

PINK TRIANGLES

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The Market

Glass shattered onto the wet pavement and mingled with the droplets of rain, spreading between shopper's feet like beads from a broken necklace. Disappearing into the distance, clutching an assortment of crystal, ran a group of skinheads.

Naresh picked himself up from the pavement; blood dripping from his black hair. "Racists!" he shouted, shaking his fist.

Luke shot a brief glance at the mayhem he'd left behind, then gave a Nazi salute.

Naresh sat down onto a milk crate, which doubled as a seat. He was too angry to cry and was more concerned what his father would say when he returned. Brought from a toilet by all the commotion, Paul instinctively moved toward the stall and began to gather up glass. Other shoppers, not wishing to become involved, were giving the area a wide berth.

Paul and Naresh stooped beneath the stall, picking up chunks of glass and dropping them into a dustbin kindly provided by sympathetic stallholder. All the while blood was flowing freely from Naresh's wound, his soft, Indian features spoilt by the red liquid. Suddenly realising Naresh was hurt, he hadn't noticed in all the commotion, Paul ran to his car, returning with a first-aid kit.

Although he was reluctant to cease working, spurred on by his anger, Naresh allowed the man to do some repairs to an ugly gash on his head. Gently and professionally, Paul worked on the wound. He was no doctor but Naresh was the

type of guy he adored, and although he didn't wish to see him hurting, relished the opportunity to caress the boyish face and work on the wound.

“It needs stitches,” remarked Paul.

“Ouch! That hurt!” winced Naresh. It was his first words. Paul loved the unripened English the soft lips mouthed and knew he wanted to kiss him.

With Naresh patched up, both continued the delicate task of gathering glass, putting aside larger pieces that resembled an item, for insurance purposes. Silently they continued to work through the mess, each receiving cuts to their fingers.

The return of Naresh's father ceased their thoughtful chore. Arms outstretched, an assortment of Hindi rushed from his mouth. Paul understood not a single word but the expression on the father's face said it all. The distraught man looked as if he was searching for something to hit, anything would do, and he offered Paul an undeserving scowl. Eventually defeated by the unbelievable devastation of his livelihood, Naresh's father slumped onto the crate, eyes moist with sadness and anger.

Naresh moved forward, wrapped a comforting arm around his sad father, and explained what had happened. Although Nazi was the only word Paul understood, he guessed Naresh had told him about the lowlife that had destroyed his day and part of the family business.

Paul felt it was time to leave but the attractiveness of the youth was holding him like some hidden magnet. Several times, as Naresh consoled his Father, their eyes met, Paul's searching for clues to Naresh's sexuality, Naresh seeking answers, maybe, as to how one white person could be so vulgar and another so kind.

Searching for an excuse to stay, the task of dustman and doctor completed, Paul noticed his repair on the youth's beautiful brow had begun to fail, a fine ribbon of blood trickling from beneath the plaster and toward his rich black eyebrows and deep brown eyes. Moving close to Naresh, desperate not to appear over eager to get to his side, although the desire to be as close to him as possible was almost overwhelming, he gripped his arm.

“Your head's bleeding again. Can I take you to hospital?” suggested Paul. He stroked his finger through the red streak, almost licking it from the tip, as if it were his own blood.

Naresh's father gently lifted the plaster from his son's forehead, releasing a large amount of blood. He quickly pushed it down, becoming aware of the severity of the wound. Naresh had begun to look somewhat faint, the realisation that his cut was far worse than he'd suspected and the fact that he'd been physically attacked beginning to surface.

With a concerned father's blessing, Paul led Naresh to his car, placing an extra wad of bandage onto Naresh's head. He told him to press it tightly against the wound to stem the flow. He wasn't at all bothered about the blood staining his car and was more concerned his new found friend, he hoped he would become his friend, didn't lose more of the precious liquid than was desirable.

A pale and silent Naresh sat beside Paul. Paul suspected he might have been in a state of shock, the evil events becoming more apparent. He decided to ask his name, mainly to rouse his spirit but also because he dearly wanted to know who this beautiful youth was. Naresh needed to repeat it several times before Paul finally grasped the broken English.

“What a beautiful name,” is what Paul wanted to say but only thought it. And he had to admit he found Naresh so incredibly stunning, his buttocks small and firm, and held in tight black trousers; his delicate torso, covered in a white T-shirt and brown leather jacket, suiting him perfectly. Paul thought to simply kiss and cuddle this delicate delight would be sufficient reward for any guy.

“Nearly there,” said Paul, mainly so he could speak to Naresh once more. It wasn't a brilliant conversation piece, and the youth probably knew the area a good deal better. But Naresh had not spoken, apart from thanking Paul for his help, so he was hoping he could coax a little more information from his silent patient.

Unsuccessful in his attempt to lure Naresh into revealing more about himself, Paul parked the car outside the hospital. Together they walked into Accident and Emergency.

Paul hated hospitals and was relieved when they called Naresh. Somewhat concerned, he watched him disappear for treatment. But the pleasing sight of Naresh's bonnie backside, as he entered surgery, did cheer him slightly.

At the age of thirty, and he looked it, Paul's fatherly instincts had begun to develop, and he dearly wished he could be with Naresh; hold his hand and comfort him. However, he suspected the real reason was sexual, and it was often difficult for him to distinguish the two. Paul suspected being gay caused this confusion.

Some ten minutes later, resembling a turbaned Sikh, Naresh returned from surgery but by the look on his face wasn't pleased. Even Paul had to admit a turban didn't suit him.

The market had closed by the time they'd climbed back into the car. Naresh asked if he could be taken home. For Paul the return journey was more fruitful, and he discovered

Naresh was nineteen and at college: Business Studies. Also, he had no brothers or sisters. Whether he was gay Paul still had no idea, but he now knew where Naresh lived. Amazingly, it was only a mile from his own home.

On their departing, Paul took the opportunity to shake Naresh's hand. The soft and feminine fingers fitted comfortably into his palm. Paul wondered if he held them too intimately. Finally, with a daring wink, he bade Naresh goodbye.

Naresh's Home

The warmth of his home, accompanied by a waft of spices from his mother's cooking, greeted Naresh when he opened the front door. Having already heard the news of the attack from his father, within seconds his mother was at his side and began sobbing at the sight of him. Naresh consoled her as best he could, and insisted that he was fine. In an hour or so there would be a meeting with the police. He wasn't looking forward to it but knew it was necessary to stamp out racism. Whether that was possible or not, he wasn't sure. He could only live in hope.

Having settled his mother, Naresh moved upstairs to his bedroom. The sun still shone through his window but was disappearing behind the terraced houses. He stood in front of the full-length mirror fixed to the back of his bedroom door. He gave a grunt of disapproval at the sight of himself. Carefully, he removed the turban-like bandage. After all, he wasn't a Sikh.

In many respects, his head looked better with it on, the doctor having shaved a large patch around the cut. Naresh wondered if his hair would grow back where the scar would be, or whether he'd be left with a bald line along its length. He cursed the guy who did this to him but didn't want revenge. That wasn't part of his make-up. Other friends, and maybe family, would think differently.

Naresh lay on his bed, his head thumping. He needed some rest and to relax himself before the dreaded interview with the police. Whilst he relaxed, he began to think of Paul. What a lovely guy, and he didn't mean lovely just because of his kindness.

It had become apparent to Naresh in the past few months that he might be gay. He hadn't told anyone and

wasn't sure himself. It was only when he'd visited the toilet behind his father's stall and had come across a well-worn magazine that he had begun to suspect. He'd taken it home, hidden it in his room, and was more and more frequently delving into the glossy pages of naked men. He still wasn't sure how to recognise if someone was like him and fancied guys, or even fancied him. He found that confusing. As yet, he hadn't had sex with anyone, girl or guy, having a solitary sex life, tossing himself frequently.

Naresh wondered about Paul. Was he gay? And if he was, did Paul fancy him the way he fancied Paul? Yes, he sure fancied Paul, even if he was much older. And Paul's wink when they parted and the way he held onto his hand, did that mean something? Were those the signs he should be looking for, or was it all in his muddled brain?

Aroused by thoughts of sex with guys, Naresh brought the crumpled magazine from its hiding place and began to thumb through the pages; eventually finding a guy who resembled Paul. Moving to the mirror, he gently turned the key in the door and dropped his jeans to his ankles, revealing a multicoloured pair of briefs.

Whilst admiring his reflection, Naresh began to caress himself, hand deep inside the soft cotton. Folding the magazine down the spine, he wedged it between door and mirror. With both hands free, he dropped his briefs and began to work on himself more urgently, one hand caressing beneath his balls, the other working on his short but thick brown cock.

Visions of Paul, naked and nursing the cut, filled his mind. Within moments, Naresh's pleasing visions had Paul kneeling and burying a head between his soft young thighs.

Naresh worked his hand ever faster as visions of Paul sucking upon his lovely brown cock developed. The pictures

in the magazine were no longer needed, as he imagined the hot mouth working. Soon the spunk headed up the shaft of his cock and toward Paul's soft and succulent throat.

“Naresh! Naresh! The police have arrived!” an excited mother's voice bounced up the stairway.

A startled Naresh gasped on hearing her, but the gasp was also one of release when he shot his load, his teenage spunk striking his reflection with a splatter at the precise position of his reflected navel.

“I'm coming, Mother!” Naresh shouted back down the stairs, his words meeting her second call when he sent another stream of spunk splattering over the glass. He released a nervous laugh when he realised what he had just said.

Shaking from his amazing toss, and hoping his parents wouldn't realise what he had just been doing, Naresh descended the stairs for the dreaded meeting with the police, an organisation he had little faith in and even less trust.

Luke's Flat

Luke slammed the door to his studio flat, disturbing half the block. He stomped over to the kitchen sink. The blood on his hand had dried, most of it his own but a good deal belonging to Naresh.

Lifting a cracked glass from the draining board, he hurled it into the bin, smashing it against a milk bottle, where it disintegrated into a mass of fragments.

“Fucking bastard!” he growled, soaping his hands with washing-up liquid and removing the dried-on blood, opening a wound he hadn't realised he'd inflicted upon himself.

Luke rubbed some salt into the cut, the closest substance he had to antiseptic. It stung like hell and he sucked through his teeth as the white dust soaked into the fresh blood.

Searching every cupboard for a plaster, he eventually settled for a pink tissue and some Sellotape to hold it into place.

“I'll kill the bastard if I catch up with him again,” he shouted, then switched on his stereo, so loud, the cones almost left the speakers.

Someone in the flat above screamed, “Turn that fucking noise down!” but Luke never heard.

At twenty-two, Luke was absolutely stunning, with a body almost every guy would wish to have for themselves, in both senses of the word. It wasn't a muscle-bound body, just solid over every inch. A medicine ball dropped from two feet onto his stomach was no problem, and a hundred pressups a cinch.

Cracking open a bottle of Budweiser, Luke slumped onto his bed-settee and began to unlace his DM's, first pulling

a six-inch blade from the leather upper. He didn't know why but he felt as horny as hell.

Rummaging inside an untidy cupboard, he pulled out a magazine filled with young studs and flicked through the pages. With each page turned, the volume in his jeans increased. The only way he could release his exploding cock from the denim prison jeans, so that he could wank, was to remove them.

Bursting into daylight, the enormous sex sprang into his awaiting palm. Luke began to pump it earnestly as he continued to flick through the glossy pages.

Halfway through his satisfying toss, the magazine had settled onto a young, solidly built, black stud. Without even considering that he was a racist, Luke's eyes searched the glossy photograph, creating an erotic fantasy as he worked his cock in rapid movements.

Even though the Sellotape was beginning to scuff his foreskin and spoil the sensation, Luke's hand worked ever harder and evermore urgently on his rod-like cock. Moments later, with a deep and manly gasp, he came, shooting his spunk over the black stud's long, thick cock.

Luke fell back against the bed-settee and laughed, his white teeth flashing in a shaft of sunlight pouring into his bedroom. Tearing the soiled page from the magazine, he rolled it into a ball and tossed it into a bin, already overflowing with discarded lube and condom sachet trophies.

“Fuck 'em all,” he barked, for no particular reason. “Tonight I'll get the real thing.”

Mellowed by the Budweiser, Luke prepared himself a spliff. He lowered the volume of his stereo and placed Enigma into the CD's letterbox mouth. Thoughtfully, he puffed on the relaxing drug while the soothing sound

searched every sinew of his solid frame, finally sending him into a deep sleep.

Paul

The car felt empty without the presence of his Indian Prince, and Paul could not help running the day's events through his mind. In his absence, he mentally undressed Naresh, imagining what he would look like naked. There was no doubt he would be immaculately clean, smooth as a berry, slim, almost down to bone, and any muscle would be firm. Naturally, his pubic hair would match the fine black crop on his head. Unlike Jewish boys and Americans, he most likely would not be circumcised. That would appeal to Paul, a foreskin was always an added bonus on a guy as far as he was concerned.

Having first stopped at the supermarket for chicken, rice, and stir-fry vegetables for his evening meal of curry - Paul liked Indian food as well as Indian guys - he arrived at his flat. Plastic bag in hand, he opened the door to his ground floor dwelling, bent down and scooped up the day's mail; two bills and an official looking letter. He released a sigh, a mixture of deepening desire for Naresh and of the day's tension. The coffee percolator was quickly activated. In no time it was bubbling, sending wafts of the stimulating substance throughout his flat.

A shot of brandy preceded the coffee and went down in a single gulp. Paul switched on the stereo and floated some classical music into the room, then settled back to read the mail, ignoring the bills. The official letter was an invite from the Anti-Nazi League. Paul was a fervent member and his presence had been requested to protest a march by the British National Party on the coming weekend.

Racism was the biggest crime in the book as far as Paul was concerned, and he would go to any length, barring violence, to help stamp it out. Naturally, he would attend the protest even though he found them very frightening. But all thoughts of marches could wait for the moment. Naresh was still in his thoughts and 'randy' would be an understatement of how he was feeling. He decided he would have another brandy, eat, bathe, maybe watch a video, dress in his cruising gear and hit the club.

Having bathed and fed himself, Paul pushed a video into the player, lay down, and began to watch two of his favourite lads getting it off. He didn't toss, he would save the sex until later, should he get lucky.

Hormones sufficiently humming, Paul set about the task of making himself attractive and available. He knew he could never look stunning in a Euro Boy sense, but he was not unattractive. His body was well kept but a slight bulge in his midriff had developed. He suspected pints of real ale were the culprit, and the Danish pastries couldn't have helped.

Trade did come Paul's way on a regular basis but his much-adored Indian lads had never materialised in the clubs and bars. He'd never had a boyfriend but if he did, he hoped it would be someone of colour. Perhaps Naresh might be that person. He decided he would find an excuse to visit Naresh at the stall, and if it were possible, find some way of inviting him out.

Half an hour later, kitted out in tight jeans, white T-shirt, black boots and leather jacket, Paul made tracks to an East End club.

Luke Awakens

Luke awoke from his slumbers; the gentle hum of his stereo disturbing the silence. He was in total darkness, only the occasional car headlights illuminating the room, as they shone through the window and circled the walls, bringing life to a large safe-sex poster and a Union Jack.

Moving over to his CD player, he pressed play. Enigma gently caressed him for a second time. Scratching his balls, he drew the curtains shut.

Luke gave a hearty sniff under each of his armpits, and released a grunt of disapproval. The smell wasn't so unpleasant as to be disgusting, just a little unsavoury. He decided to take a shower.

As he moved toward the bathroom, he looked down at his palm. Samples of the day's sadistic events slipped back into his brain when he caught sight of the makeshift bandage.

Entering the bathroom, he set the temperature of the shower to his taste; colder than most would have preferred. Gingerly, he removed the Sellotape and tissue from his hand, releasing a curse when the congealed blood pulled away, opening the wound once more.

Stripping naked, Luke admired his exquisite body for a few moments in the full-length bathroom mirror, then dropped to the floor and began his daily pressups. His shoulders and biceps increased in volume as he vigorously pumped his beefy body up and down. It was a sexually stimulating sight, and he studied his reflection with a good deal of self-approval when his buttocks flexed and his mammoth cock brushed against the soft bathroom rug, with each downward movement.

Luke began his shower by soaping his zero-cropped head, then rinsing it clean. Re-soaping his hands, he began to

work them over his supple, succulent, sex-machine of a body. Proudly, he pressed into every solid sinew, as he soaped his smooth skin; almost a massaging action.

With extra shower-gel squeezed onto his palms, Luke began to soap between his legs, bringing his terrific tool to a full erection. For several minutes, he pumped the slippery shaft, concentrating on the thick bud, but stopped before shooting his stuff.

He drew a soapy finger between his buttock cheeks and pushed it swiftly into his hole. Looking at himself in the mirror, he grinned, a cunning grin, knowing that many a guy would have loved to have been there, but delighting in the fact that no one ever had or would.

Without question, Luke found it an immense turn on to pull the guys and not give them what they wanted, not let them fuck him. Without exception, he always did the screwing. Many a guy who had never been screwed before and thought they were going to screw him, soon succumbed to his persuasive prick, or maybe it was his personality?

Luke dried himself with a half-wet towel, and moved back into his room. Slipping into a snug-fitting pair of tight white briefs, he selected a thumpy CD. Cranking up the volume to its maximum decibels, he sent the dance disc spinning beneath the laser.

As the brain-bashing bass thumped throughout his body and his flat, Luke began to gyrate to its beat, winding himself up for a raunchy night at the club. An inevitable Budweiser was soon decapitated and a chaser joint cultivated. Between puffs and gulps, he threw his body around to the music, with even more vigour, increasingly exorcising himself from reality.

Sufficiently stimulated, Luke dressed in his usual bovver-boy braces, boots and denims, then stepped into the

darkened world outside. Strutting threateningly down the road and toward the club, he gripped his bulging cock and gave it a rough squeeze. “Who's going to be the lucky bugger tonight!” he boasted.

Naresh's Dilemma

The police departed Naresh's home, under the watchful gaze of neighbours' curtain hidden eyes. Naresh was exhausted, and moved back to his bedroom. He dearly wished to lie down, sleep, and forget this day, but with a project to write sent some electricity into his computer, giving it life.

The police were as useful as he'd anticipated, and had said they could do little about the incident, Naresh not being able to identify the culprit. He reckoned that was fair comment. In many ways, he was glad he was unable to recognise his assailant, as it would only mean more hassle. And yet, for the sake of the Indian community, he knew that the guy needed to be brought to justice.

With some difficulty, Naresh set about his project but thoughts of Paul were more appealing than Business Studies, and he found it difficult to concentrate. After a couple of paragraphs, his mind wandered. He began to think of sex and gayness, and how he could find the former and come to terms with the latter.

Was there a place he could meet other gays? He was sure that there must be. And if he did find such a place, would he be brave enough to go? Also, his parents needed to be told and that didn't bare thought, what with a potential arranged marriage on the horizon. Perhaps if Paul were gay, he would help him with his dilemma and maybe even help him lose his virginity!

Naresh squeezed two more pages from his bewildered brain then began to browse through his naughty magazine. His brown beauty began to bulge in his briefs but he refrained from playing with it, and pursued the next paragraph. Half an hour later, the slow chimes of the clock in the hallway ascended the stairs like an unwelcome ghost, as it struck

midnight. Naresh, sad and spent, stole the life giving energy from his computer, then slipped beneath the duvet.

Nurtured into a much-needed sleep by the soft sounds of his stereo, Naresh closed his eyes on the day, unaware his aggressive assailant and attractive admirer were out on the town, heading for the same venue.

Clubbing

Paul cruised the club in a sexy saunter. He'd already plucked up the courage, aided by the booze, and had had a couple of delightful dances with two dream guys. Sweat was trickling from his forehead, partly due to his excursion. As yet, he hadn't scored and the much cherished Indian lads were absent. Having ventured into every crevice of the club, Paul decided to prop the bar. Against a pillar at the edge of the dance floor, he spotted a mean, fantastic looking fucker. He was dressed in amply filled jeans, DM boots and wearing red braces over his shirt. Budweiser bottle in hand, with each rotation of the centre lights, his chiselled features were caressed by the various colours, softening or hardening them. Shooting sexual salvos around the club like sporadic gunfire, the horny guy eventually targeted Paul. Wounded instantly by the beautiful ballistics, the crotch of Paul's pants began to balloon.

In a slow and sexy saunter, the hunk slid toward Paul, his eyes fixed firmly into his passive pupils. Paralysed by the invisible wound inflicted upon him, Paul was unable to raise his glass to his drying mouth, nor could he avert his eyes from the sensationally seductive stares.

The sexy stud, now standing beside Paul, continued to keep his penetrating pupils firmly focussed as he ordered his fourth Budweiser. Placing his hand on top of the bottle, when the bar man went to lift the cap, he raised it to his mouth and bit it off, spitting the metal disc into an ashtray.

Impressed or intimidated, Paul wasn't sure. Sexually captivated, he was!

“Doesn't that hurt?” Paul broke the silence, giving himself a chance to break the tractor beam and put up his shields.

“I've got teeth like a horse,” the guy boasted, but in a pleasant kind of way.

“I bet you've got a cock like one, too,” sprang into Paul's mind then amazingly spat from his drying mouth.

Luke offered up his name and they began chatting, nothing serious, nothing deep or meaningful. This was bed talk, testing if the other had boyfriends, living accommodation, transport or any other information that might enhance or impede their inevitable friendly fuck.

For the next hour or so, they stayed just where they were. Neither danced, nor scanned for other trade, nor left the other's side, their hormones happy to hug together in anticipation of a healthy hump.

An hour before the club closed, Paul signalled to the barman that his glass required refilling. Luke, like some God laying down the law, placed his heavy hand over the empty vessel and told him that it didn't. Paul wondered if he should allow him to get away with that and whether he wanted to be dominated in this way. After another quick scan of Luke's body and immense denim-hidden cock, he decided that he did. Let's face it, Luke was a fantastic stud waiting to service a guy, waiting to shag him senseless. Paul reckoned it might as well be him. Most definitely, it might as well be him.

Within minutes, they were in a cab and heading to Luke's flat. Even before Luke had closed the door to his dwelling, his hands were around Paul's waist, searching his trousers, eager to get to the goods inside.

“Whatever happened to kisses and cuddles,” Paul thought but let the beast beneath his clothing, let him tug on his cock and squeeze his balls, balls that were filled to capacity with weeks of spunk.

Luke levered Paul from his pants. The remainder of his wardrobe soon followed. Skinny and white, compared to his

own powerful body, he tossed Paul onto his bed-settee and swiftly bound him in handcuffs. Paul's protest was cut short. He gasped for breath when Luke's walnut-cracking buttocks flexed and thrust the mammoth cock deep into his throat.

Soon Paul was sucking furiously upon that stout cock and no longer did he wish to protest. No, he wanted to grip those muscular mounds and squeeze them tightly while his face was fucked. He wanted to shove his fingers up Luke's hole while he did it. How desperately he wanted that.

Paul brought his handcuffed wrists between Luke's thighs and cupped his palms beneath the balls, tugging and toying with them as Luke tormented him with varying lengths of glorious cock, just the juicy smooth head, then half of the thick shaft, then the whole throbbing lot, then the plum again.

Luke pulled his cock from Paul's mouth, giving him a chance to get more air. A bubble of spunk jettisoned from the juicy thick head. It spat from the eye and began dribbling down the shaft. Paul tried to drive his mouth over the entire frightening length, suspecting Luke was coming, keen to drain him dry. But the stud was a teasing and tormenting bastard, and he pushed Paul's head away.

"I'm gonna fuck you, boy. Like you ain't been fucked before!" growled Luke. It sounded more like a threat than a statement of love but Paul was more than happy to hear the boastful words. And he was pretty sure it would be the truth.

The first condom burst when Luke tried to tease it over his tremendously thick, nine-inch cock, but another was professionally produced and swiftly pulled over the prize.

It wasn't quite a fist lubing his arse but it sure as hell felt like one when every single digit on Luke's huge hand plunged up Paul's hole.

“Got to get you nice and loose,” said Luke. “My cock wasn't fully hard when you were sucking it and I doubt you'll be able to take it when it is.”

What a bragging bugger he was. It seemed damn hard when you were driving that cock down my gullet, thought Paul. And he was damn sure he'd be able to take the whole spunk-filled shaft up his hole.

Paul's legs went over his head, roughly, very roughly. The enormous cock steamed into his arse and sank to the thick base. “Shit!” cursed Paul. It seemed Luke was telling the truth.

“Good. You've got the lot,” Luke kindly informed, grinning wickedly.

“Yeah,” Paul said, panting. Then, quite boldly, “Let's see what you've got in your engine, big boy.”

Paul had pressed some sexual button. Luke pushed Paul's legs further into the mattress, either side of his reddening face. His cock came out, well clear of Paul's hole. “Yes,” he grunted, thrusting it all the way in, until his balls slapped under Paul's arse.

“Oh, God!” cried Paul, the pain and pleasure almost unbearable.

The cock withdrew again, the bulging head poised against the quivering hole, which had begun shrinking to its normal size. “Yes,” Luke grunted again, slamming the solid nine inches well past the inner sphincter.

Paul screamed. he really did, then hollered, “Jesus, Luke!”

Luke bent and bit Paul's tit. “Hang in there, kid. I'm just getting started.”

Paul had lost count of the complete withdrawals and deep thrusts of that big cock, becoming so giddy with the pleasure. At one point, he'd almost slipped into a blissful

unconsciousness. Luke wasn't at all concerned, he was fucking Paul with all he'd got, keeping his promise, or was it a threat, the promise it would be a fuck Paul would never forget.

Paul didn't think it was possible, coming without someone touching his cock, but as the ever-working shaft reached incredibly thrilling speeds, his cock exploded, shooting sensational spurts of spunk over both naked chests and tummies. There could be no doubt in his mind Luke was indeed the master that he'd boasted to be, a sex animal, a stallion supreme, the roughest bit of rough. Without question, Paul knew he was being ridden by a thoroughbred.

Sex with Luke was a shag at its rawest and Paul loved every magnificent moment, delighting in every ripple and ridge on Luke's cock as he robustly rode him. Sadly, after the third ride, Paul reluctantly refused another.

Coffee cultivated and consumed, Paul asked Luke to phone a cab. Walking home was definitely out of the question. In fact, he had been so well and truly fucked he had doubts he would even make it to Luke's front door.

Giving him his long awaited kiss, Luke sucked the remaining life from Paul's already weakened body. Serviced like never before in his life, Paul staggered on trembling legs to the awaiting cab.

Luke slammed the door behind his prey. Bending down, he picked up a pink triangle that had fallen from Paul's lapel. Holding it skyward like some treasured trophy, he rubbed it against his chest. "Yes!" he grunted.

Morning

Luke left home for work at six-thirty. Naresh strolled to his father's market stall at about ten. Paul had managed to lift the phone at nine and call in sick. At eleven, he still hadn't managed to relieve himself from his bed. He wasn't really sick, well and truly shagged, so to speak.

By eight-thirty Luke's Telecom van had visited a cafe' and several toilets. Luke liked to start the day with a cruise, and early morning trade was often the most rewarding. So far, he hadn't been lucky, only a thirteen-year-old piece of jailbait on offer. Luke declined.

At Luke's first call, he was greeted by a youth dripping wet from a recent shower and wrapped in a towel. Luke went solid inside his skimpy pants in seconds but knew not to touch or even proposition should he want to keep his job. Even so, he couldn't resist glancing beneath the towel as the youth ascended the stairs, eager to glimpse his goods.

At the stall, things were slow, and Naresh took the opportunity to work on his project. Occasionally, he glimpsed tasty guys walking by and observed a few who used the toilet. His head no longer hurt and he had covered it with a baseball cap to hide the wound. Several stallholders had checked if he was okay. It was unlikely that he'd be attacked again but he did feel somewhat nervous. Paul entered his thoughts a couple of times and he wondered if he'd see him again.

His bed finally made, Paul sat in a hot, Radox bath. He needed to bathe his sore behind. But to describe it as sore could hardly do it justice; penetratingly painful came close. Brandy beside him, he relaxed into the steaming water and flicked through 'Hindustani for the Tourist'. He had decided he would venture to Naresh's stall. Hopefully, he would not be at college and he would impress him with a suitable phrase

from the book. Although he'd only just had sex with Luke, how could he ever forget, Naresh was his vision of a suitable boyfriend. He'd also felt the slightest suggestion that he might be gay.

'Fortune favours the brave!' as they say. Shortly, Paul would test that theory.

Naresh's day dragged. Luke's was sexually uneventful; he was too busy doing his work. Paul's was pleasant and relaxing, though somewhat nervy in anticipation of the oncoming encounter with Naresh.

The Date

Paul's timing was perfect; most of the stallholders had packed away. Naresh stood invitingly behind his half-empty stall. He was alone.

Paul approached. "Hello, Naresh. Ap se mil kar mujhe bahut khushi hui," Paul greeted, telling Naresh in Hindi that he was pleased to see him.

A pleasantly surprised Naresh replied in Hindi.

"Sorry, but I've only learnt one phrase," answered Paul, bashfully, feeling slightly silly that he hadn't a clue what Naresh was talking about.

"I said, 'You seem very happy'."

"Yes, I feel very khush!" answered Paul, emphasising khush, the Hindi word for Gay.

Naresh's lips parted slightly, then his perfect teeth appeared, and suddenly his whole face lit up. "Yes. I am very khush indeed," he gushed.

Paul released a knowing smile. Naresh had to be gay, and by the look in his eyes was bursting with excitement having found another gay guy.

"I'll take you home when you've cleared away. I only live a short distance from you, so it's no trouble," offered Paul.

"Thanks. I'd love that," a jubilant Naresh agreed, and began to pack the final pieces with a good deal more urgency.

Their third car journey was more fruitful and Naresh chatted more readily. They briefly talked off the incident but mostly they talked about Paul, Naresh keen to know all about him. They didn't talk of anything political, although that was a major part of Paul's life, but mainly about Paul's work, the kind of music he liked - yes, he liked Bhangra - and what TV he watched.

As they approached Naresh's home, he suddenly turned to Paul and almost pleadingly told him that he didn't have to go home straight away. Paul, almost breathless with excitement, took this to mean that he wanted to go home with him. He hesitantly suggested this. Almost childlike, Naresh bounced in his seat and rubbed his knees, confirming that he would very much like that.

Paul was overwhelmed by what was happening. Yes, he had planned to break the ice and set up a situation for some later date. But to be taking Naresh back to his flat, so soon, was so wonderfully unbelievable, and it took him every ounce of concentration to drive his car without colliding into another.

“You were trying to tell me that you were gay at the stall, weren't you?” Naresh bravely asked. Those words smashed into Paul, who nearly did the same to the car in front when it suddenly stopped.

Paul placed his palm intimately on Naresh's knee and rubbed it affectionately, confirming that he was indeed gay. Naresh dissolved into his seat, his excited face beaming with relief and joy. His whole body appeared to release a lifetime of tension.

Upon entering his flat, Paul made coffee and fixed himself a brandy. Naresh declined the alcohol, which may have been for religious reasons but Paul wasn't sure.

In the comfort of his home, Paul lovingly lowered his defences whilst an eager Naresh began to bombard him with excited questions about being gay, and almost anything about gay life. How was he to recognise another gay? Where did they all go? What happens in toilets? The questions were endless and Paul suggested that it would take forever to answer them all, but said there was one way of recognising some gay people.

Paul produced a pink triangle from a cabinet, he had several remaining from last Pride, and explained about the Gay Jews and the Nazis. It may have been slightly heavy on their first date, but Paul thought if Naresh was to wear one, he should at least know of its significance.

Paul explained that not all gays wore them, with such strong beliefs. Most wore them simply as a statement of being gay, but he wore his with compassion and with pride.

He passed the pink triangle to Naresh. Naresh pushed the pin into his leather jacket. Paul helped him fasten the clip. "I shall wear mine with love and for hope," Naresh delightfully declared.

Paul was simply overjoyed by how brilliantly they were getting along. Naresh was that ray of sunshine he had long awaited, and he could feel his soul disappearing into those deep brown eyes.

Like a hungry tiger, Naresh unexpectedly pounced on Paul, throwing his arms around his neck and pressing his soft mouth onto Paul's, kissing him with such passion Paul thought he might go into cardiac arrest.

Paul didn't want to die at thirty but thought he might at any moment. Naresh's slim body shook with excitement when he prized him away and sucked in some much needed air. He guessed that with his innocence and longing for love, Naresh was unaware that there might be rules to the game, but forgave him his forwardness. Even so, Paul was delighted a guy as gorgeous as Naresh desired him so badly.

For the next hour, they kissed, cuddled and caressed, their bodies melting together.

"Will you make love to me? Please!" begged Naresh. His words were spoken with such tenderness they made Paul feel slightly guilty, and he coughed. They sounded so wonderful, so meaningful, so innocent and beautiful that he

was speechless. Never, since he had dated guys had he felt such power from a simple sentence. Naresh had no idea of what he had so innocently asked. For Paul knew that if they did have sex, he would be so uncontrollably in love. After a good deal of thought and discussion with Naresh, he agreed.

They moved into the bedroom. Naresh lay silent and still whilst Paul lovingly removed each item of his clothing, revealing the delicate, brown flesh with its silky texture. Already Paul could feel himself falling in love when his eyes absorbed Naresh's exquisite body, the slender waist, the firm, youthful muscles, his well-defined chest with the smallest of nipples, and his Smartie-sized navel implanted on a firm, flat stomach. This was an emotional experience, the likes of which had never touched Paul before, and he wondered if God had created Naresh especially for him.

They kissed and caressed, comfortable to let their bodies glide against the other, Naresh's soft, brown and beautiful, Paul's white, wiry and weakened by love. And whilst Naresh licked, stroked, and kissed every inch of Paul, Paul comforted, cuddled and guided him gently through his first act of lovemaking.

They met every night that month, making love for every moment they were together, discovering those intimate details that would bond them for life.

The March

For most people Saturday was the best day of the week. Luke usually went to a football match, looking for someone to kick the crap out of, and in the evening went clubbing. Paul, having a stressful job, relaxed, caught up on any letter writing, and in the evening, like Luke, went pubbing and clubbing. Naresh worked most Saturdays, the busiest day on the stall, but this Saturday he would finish early because Paul had promised to take him to a gay club.

This Saturday, however, Paul and Luke had an extra commitment. The BNP march, scheduled for early evening, would beckon them to join their respective ranks and defend their beliefs.

Naresh worked like a voluntary slave on his father's stall, it was an unbelievably busy day. The sun sparkling in the sky brought out many shoppers and made it a cheerful afternoon. Also, looking forward to his evening with Paul gave him extra drive.

Paul was not so relaxed, every nerve in his body twitched as he prepared his ANL banner. He desperately fancied a brandy but with his experience of previous demonstrations knew it was better to keep the brain alert. It wasn't uncommon for someone to start trouble.

Luke was firing himself up for the event, sinking Budweiser like lemonade. He'd dressed for the part, with DM boots, jeans supported by red braces, and Denim jacket. He'd also given his head a quick shave and the obligatory blade was buried in his boot, its cold steel against his smooth leg. In his lapel, he wore Paul's pink triangle, ignorant of its significance, or purposefully to provoke.

Approaching five, the sun, sending joy into the hearts of shoppers, failed to have the same effect on the ranks of the

ANL. Paul stood on the pavement's edge, pink triangle in lapel, banner raised high and flapping in the breeze, pleased to see so many had turned out to protest the evil. Silently he awaited the nurturers of Nazism.

Naresh departed the stall early, proudly sporting his pink triangle on his leather jacket, looking forward to his night with Paul. He hadn't known of the demonstration and felt decidedly uncomfortable when he happened upon the banner-waving ANL supporters.

The pavement was solid with bodies so he moved onto the roadside in order to continue his journey. He was tempted to return to the stall but an avalanche of people leaving the tube station pressed him forward. His heart pounded in his chest and he prayed that he could reach home before whatever was going to happen, happened.

Walking as fast as his legs could carry him, he quickly froze when crescendo of Anti-Nazi jeers cascaded over him, but unbeknown to Naresh he had stopped only yards short from where Paul stood.

Naresh glanced behind himself. From a side street, he spotted a sea of Swastika-waving skinheads moving toward him. Terrified, he attempted to move into the crowd, but his small frame hadn't the strength to gain him entry.

Ever closer came the threatening throng of evil. Naresh was petrified. The scum of society, those wretched workers of the Final Solution were soon upon him. Although they only numbered one hundred, to Naresh they seemed a thousand strong.

Almost half the slime had slithered by and Naresh began to feel more comfortable, relieved that it was nearly over. Then, without warning, a hail of missiles came raining down.

Luke knelt before Naresh, a chunk of glass embedded in his head, blood pouring from the wound. In an uncontrollable rage, he screamed at Naresh. “You fucking Paki bastard!”

Naresh stood motionless, mesmerised by the pink triangle in Luke's lapel. He almost smiled when he innocently thought, “I'm okay, he's gay.”

Luke pulled the blade from his boot and begun to lunge toward Naresh, all the while screaming at him. Hearing the vile abuse, Paul turned and spotted Luke, recognising him instantly. He then noticed the blade as it flashed in the sunlight. Instinctively, his eyes moved in the direction Luke was taking. He screamed in horror when he saw his innocent boyfriend standing silently, unaware of the danger he was in.

“Naresh! Naresh!” screamed Paul, dropping his banner and rushing toward them, his brave body separating the two, his mouth releasing a desperate gasp as the blade sank between his ribs.

Naresh and Paul fell to the ground, the weight of Paul's limp body bringing them down. On realising it was Paul, and what had happened, a hysterical Naresh yelled in horror, his young hands pressing onto Paul's blood-soaked chest, as he frantically tried to stop the flow of blood. Cradling Paul's trembling torso in his arms, disbelieving the butchery that lay before him, Naresh stroked his bloodied fingers through Paul's hair, kissing him frantically and pleading with him not to die.

Devastated and defeated, Naresh sat silently on the pavement as he watched Paul's butchered body placed into an ambulance and taken from him; sirens whaling.

A Wasted Life

Naresh stood sorrowfully in the distance as he watched the hundreds of mourners depart his lover's grave. After they had left, he solemnly walked to Paul's resting place, where a solitary wooden cross bore his name. He placed a pink triangle of carnations against it. A simple message attached to it read:

You gave me your love.

You gave me your life.

I shall remember you always.

Love Naresh.

Final Thought

Paul wore his pink triangle with pride and with compassion.

Naresh wore his with love and hope.

Luke wore his with prejudice and hatred.

And yours?