

Jungle Boy 10  
by George Gauthier

Author's Note: This is a tale of a pair of young gay actors in Hollywood and their utterly improbable adventures in the movie business. This tenth installment continues the story of the pair of new protagonists, Sandy Barnett and Terry Knowles introduced in the sixth tale, in place of Jason Eberly, the original Jungle Boy of the first five tales (who has a cameo role in these new tales). This is not the end of the Jungle Boy stories by any means.

It contains graphic descriptions of the male human body and of sexual activity between adult males, the youngest of whom is nineteen years old. It depicts scenes of consensual and non-consensual sexual activity, bondage and submission.

If any of this would offend a reader, proceed no further. This is not intended for persons younger than an age where they may freely and legally select their reading matter in whatever jurisdiction that applies.

It is entirely fictional, with no resemblance intended to any person living or dead. Neither the author nor any of his heirs or assigns has any connection whatsoever to the movies except as fans. Occasional references by characters to real motion pictures and actors and others in the movie business are simply to lend verisimilitude to a tale about persons in show business. None of the real people mentioned in passing is in any way part of the tale.

The German youth mentioned in the second chapter, Eike von Stuckenbrok, is a real person and his videos on YouTube are definitely worth watching. Don't miss what might be called an erotic fan dance except that the boy uses a bath towel at least till the finale when he tosses it away to display his back and bum to the audience. He also has been kind enough to his fans to pose nude for remarkable stills. Bless him. His web site is <http://www.handbalance.de/pages/intro.php>.

Readers who like the Jungle Boy series should try either of my series of historical novelettes. The 'Daphne Boy' tales depict an eternally youthful protagonist and his adventures in exotic climes and times. The settings for the 'Naked Prey' series are equally exotic, but each story has its own cute protagonist. My other series are the 'Track and Field' stories in Gay/College and my 'Mer-Boy' stories in Gay/Beginnings. For links to all my stories, look on the list of Prolific Authors on the Archive for George Gauthier.

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#### Chapter 1. My Date with the President's Son

"You knew of this and said nothing!" the outraged President of the United States said to the head of the Secret Service, his face red with anger, a vein throbbing in his forehead.

John Cleveland nodded his head glumly, his facial expression showing he was afraid that his arguments would fall on deaf ears. What father wants to find his son is gay in this fashion, from his body guards? The quality of the surveillance video was excellent. It even picked up the white scar on his son's sun tanned rump from a car accident. The action had been explicit and convincing. Cameras had captured their couplings from two angles in the small apartment where they boys had gone for their trysts. No question what was going on in an anatomical sense. Both boys were fucking and sucking in turn, the President's son clearly enthusiastic and even ecstatic about the goings on.

"Clayton Jr. is only sixteen. Surely this is statutory rape or child molestation or something! Why , my boy is still hairless at the fork of his legs not to mention every where else on his body. Smooth as a baby, he is."

Cleveland sighed. His President was grasping at straws. "That's from one of those new permanent depilatories. Gay guys and lots of straights for that matter like the boyish hairless look. Now he won't ever develop body hair or grow a beard either. That look is why he sunbathes in the nude, for that evenly tanned tawny hide gay kids favor. As to their age, sixteen is the age of consent in the District Mr. President. And he'll be seventeen next month. The other boy is seventeen too, and he was the one who was seduced. If it is any help, I think they are really serious about each other.

It's not just a physical fling."

"Puppy love. It's gotta be." the distraught father flung at him, but the imperturbable agent just shook his head.

"Actually they remind me more of a pair of lovely fawns than puppies. They are both so very young, with large eyes dominating their fine boned innocent faces. I don't think it's just puppy love, sir. Nor should you dismiss their feelings so lightly, certainly not to your son. I have listened to them talking. They are best friends and lovers both. For boys from such different backgrounds they have a lot in common. That makes it a real relationship. I've watched them for quite some time now. They are never happier or more alive than when in each other's company. Would you really take that from Clay and from the other boy too?"

"Can't we just deport him. I understand his visa has run out. He's on a list. We could just tell Immigration where to look for him."

"Would your son forgive you such a heavy handed abuse of power, ostensibly legal though it was. He would know we had singled this boy out and why."

The President sighed, beyond speech at this point. He looked straight into the movie camera his face a study in warring emotions: anger, concern, and frustration. He looked at his long time friend, his one time police partner when they had started out in the NYPD.

"What am I to do, John? Hang the politics. He is my son. I love him. I don't want to lose him, to drive him away."

"Mr. President... Clay... tell him that. Just what you said. Accept him for what he is, not what you might want him to be. Tell him in so many words and back it up with a promise to get his lover's status straightened out so he can stay in this country."

"You really think I should tell him all that. We hardly speak anymore. Not since the accident."

"I am sure of it. Remember, he loves you too. There are just the two of you now, since Janet died."

As the President nodded, his features softened, showing that acceptance and a father's love had won out over his other conflicting emotions. The director Jim Nicholls called:

"Cut!"

"That's a wrap. Great work, both of you.

Sandy Barnett and Terry Knowles were watching from off camera. Surveillance video of their nude love scene had just been projected on the monitor in the White House for the "President" to watch and they wanted to see how it contributed to the scene. The young stars were happy that their older co-stars were holding up their end so well. Both were veteran actors with many screen credits in featured and supporting roles. They were giving sterling performances in this latest picture, a gay themed comedy-drama: 'My Date with the President's Son'.

Sandy portrayed blond haired and green eyed Clayton Abrams, Junior, son U.S. President Clayton Abrams. Terry Knowles was well suited with his red hair and blue eyes to play Billy Daniels, young Clay's Irish immigrant lover who had overstayed his visa. The immigration folks were after him too, adding another major plot line. The young actors were lovers in real life having joined their lives and fortunes in a civil union. Though both were nearly twenty, they could easily play seventeen. Both young actors were short and slightly built, a pair of cute twinks who had gotten lucky in Hollywood, especially with Sandy's Jungle Boy pictures.

Those were movies in exotic tropical settings where the protagonists wore the skimpiest of costumes or even none at all. It was not just occasional nude scenes. In some of their pictures they were bare ass in every shot. That included such hits as the gay-themed remakes of 'When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth' and 'The Blue Lagoon'. No coy camera angles either. If the scene called for a shot of their shapely tushes or even the full monty, then so be it.

Restrictions on what could be shown in the movies or on television were virtually non-existent at this late date, nearly a lifetime after the first broadcast of full-frontal nudity on American TV in 'Consenting Adult', a gay coming of age tale. Almost anything could be presented on screen. Jason Eberly had ridden that wave of change starting twenty years earlier, doing many pictures in the rude nude. Sandy and Terry were following in his (bare) footsteps

Attitudes toward nudity had changed a lot even in America, the last hold out for nudity taboos in the developed nations. Generational change was the biggest part of the reason. The younger generations did not share the attitudes of their prudish elders. The law too had changed with the times, through enactment of new statutes and judicial decisions that recognized public nudity in some contexts as a constitutional right. With global warming still unchecked, many of the younger sort saw public nudity as a practical solution to climate change. Why bother with garments, especially out of doors and for sports. What was the point of a swimsuit in a diving competition anyway when you were already more than ninety percent bare.

There were many clothing optional beaches around now with nude beach volley ball competitions as well as nude swimmers and sunbathers. The larger urban parks had sections given over to nude sunbathing much like the English Garden in Munich. Runners for cross country teams thought nothing of loping down the back road or cross country trails in parks, barefoot and absolutely starkers on their training runs, emulating the Olympians of ancient times. You had to do something pretty outrageous these days to get arrested for what they used to call public indecency.

Social critics credited the new protean vaccines for having eliminated the threat of sexually transmitted disease. That cut the ground right out from under die hard conservatives who had made much of that threat to frighten young people against sex in general and gay sex in particular.

Sandy was looking forward to his next scene in the picture, when the President and his son talk for the first time since the father found out his son was gay. You need serious scenes like that to balance the comedy. Sandy hoped he could be convincing in this key dramatic scene. It was not like he could draw on painful personal experience to inform his performance. His coming out to his parents had been anticlimactic. He had been so very anxious, but his parents took the news calmly, telling him:

"We know, Sandy. We have always known ... or suspected." his mother said.

"Even expected, since you were twelve, at least." his father had added. "You're still our son, and always will be. We love you Sandy and always will."

It had been as easy as that, a brief acknowledgment, acceptance, and warm hugs all around. But then his parents were both medical doctors, not the Leader of the Free World.

Actually Sandy handled the sensitive scene very well. So did Terry in his own scene with the President, as the older man tentatively reached out to the young man that his son had fallen in love with. Both young actors portrayed the anxiety their characters must feel given the situation and the resolve the two lovers had to stay together, come what may. So Sandy and Terry had every reason to be satisfied as they looked forward to a rare Saturday off during principal photography. The picture was ahead of schedule, and "the President" was down with a stomach virus. Rather than shoot around him, director Jim Nicholls had given everyone (else) the day off.

The two young actors decide to drive to Palm Springs to get away from the chilly February weather of Los Angeles. Palm Springs is nestled in a basin surround by four different mountain ranges. Its geography give it a hot dry climate with all but ten sunny days a year. The summer is very hot, but in winter daily high temperatures are warm, only in the seventies, Farenheit (twenties Celcius). The resort area offered golf, swimming, tennis, horseback riding and hiking in the nearby deserts and mountains.

Sandy and Terry liked the water park though you had to wear at least a minimal bikini and couldn't go nude. Their taut hard bodies made them perfect for slipping down the slides. Their firm flesh could not spread out or form a water seal with surface of the slide. That made them go so fast, that on the turns it felt like they would get flung right out. As it was their bodies slammed into the

sides with an audible thunk. The speed and the touch of danger appealed to the two young males but they also enjoyed the more sedate wave pool too. Their hotel had a regular swimming pool and there the lads could swim or sunbathe in the nude. Both youths always drew admiring glances and why not.

Sandy was indeed a comely youth and a fine choice as the second Jungle Boy. In keeping with the traditions of the Jungle Boy pictures he was anything but a big muscle man, certainly no Tarzan of the Jungle. Sandy was but a boy who was not quite a man, a short, slender, and slightly built teenager, but in top physical condition. Sandy had more of a swimmer's build than a cross country runner like Jason Eberly, the first Jungle Boy. He was a fine looking lad standing barely four inches over five feet (163 cm) and weighing only 112 pounds (51 kg). He had a fawn-like physique but with a wiry musculature, toned and taut from daily swimming and running and working out with light weights.

Sandy was preternaturally beautiful, much prettier than a boy had any right to be, with delicate features: a straight nose, finely arched brows, a chiseled jaw line, high cheekbones, and large green eyes with eyelashes too long to have ever have been meant for a boy, topped by a corn yellow thatch. A competitive swimmer in high school, Sandy had applied the new permanent depilatories to remove all hair on his body, little as there had been, including that in his armpits and at the fork of his legs. That left him sleek and permanently smooth and boyish the better to show off his killer abs and all-over tan.

The camera loved him. Although short in stature, Sandy's body was well proportioned and toned, taut and trim with a swimmer's muscular upper storey. He was poetry in motion. Graceful as a gazelle when running, quick and nimble as a squirrel climbing trees, he had few peers as a swimmer. It was as if the waters parted willingly to let him slip through, happy for the chance to touch and kiss his lovely body everywhere simultaneously.

In every picture they were sure to take several slo-mo shots just to show off Sandy's athletic prowess and raw animal appeal. From his tiny red nipples to a deeply indented navel, to narrow hips framing a surprisingly ample manhood for one so slight in build, Sandy was real beauty. He carried so little body fat that his flat belly showed a tracery of downward pointing veins just under the skin. The beat of his heart was visible on the left side of his smooth chest. His rump jutted out just the right amount, twin mounds of firm flesh begging to be grabbed. He was sleek and smooth, deeply and evenly tanned from much exposure to the sun while in the nude at the beach or outdoor pool. The sheen of sweat on his skin made him shine in the bright sun, his wiry physique a vision of youthful male pulchritude.

Terry was no slouch in the looks department himself. His slender but well-knit physique physique measured just over five four (164 cm) (a half inch more than Sandy) and he weighted 117 pounds (53 kg). His fawn-like physique was the very opposite of the bulging muscles of a gym bunny. He didn't have a gymnast's build but he was quite the acrobat and liked to show off climbing and swinging on ropes and such.

A cute red head with a ready smile and graced with sky blue eyes, Terry was a beauty in his own right. Both his corrugated front with its rippled abs, pecs, ribs, and nicely formed muscles and his curvaceous rear excited concupiscence. From the rear, the eye followed the boy's curves starting at the calves, to the slender thighs, to the firm globes of the buttocks, past the swale of the lower back, his firm deltoids and the cylinder of his neck.

Like Sandy Terry His body was smooth and hairless even at the fork of his legs. Like Sandy he had a smooth cock with a vein running along the top to where the foreskin hugged his cock head, outlining the ridge of the glans under the skin. In Terry's case, the sheath of his cock completely covered the head, the folded tip extending perhaps half a finger's breadth beyond. With Sandy, it covered most of the glans but left the slit at the end visible. For both lads, cock and balls were reasonably sized but they wouldn't be scaring the horses. That was fine with them, bottom boys that they both were.

If they had the time and they were feeling energetic the pair might go rock climbing at Tahquitz in the San Jacinto Mountains, though both were just recreational climbers, not really looking for the most difficult routes. They went climbing for the scenery, the fresh air, the exercise, and the challenge but they were both level headed lads who considered the really serious climbers to be more

than half crazy to take the risks they did.

## Chapter 2. Story Conference

While he waited for the rest of his guests to arrive movie producer Marty Fletcher looked on with a grin as two of his favorite actors horsed around in his back yard. Both boys were naked. Terry Knowles was free climbing the fifty foot tower that supported a wind turbine for generating electricity. His body was pressed to the pole, feet pressing down and against the smooth metal surface, hands wrapped around it, holding on by sheer strength and friction, sliding his hands up for new grip and holding on till he could bring his feet up, take a grip with them and slide up the pole. The boy was a living anatomy lesson. Every muscle was taut, the bundles outlined under his deep tan. The posture highlighted the muscles of his arms, back, taut butt cheeks, and legs. Once in a while he wiped a hand on his hair to towel off the sweat.

No question that he would make it to the top. Terry was a trained acrobat and had done the climb before. The one time he had faltered was when, with his cock pressed between his belly and the pole, the friction of his body as he slid upward had stimulated him so much that he went into orgasm. He held on somehow even as he shuddered and spewed, fighting the lassitude and loss of strength that follows orgasm and might have made him lose his grip.

Sandy had laughed at his hapless lover, calling out.

"You're supposed to climb the damn pole, not make love to it!"

Sandy Barnett himself was practicing some of the acrobatic tricks that would feature in an upcoming thriller about an young entertainer whose act combines modern dance and acrobatics in a series of stunts set to music that display a scantily clad young male's athleticism and raw sex appeal, certainly a good match for Sandy. Right now he was doing one-handed cartwheels. Earlier it had been somersaults and handsprings. Sweat had turned his body slick, giving it an attractive sheen which complimented his bronzed skin. The ancient Greeks had oiled their bodies for much the same reason.

The tricks requiring the most strength were poses held for several seconds: a handstand with a full split, a one handed stand with the body torqued over for balance, a flag position with the entire body seeming to stream out from a pole, or a handstand with the entire body arched back, legs and feet pointing in the opposite direction. The trick was to get the center of gravity over the point of support and to hold it there. Sandy's and Terry's slender taut bodies were perfect for that.

The boys would have to do all their stunt work themselves. There was no point trying to use stunt men in the picture. The switch would be too obvious especially with the acrobats wearing only thongs that would leave even the buttocks bare. The young stars' physiques were so well known that the audience which would feel cheated otherwise. With Terry and Sandy doing all their own acrobatics, movie goers would be pleasantly surprised to discover how muscular their slender bodies really were. Nothing like a one arm handstand to make the muscles of arm and shoulder and back bunch up and stand out. Very erotic too. If their fans thought these kids were hot before, wait till they saw them in their new routines. Still they had had to do some fast talking to convince the completion bond company to let them do all their own stunts.

Actors are always acquiring new skills for their roles. Acrobatics was the latest for Sandy, and he found it a lot of fun if also a lot of hard work. Still he always had the agility for it, a good sense of balance, and excellent coordination so he was halfway there. Terry would play Sandy's partner in the film though most of the performers act was done solo. Neither Terry nor Sandy had a gymnast's build, but the same was true of the exquisite German youth Eike von Stuckenbrok who was living proof of the worth of a slender wiry build in acrobatics.

The boys were also taking lessons in aikido, a martial art particularly suited to their slight physiques. Aikido takes the motion of the attacker and redirects it, instead of meeting it head-on. That takes much less effort because the practitioner leads the attacker's momentum but does not oppose it, channeling the momentum with turning movements into various jarring throws or painful joint locks. Fletcher hadn't seen it himself, but knew the boys were also studying escapology but that was for their own protection, not for a movie about Houdini, at least not yet.

Actually that was what the story conference was about. Fletcher's guests were his close friend and veteran director, Jim Nicholls, Ed Veronese, the actors' agent, and Leon Potter, studio production chief. They were there to discuss film concepts, either their own or ideas that had been pitched to them, concepts that would play to their stars' strengths. Then they would set writers to work on scripts. Once a script was in hand, it was broken down into individual scenes. All the locations, props, cast members, costumes, special effects and visual effects associated with that scene are noted. The next step is to work out a detailed schedule, design and build sets, hire a crew and set a start date for principal photography. That was largely Fletcher's department. Putting the finances in place was largely Potter's. Nicholls, of course, would direct.

Once the others were there, the boys left off their messing around and rinsed off with a garden hose before joining everyone else under the big lawn umbrella. Sandy walked over on his hands, showing off his strength and balance, giving Fletcher another anatomy lesson. Not the least bit body shy, especially with this group, neither actor bothered with clothing, unselfconsciously settling their slick wet bodies down on director's chairs and pouring themselves big tumblers of orangeade, Sandy favorite pick me up. Fletcher's house boy Luis made it according to an old family recipe Sandy had given him. Not for nothing was Sandy a native of Florida.

Lately Fletcher had developed a taste for it too. That pleased his doctor who was always after him to cut down on the beer and wine. He still liked his potato chips and nachos. The boys were more careful about their diet and their figures so they mostly gave a pass to junk food, though neither of them could ever resist crunchy Cheese Doodles. They were finger lickin' good -- literally. You had to lick the residue off the end of your fingers or even scrape it off with your teeth. Fortunately their active life style let them burn the empty calories before they could settle around their trim waists.

"You know, the two of you make me think I took a wrong turn early in life. I never made a habit of regular exercise." Potter said shaking his head. "Gay guys take better care of themselves, keep in shape."

"Well, sir. It's a little far down the road to take up acrobatics or gymnastics, but why not try tai qi. Its movements are slow and careful, yet they develop balance, strength, and flexibility."

"Thanks, Terry. I think maybe I will. You have to be young for gymnastics, especially the way you two go at it, bare ass naked."

"Actually that's what the word 'gymnast' means -- bare ass naked. It's Greek for one who exercises naked. Athletes in ancient Greece always exercised and competed in the nude. So did professional acrobats who entertained crowds on the streets or the guests at swank parties. Lots of guys are getting into it these days too. It's a great way to get away from your cell phone too: no clothes, noting to carry it in or to clip it to."

"Tell me about it, Sandy. I see runners all the time on trails in the Hollywood hills who lop along barefoot and starkers. And you are right, you can't just hang a cell phone around your neck. It would bounce around too much. Now Fletcher tells me his Luis is running like that, though he usually does go around naked on his grounds anyway."

Cute gay houseboys were all the vogue in Hollywood these days, valued not only for their looks but also for their training in household management at community colleges. Who wanted a frumpy female housekeeper when they might have a professionally trained pretty gay boy at their beck and call. Most of the time, like when he took care of the lawn, the plantings, and the pool he went around in the buff. It was sort of a game among the A List to see who had the most shameless house boy. Fletcher's Luis walked out to the mail box or to fetch the paper and signed for packages wearing nothing but a bright smile. Not a big deal in the fourth decade of the twenty-first century.

"Arrant Paganism. That's what my granddad would call it." Fletcher noted. "All this attention to and celebration of the human body. To him it's a repeat of the cultural wars against the Hellenizers of ancient Israel. But then, he was a rabbi."

Martin Fletcher, originally Fleischer, was Jewish.

"Well I am glad to see our side is winning." Terry affirmed with the optimism of youth. "I like running around naked, letting the sun's rays kiss my shoulders and ass. The heat on my buns makes me feel naked. Oh some people say that is naughty, but that's a conventional reaction. What is there really to object to when it's cute guys like us with trim smooth bodies? Is that so very wrong? Isn't this how nature or God, if you will, made us?"

Fletcher inclined his head in agreement. He had to admit the young actor had a point. These two young men sitting with him, their skins gleaming from their shower, their taut trim bodies totally on display were the very picture of health and vitality, not to mention sexuality. No wonder audiences loved them. Even straight boys, always Hollywood's key audience, liked their movies. Terry and Sandy did not threaten their standards of rugged masculinity. Given their short slender physiques and pretty boy good looks and obvious gay personalities, their action adventures appealed to the straight male audience rather like comedies. How else could you take a movie about a pair of bare ass punks killing dinosaurs or robbing stage coaches in the Old West?

Though not gay himself, Fletch could recognize exquisite male beauty when he saw it especially in the young men seated with him. It was hard to say which of the two was more stunning, the impossibly cute red head, Terry Knowles, or blond beauty Sandy Barnett. Just then Sandy was putting his hand to Terry's shoulder to show his support. They made a great couple.

"Besides, we amuse and entertain folks with good pictures, wholesome pictures really, where wrongs are righted and good triumphs over evil. So what if Sandy and I run around bare ass a lot on camera. It's all part of the plot. Even those silly showers."

Sandy nodded at that, a rueful smile on his face. The boys had a shower or bathing scene in virtually every picture, even one set in the desert where a wadi miraculously fills with water as a result of a flash flood upstream. Sandy chuckled recalling:

"And for our caveman picture, the excuse was that clothing had not been invented yet. Right. That was painfully funny, Fletch, watching you lay that rationale on the critics."

"I did it with a wink, so I wasn't trying to fool anyone that this wasn't about exploiting your sex appeal. As you know, I am always a stickler for verisimilitude, dinosaurs and cavemen together notwithstanding."

That was a hoary Hollywood convention, as in 'One Million B.C.' never no mind everyone knew dinosaurs had died out sixty million years before the first hominids. Fletcher straightened up in his chair, the signal that it was time to get down to business.

"Okay, we finished principal photography for our comedy about the President's gay son and his wetback boyfriend. What's next?"

"Actually I heard that the President's son really is gay, and he might be coming out soon, maybe on his eighteenth birthday." Nicholls revealed in a conspiratorial tone.

"Whoa!" the boys exclaimed in unison.

"Not too soon, I hope," Potter replied with a frown. "We cannot really advance the date of the release. Better he comes out just a week or so before we release the picture. It will be the greatest promotional coincidence since 'Casablanca' and the Allied landings and wartime conference at Casablanca. Or maybe 'The China Syndrome' and the nuclear accident at Three Mile Island."

"Well we've done the comedy and the remake of 'Young Guns' and the acrobat picture comes next. We roll on that next week, but we still have to do our next Jungle Boy picture, that Indian Ocean adventure." piped up Terry. "Too bad we are not going to the actual locations."

"That's halfway around the world. The Bahamas and Jamaica will substitute nicely, and they are both in this hemisphere." Fletcher said, shaking his head. Potter supported him, nodding and ticking off his points.

"No real hotels either at the Keeling Islands or Christmas Island, not enough for a whole film crew,

not for a feature film. We'd have to ship in all our food and prepare it. Poor communications and infrastructure. Wrong time zone too. And before we can finish the acrobat picture, it will be monsoon season, when it rains every day. Besides movies are about make believe. We don't need authentic locations. We are not doing a travelogue."

The boys did like to travel to exotic locations to make movies, but they trusted these men with such decisions. They had treated them well: the studio production chief, the producer, and the director, and their agent. Both actors were making more money than they would ever care to spend and with their modest life style, almost all of it was invested for the long term. No, the boys had no complaints about this Hollywood quartet. Even if it was hurricane season in the Caribbean.

"Hey, I have an idea," Sandy said. "Isn't it about time we did a remake of Jason Eberly's 'Naked Prey' movie, about a native uprising in French Equatorial Africa. I mean you are always saying how that was his breakout picture."

"Yes, it was, though you and Terry have already broken out. You're big stars now. Still it is an idea, though how do we work the two of you into it? Jason's picture was essentially a one man show. He was the only white man in the movie except his superior officer in the colonial service." Potter noted.

Sandy had an answer for that. He had read the original account of what had happened in 1895, including the unexpurgated memoirs of the young man on whose exploits the picture was based.

"Jean Thibault had a lover, a French army officer named Henri Duchamp who is killed in the uprising. We could show their love story in the first act as we develop the characters. I can see them swimming in a jungle pool together like Tarzan and Jane, making love on its green verge -- that sort of thing."

"No doubt you'll have us sharing a shower together too" Sandy said shaking his head.

Virtually every picture had a shower scene. They got letters from outraged fans if there wasn't one. Indeed for their desert picture, in post production they had added that pick-up scene about the flash flood in the wadi after test screenings showed the fans really felt cheated without a bathing scene. They wanted to see those delectable bodies up close.

"Of course," Fletcher replied, non-plussed. "It would be a primitive outdoor shower constructed of bamboo pipes and a bucket with holes in it. No enclosure, either, so the camera can capture you boys from all angles. I think we'll rig a camera up above this time. It'll catch you as you turn your pretty faces up to rinse off."

The boys nodded knowingly. No doubt the cameras would linger lovingly on their bare bodies as the water flowed down their chests and bellies, dividing around the prows of their manhoods or sluicing between their shoulder blades and down to their cleavage. The boys themselves were past masters at evoking erotic feelings in a shower scene. Sandy had a bit of business with a bar of soap, squeezing and squirting it out of his hands suggestively, then bending over to pick it up off the floor, only to glance back in mock alarm at his vulnerability. Terry wielded a wicked sponge as he cleansed his partner's erogenous zones, kneading Sandy's buns as he scrubbed them off. The scene would conclude with their bodies pressed together, the two young males locked in a kiss. In real life, one or the other of the boys would have turned around and braced himself for a slick soapy fuck.

"Here's an idea I got pitched only last week," Ed Veronese said. "It is from an independent film company for a limited run TV series, seven hour long episodes, each episode featuring two stories from Classical Mythology. You boys are naturals to play pairs of lovers like Damon and Pythias, the warriors Achilles and Patroclus, or lesser known couples like the Trojan warriors Euryalus and Nisus. The story of Dionysus and Prosymnus is one of passionate but unrequited love, a nice change of pace for the series. Then there is the tragic love triangle of the gods Apollo and Zephyrus contending for the charms of the Spartan youth Hyacinth. There are also single roles like Leander or Narcissus. You both get your pick of those."

"Let me guess. All these beautiful young males out of legend have some plausible reason to be prancing around in skimpy tunics or more likely in the nude, exercising, practicing with weapons,

swimming, or running, sleeping, or bathing. No fig leaves either. Terry and I can expect to get chased or grabbed by randy Greek gods and heros hot for our bodies. Right?" Sandy asked, one eyebrow raised sardonically.

"Exactly, the agent went on excitedly, going on to specify:

"Handsome young Leander swims to his nightly trysts with his beautiful lover, Hero. Naturally he is nude both for the swim and the lovemaking. Narcissus has gone to bathe in a pool of water. He kneels nude admiring himself in the mirror surface. He falls in love with his own reflection and drowns in the pool trying to reach his illusory love. Hylas bears Hercules's heavy shield unburdened by anything else including the least scrap of clothing. Hercules liked him that way, a cute bum boy always naked and conveniently to hand whenever old Herc gets the urge."

"Then there is the ultimate Greek boy toy, Ganymede, prince of Troy, the most handsome boy of the race of men. Upon spotting the youth exercising naked in the fields the king of the gods is struck by his exquisite beauty. He transforms himself into an eagle and carries the boy to a mountain where he ravishes him. Zeus then took Ganymede to Olympus as his eromenos, his beloved, granting him immortality and unchanging youth, and appointing him cupbearer to the gods. Like any good servant boy he prances around in the nude. All the gods were quite taken with the lovely lad, all except for Hera, Zeus's jealous consort, who despised the boy."

"Wait a minute," Terry piped up. "Didn't you mention Leander just now. The guy who swam the Hellespont every night to be with his lover, Hero."

"Why yes, I did. What of it?"

"I have news for you, Ed. Sorry to rain on your parade, but despite the name, Hero was a girl."

"Really? Oh, well, no problem. How many viewers would know that anyway? We'll just make him a guy in our version. This is Hollywood, not the Encyclopedia Britannica, after all."

Terry and Sandy just shook their heads, smiling at the man's insouciance though Fletcher frowned, ever a stickler for verisimilitude.

In the end, the group decided on both the remake of 'Naked Prey', and a sequel to their successful Dracula picture, subject of course to a green light from their financial backers. The two actors would also do the mythological TV series for the other producer.

### Chapter 3. Mountain Men

Two months later, with principal photography finished on their acrobat picture, the two young actors took a longer trip to Palm Springs and the San Jacinto Mountains. Those mountains held fond memories for the young couple. They liked to hike there and to make love in out of the way spots along the way.

And what locale could be more appropriate for two young male lovers than mountains named after the lovely Greek youth Hyacinth, the tragic eromenos or paramour of the god Apollo who himself embodied the divine ideal of the kouros or beardless youth. Apollo was the god of light and of the sun; of truth and prophecy; and of archery, medicine and healing, music, poetry, and the arts. The story goes that two gods fell in love with the beautiful prince of Sparta. Though the lad had let both deities enjoy his favors, in the end he had rejected Zephyrus in favor of Apollo. Zephyrus, the jealous god of the West Wind killed the boy with a gust of wind that caught the discus that Apollo had thrown in sport and slammed it against the beautiful boy's head, inflicting a mortal wound. Alas one god cannot undo what another has done. The best the distraught god could manage was to transform the dying boy's blood, creating the hyacinth flower as a memorial to his beauty. A three day festival in Sparta called the Hyacinthia first mourned the death of the hero and then his rebirth.

Some of the trails in the San Jacinto Range were designated clothing optional. Most hikers who took that option walked the trails in hiking boots, carrying their clothes and equipment in a pack on their backs. Sandy and Terry thought that looked silly and incongruous, neither one thing nor the other. If you are going to hike naked then you might as well go all the way: bare foot, bare ass, no

equipment. Be as one with nature, presenting yourself as you are, just yourself, wearing nothing more than a sheen of sweat and a sun tan. That was Sandy and Terry, a couple of nature boys, no more encumbered with clothing than the fawns they so much resembled.

So they always cached everything: shoes, clothes, food, equipment before setting out. That made them feel really naked way out in the wilderness, miles from any clothes or equipment or ID or money. They would either backtrack or circle around to recover their things at the end of the day's hike before they set up camp.

On this occasion they encountered a forest ranger, an older man in his early forties. He sat them down side by side on a fallen tree trunk and asked the lads if they had thought about contingencies.

"This is a wilderness, you know. What if you get lost, boys? You can't call for help without a phone."

"Yes, sir. That is true, but Terry knows these trails; he has been coming up here for years. He has almost a photographic memory of the maps of the area. We are careful to follow the blazes and we know the major landmarks including peaks, forest service towers, and power lines. So we really don't need maps as long as we don't stray off the trail."

"Uh huh. OK, What if you run into a cougar? They prowl these mountains you know. Did you realize that only tigers, lions, and jaguars are larger among the big cats? A full-grown male can weigh up to 200 pounds (91 kg) with the very largest topping 250 (113). That's gotta be more than the both of you weigh put together, with those slight physiques of yours."

At the nervous look the man got from the lads, he smiled and said.

"I'm not trying to scare you back into your pants, kids. You look scrumptious the way you are, sitting there together, bare flanks touching, a stunning pair of young lovers. Very inspirational, but you are vulnerable. So think of that. If you do find yourself face to face with a cougar, do what your house cat does: try to look larger and more threatening. For you kids that means you stand side by side, raise your arms, and make a lot of noise. That will likely drive him off. Don't try that tactic on a bear, though. He'll just take it as a challenge and charge."

"What do we do for a bear?"

"Play dead. That sometimes works. Sometimes. You know lads, there have been a few unexplained disappearances in these parts. Nothing we could pin on cougars or bears, mind you. Several young guys your age have simply vanished without a trace these last couple of years. Keep your eyes open."

"Thanks mister ranger, we will, and thanks."

"Just doing my duty to protect the two loveliest fawns in these parts." the man replied with a chuckle and a wink as he walked on. Obviously one of their fans. Or fans of super cute twinks. Or both.

"Want to go back, Terry?" Sandy asked.

"Nah, though we better keep alert like the ranger said. It's so romantic out here, just the two of us. Why we could step off the trail for a shag anytime."

"No time like the present."

Indeed they were alone in the woods, like naked savages in the forest primeval. No accouterments of civilization: no clothing no gear, and at this moment no shame. Sandy pushed Terry against a low boulder making the other boy sit down. Then with a mischievous twinkle in his eye he started kissing him. Terry got into the spirit of things quickly, returning his kiss and fingering Sandy's nipples.

"Me first" Sandy declared as his lips and tongue kissed and licked a trail down the redhead's torso. Terry's excitement was obvious. This was so wild. They were deep in the woods, mating like denizens of the forest, whenever and wherever the mood came upon them. Being with Sandy was such a turn on.

When he was in the mood the blond boy was utterly uninhibited. Gods, how he tongued Terry's balls and cock, licking, tasting, smelling. Sandy loved to play with his boyfriend's balls, hefting them, rolling them in his fingers, tugging gently on the sack, rubbing its smooth covering between his fingers. Then it was time for mouth and tongue to join in. How good it felt to run his tongue over the ridged skin. If the engorged cock was the instrument of masculinity, the testicles were the source, producing both the seed and the hormones that were the chemical basis of desire, and indeed where what turned a human embryo into a male in the first place. Sandy sucked one ball into his mouth and rolled it around with his tongue, then he played with the other. Somehow he managed to get both in together, puffing out his cheeks.

"You look like a greedy chipmunk down there, Sandy" Terry laughed.

With the blond boy worshipping on his knees, all the stimulation to his cock soon came to its logical conclusion as Terry shot his seed into Sandy's mouth. He licked his lips and smiled. Then they reversed roles. Terry lay Sandy belly down on the boulder and took him from behind, all the while pinching his ass or tickling him, calling him a shameless boy for the way he had lured Terry into the woods not for a hike at all but to seduce him. After they climaxed together, Danny lay over the lithe form of his lover, still joined with the submissive boy.

Lost in their lovemaking the boys had not heard the rustling in the brush as two large men approach to emerge from around the rocks. They leered at the lads.

"Well well well, a couple of lover boys. Isn't that sweet. What do you think, Liam. Shall we add them to our collection?"

The boys looked up in alarm realizing that this was not just an intrusion. These men were dangerous. Well so were the lads, or they could be. Not for nothing had they trained in Aikido. Unfortunately the lads were not given a chance to show their stuff. Before they could disentangle themselves, they were both hit with the full charge of a taser, falling to the ground paralyzed, unable to speak or to call for help. Their abductors quickly secured their wrists and ankles with plastic ties. They checked around for the boys' clothes and gear and realized they did not have any.

"Har, har, har. "Liam chuckled." These boys were frolicking through these woods in the nude nude. They must do that a lot, evenly tanned all over as they are. Completely hairless too -- smooth boys not men. That makes them fair game. So you don't care for clothing or body hair, eh lads? Don't worry. We'll keep you bare. That's for sure. Rather nice genitals too, don't you think, my friend."

The other man just grinned giving Sandy's buns a squeeze. Then the mountain men slung the youths over shoulders, walking down slope, directly away from the marked trail. To avoid other hikers, their path deliberately went through a tangled thicket which few would care to negotiate. The branches and thorns caught at the boys and scratched and marked their bare skins. They emerged on a fire road and were dumped into the back of pick up truck. One of their captors came around with a hypodermic needle and gave both boys a shot in the butt that put them to sleep. Once the captive boys were covered with a tarp, the truck got into gear and drove off with them.

A half hour later, not so very many miles away and still in the mountains but on private property, an old half section of 320 acres, the pickup truck pulled into the yard of a shopworn ranch. The buildings were sound but the land was not being worked, not even for cattle or timber.

Sandy felt so strange when he woke up. An unidentifiable odor was in the air. The atmosphere felt close as if he were in some interior room without access to fresh air, not surprising for a space twenty feet (6 m) under ground level. He looked blearily at the tableau before him. How extraordinary. In a tall steel frame he saw a slender boy totally naked, limbs spread-eagled in an X, bound helpless to a cross. The boy looked familiar. Sandy could see respiration dripping off the boy's nose and chin and cock. He detected shallow breathing as the diaphragm flexed up and down. So this was some kind of video of a lovely youth in bondage, for even with half his face concealed the lad was comely and graced with a handsome manhood.

Sandy stirred and realized his limbs were restrained. He could not move. He struggled till he noticed that the boy in the video screen was copying his movements. Suddenly he realized what it meant; the drug-induced fog that had confused him at first cleared from his brain. That was him up

there on the St. Andrew's cross. That wasn't a video screen but a mirror. He wasn't in the forest anymore but in what could only be described as a dungeon.

As he struggled he realized that his weight wasn't entirely on his limbs. His ass was impaled on a large dildo projecting from the center of the cross. It felt huge, stretching him painfully. He could see a bulge where it poked his belly from the inside. Over on one wall of the low ceilinged room were racks with all manner of whips and paddles and canes. He saw shackles and chains and ropes and nipple clamps plus strange devices made of leather or metal whose use he could only dread. In a large bay along one wall were large devices like something out of the Marquis de Sade: a rack, stocks, and some kind of steel fuck machine with a dildo on an armature. Moisture dripped down the damp walls. There were no windows but the room was illuminated by light guides that bent the sunlight into the room.

Along one wall were several cells, more like cages really, without enough room for even a small lad like Sandy or Terry to stand up in. Three naked boys crouched in separate cells, silently watching the proceedings. One of them was Terry. He gave Sandy a nod to show he was OK but put his finger across his lips to shush him.

Continuing his scrutiny of their surroundings, Sandy saw a small cubicle that held one of those foreign style bombsight toilets, the kind you squatted on. The next cubicle over had a shower head and a drain on the floor. That suggested long term confinement.

Just then the two mountain men, as Sandy thought them, strode into the dungeon.

"What are you doing to me? he cried, his voice betraying his fear and his anger.

That earned him a hard buffet from the one called Liam. "Quiet boy. You talk only when spoken to."

"There, there Liam, the boy doesn't know the rules yet." the other man said in an even tone then continued.

"I'm afraid Liam is right about that. No, don't speak or I shall strike you myself, now that you know that rule."

He paced back and forth as if gathering his thoughts then said:

"No doubt you have many questions, but you must remain silent for now. I wish to speak uninterrupted. There is no point really in questions now. I shall tell you what I want you to know. Nothing more, nothing less. I may not tell you everything you wish to know, but if I fail to enlighten you on some point, you may take it that such questions would be pointless for the reason that I wish to keep you ignorant of everything I do not tell you. Have I made myself clear?"

His English was in contrast to his rustic boots and overalls. He spoke like an educated man and in a tone a teacher might use to address a class of not particularly bright students.

"Also, I will entertain neither threats nor pleas. You are in no position to make threats, and I will not listen pleas for mercy. So be silent for now. It is the only way you will learn about your situation. It is in your best interests to hear me out. Don't you agree, my young friend?" He took the boy's furious silence for assent.

His speech had been carefully thought out to establish the ground rules, to show who was in charge. He used it every time he took a new slave, improving it each time. Some of it came from old Hollywood thrillers. He was a movie fan even of old fashioned flat movies and knew most people had lines from old movies rattling around in their heads. Echoing them brought with it useful associations.

"First off, do not fear for your life. We are not murderers. You will live, at least while you preserve your beauty. That goes for your red headed friend over there in the cage. Next to him you can see two other boys we have taken in the past couple of years. They are healthy enough, as you can see. Accept your servitude and you will survive.

"You will note, young man, that those shackles around your wrists and ankles are lined with leather. We have no wish to mar your skin with sores. That is why that rather alarming cat of nine tails my associate has just picked up has no bits of lead sewn into the tips of the lashes to tear the flesh. No, we will not mar that lovely skin, we will not break your bones. We are not monsters, the sort who take pleasure in maiming and mutilation. However we do insist on obedience and are prepared to enforce it. Your first whipping is to persuade you of that fact. It is a demonstration, not a punishment.

"I have said we will not cripple or damage you. I do not promise that we will not hurt you. There are many ways to inflict pain that leave no permanent mark. Liam and I are expert in all of them. Understand that the pain we inflict for an infraction of the rules is far worse than the recreational pain you will suffer in the course of your sexual service to us and our friends."

"Don't try to bargain with any of us either. It would be totally useless. You have nothing to bargain with. You cannot offer sexual services as an alternative to whatever unpleasantness you may be experiencing at a given moment. There is no 'this instead of that', not here, not while you are in our power. If you suggest an alternative, you may wind up suffering both, but never one of your choice for another of ours.

"You will suffer while in our custody, suffer from loss of liberty obviously, rape, whippings and other torments. We do this to you and the other boys because it pleases us to see a lovely boy like you writhe under the whip or the cane. Your whimpering and sobs is music to our ears. You can expect to be raped in every manner possible, including in ways you probably have never conceived could happen to you. They can, and they will."

"At least you arrived with your boyfriend who will share your fate and lessen your suffering by splitting our attentions. He can also console you since we intend to cage you together. That seems only fair since we took you together. In that sense, you will have it easier than our earlier captives, our other sex slaves. Mark this young man. We are now your owners, your masters.

"The next week or two will be very hard for you and your friend. I want you to know that it does get better. You see, it is necessary to use harsh treatment to break a new boy's will, to make him docile and compliant. I tell you this for I do not want you to despair in the days ahead that this is all you can look forward to. I don't want either of you to retreat into insanity. Hang onto the thought that though your existence as our captive will never be pleasant, except perhaps in brief snatches, it can be tolerable once you get past boot camp and initiation into your new life."

"I am going to leave you with Liam for an hour. He will work you over moderately severely. This is just an introduction to the uses we will put you to. When I come back I will let you ask up to three questions of me. Do not waste them."

With that he left the trembling boy to the tender mercies of a leering Liam. a huge hairy brute of a man who started working the boy over with the cat of nine tails, avoiding his face but slashing the naked flesh of the bound lad everywhere else. He started at the collarbones then worked downwards. The lashes could wrap around the ribs and the hips and especially the legs so the beating really got him almost everywhere except the center of his back, ass, and legs which were pressed against the cross. He had no doubt they would get around later to those areas too. In this, Sandy's surmise was correct. This was the new slave's introduction to the whip, so necessarily it was thorough if not severe. Even under his tan, the boy's skin turned red not only where the lashes fell but everywhere around as the blood rushed to the affected area.

Now Sandy was a plucky lad and tried to bear up under the pain and humiliation. He gritted his teeth and struggled to keep from crying out. He wanted to look brave in front of his lover. Game though he was, he could not long suppress the outcries that the whipping tore from his throat. Soon he was openly crying out as the lashes cut him, sobbing and weeping between blows. Liam taunted Sandy, naming him a crybaby, a little pansy boy who wanted his mama to make it stop hurting. In truth Sandy had nothing to be ashamed of. He was after all only nineteen and small for his age. Though the law might name him a man, he really was just a kid, a lost boy, suffering at the hands of a masterly dominator.

The other master, whose name was Franklin, came back an hour later to look in on the boy. Sandy was

hanging there in his bonds, facing front once again, clearly suffering, but even the tear stains on his cheeks could not mar his extraordinary beauty.

"Tsk, tsk. So much suffering for so beauteous a lad. I am sorry, little one, but we would do you no favor if we left you with any illusions about your new status. You must accept that you are a slave. As indeed you will, in time."

Franklin was using the old tactic of seeming to be reasonable and even mild compared to the men who actually tortured the boy. His would be the voice that could order a halt to tortures or from time to time grant the boy minor privileges and rewards. The idea was to make the boy dependent on his master for anything good in his life, if only temporary relief from pain. In this way, Sandy would be induced to fall in love with his captor, perverse though that might seem. In turn Franklin would return the favor with Terry, inducing him to fall in love with Liam.

It was the psychological response of trauma bonding, loyalty to a more powerful abuser, similar to what happened with victims of domestic abuse, battered partners and child abuse. In hostage situations it was called Stockholm Syndrome. Some people turned in a single day or two.

Few people realize how fragile their personalities were, how readily they can be broken. A boy like Sandy or Terry would be beaten and raped repeatedly, housed in a cramped cage, deprived of sleep, kept hungry and uncomfortably hot and sweaty. He might be dunked underwater beyond the point he could hold his breath, or a master could tape his mouth closed so the only way he could breathe was through his nose. Nothing made a new slave realize his dependency more than when a master pinched his nose shut, depriving him of air. The boy would shake his head frantically, in terror for his life, finally gasping gratefully as the master relaxed his hold. No one can cling long to personal autonomy under such unrelenting pressures.

But that was for later. Now it was time to allow the boy his questions. Usually they were tiresomely the same: what did they want with him, when would they let him go, how could they do these things to someone who had never hurt them, etc. The age-old complaints of the powerless to the powerful. Franklin had heard it all before.

Sandy hadn't had all that much time to think what questions he might ask, but he was an intelligent lad, quick on the uptake. He rejected all the conventional choices that would certainly never elicit anything useful from his captor. The boy mustered his courage and asked simply"

"Has anyone ever escaped, and if so, how?"

"Hmmm... that's really two questions." Franklin responded, stalling for time. This was a first.

"Actually yes. A boy did get away from us into the woods. We found him three days later, guided to the spot by ... his screams. Two cougars were fighting over him, tearing him apart with their fangs and claws. As to how he got away, we are not entirely sure, but we upgraded our locks and alarm system anyway. Actually I would not have told you how even if I knew. I said you could ask your questions. I never promised to answer them fully."

Sandy shuddered while Franklin secretly congratulated himself on his improvisation. It was true that the escapee had been killed by a cougar. The second cat was his litter mate who had fought for a share of the dead meat. It was the cat's snarls they heard, not the boy's screams.

How beautiful Sandy had looked just now, defiance flashing in his eyes as he flung the challenge of his question in Franklin's teeth.

"You have one more question coming, Sandy. You may save it for another time if you wish."

At the boy's emphatic nod, Franklin turned to Liam.

"Switch him out with the other captive. Time for the red-heard to feel the kiss of my whip."

The mountain men both laughed heartily as a look of dismay passed over Sandy and Terry's perfect features. This was so much fun; boys like this were so easy to provoke and to manipulate, a pair of

naive fawns, little Bambi Boys in their endearing innocence. Sandy's heart sank as he fully understood their plight, that of honest lads fallen into the clutches of brutes who would use them in appalling ways to gratify their bestial and perverted lusts.

#### Chapter 4. Durance Vile

Terry suffered the same treatment. When it was time for his three questions, he asked:

"What is our location, exactly?"

Franklin smiled and rattled off the geographic coordinates of the ranch, latitude and longitude, down to the nearest minute. Now a minute of latitude is very nearly a mile so the location was fairly precise. He thought the numbers would just confuse Terry, so much gibberish, a way to respond accurately but unhelpfully. But Terry was very good at maps and land navigation. He knew the local terrain very well and could visualize the geographic grid and their location pretty exactly. That would be useful when they escaped.

Terry's second question was:

"Now that we have seen your faces and know your names, would you ever let us go free?"

"Good question. We are not sure ourselves. We got started taking boys a couple years ago without really thinking things through to the end game. That's the best answer I can give you."

Delivered in a thoughtful tone, Franklin's words carried the ring of truth. So these men were not killers, not yet, not intentionally. Still what other way out did they ultimately have, especially once they learned from news coverage of their disappearance who their latest captives were. The ranger testified as to which trail the boys had been on and dogs lead searcher both to their cache and to where the truck had been parked. Like Sandy, Terry reserved his third question for the future.

During the boot camp phase of their captivity, the two young actors had little chance to escape. Their captors were too wary and careful. Their techniques for maintaining control were well thought out, practiced, and carefully executed. Except when in their cage, the boys were shackled to some fixture like a wall or a table. Usually both big men worked over one lad at a time. For instance, Liam put handcuffs on Terry through the cell door before letting him out. He led him over to the rape rack and locked his neck and ankles and knees to the contraption before freeing his wrists briefly to lock them and his elbows in place. That left the boy helpless, on all fours doggy style, steel restraints at nine points, his ass and mouth at just the right height for the captors to fuck him in either or both orifices.

"What treasures these new boys are, Liam, so small and smooth and submissive, with nary a feather on them anywhere. That shows they know their place too. Only real men deserve body hair. Sometimes you have to teach them hard, like straight boy Charlie over there in the cell. Our new boys know they were born to spread their legs for real men like us, whatever their initial struggles. That's just denial and largely pro forma. They always come around. Look how these two beauties respond to long dicking. I love the way it makes them shudder with lust as we pump in and out of their love holes. It is great to grapple their trim taut bodies, to feel them squirm and pull and twist, their small bodies all slick with sweat."

"I don't have your way with words, Franklin, but I do love how this pretty red-head I have my cock in responds to a man. He knows he was made for this, to pleasure men with his sexy little body. His tight buns are a delightful handful too, just made for a big man's hands to grab hold of. That narrow hips are easy to grip too. Just curl your fingers over his sharp hip bones, with your thumbs digging into his cleavage and you are in control of his delectable ass. "

Terry's kinky libido responded to the bondage. His utter helplessness, the preliminary spanking or caning, the trash talk, the stroking, the touching, the gabbing, and the rough sex turned him on. He got hard. Strung up by his wrists, leg spread apart by ropes at his ankles, he would leak seminal steadily. That produced long string of shiny pre-cum that would hang from the tip of his cock, wafted back and forth by the air currents. Liam like to take photos of it gleaming from a spot

light. Sometimes the thread of pre-ejaculate dangling from the end of his cock would reach the floor. It made him feel terribly slutty, especially when Liam fed the sweet sticky stuff to him, making him lick it off his hand.

Liam liked to pull his cock and balls back between his slender hairless thighs and milk his stiff cock like a farmer milks a cow's teat, all the while stimulating the boy's prostate with his fingers or a dildo. Nipple clamps with weights heightened the effect. Part of the torment was sexual frustration. The boy was repeatedly brought to the edge of orgasm but then left to cool off for a bit. Soon he was wild with the need to cum. Part of the humiliation was that every step of their degradation was captured in stills and on video.

For Sandy the arch was the worst. Tied belly down at waist and hips, arms pulled behind his back with wrists tied to elbow, he was vulnerable at both his orifices. He could be forced to take a cock down his throat and up his ass at the same time. His long blond locks gave the man at his head control of the face. Meanwhile a cock drilled and rammed into his fundament. His genitals dropped through the open slot in the leather covered arch so they too were available for his captor to torment or stimulation.

Another form of torment was inflicted by the riding crop with the boy strung up by his wrists. It is both a whipping and a kind of rape at the same time. The painful snap of the leather on his butt made Sandy drive his hips forward in a parody of a thrust. The heavy breathing and moans mimicked those of intercourse. Liam shoved the handle of the crop up the rectum in much the way he shoved his cock into the young actor when he raped him. He even put harsh tit clamps on him just like he did when he fucked him. Or he hurt the boy's tiny nipples by snapping at them with the crop itself.

From the front, a crop delivers stinging blows to a male's organs. Liam liked to bounce the youth's cock on the crop several times before whacking it hard. The thug would snap the crop at the scrotum very fast six or seven times. Nothing is more emasculating than having another man abuse your sexual equipment, making it hurt, alternately grabbing it for a quick squeeze then hitting it with the stinging crop, making fun of Sandy's hairlessness down there, all the while bad mouthing him with the crudest and vilest of language.

"You wouldn't be in this situation if you hadn't gone running around the woods stark naked, coupling with your red-haired lover boy like a couple of rabbits. Look at you, hanging helpless from your wrists, a small naked hairless boy, cringing before his betters. That is where you belong, blondie. You were made to be used by strong men as a fuck toy, you little cocksucking pansy faggot. A cock crazy youth like you needs to be fucked hard and often and by men who know how. That's me and Franklin."

"See how I am marking your tawny skin, putting red welts on your chest and shoulders and back. Afterwards I am going to have you upended so I can beat that round rump of yours till you are sobbing and begging me to stop. Oh I will stop, but only to thrust my manhood into your punk ass. Maybe enough injections of my male juices will finally make a man out of you. Nothing else has, you little punk fairy."

He got Sandy hard with the stimulation from a fuck then mocked him for wanting to take a beating and for wanting to be raped. He couldn't wait, could he, to spread his legs for a real man. He went at it and at it telling Sandy 'you want it'. When he succeeded in getting the youth sobbing again, he called him a pansy crybaby then spanked his butt as fit punishment for it. And then he reminded Sandy that this was all on film, but that was OK wasn't it, big movie star that he was.

Strung up spread-eagle, Sandy could not defend himself or block the harsh blows from any part of his body. The crop was so light, it didn't need much of a back swing and could shift rapidly from one point on his body to another. He could not tell whether the next blow would be full tilt on his ass or a quick series to the nipples. It drove him mad with pain and frustration and shame.

At least the boys had each other. They were kept in the same cage and were allowed to couple with each other as much as they cared to. Meanwhile from talking with the other boys, they realized that any plans they might make had better just be between the two of them. The other two boys were so deep in sexual thrall to their captors that they might betray Terry and Sandy, either to curry favor or out of a misplaced sense of loyalty. Neither lad could blame the long term captives. These brutes

had had nearly two years to mind fuck them. One boy, Mike was still only nineteen. He was the first to be taken. A slim brunette with effeminate features, he was the most abjectly submissive of all of them. The dirty blond named Charlie was short but muscular, a former high school wrestler, now twenty, who maintained that he was straight.

Not that the mountain men trusted the longer term captives very much. Still they were not so careful and cautious, knowing that the boys were held captive almost as much by the chains on their minds as by steel or leather. These boys were allowed to low crawl freely to the arch or rape rack or table before being shackled in place.

Terry and Sandy did not want to wait too long for a chance at their captors. What they needed was a way to catch their captors unprepared, with their own limbs freed from restraints and outside their cage. They had every reason to hope they could beat the mountain men in a fight, given their skills and with the advantage of surprise. They were healthy. The food they got was nourishing and their captors insisted on regular sessions on an exercise bike to keep their bodies toned and pretty.

One day while crawling across the floor to his cage, Sandy spotted a long Brad in a crack in the pavement. It must have rolled there when the men were building some of their dungeon equipment. The boy quickly concealed it in the palm of his hand and brought it into the cell with him. That night he put a right angle bend into the tip. From their training in escapes they could easily pick a standard handcuff lock with. The real question was timing.

Two days later, they saw their chance. Both boys were brought out of their cage. Sandy was shackled by handcuffs to a steel pole overhead. Terry was roped to the arch wrists crossed in front. As Franklin fucked Terry's ass, the red head worked at the knots binding his wrists. Sandy got lucky that Liam did not put a spreader bar to his ankles. He wanted to see the blond boy dance around as he took the single whip to his back and ass.

After a while, Liam broke off and went around the corner to take a dump, his back to Sandy. Acrobat that he was, Sandy had no trouble bending his body and hooking his legs over the pole to take his weight while he attacked the locks on the cuffs. In a moment Sandy was freed from the cuffs and flipping gracefully and nearly silently onto the floor. He caught Franklin from behind, giving him two quick punches to the kidneys. As the man turned around in agony, Sandy kicked him in the groin. That gave Terry time to finish undoing his knots. He twisted around and quickly undid the rope around his hips. Meanwhile Liam lumbered into action, but Sandy dodged around, giving Terry time to get loose.

Soon both boys were free with enough room in the dungeon to put into practice the moves they had learned from the Aikido training and their acrobatics. For all their size and strength, the mountain men were outclassed. Their haymakers and right crosses failed to connect. Their charges and tackles were turned against them. They couldn't land a blow on these agile lads nor could they get a grip on their sweaty nude bodies. For all their bellowing and rage, the mountain men soon found themselves on the ground, wracked with pain, tied and cuffed, baffled at their defeat, and dragged into their own cages to await the arrival of the authorities.

Not quite trusting the other boys enough to open their cages, Terry and Sandy used their captors' keys to leave the dungeon for the first time in weeks and get to a phone. Terry gave them the coordinates he had tricked out of Franklin. It was only as sirens neared that they freed the boys. Predictably the effeminate boy Mike sat disconsolately at the cage with his captors. He clearly was bewildered and confused at the sudden change in his status. Sadly it would take months of therapy before he was anything like normal again. Charlie was more resilient though terribly ashamed, afraid of what his family and friends would say about his experience of more than a year as a gay sex slave, straight boy that he was. Unlike with Mike, Charlie's problems were social rather than purely psychological.

Needless to say the publicity and the respect the young actors earned was tremendous. Hailed as genuine heroes for turning the tables on their captors and freeing two other young men, their exploit was compared with those of the first Jungle Boy Jason Eberly who had been kidnapped no less than three times. The first was by revolutionaries seeking a ransom of five million dollars. The second time, Jason fell into the clutches of an oriental potentate who turned him over to slave trainers with orders to break his will and transform him into a docile sex slave. Finally he was

kidnapped by the leader of a mad cult on Haiti combining voodoo and Maoist political ideology who used him sexually in every conceivable way and came close to cutting his heart out as a sacrifice to their pagan gods.

Three weeks later, after a needed break before returning to movies, their color restored after so much time out of the sun. the boys were once again at Fletcher's place. They were swimming with Luis and Jason Eberly, all of them in the nude. Just one year shy of forty, Jason was still a nice looking man, youthful and athletic though obviously no longer a youth. He started off remarking.

"I heard they were going to charge the mountain men with negligent homicide in the death of that boy would escaped them and got taken by a cougar. He never would have been in such danger had they not captured him in the first place. At least his family got closure instead of being left to wonder for the rest of their lives."

"Plus they face five counts of kidnapping and illegal imprisonment and many counts of rape, sexual assault, aggravated assault, a whole slough of charges, really." Terry noted. "They will likely get twenty to life, I heard the prosecutor say."

"No less than they deserve." remarked Ed Veronese, echoing the thoughts of all of them.

"So what do you think, lads." Fletcher asked. "Is there a movie in this or would it be too painful for you to play yourselves."

The two young stars were taken aback by the suggestion.

"Gosh, anything like a realistic film of what happened to us is going to look like a gay S&M porno movie. If we weren't getting fucked, we were getting whipped and tormented. Would that be in good taste. Is it commercially feasible."

Oh, I think so, look at how well received Jason's biopic was where we used actual footage from the captors own film collections of his torments."

Jason nodded. His biopic had depicted the first five years of his career included graphic footage of his torments at the hands of the revolutionaries and the sheik. They had to reconstruct Jason's sufferings on Haiti with footage shot in the studio plus other stock footage that resembled those events. The picture did well in art houses and on cable television.

"I am glad to see you boys have bounced back so well from your ordeal."

"That's probably because Terry and I had every hope of escaping fairly soon, given our skills, and we had each other too. Poor Mike and Charlie never bonded. One was the effeminate gay boy who gave in too soon, hated by the other, an angry straight boy who had been broken hard before submitting to the uses they made of his body. Both gave into despair and crumbled psychologically. That said, the mountain men did spare their captives any serious physical damage. None of us was permanently scarred, at least not physically."

"Yes, but not for our sakes, Sandy. They just wanted to keep all us boys looking pretty for their pleasure."

"What is going to happen to the other boys, do you think?" Potter asked.

"For one thing, they are going to get rich. Franklin is a man of means, a multimillionaire. Mike and Charlie and the family of the dead boy will likely get most of his wealth. It's impounded so he cannot spend it on hot shot lawyers to get him off. We are joining their lawsuit too but asking for only a token one dollar each in damages. They need the money. We don't."

"Good for you." Jim Nicholls said. As a man with no sons of his own, he had long taken an avuncular interest in the two young actors. He was proud to see them acting so selflessly. As far as he was concerned, you couldn't find a better or more decent pair of kids than Sandy Barnett and Terry Knowles, even if they never could seem to keep their pants on for very long. Then, looking as good as they did in the altogether, who could really blame them.

