Or a compound, I guess. There was one big four-story building, and some smaller ones around it.

“What is this place?” I asked.

“It used to be a hotel back in the twenties,” Veronica explained. “Some gangster owned it. Rich Americans would come down to booze it up and gamble during prohibition. My friend bought it a few years back and fixed it up.”

“Wow,” Jake said. “Your friend must be rich.”

“Oh, he’s got a good little business,” Veronica said with a strange smile.

Yohan pulled the boat up alongside a private dock. Two guys in guard uniforms came running out to meet us. Two guys with *uzis* slung over their shoulders.

Yohan tossed them a rope and they lashed down the boat. One of them held out a hand and helped Veronica onto the dock. She turned back to Jake and me.

“Coming, boys?”

I looked at the guards, and I looked at those guns they were carrying. This was not a situation that I wanted to explore.

“Uh . . . I think we’ll just wait on the boat,” I said.

Veronica frowned.

“Awe, don’t be shy boys. My friend will want to meet you.”

“Yeah, well . . .”

Yohan walked up behind me and cleared his throat.

“Seriously,” Veronica insisted. “Don’t be rude. He knows that I had guests onboard, and he’ll take it as an insult if you don’t at least say ‘hello’.”

Hm. Maybe being rude to the rich guy with the heavily armed guards was not a good idea.

I jumped down to the dock, and Jake followed.

“See?” Veronica said. “That wasn’t so hard. Now let’s go introduce you, boys.”

We walked towards the old hotel. Veronica leading the way, with Yohan following us like a dark little cloud. We crossed a manicured lawn and passed a couple more armed guards.

“Does your friend have his own private army?” I asked.

Veronica laughed.

“In Mexico, anybody with money has their own guards. Otherwise, you don’t keep what you’ve got for very long.”

“What about the police?” Jake asked.

Veronica rolled her eyes.

“The cops are the worst. My friend pays the local *comandante* a tidy sum each month to keep the *policia* from showing any interest in this place.”

Great. Apparently Veronica’s “friend” was a drug dealer. I was liking this situation less and less. The faster we met this guy and got out of here, the better.

We walked by a pool. Some old Italian guys were playing cards at a table. They all looked up and grinned as we walked by. At first, I assumed that they were checking out Veronica. But then a couple of them started pointing and whispering, and I realized that they were talking about Jake and me.

I don’t know. Maybe they were just making fun of our speedos. But it seemed kind of weird.

Finally, we got to the main building, the old hotel. A guy came running out to hold the door for us.

“Veronica! I wasn’t expecting you for another hour.”

He was Hispanic, but his accent sounded more California than Mexico. He had on a red silk shirt and a shoulder holster with a stun gun. --You know, those cattle prods they let security guards at the mall carry.-- He looked to be in his mid-twenties.

“Luca! Good to see you.”

Veronica kissed him on the cheek.

“Boys, this is Luca. Luca, these are the boys.”

‘Luca’ looked us over. A little too thoroughly for my taste. His eyes lingered on Jake.

“Uh . . . hi,” I mumbled.

Luca turned back to Veronica.

“Sorry I didn’t meet you at the dock.”

“Don’t worry. Yohan and I have everything under control. Is the Boss ready to see us?”

“Yeah,” Luca said, “But I don’t think he was expecting you to bring *two* boys.”

Veronica smiled and gave me a pat on the cheek.

“You know how I like to surprise him. Come on boys, time you met the Boss.”

Luca led us across the air-conditioned lobby to an elevator. It was an old-fashioned model like you see in the movies. Luca unlocked the folding gate with a key, and then we all crowded in for the ride up.

We got off on the top floor and stepped out into the penthouse. I gotta admit, it was impressive. Huge windows looked out over the beach. Impressionist paintings hung on the walls. And off to the side, a set of french doors led into another room with an enormous bed.

The Boss himself was sitting behind a big wooden desk, talking on the phone. I’m not sure what I was expecting, but he sure didn’t look like a drug lord. A white guy, mid-forties, kind of overweight. More like someone that you’d see running an insurance company. His clothes fit the mob boss image though-- Armani shirt and jacket, gold Rolex on his wrist. The guy probably spent more on his outfit than I did on tuition.

Veronica waltzed over and sat on the corner of his desk. He looked up at her and smiled.

“Yeah,” he said into the phone. “Special orders like that are tricky. They draw a lot of attention. But if you’re willing to come up on the price...”

He glanced past Veronica to take a look at Jake and me. The two of us just stood there uncomfortably. Everyone else in the room was fully clothed, and there we were in nothing but those stupid speedos. It felt like we were on display. Trophies that Veronica wanted to show off after her wild night.

“Yeah, yeah. I’ll send you pics before we make the acquisition. Now I’ve got to go. One of my suppliers is here. Can we talk tomorrow? Great.”

He hung up and turned back to Veronica.

“Sorry about that darling. I’ve got a Russian customer looking for something... *specific*.”

Veronica leaned over and gave him a peck on the cheek.

“Don’t worry about it. I’d like you to meet Connor and Jake.”

I walked over and stuck out my hand. No point being rude to a drug lord.

“Hi,” I said.

He didn’t shake my hand. He just leaned back in his chair and looked me over. His eyes lingered on my swimsuit for a few awkward seconds, and then continued up the rest of my body.

“Nice,” he said. “This one’s even better than his picture.”

“Picture?” I asked.

Veronica gave me a playful wink.

“Remember how I said that you should be in *Playgirl*?”

Fuck. She must have snapped something on her phone after Jake and I fell asleep. I’ve done the same thing with girls that I’ve fucked. Take a picture so that I can show it off to the brothers later.

Gotta say it’s a lot less fun being on the other end. I blushed a little, wondering exactly what this guy had seen.

The Boss turned to Jake and studied him intently.

“How old are you?” he asked.

“Uh... eighteen,” Jake answered.

The Boss nodded like he was thinking something over.

“And you?” he asked.

“Twenty,” I said, wondering where this conversation was going.

“Are you in school?”

“Yeah,” I said. “We go to Minnesota State.”

“Play any sports?”

“Yep,” Jake said. “We’re both on the lacrosse team. Connor’s first string.”

The Boss smiled.

“A couple of college jocks, huh? You done any modeling?”

“No,” I said, getting impatient with the twenty questions game. “You know, if you and Veronica have business to take care of, Jake and I can wait back on the boat.”

“Don’t be silly,” Veronica said. “This will just take a minute.”

I heard a click behind me. I glanced over my shoulder and saw Luca locking the elevator gate. Apparently, we weren’t leaving just yet.

Veronica turned back to the Boss.

“So are you happy with the merchandise?”

The guy kept staring at me as if he hadn’t heard her question.

“Great body,” he said. “Handsome face. And that dick is certainly a nice bonus.”

“I’ll say,” Veronica responded with a smile.

I felt my face turning red, and put my hands in front of my crotch. What the hell had Veronica told this guy about us? Did he think we were fucking prostitutes or something?

“What about the other one?” Veronica asked.

The Boss studied Jake.

“Cute, but not really my type. And he wasn’t part of the order.”

“Who cares?” Veronica said. “He’s totally hot. And you know how the Asian buyers like blonds.”

“Yeah,” the Boss agreed, “But they also like ‘em tall, and this one is five-two.”

“Uh . . . guys?” I interrupted. “I don’t know what you think is going on here, but . . .”

“Shut up, Connor,” Veronica said. “We’re talking business.”

She turned back to the Boss.

“Come on. You know you want him.”

“Maybe. But you took quite a chance bringing two boys here at once. Won’t someone be missing them?”

“Nah,” Veronica said. “I was careful. No one’s gonna place them with me. And they left their clothes on the beach at low tide. By now their shorts and IDs are in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico.”

I got a cold feeling in the pit of my stomach.

“Ok,” I said, “That’s it. We’re not . . .”

Veronica turned and slapped me across the face. Hard.

“I told you to SHUT UP, Connor.”

I was too surprised to say anything. I put a hand to my stinging cheek.

“Okay,” the Boss said. “I’ll give you the forty as agreed for blue eyes here. And I’ll throw in an extra ten for the blond. But that’s it.”

Veronica started to argue. But then the guy behind the desk gave her this look, and she thought better of it. She stuck out her hand.

“Deal.”

They shook.

I finally worked up the nerve to speak again.

“Would someone tell me what the hell is going on here?”

Veronica turned and flashed a crazy smile.

“Ask your new owner, Connor. You’ve just been sold.”

* * *

I waited for the punchline.

“What do you mean, *sold*?”

Veronica grinned.

“Yep. You boys just made me a quick fifty-thousand. *American*. Not bad for a night’s work, huh?”

I looked around for the cameras. This had to be some kind of crazy reality show.

“No,” I said, “Really. What’s going on?”

The Boss ignored my question. He opened the drawer of his desk and pulled out a wooden box.

“Okay, let’s get these two ready for the collar. If you would do the honors, my dear.”

He passed the box to Veronica. She opened it and took out a syringe. She started filling it from a small bottle.

“Best if you don’t fight it, boys,” she said.

I took a step back. They were taking this joke a little too far.

“Come on Jake, we’re leaving.”

We turned to go, but Luca and Yohan were standing between us and the elevator. Luca pulled the stun gun out of his holster.

Fuck.

“Are we gonna do this the easy way?” Luca asked.

He pressed the trigger on the stun gun, and blue electricity arced between the points with a loud crack.

Jake and I stopped in our tracks.

“Good choice,” Luca said.

He dug a set of handcuffs out of his back pocket and tossed them to Yohan.

“You get the tall one,” he said. “I’ll cuff blondie, here.”

Yohan nodded. And then he spoke for the first time since I’d met him.

“Turn around, boys. Hands behind your backs.”

Jake looked at me, terrified. Desperately hoping that I had some way out of this mess.

“Don’t make this harder than it has to be,” Luca said.

Jake took a long hard look at the stun gun. And then he slowly turned around.

“Good boy,” Luca said.

He holstered his weapon, pulled Jake’s wrists behind his back, and slapped the cuffs on him. It happened so fast.

Yohan stepped toward me.

“You too, blue eyes.”

I just watched, as he grabbed my right wrist and closed the handcuff around it, tight. He started turning me around. And then all of a sudden my left fist was flying up into his face.

I didn’t even know that I was going to do it. It’s like my body realized that it had to get out of there, even if my brain was working too slowly.

Yohan stumbled backward into the wall.

Luca cursed and reached for his shoulder holster. I grabbed his hand, trying to stop him from drawing the stun gun. We struggled for a moment. And then Jake spun around and kicked him in the back.

Luca howled in pain. I bent back his wrist, trying to pry the stun gun out of his hand. His fingers started to give. And for just a moment, I thought we might actually make it out of there.

And then Yohan grabbed me from behind and wrestled me into a full nelson. I tried to fight him off, but he had me pinned.

“That was real fucking stupid,” he growled in my ear.

Luca shoved the stun gun up against Jake’s stomach. There was a horrible electric zap, and then Jake fell to the floor screaming. I’ve never heard a guy make a sound like that. I froze.

Luca whipped around and shoved the stun gun up against my chest.

“You want a taste of this too?” he asked.

I shook my head. Jake was lying on the floor twitching. I couldn’t imagine how much that thing must hurt to make him scream like that.

Yohan pulled my wrists behind my back and slapped the cuffs on me. I was too damn scared to fight back.

Veronica pulled some rubber tubing out of the box.

“If you two are done playing with the merchandise, can we get on with this?” she asked.

Yohan pushed me forward and then shoved my head down on the desk. Veronica tied the tubing around my arm, tight. I panicked, as I began to realize how totally fucked I was. I struggled, trying to break out of the handcuffs, trying to kick, trying to do ANYTHING. But it was no good. Yohan held me down easily with a single strong hand on the back of my neck.

“Get off me you fucking fag!” I screamed at him.

Yohan leaned down and whispered in my ear.

“Hope you enjoyed fucking my girlfriend, asshole. Because from now on you’re gonna be the one spreading his legs.”

Veronica wiped something cold and wet on the inside of my arm.

“What are you doing to me?!”

“Just relax, Connor.”

I thrashed around, straining against the handcuffs.

“Stop squirming,” Veronica said. “I’m putting a needle in your arm. You don’t want it snapping off in an artery.”

“No don’t,” I pleaded.

There was a sharp jab on the inside of my arm.

“Fuck!” I screamed, “Stop it!”

“Almost done,” she said.

I felt something cold shooting into my veins.

“What the fuck are you sticking in me!”

“Just a little something to make you more manageable.”

I felt her pull the needle out. I tried to stand up, but Yohan held me down.

“That’s it,” he said. “Go ahead and fight. Just makes it work faster.”

I strained as hard as I could, the metal cuffs biting into my wrists. But it was no good. I could feel myself getting weaker. The more I struggled to get loose, the more my strength drained away. I suddenly felt exhausted, like I’d just run twenty miles.

Yohan tightened his grip on the back of my neck.

“That’s it,” he said. “Just a few more seconds.”

I tried to keep fighting, but it was getting hard to think. It was so warm, and I was so tired. I forgot what I was doing, as I drifted off into a haze.

“I think he’s there,” Yohan said.

He let go of my neck. I tried to stand up, but I couldn’t find my balance. Yohan watched me wobbling for a few seconds.

“How you doing there, Connor?” he asked, grinning.

I wanted to tell him to fuck off, but my brain couldn’t seem to find the words. It was taking everything I had just to stay upright.

“Yeah, this one’s good,” Yohan said. “Let’s get the blond.”

He kicked the back of my knees and I collapsed to the floor, kneeling. I saw Veronica’s feet walk by, and then I heard someone yelling.

“Get the fuck off me!”

It was Jake. I struggled to lift my head and see what was going on.

He was lying on his stomach. Hands cuffed behind his back. Luca was holding him down, while Veronica stuck a needle in his arm. I watched Jake thrash around for a few more seconds, and then suddenly calm down.

After that, everything got hazy for a while. I heard them all talking and laughing. Luca opened a safe in the wall and started loading big bricks of money into a metal briefcase. Yohan went over to him, and then they started arguing about something. But they seemed to work it out.

Finally, Veronica stood up.

“Well, this has been delightful. But I’m sure that you’re eager to start training your new livestock.”

“Yes,” the Boss said. “Until next time, my dear.”

Veronica gestured to Yohan, and he picked up the briefcase. He walked over and knelt down in front of me.

“Pleasure doing business with you, Connor,” he said grinning. “Veronica and I are gonna have some real fun spending all this money you made us. Try to remember that, while you’re getting your ass pounded by some Russian oligarch and his bodyguards.”

“You fucking pussy,” I said.

I tried to smash my forehead into his face, but the drug they’d shot me up with made me too weak and slow. Yohan caught my head with his hand and laughed.

“This one is feisty,” he said.

“Oh, we’ll take care of that,” the Boss told him.

Yohan gave me a final pat on the cheek. And then he stood up and took Veronica by the arm. Luca unlocked the elevator for them.

“Fucking cunts!” I yelled after them.

But Yohan just held up the briefcase and laughed, as he and Veronica descended out of sight.

Leaving Jake and me with the guy who thought that he owned us.

* * *

Luca came back from the elevator. He looked down at Jake and me, still kneeling on the floor.

“Not a bad catch.”

“Yep,” the Boss agreed. “We’re gonna make a nice profit on these two.”

Luca ran his hand through Jake’s curly blond hair.

“I can’t believe you knocked down her price to \$10K on this one. Eighteen-year-old blond American jock? He’ll go for ten times that at auction.”

“Yes, well Veronica doesn’t need to know that. And we’re gonna do even better with blue eyes there. With that face and body, the buyers are gonna be fighting over him.”

I lifted my head and glared at Luca, but he just laughed.

“You better keep an eye on this one, Boss. He thinks he’s a tough guy.”

“He’ll learn otherwise,” the Boss said. “Okay, let’s get them collared.”

Luca pulled Jake to his feet.

“Let go of me!” Jake shouted groggily, but it didn’t do any good.

Luca dragged Jake over to the desk and shoved his face down on it. Jake tried to fight back but drugged and handcuffed there wasn’t much he could do.

I heard the Boss open a drawer, and then all of a sudden Jake started thrashing around. But I couldn’t see what they were doing to him up there.

“Stop it!” Jake shouted. “Get off me!”

“Quit squirming,” Luca said, holding him down. “It’ll all be over in a moment.”

Jake struggled for a few more seconds, and then the Boss finished his work.

“All done.”

Luca pulled Jake off the desk and then forced him down on his knees next to me. There was a collar around Jake’s neck. A big leather thing, like you, ’d put on a bulldog. It had a black box on the side, and a steel padlock holding it closed.

Jake looked over at me, terrified. His pupils were the size of dimes.

“It’s gonna be okay,” I told him.

And then Luca grabbed my arm.

“Okay pretty boy, your turn.”

He yanked me to my feet. I tried to resist, but you know the situation. He bent me over the desk and then held me down while the Boss got out another one of those collars.

It was a nasty-looking thing, with a couple of short metal spikes on the inside. I saw it coming and it scared the hell out of me. I fought like the devil to get loose, straining against the cuffs. But it was no good.

The Boss wrapped the collar around my neck and pulled it tight. The metal points dug into my skin.

“Stop it!” I shouted.

The Boss finished buckling the collar. He reached into his desk and got out a padlock. I saw it coming towards my neck. And then I heard the final click as it snapped closed.

“Get this fucking thing off me!” I yelled.

The Boss put the key back in his desk. And then Luca pulled me back to my feet.

“Did you hear me you fucking perverts? Get this thing off my . . .”

I never got to finish the sentence. The Boss picked up something on his desk that looked like a TV remote. A loud zap filled my ears, and something knocked the wind out of me. It was like being punched in the gut with a cattle prod.

I started to double over, but Luca held me up.

“From now on,” the Boss said, “you speak when spoken to. Understood?”

“Fuck that!” I shouted at him. “If you think I’m . . .”

There was an even louder zap, and every muscle in my body convulsed in pain. Luca let go of me and I collapsed to my knees, shaking.

The Boss stood up and walked around his desk. He looked down at me.

“Did I tell you to speak, boy?”

I raised my head and glared at him.

“Well?” he asked.

I struggled to catch my breath.

“Fuck off,” I said, “Fuck off you . . .”

The zap was deafening this time. And I realized that I’d never really known what pain was until that moment. I screamed and hit the floor. Jake looked at me in horror.

I lay there, my whole body shaking, tears streaming down my face. I saw the Boss’s shoes walk around in front of me. He knelt and grabbed my chin, forcing me to look up at him.

“That was setting number three. There are seven more. Understand?”

I tried to speak, but all that came out was a whimper.

The Boss gave my head a shake.

“I asked you a question, boy. Do you understand?”

I saw the remote in his other hand. He nudged the dial from three up to four. And then he moved his thumb towards the big red button.

“Understood!” I blurted out. I would have said anything to avoid another shock like that last one. “I understand! I understand!”

He kept his thumb on the red button.

“You understand . . . *what?*”

“I understand . . . I understand . . .”

I wracked my brain, trying to figure out what he wanted. But all I could think about was his thumb on that red button. The last blast had been the most painful thing I’d felt in my whole life. I couldn’t imagine something that hurt even more. The fear of it crowded out every other thought.

The Boss saw the panic in my eyes and smiled.

And then I realized what he wanted.

I swallowed hard and said it. Anything was better than another taste of that fucking collar.

“I understand . . . *sir.*”

The Boss grinned and took his finger off the button.

“Good boy. I’m gonna have some fun with you.”

“*Not if I kill you first, you fucking pervert!*” I thought.

But I bit my tongue and didn’t say it.

The Boss turned to Jake.

“Am I going to have any trouble with you?”

Jake shook his head. He’d seen what the collar did to me, and he was in no rush to get a taste of it for himself.

“Good,” the Boss said.

He stood up and went back to his desk.

“Take these two down to the stable, and have Nick start their training. Tell him to give Blue Eyes there some extra attention. Knock that attitude out of him.”

“Sure thing, Boss.”

Luca looked down at Jake and tussled his curly blond hair.

“Uh... Boss?”

“Yes?”

“I was just thinking... It’s gonna be tough for Nick to break in two boys at once.”

“I’m sure he’s up to the challenge.”

“Maybe. But wouldn’t it be a whole lot easier if he only had to focus on the stubborn one?”

The Boss leaned back in his chair.

“What are you suggesting?”

“Just that... you know, I’d be willing to break in the blond one. If you wanted me to.”

The Boss looked at Luca, amused.

“Really? You’d do that for me?”

Luca grinned sheepishly.

“I try to be a team player.”

Jake opened his mouth to argue. But the Boss picked up the remote, and Jake shut his trap real quick.

“I don’t know,” the Boss said. “Fresh catch like that? He’s gonna need a lot of work. He’s probably never even had a dick in his mouth before. And you know how stubborn American boys can be.”

“That’s okay,” Luca said eagerly, “I’m willing to put in the overtime. And I kind of like it when they’ve still got a little fight in ‘em.”

The Boss considered it.

“Well . . .”

“Awe, come on,” Luca pleaded. “All work and no play makes me a dull boy.”

“Well, we can’t have that,” the Boss agreed. “And you were employee of the month.”

He took a few more seconds to think it over.

“All right. You can break in the blond. But if you screw it up...”

“I won’t!”

The Boss shook his head like he knew this was a bad idea.

“Fine. Use the showroom for his first session.”

Luca broke into a grin.

“Thanks, Boss! You’re the best.”

“Yes, I know.”

Luca looked down at me.

“What do you want me to do with the troublemaker?”

“Let him watch. He should start learning what’s expected of him.”

“You got it, Boss.”

Luca pulled Jake and me to our feet. I was still dizzy from the drugs, and it was hard to balance. He gave us a shove towards the double doors and the big room with the bed.

“Move along, little doggies.”

Jake and I stumbled forward.

Inside, the room looked like something out of a porn film. A huge bed with a mirror on the ceiling over it. A wooden “X” against the wall with restraints built into it. Some other devices that I didn’t even recognize. But just the look of them scared the hell out of me.

Luca pushed Jake down onto the bed.

“Make yourself comfortable, blondie,” he said with a chuckle. “I’ll get back to you.”

And then Luca grabbed me by the neck and shoved me against the wall. I tried to fight him. But drugged and handcuffed? There just wasn’t anything I could do. He hooked my collar to a metal ring sticking out of the wall.

“Now stay,” he said, talking to me like I was his fucking dog.

Behind him, I saw Jake struggling to his feet. He managed to stumble a few steps towards the door.

Luca just laughed.

“Where do you think you’re going?”

He went and put his arm around Jake’s shoulders, like a friend helping a drunk buddy get home.

“You don’t want to miss all the fun, do you?”

He marched Jake back to the bed and sat him down. My little brother looked up at him, trembling.

“Easy boy,” Luca said, brushing the blond curls out of Jake’s face. “There’s nothing to be afraid of, as long as you do what you’re told.”

Luca slowly unbuckled his belt.

“I can’t do this,” Jake pleaded softly.

“Shh. Every boy says that, his first time.”

Luca unzipped his pants and pulled out his semi-hard dick. Jake stared at the thing like it was a snake about to bite him. Luca just laughed and slapped him in the face with it.

“Get the fuck away from him!” I shouted.

Luca reached into his pocket. Too late, I saw him pull out a remote control like the one the Boss had. The shock hit me like a kick to the nuts. I screamed as pain exploded through my body. My legs buckled, and I would have hit the floor if my collar hadn’t been chained to the wall. I hung there, shaking and sobbing, trying to blink the tears out of my eyes.

“Your friend there thinks he’s a tough guy,” Luca told Jake. “He’s going to make things hard for himself. And in the end, he’s gonna break. Just like every other boy who comes through here.”

Luca stroked Jake’s cheek with the remote. Jake flinched, terrified of what that thing could do.

“You don’t want to be like him, do you?” Luca asked.

Jake shook his head.

“No, You want to be a *good boy*, right?”

Jake didn’t say anything. Luca grabbed his collar.

“I asked you a question, boy.”

Jake swallowed hard and nodded.

“Yes, sir,” he said softly.

“Good answer. Now show me what that mouth of yours is good for.”

Luca held his dick out. Jake stared at it for a few seconds. And then he slowly wrapped his lips around the head.

“That’s it,” Luca said, encouraging him.

Jake made a half-hearted effort to blow him, sucking on the last inch of his cock. But Luca wasn’t having it.

“You’re gonna have to do better than that,” he said with a chuckle.

Luca grabbed Jake by the hair and shoved his face down on his dick. Jake started to choke and gag.

“Stop fighting it,” Luca told him. “You’ve gotta learn to relax, and let it slide down your throat.”

Luca held Jake down and face-fucked him. Jake coughed and sputtered. But Luca didn’t let up, and eventually Jake seemed to get the hang of it. He didn’t have a choice.

“There you go,” Luca said, as the last inch of his dick vanished between Jake’s lips. “I’m gonna train you to be a good little cocksucker.”

Luca relaxed his grip on Jake’s hair. My little brother kept blowing him, terrified of what would happen if he stopped. He looked up at Luca, hoping for approval.

“*Good boy,*” Luca said, stroking Jake’s cheek. Praising him like a dog that had learned a new trick.

I watched, as Jake gave in. Bobbing his mouth up and down on Luca’s cock like a sorority girl on a first date. I felt my own dick getting hard. I knew that it was fucked up, but I couldn’t help it. All the times that I’d imagined getting Jake to suck cock. And when it actually happened I could only stand there and watch.

“Ready for your next lesson?” Luca asked.

He took his dick out of Jake’s mouth. And then he stepped back and slowly undressed. Unbuttoning his silk shirt. Taking off his shoes and slacks.

He stood there in his pricey Calvin Klein underwear, letting Jake get a good look at him. The guy was lean but well muscled. He looked like he’d be tough in a fight — even if I could get out of these damn handcuffs.

Luca reached down and untied the drawstring on Jake’s speedos. Jake began to tremble, sensing what was coming. Luca grabbed the speedos and started to pull them off. And that’s when Jake lost it.

He panicked and tried to kick Luca in the face. But the drugs had made him too damn slow. Luca dodged his attack. And then he tackled Jake and pinned him down on the bed.

“Do you want to do this the hard way?” he growled in Jake’s ear.

Luca picked up the remote and pointed it at me. I hadn’t even done anything, but he pressed the big red button anyway. I clenched my teeth, trying not to scream this time. But it hurt too much. I howled in pain and collapsed against the wall, every nerve in my body on fire.

“Is *that* what you want?” Luca asked, pointing the remote at Jake’s collar.

My little brother shook his head.

“No.”

“Damn right you don’t.”

Luca grabbed Jake’s speedos and pulled them off. Leaving my frat brother naked except for the collar and handcuffs.

Luca stood up and shucked off his Calvin Klein boxers. He grabbed a little bottle off the nightstand. And then he made Jake watch, as he oiled up his dick.

Jake was too scared to move. He just lay there, shaking.

“Now roll over on your stomach,” Luca told him. “And spread your legs for me.”

“I can’t,” Jake sobbed. “I’m not a faggot.”

Luca reached down and grabbed Jake by the collar.

“What you are is an expensive piece of *fuck meat* that I need to get ready for sale. So I can break you in gentle, or I can break you in hard. But one way or another, your cherry is getting popped.”

Jake glanced over at me, hoping I could tell him what to do. But I kept my trap shut. I sure as hell didn’t need another taste of that collar.

“Hey!” Luca shouted at Jake. “He’s not your fucking trainer. *I am*. So what’s it gonna be?”

Jake stared into Luca’s eyes for a few seconds. And then he slowly nodded.

Luca released him, and Jake rolled over on his stomach. He buried his face in the bed, trying to hide his shame. And then he reluctantly spread his legs.

Luca ran a hand over my frat brother's firm little ass. Jake shivered and let out a little whimper.

"Shhh. It's okay," Luca whispered. "Pretty soon, you're gonna learn to love this."

I watched Luca climb on top of Jake. He grabbed his slick cock and guided it into Jake's waiting ass.

Jake jerked his head up off the bed, gasping for breath as he felt the head slip inside him.

"Easy boy," Luca said in a calming voice. "I got you."

Luca took his time popping Jake's cherry. My little brother squirmed underneath him, struggling to take it as the long shaft of Luca's dick slowly slid inside him. Luca coached him through it, talking to him in a low soft voice. Like he thought he was the fucking horse whisperer.

Jake shuddered, as the last inch of Luca's cock finally slid home.

"Good boy," Luca whispered in his ear. "Now pay attention. Because no matter how many guys plow your ass, I want you to always remember who had you this first time."

And then he started fucking Jake. Slowly for a few strokes, but getting harder and faster. Jake writhed around underneath him. Straining against the handcuffs. Moaning and whimpering.

My own dick got rock hard. There was nothing that I could do to stop it.

And then I was distracted by the smell of tobacco.

I looked over and saw the Boss, standing in the doorway. He was smoking a cigar, as he watched Luca take Jake's virgin ass. I wondered why he was hanging back like that. I mean, he owns the place, right? If he wanted to, he could just pull up a chair and watch them go at it.

And then I realized something. The Boss couldn't actually see Jake from where he was standing. All he could see was Luca's back and ass as he pounded away on top of my frat brother. And the Boss had this look on his face, like...

Well, like Luca had better be careful. Or else he's gonna wind up wearing one of these collars himself someday.

I don't think Luca knew that he was being watched. He looked over at me and smiled.

"Let's show your buddy how much fun you're having," he whispered to Jake.

He rolled Jake over on his side so that he was facing me. And here's the crazy thing — Jake was *rock hard*. He looked down helplessly at his own cock, like the damn thing had betrayed him.

Luca grinned at me, as he pounded my little brother from behind. Jake whimpered and broke out in a sweat, his hard cock slapping against his stomach with every thrust of Luca's hips.

My dick twitched, and I felt a drop of hot precum leak out. I couldn't help it. I glanced down at the wet stain on my speedos, my face burning red with shame.

And then suddenly, Jake cried out in surprise. His cock jumped, and hot jizz shot out all over his stomach. I saw the confused look in his eyes, as he tried to understand why his body was doing this.

Luca didn't even slow down. Jake had to lay there and take it, while his "trainer" finished using him. Pounding Jake's ass over and over again. Until he finally sank his cock in all the way to the hilt.

Luca groaned and pulled Jake's body tight against his. And then Jake gasped and his eyes went wide, as he felt Luca's hot cum shooting up inside him.

When it was over, they both lay there, panting and covered in sweat. The Boss stepped back from the doorway so that he wouldn't be seen. Luca took a moment to catch his breath. And then he reached up and tussled Jake's hair.

"Good boy. We are gonna make some money on you."

Jake gave a final shudder as Luca pulled his dick out. And then he just lay there, spent and humiliated.

Luca stood up and pulled on his boxers. He spotted the dark stain on my speedos and laughed.

"Looks like somebody enjoyed the show."

He walked over and grabbed my dick through the swimsuit.

"Don't worry Blue Eyes," he whispered. "Your training starts soon enough."

I didn't say a word. The last thing I needed was another taste of that damn collar. But I looked him right in the eye.

Luca's not gonna break me. I'm gonna find a way to get Jake out of this mess. Somehow, I'm gonna get out of this damn collar and these damn handcuffs. And then?

And then I'm gonna *kill you, Luca.*

And your fat fuck of a boss.

Check out the continuing action in . . .

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