



FREYA'S BOWER PRESENTS

THE FACILITY TRIP



ANSLEY VAUGHAN

The Facility Trip

by

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The Facility Trip

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Chapter 1

Guy had been in Mandisa for ten days, and his overwhelming impression was one of heat, constant heat, near intolerable, humid heat. Now in the late afternoon, the mist lay heavy across the river plain, a haze rolling down towards the sea. In the distance, faintly audible, the steady thump of mortar fire, interspersed with the sharper sound of artillery, provided a constant sound track.

From his hotel in Lambowa, the second city, he finally managed to work his way through the complexities of the east African exchange and get a connection to London. He talked to his editor, then rang home. Fenella sounded pleased to hear from him, but he could tell she was busy. "Look, I've finally managed to get a facility trip up to Katagano."

Her tone sharp, she asked, "Katagano? That's where the fighting is, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I'm going up with the army. I'll be fine."

"Good." She seemed worried, but distracted, and in the background he could hear an insistent screaming. "That's Thomas. I think Matthew just hit him with a brick. I have to go, darling. Phone me as soon as you can. Be careful."

Guy went downstairs to the dining room, which resembled the set for an old black and white film of a story by Somerset Maugham, all rattan chairs and languid overhead fans. The whole place looked faintly grubby and run down. He ate the inevitable rice and stew without appetite and made for the bar. One other person occupied a table, a younger man from one of the news agencies, whom he knew slightly.

"Todd, how are you? I thought all the hacks but me had shown some rare good sense and got out."

"You're right, and I'm flying to Nairobi tomorrow. Then it's back to the States, thank God." Todd waved his hand in the direction of the bar. "Have a drink."

"I should think I might need several." Guy flung himself into a chair, moving a hand over his sweaty forehead. "I've wangled a trip up to the front line, going tomorrow."

They sat and talked as journalists do all over the world, about common acquaintances, stories they'd covered and the outrageous demands of their editors at home. Guy bought more drinks, then when Todd's turn came, he got up and went to the bar. The place was filling up now, a few local businessmen drinking hard and talking loudly to each other at an adjoining table. Guy glanced at his colleague as he stood at the counter, waiting for the sleepy barman to pour their drinks. Only a few years younger than himself, Todd was tall and rangy, with straw-coloured hair, spiky and wild looking in the humid air. A nice man, something of the all-American football player, but none the worse for that. Guy looked at the long legs, the buttocks tight, swathed in faded blue denim. And from somewhere, completely unbidden, came a jolt, a surge of something he didn't want to characterise as lust. He felt his cock stir under the cotton fabric of his trousers and a familiar thrumming begin inside him, somewhere near the spine.

One of the Mandisan businessmen said something to him, and he joined in their conversation gratefully, his mind rejecting the strange impulse that had so roused him.

Later, in the spartan hotel room, Guy felt unaccountably lonely. He'd undressed and showered, and now a feeble fan flicked overhead as he lay on the threadbare counterpane. He sighed. He hadn't realise how difficult this trip would be. There hadn't been too many foreign trips since his marriage and the swift arrival of his sons. In the old days... He rolled over and found his wallet. From it, he extracted the card of a high-class hooker, which had been handed to him by one of his new acquaintances in the bar. "*Very good, very clean. She'll do anything.*"

You'll like her." He groaned. This wasn't the right time to start being unfaithful to Fen. The heat felt unbearable, heavy and oppressive, as if he was suspended in a warm bath. He sighed. "How the hell am I going to sleep in this?" Well, he could do at least one thing to make himself feel better, he thought. His hand curved around his flaccid penis and pulled at it, causing it to flex and grow instantly.

His hand, his cock, everything was slick with sweat, and he played gently, then with growing force. He needed to come, had to have some release before he could even contemplate settling down. His hand moved faster and faster, while his brain ran scenarios in front of his mind's eye.

Fenella appeared, magnificent in a black lace teddy, sitting astride him and holding her breasts aloft. His erection swelled. "But we conceived the twins that night," he thought, and it sagged again. He contemplated the big African beauty he'd had last time he'd been on this continent, before his marriage. Saw her laughing, turning over, her glossy black rear thrust out towards him. He shook his head. In retrospect, he knew he'd got away with it, but then it had been rash. Rash, but irresistible. He'd eased his cock into the narrow channel of her anus, watching with pleasure as the flesh dimpled and stretched. The memory got him right to the edge, his fingers flying now.

And then, there it was. A vision from nowhere. The American, Todd, stretched out on a bed, naked. His flesh gleamed with a bronzed, healthy look. His blonde head lay sideways on the pillow, his hands on either side. In his imagination, Guy used his thumbs to prise the buttocks apart, contemplating the dark maroon of the man's anus. He reached out a finger and touched it, and the tight pucker throbbed involuntarily.

At that point, he came, suddenly and hard, spurt after spurt erupting over his hand and the thin cover of the bed. He sighed, using a handful of rough tissues to clean himself up. Then he rolled over and fell into a troubled sleep, haunted by visions of a giant face, with lips pursed, which kept swooping down and trying to kiss him.

In the minutes after his travel alarm went off, Guy contemplated the day ahead. It had been a ferocious battle with red tape and army reluctance to get this facility trip up to the front line. No other journalist had been up there for months, and the dateline was going to look good. But it would be dangerous; he was under no illusion about that.

He got up swiftly and packed a small rucksack with essentials. The unit he was travelling to had promised to send a driver for him, and he waited outside the hotel, the heat already building despite the earliness of the hour. About ten minutes late, early by Mandisan standards, he heard the roar of an engine on the deserted main road, and a jeep screeched to a stop, throwing up choking clouds of foul smelling dust. Something about the abrupt way the vehicle braked told him that the driver was not in a good temper, and a glance into the open front seat confirmed this. He was a man of about his own age, wearing khaki fatigues and a forage cap pulled over his eyes, which were shrouded by wrap-around mirrored dark glasses. His skin was very dark, and his teeth, as he turned his head, were perfect and white.

"Guy Maltravers? Get in." The voice was clipped, a British accent, not the lilting speech pattern of the native Mandisan.

Guy threw his pack into the back and was scarcely in the vehicle before it roared off again. He felt compelled to make conversation, something to ease the tension, so he shouted over the noise of the engine. "How long does it take, the journey to Katagano?"

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“An hour. Maybe two. Depends on the fighting.”

There was a pause as they sped through the scruffy southern suburbs of this, Mandisa’s second city.

“And we’ll be staying down there for a couple of days?”

“Not more than two.”

“What is the state of the fighting up there at the moment?”

Abruptly, the soldier wrenched the wheel of the jeep over and pulled off the road onto a scrubby field. He turned right round in his seat and for the first time, Guy saw from his epaulettes that his rank was that of Major. He wasn’t just a driver.

“Listen, Mr. Maltravers. I’m a good soldier and I do as I’m told. I’ve been instructed to collect you, to drive you down to the front, to nursemaid you while you’re there and to get you back in one piece. And that’s just what I’m going to do. But frankly, I think it’s madness. It’s a complete waste of manpower when our people are dying down there in the face of a savage rebel attack. I could be better employed killing the scum who are trying to disrupt our country. You are a distraction, Mr. Maltravers; you are a waste of my time. Understand?”

Guy nodded, smiling politely. “But of course. You’re doing your job and you find it frustrating to have to squire me around. And I, of course, am doing my job. Which is to tell the people who read my paper what’s happening here. And if you believe in the justness of your cause, then you should be glad I’m here, glad for any interest from a press corps which mostly stays in the safety of its hotel and writes the story from the wire copy before moving on to somewhere where the war is bigger, better and more interesting. Because if you can get public opinion on your side, the politicians will follow. And that means money, which translates into weapons for you and a chance to wipe your miserable little opponents off the face of the earth. You agree?”

The major nodded. “I suppose your analysis has some merit.”

“In that case, perhaps you’ll do me the favour of speaking to me at least as if I were a fellow human being. And you could start by extending me the basic courtesy of telling me your name.”

After a pause, as if reluctantly, the soldier said, “I’m Tabansi Changa. Harrow, Sandhurst, the Royal Artillery and...” he got the vehicle into gear, crashing the stick noisily as if to punctuate his remarks “...the Royal Mandisan Fusiliers. God help me!” His face twisted in a grimace, and the jeep pulled out again into the chaotic morning traffic.

After this outburst, they drove in uncomfortable silence until they were out of the city and the road was beginning to climb into the central highlands where the worst of the fighting had been taking place. As the habitations at the side of the road dwindled, it became a dirt track, fringed by scrub and stunted palm trees. After a while, they travelled through a deserted village, the houses burned and half destroyed.

The major gestured towards the wreckage. “That used to be a thriving community. A rebel incursion a few weeks ago put paid to that. Fifteen of the villagers were killed. Most of the women were raped. The children were traumatised. This is the kind of thing we have to deal with every day.”

“Dreadful.” Guy scribbled in his notebook. “What’s the name of the village?”

“Kombura. It had everything. A church, a school, shops. Now it’s completely destroyed. Even the children...”

The major stopped talking and drove on, but a few minutes later, without looking round, he said, “You have kids?”

“Two. Twins.” Guy got the photograph from his wallet, happy to exchange this universal

currency of humanity.

The major glanced at the picture, a faint smile lighting the grim face. "They're fine looking boys."

"They've just turned two. Into everything. You?"

The major fumbled at his shirt pocket and he brought out a tattered snap of a smiling girl, hair in pigtails, being cuddled by a woman, clearly her mother. "Anjuna. She's eight."

"Beautiful child. Beautiful mother."

"Yes. I'm lucky. That's why this..." he gestured at the passing countryside, at the burned scrub... "makes me so angry. It's why I came back."

They travelled on in silence, but the tension in the car had diminished. Guy studied his companion covertly. He was a big man, who exuded power and, at the moment, disapproval. But there was something else, a magnetism, a hint of raw sexuality, which Guy found exciting. He felt the familiar twinges of desire in his loins, an echo of his fantasy about his agency colleague the previous night. He sighed, shaking his head as if to clear his brain. "It must be the heat," he told himself.

The rest of the day was frenetic, but fascinating. The headquarters of the government forces in the region were a short way behind the front line at Katagano. Major Changa was still sulky, but punctilious, and showed him all over the camp, allowing him free access to those of the troops who had fallen back to rest. He took him to the ops tent and gave him a full briefing on the course of the war. Using a huge wall map, he showed him the sweep of the front line, which here snaked through mountainous and inhospitable country.

"The rebels are coming through these two valleys. The fighting cuts across the plain, here, and the line gets pushed backwards and forwards. When they're doing well, this little mountainous area to the east gets cut off. The people there are in a parlous state, so when we have control of the area, we're trying to get them out. Trouble is, many of them are farmers and they just don't want to leave their crops and animals. It's a wretched situation."

"Tell me about the rebels. We get such mixed information – they're Marxists, they're former soldiers, they're Moslem insurgents, they're supported by neighbouring armies, they're in the pay of the Russians, the Chinese..."

"It's all true and all false. It's highly factional, there's a hard core of disaffected former soldiers, and they are split roughly along religious lines, with some of them coming from the Moslem south. But they're being stirred up by our neighbours, who want access to some of our resources, and other powers further afield who are competing for influence. And most of them are just mercenaries, chancers, thugs who want to cause trouble and grab what they can. The bottom line is, this is not a grouping with which we can ever negotiate successfully. It's too disparate for that. And the rebels have developed the tactic of fear. They're totally brutal with the civilian population; the rules of war mean absolutely nothing to them. Our best bet is to break them, to drive them back, and ultimately to destroy them, then win hearts and minds in the territories they vacate by offering the greater standard of living the north can supply."

"Fascinating!" Guy studied the map. He traced one relief line with his finger. "And this is the area which keeps changing sides?"

"It is. It's called the Asawa strip. Poor devils."

"Can we go there tomorrow?"

Changa hesitated. "I don't know. It's dangerous. The front has been moving again, we could get cut off."

"But worth it. Great copy. You do want your point of view to be heard in the West?"

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The major inclined his head. "I suppose so. We'll have to see what the situation is in the morning."

"And where, exactly are the settlements?"

The major stood behind him. Now he leant forward to point out the inhabited areas of the Asawa strip. As he did so, his arm touched Guy's, and just for a second, his hips made contact with Guy's buttocks. Guy could swear he felt something there, a hardness which belied the major's professional detachment. Again, his whole lower body convulsed with a feeling of excitement and desire. Major Changa turned away, and Guy, with a conscious effort, pulled himself together.

They dined in the mess on that stew again, which Guy thought, although horrible, tasted slightly better than that in the hotel. He slept in a spacious tent in the officers' quarters and woke at dawn. After a rough meal of maize porridge, he felt ready to face Major Changa again.

The major looked smart and fresh, but his manner continued to be grim.

Guy asked. "So is it all right for us to go up to the front? To the Asawa strip?"

"Well, it seems relatively quiet up there, although there are reports of a rebel column coming in from the south. We can go this morning, but we need to be out before nightfall, which is when they'll be on the move."

They drove out of the camp in silence. Here, evidence of the fighting was all around, burned out vehicles at the side of the road, huts, outbuildings and fields destroyed. As the road climbed, the air became blessedly cooler, though not much. Eventually they pulled into a dusty village, with evidence of the conflict apparent everywhere. They were in what appeared to be the main square, and almost at once, people started to arrive, most dressed in the traditional robes, the women tall and stately, the men in the distinctive kilts of these central highlands, many worn incongruously with Western-style printed tee shirts. There were children, wide-eyed, clutching at their mother's skirts. No one spoke, until an elderly man approached. He wore an open-necked shirt and jeans, his hair grizzled. He shook hands with the major, who introduced him. "This is the Headman, Patience Chiumbe. Sir, this is a writer from London, Guy Maltravers. He wants to tell people about your problems. Will you talk to him?"

The man regarded them both solemnly. "So long as he is not another ploy to try to persuade me to move our people away, I will talk to him."

"Sir, you know it would be better for all of you..."

The old man held up his hand. "Tabansi, I've heard everything you have to say on the subject. Many times. We will stay here, with our fields and our herds, as our forefathers have for generations."

The major made a sound of exasperation, but Guy sensed a warmth between them, a feeling of respect. "No, this man just wants to tell the people in Britain and the West about what is happening here."

Chiumbe smiled, a beautiful smile. "Well, that can only be a good thing."

Over a drink of the strong local beer, in measured and dignified tones, he told Guy the whole history of the village, the happy agrarian way of life shattered by a war no one understood. "We have lost more than fifty of our villagers, and we have many maimed by this barbarism. But we will not surrender. We will not give in. Major Changa is a good man, but what he wants is to please the army, the government and public opinion. I want what is good for the soul of my people."

At the end, Guy shut his notebook, knowing he had secured a memorable interview. He took some pictures with his digital camera then asked if it would be all right to talk to some of the

villagers.

The man smiled. "So long as you are sensitive, which I am sure you will be, I have no objections."

When he left the central building, Guy could see Changa leaning against the jeep, looking irritated. He was listening to a small field radio. As soon as he saw him, he shouted across. "We should be thinking about heading back. There's definitely something going on the other side of that ridge."

"Fine. I just need to talk to some of the villagers, then I'll be with you."

"Half an hour at the most," Changa said, turning back to his radio.

Chiumbe escorted Guy around the village, introducing him to people who were unfailingly cheerful and courteous, despite their awful circumstances. One woman, with four children under five, had been widowed when her husband stepped on a landmine; a teenaged girl had been raped, two other children had been orphaned when their father was shot and their mother abducted by the rebels. The stories were harrowing, and Guy felt a growing sense of anger and conviction that Changa's assessment of his opponents as opportunist thugs was correct.

He lost all sense of time as he feverishly scribbled his shorthand notes and clicked away with his camera. He was particularly struck by the children; the circumstances in which they were living were so dreadful, and the place so remote, yet they were basically normal, happy kids. When he'd finished his interviews, one shy little boy came forward and in faltering English, asked. "Mister, have you seen Manchester United?" Within seconds, he was surrounded by children chattering excitedly about English football.

It was here that the major found him. In clipped accents, he said, "Mr. Maltravers, you may wish to spend the night up here, but I have no desire to do so. Please come at once."

Guy quickly said goodbye and walked towards the vehicle. As soon as they were out of earshot, Changa said in tones of repressed anger. "Mr. Maltravers, I'm not sure you fully grasp the severities of this war. By delaying, you've put yourself in danger. You do not want to be up here after nightfall."

"But those children have no choice," Guy said, shaken by what he'd seen and resentful of the major's tone.

"If I could persuade Chiumbe, then they, too, would have the choice of evacuation. In any case, you are in my charge, and I have orders to get you back to your hotel in one piece."

He made it sound as if it was only because of his orders that he cared at all. They got into the jeep in silence and began the long journey down the winding hill. The sun hung low in the sky and behind them, and to their right, there came again the familiar sound of artillery. Major Changa let his iron control slip enough to say. "Shit! It's started."

The road snaked down the mountain, doubling back on itself in places. Either side was wild vegetation. About halfway down, completely without warning, there was a huge explosion. All Guy saw was a flash of light at the side of the road, and after what seemed like a long pause, he heard a deafening roar. As if in slow motion, he felt the vehicle rise up into the air and then roll sideways. He was flung out, landing in the soft undergrowth where he lay, stunned. By now, the sun had set, and in the darkness of the brush, he could scarcely see himself, but a quick inventory of his limbs convinced him that he was unhurt, bruised at most. From a little further down the ditch, he heard Major Changa. In this crisis, his voice had become even more of a parody of an old fashioned British Army Officer.

"Maltravers? Maltravers, are you all right?"

"I'm here. I'm fine. You?" Guy was starting to get up when he heard the crack of gunfire

frighteningly near, he judged from the other side of the road. Then something hit him, and he fell down again, where he had been, on his back, with something solid and heavy on top of him. Major Changa.

The major's smooth cheek was pressed against his own. Guy started to say something, and Changa immediately clamped his hand over the other's mouth. "Quiet!" he hissed into his ear. "They're very close."

Another burst of firing sounded nearby, followed by some incoherent shouting. Guy thought whoever had attacked them had found the vehicle. He lay back, conscious of the weight of Changa's huge body across him. He was cramped and he shifted slightly to try to get comfortable. He spread his legs to stop them being crushed, so the major was lying between them. In doing so, he brought his genitals into contact with Changa's.

Something like a bolt of electricity shot through him, starting at the groin, making his already overheated body feel as if it were on fire. He moved a little, and the major moved too. The slight friction was unbearable, blissful. Guy closed his eyes, and at that moment, heard the unmistakable sound of gunfire very near.

He lay very still, the man on top of him covering him completely. He thought he was going to die. Given the imminent danger, his thoughts were amazingly coherent. He conjured up a picture of his sons, running around in the garden of his house in north London, their mother calling them in for bed. He remembered his parents, his sister. Methodically, he said goodbye to all of them. He'd had a good life. As the bullets flew overhead, he experienced a sudden sensation of complete and agonising regret. There had been something more, something he'd missed, had been too pusillanimous, too conventional to try. And Christ, now, how he regretted it.

Major Changa exhaled slightly, his breath cool on Guy's hot skin. Involuntarily, he lifted his hips a little. He knew that incongruously in this time of acute crisis, his cock was hardening. Through the rough material of Changa's fatigues, he could feel an answering hardness. He felt absurdly happy.

The major said something. Guy shook his head, and he repeated. "They've gone. Let's get the hell out of here." Changa rolled off him and got up, pulling him roughly to his feet. He was in a cold fury. "I told you there were troop movements. Now you've put your life in danger. And mine."

"Sorry," Guy said, feeling the response was fairly inadequate. His head was still swimming from the near miss, and also from the overwhelming sensation of being close to this man.

Changa brushed down his uniform. "Well, as luck would have it, there's an army blockhouse up ahead. Not much there, but we should be safe for the night, and in the morning I'll call up some transport."

Guy nodded gratefully.

"Let's see if there's anything worth salvaging from the Jeep."

On the road, their vehicle lay on its side, a burned out shell. Guy's pack had been thrown clear, and he picked it up thankfully. The major salvaged a few items, then kicked the ruined car, and together they began to trek up the dusty road.

Chapter 2

High barbed wire surrounded the blockhouse. Changa fished a key from his jacket pocket and used it to open the outer door and again for the steel entry to the main brick building. They entered a small square space. It had horizontal slit windows all around at eye level, allowing a glimpse outside but not much light. Tiles lined the walls. On one side were rows of wooden bunk beds, enough to accommodate eight men, and in the far corner, opposite the door, a shower and lavatory bowl. There was a little stove, a store cupboard. That was it.

Changa made an expansive gesture. "Welcome to our blockhouse."

Guy put down his pack and leaned against the closed door, panting from the effort of climbing the track, and still shaken by the accident and his earlier proximity to Changa.

The major was using his radio. When he turned back, he seemed more relaxed. "They will come for us in the morning. Now, let me show you around."

He showed off the room in the manner of a hopeful estate agent. "We have bunk beds here, but the frames make them very uncomfortable. I would advise placing the mattresses on the floor. The ablutions are not luxurious and not very private, but they suffice, and the shower is good. There are basic supplies in the kitchen, so we won't starve. And the place is absolutely secure."

"What the fuck happened down there?"

"What do you mean?"

For the first time, Guy thought the major looked evasive, embarrassed almost.

"Whatever happened to the Jeep. It wasn't a mortar, I know that."

"Oh. Oh yes, I see. No, it was probably a pipe bomb at the side of the road. They must have seen us go up. Usually we get down again before they have a chance to lay them."

"Oh, I see."

"Look, we might as well get as comfortable as we can. The patrol will be here first thing. Meanwhile, there's food, of sorts, army rations, nothing fancy. I, for one, need a shower."

Guy looked at the corner of the room where the shower and toilet were. There were no curtains, no concealment of any kind. As if he read his thoughts, Changa said, "The army doesn't go in for privacy. But if you wish to use the facilities, I will look away."

"Oh, I'm sure that won't be necessary." Guy was embarrassed. "But I do need to use the toilet." There was a sudden urgency in his bowels which no amount of bashfulness could hold back, and he sat on the porcelain rim and emptied himself. True to his promise, the major turned his back, rooting through the cupboards in the kitchen area. Guy cleaned himself up with the rough paper on offer, used the rudimentary flush and hauled his jeans back up.

"Would you like something to eat?" Changa said. "There's even beer here. It's against regulations, but still..."

"Please to both," Guy said, accepting an opened bottle with alacrity.

"There's not a lot of water for the shower. It comes from a collecting tank on the roof. We'll have to share."

Disturbingly, Guy felt his cock lurch again. "Fine," he said, wondering how he was going to conceal his state of arousal from the soldier.

"Good," said Major Changa and began to remove his clothes.

Guy looked away while his companion used the toilet, only turning back when he heard the sound of running water.

"Come quickly," Changa said. "The tank will soon be empty."

Guy stripped off his shirt and jeans and got ready to step into the spray. The major was already there, and Guy couldn't help looking at him. He was magnificent. He must have been more than six-foot-two, his body lean and muscled. His skin was a glossy ebony, glowing with health. When Guy allowed his glance to slither downwards, he saw his cock, cut, flaccid but already huge. The water ran down his skin, contouring the curves of his body. Guy himself was already half erect. He decided his need for a shower was greater than his embarrassment at his predicament and backed into the spray in an attempt to conceal it.

They washed in silence, the water still warm from the heat of the day. Thinking about that beautiful body, so close to him, was playing havoc with Guy's blood supply, and soon he was fully erect. He couldn't resist turning round, just once, his hands covering the evidence of his shame, to get another glimpse of Major Changa. His gaze fell again to the magnificent penis, now half-hard and pulsing. He looked swiftly upwards, afraid of being caught staring, and his eyes met those of the major. For one long, intense moment, they looked at each other. Then Changa moved swiftly across the small space between them, grabbing Guy's wrists and forcing him back against the tiles with his hands above his head in an attitude of surrender.

Guy said nothing, but he thought it ironic that he'd escaped being blown up and shot at, only to meet his end at the hands of a homophobic African soldier who'd misunderstood a single glance.

Then Major Changa's lips were on his, his strong body pressed against him. As if on cue, the water in the tank ran out and the spray ceased.

Guy's first emotion was one of astonishment. He'd expected to be beaten, not kissed. Then he gave way to the extraordinary sensation. Kissing, to Guy, was a gentle, comforting thing you did with women, either just before you made love, or sometimes to persuade them to let you do it. This activity bore no resemblance to the feeble embraces he had experienced. The major's lips were demanding, his tongue hard and probing. It was more like a sex act in itself than a prelude to one.

Finally, Changa broke the kiss, looking into his eyes with a mixture of lust and concern. "I hope I read the signs right. Otherwise I guess I'm out of a job."

Guy was still shaking. "I'm not... I'm not gay."

"No? Well I'm not either. I'm not gay, I'm not straight. It's complicated." He put one huge forefinger on the side of Guy's face, tracing a rivulet of water down his cheek. "But you want it, don't you?"

Now it had come to it, now his fantasies were in danger of becoming real, Guy was seized with nerves and beset by all the inhibitions of a conservative past.

"I'm not... not sure."

Surprisingly, Changa laughed, a rich, deep sound. "Oh, I think you are. Look." He leaned back a little and looked down between their bodies. Two cocks, one a rich purple-black, and the other pink tinged with mauve, moved alongside each other, both now completely rigid. He moved his hips so the two organs rubbed together. Impossibly, Guy felt himself getting harder, the tension so great now, the pressure so intense that he thought he might explode.

"Well, make up your mind. Because before the night is over, I intend to fuck your arse so hard you won't be able to walk tomorrow."

Guy gave a despairing little cry as the major released his wrists and put both his huge hands around their conjoined cocks, working them so the friction was unbearable. Guy felt a longing, a lust, a sensation of excitement which began at his throbbing penis and spread through his body, along his spine, up to his neck, down the back of his legs.

“Yes?” Major Changa said.

“Yes.”

The major took his hands away and walked out into the room. Guy stayed where he was, leaning against the wall, his hands at his side, palms flat against the tiles. His chest was heaving, his penis straining and bobbing in front of him. Changa pulled the mattresses from two of the bunks and put them on the floor in the middle of the room. Then he picked up a thin towel and returned to where Guy stood, drying his body as if he were a child, neck, shoulders, arms, torso, legs, feet. Everywhere but the eager cock got a rub with the rough cotton. At last, he wrapped the strip of towelling around it and gave it one firm stroke. Guy groaned. The major dropped the towel and fell to his knees. “So you’re not gay?” he said, taking the swollen penis in one huge hand.

“No,” Guy whispered.

“And you’ve never had this done to you by a man before?”

“No,” again the whisper.

“Good. Virgin meat.” Changa looked carefully at the cock. He put out his pink tongue and licked around the head, making another bolt of electricity jump through Guy’s body. Then he took most of it into his mouth, his lips tightening around the shaft, and began to slide up and down, taking the foreskin with him.

Of course, Guy had been given blowjobs by women. But with rare exceptions, they had been something given on sufferance, a special treat. And, in his admittedly limited experience, the women had treated his cock with caution, reverentially, as if it needed to be handled gently, like fine china.

This felt entirely different. For a start, the major seemed to be deriving quite as much pleasure from the act as he did. His lips, his tongue, were as hard and uncompromising as they had been during the kiss. And although he couldn’t be said to be rough, he wasn’t gentle either. His grip was firm, the pressure strong. It seemed like a very masculine activity, laced with a touch of danger.

Changa allowed the cock to spring from his mouth and held it upwards, letting his white teeth nip at the tender loose skin around the balls, making Guy yelp. He licked each one, sucking at them. Then his tongue reached beyond them, just touching on the anus before he returned to the cock. Now he drew the whole thing in his mouth, his nose burrowing into Guy’s blonde pubic hair, its tip touching the flesh of his lower stomach each time the major moved forward. One hand came up to cup his balls, and the forefinger lightly entered his anus.

Guy cried out, his whole body stiffening. There was no way he could stop himself, the whole load was going down Major Changa’s throat. He pumped once, twice, three, four times, then slumped against the wall, watching in fascination as the major, eyes closed, drank the fluid and sucked gently at the sensitive tip as if determined to get everything from it.

At last, Changa got up from his knees. “Come with me,” he said, extending his hand. He led Guy across to the mattresses. “Lie down,” he said. “I suppose it might be easier if you were on your front, as it’s your first time. But what the hell, I want to see your face when it happens to you. On your back.”

Guy lay down as instructed. The pounding of his heart reverberated through his entire body. Anticipatory feelings of excitement mingled with the glow of his orgasm, and every inch of flesh felt sensitised. The major opened the cupboard in the kitchen area, searching for something. Over his shoulder, he said, “Pull your knees up then drop your legs apart. I want you ready when I get back.”

Lying in this humiliating position, Guy felt gloriously exposed. His cock, still partly hard, lay wetly against his stomach. His knees were bent, feet in the air, thighs wide spread, revealing his anus, which had been twitching since the touch of the major's tongue some time ago.

He looked up to see Changa standing over him, a bottle in his hand. "Ground-nut oil," he said. "Better than nothing." He crouched between the spread legs and put the bottle down beside the mattress. "But first, I think, a little natural lubricant." He leaned forward and kissed the tip of Guy's penis, which lurched in appreciation. "You look so louche, so dirty," he said. The very tip of his tongue made a line down the vein on the underside of Guy's cock, across his perineum, and came to rest just above his anus. The major paused. "Did you think," he asked, his voice thick with lust, "when we first met the other day, that within thirty-six hours I would be licking your bottom?"

Guy grunted wordlessly, pushing his hips upwards, turned on equally by the man's actions and his crude words. Changa moved his tongue downwards and began circling the sensitive anus. Guy writhed involuntarily, pulling at his cock, ankles now resting on the major's broad back. The strong, rhythmic licking sent jabs of arousal through his limbs, but still, he was unprepared for the sensation of complete and wild abandon when Changa suddenly thrust a strong tongue into the tight ring of his bottom. It probed, going deep, hard and wet as it sought out his most sensitive areas.

"Christ! I'm going to come again."

Changa withdrew his tongue. "No, not yet." He sat back on his heels, and taking the bottle, poured a little of the oil onto the base of Guy's cock so it ran down his perineum and into the crack of his bottom. Then he held up one huge, black finger. "This is going inside you. And this is not like fucking a woman. It's dirty, it's rough, and it's taboo. I am going to stick all of these fingers up your arse, then I'm going to put my fat cock inside you. Fuck you hard in your guts. That's disgusting. Remember that."

Guy writhed a little, his erection reviving even more at these words. The finger rubbed the oil around his anus then entered a little way. He found himself pushing upwards, trying to get more of it in. Changa laughed again and fed another inch inside him.

"You really do want it, don't you?"

He went on with the process of stretching the tight entrance, introducing more fingers until Guy had reached an unbearable level of excitement.

In his mind, he could see the long black fingers as they probed at the whiteness of his upturned bottom. He felt impossibly dirty, the sensation of being involved in something so taboo, so outrageous, sent jagged thrills down his spine and through his limbs. As Changa's hand continued to explore, he tried to analyse how he felt. He'd expected pain, and it was painful, odd, alien even. And yet, despite that, he wanted more. More fingers, deeper. His anus was twitching, contracting around the intruding digits, and each throbbing movement of his flesh brought him more pleasure. Warmth and excitement were gathering at the base of his spine, radiating outwards. He thought of all the years of helpless longing, of wondering what it would be like to have something entering him, to have a man's fingers in this most private and intimate of places. And as he moved his hips, seeking more, he reminded himself with a surge of joy that this was only the preliminary. He was going to be fucked.

The major stood up. "Now," he said, "I can use a condom. But the sensation will not be the same. I'm completely healthy. It's up to you."

"No," Guy's voice sounded surprisingly strong. "No condom. I want it – what's the word – bareback."

“Good.” Changa applied some of the oil to his own penis, knelt down, then leaned forward so his body covered Guy’s as it had after they’d been thrown from the Jeep. “This is what I wanted to do to you in that ditch.” He kissed him again, very hard and firm. Then he curved upwards a little, his hand squeezing between their stomachs to caress Guy’s cock. The kissing and fondling went on, driving Guy wild with desire. The major’s hand moved to his own body, positioning himself, and Guy felt something warm and hard nudge at his anus. He held his breath, conscious that he was about to achieve the realisation of a thousand furtive fantasies. The cock against his entrance felt strange, much more substantial than the fingers. He had a moment’s panic; the thing was far too big to go inside him.

Changa said, “Relax, just let yourself relax.” He pushed forward, and as the head broke through the outer ring, Guy let out a cry of mingled distress and excitement. Gradually, the major worked his cock in, stopping when Guy groaned, only to hear him say. “Go on, please go on. I can take it. I must have you inside me.”

There was pain, but pleasurable pain. He wanted more. “Deeper,” he said. “Don’t worry about hurting me.”

The major gave a final firm shove, and Guy felt the hard smoothness of his balls wedged into the crack of his bottom.

“So now,” Changa said, watching his face. “Now you’ve changed. Now you’ve got a cock inside you. You’ve been fucked by a man. You’ll never be the same again.” He started to move, gently at first then, urged on by Guy, faster and harder. Guy was buffeted and shaken. The major’s strong arms now supported his legs, only dark hands on his pale shoulders stopping him from being driven off the mattress and onto the floor.

Guy was experiencing a revelation, an apotheosis. He felt as if a door had been flung open, as if what he’d thought of before as sex had only been half the story. Nothing he’d experienced had prepared him for the sensation of having another human being inside his body. The hard shaft, pumping away, became the focal point, the centre of his being, the only thing his mind and body could comprehend. He thrust his hips upwards, trying to get Changa deeper, conscious of a strange desire to take all of him, all of this man, inside him; for them to become one single highly sexual organism.

Under the major’s onslaught, he had put his hands at his sides to brace himself, but now he took his cock back in his hands, pulling at it frenetically, knowing he had to climax again. He came in great spurts, covering Changa’s chest, and that triggered Changa’s orgasm as well. The sensitive outer ring of Guy’s anus could feel throb after throb as the huge object inside him emptied itself into his bowels. Then the major kissed him, a wet, soft kiss, and laid his head down, cheek-to-cheek.

“That,” he said, his breath coming in laboured gasps, “was the best fuck I have ever had.”

“Christ!” Guy said weakly. “All this time... I never realised...”

“I know. Hush now.”

They slept for a while, although Guy was conscious of the moment when the cock inside him softened and left him, creating an aching feeling of emptiness. Aware that the overwhelming physical feelings were overlaid by something else; a strong emotional sensation which, if he had been a more fanciful man, he might have described as love.

They woke at the same time, finding they were facing each other on the thin mattresses, arms entwined.

“How do you feel?” Changa asked, his deep voice reverberating in the small room.

“Fine. Wonderful. Sore.”

"I knew, as soon as I saw you on Monday. Knew I had to have you."

"But you were so angry."

"Yes, yes. I'm sorry. I was annoyed about having to take a journalist up to the front. Then when I saw you, I knew I was going to have problems keeping my hands off you."

"But you don't think of yourself as gay?"

Changa sighed. "No. I'm married. I love my wife. But I think we're wrong to limit our sexuality according to some ancient moral and religious precepts. I suppose I want it all. I've made love to many women. And it gives me great pleasure. But nothing, nothing can compare to what happened just now. Sex shouldn't always be gentle; there should be some aggression. One should feel it."

"Oh, I felt it."

"And you? It was your first time, but it seemed to me you were giving out strong signals."

"Yes, I've... over the years, I've fantasised about being with a man, about sucking a cock, about being taken, fucked... It came over me really strongly on this particular trip. When I saw you, it started again. I got a hard-on which stayed with me for more or less twenty-four hours."

Changa chuckled, his hand reaching down between Guy's legs. "And there it is again."

"Yes. Well, before this, I'd never had a homosexual experience. Nothing. Never been approached, never even had teenage fumbblings. I read on the Internet about other men's adventures and wonder if it's all fiction."

"Well, perhaps you didn't have the advantage of an English public school education. My father was a rich man; he spent half his time in London and half in Mandisa. I was sent away at fourteen. I was in immediate demand; all the seniors wanted the services of the pretty black boy. They made me suck cock, and then they fucked me. At once, I realised I liked it. Liked it and was good at it. But I wanted girls as well. I suppose I created a rationale for myself where both sides of my nature were acceptable."

"And I've always felt there was something missing."

"Well, seeing as you're on such a steep learning curve..." Changa took Guy's hand and moved it down to his own cock, already at half-mast.

"What do you want me to do?" The question came out in an excited breath.

"What I did to you. Suck me, then fuck me. Yes?"

"Yes."

Changa rolled over onto his back. Guy clambered between his legs, then knelt back. "Lift up your legs. Bend your knees and then drop them down."

Changa chuckled. "You liked that?"

"Mmmm. Do it."

Changa complied. Guy had to admit to finding the view stunning. Strong thighs, parted, framed his half-erect cock, a darker brown than the rest of him, lying crookedly against his thigh. His anus was darker again, a rich brown, pulsing.

Guy moved downwards and put his face between the major's knees. At first, he just inhaled, savouring the musky, masculine scent. He began a delicate exploration with the tip of his tongue, tasting the tip of the cock, running it along the vein on the underside, and licking the faint sweat on the hanging balls. Then, with his heart thumping, he let his tongue move downwards, to circle the anus, its dark chocolaty brown rim pulsing ever more strongly. It tasted earthy, and Guy felt his own cock lurch in response. He licked around it, remembering the sensation this had caused in himself. He drove his tongue into the hole, deriving great satisfaction at hearing a groan of appreciation from the major.

He went back to the penis. It was huge, bigger than his own, and that was big enough. It was circumcised, and now so swollen and purple that it resembled an aubergine. At its fat tip, the slit oozed liquid. Guy licked it up, loving the slightly salty taste. He opened his mouth wide and took the monster in, relishing the combined flavours of his body and Changa's.

At first, he took his time, letting it slip a little further back each time he moved his mouth forward. He soon realised the limits; when the head reached the back of his throat, he gagged and grew breathless. But he derived a perverse pleasure from pushing himself as far as he could go. Soon, Changa started to thrust upwards, murmuring encouragement. When they'd reached a rhythm, the major half sat up and clamped both hands around Guy's head. Guy was choking, close to blacking out, as the major thundered into his mouth, but instead of fear, all he felt was intense pleasure. Changa gave one last savage thrust and a loud cry, and then began to withdraw. Liquid filled Guy's mouth, on his tongue. As Changa fell back onto the mattress, he rolled it around his mouth, savouring the novel taste, wanting to prolong the occasion, his first experience of ejaculate. The thought that he was consuming something that he himself had coaxed out of another man's body made him hot, and he felt himself growing hard again.

Changa reached up, one hand stroking his arm. "I'm... dear God, Guy, don't make me fall in love with you. I really can't afford... But Christ, you are beautiful."

"Beautiful?" Shock made his voice sharp.

"It's that classic, blonde Anglo-Saxon look. I love the way we are together. The contrast."

"I love the way we are together too."

"Mmmm. So what are you going to do about it?"

Guy hefted his cock, now fat and slick. His long-term dream was at last going to come true, and he felt fear and excitement in equal measure. He knew what he wanted, as a swift vision of his recurrent masturbatory fantasy went through his head. "Turn over," he said. "On your front."

Major Changa turned over and lay on the mattress, his legs spread. Guy stood up, wanting to get the best view of this fine body. Long and lean, glossy with sweat and oil, it shone like old wood under the light of the naked bulb. The bottom, tight and well shaped, the cleft slightly darker, held an illicit promise that made Guy's cock twitch yet again. Between the legs, the pendulous balls were just visible.

Guy took up the bottle of oil, rubbing it into the small of the man's back and his buttocks, loving the softness of his skin and the way his flesh looked as if it had been varnished. He used slippery fingers to pull the globes apart, revealing again the chocolate-coloured anus. As he had in his fantasy, he put a finger on the ring and watched with delight as it tightened and relaxed. He poured on some oil and let his fingers slip into the crack, finally using his middle finger to penetrate the hole. Changa growled, spreading his legs still further.

Nothing had prepared Guy for the thrill that came from the mere act of entering another man's body. He moved his finger around, remembering what had given him pleasure, encouraged by moans from Changa.

"More. Give me more," the major pleaded. "Fill me up."

Guy worked two then three fingers into the tight hole, marvelling at its elasticity. Briefly he wondered if his whole hand would go inside, and all his muscles tightened at the thought.

"Fuck me!" Major Changa demanded.

Guy gave his cock a few firm strokes, and then leaned forward. He took it in both hands and placed it on the hole that pulsed in anticipation. He gave a tentative push.

"Harder!"

He bore steadily inwards, shocked by the warmth of the channel and its tightness. He knew it

was a truism, but he had never had his cock in such a tight place. The sensation of heat, of being surrounded by this muscled sheath, thrilled him.

Now he was right inside, his balls tight up against Changa's. He started to move, breathing heavily with exertion and a sense of personal achievement.

From beneath him, Changa urged. "Harder, harder! Hurt me."

So Guy just let himself go. He slammed into the willing hole, exorcising, as he did, the years of frustration stretching back throughout his sexual maturity. There was something primal in the act, and he growled, snarling, wild. He bent and licked the major's neck, then bit the place he had marked. From Changa came loud groaning sounds of intense pleasure. He managed to say, "Talk to me, talk...like I did."

Guy understood at once, knowing how much Changa's crude conversation had excited him.

"I hope you're enjoying this. Because it's filthy, absolutely filthy. Imagine what your colleagues would say if they knew that you were lying here, on army property, with a big white cock going in and out of your bum. What would your men think about an army Major licking someone's arse? Putting his tongue up his bottom? Sucking his dick? You'd be on a charge, wouldn't you? You'd be in the glasshouse. Then one by one, all those young men would be sent in to see you. The soldiers under your command. Those big, energetic teenagers, with their hard, eager cocks. And they'd make you suck them, and then they'd turn you over and fuck you hard, without any lubrication or preparation or anything."

"Oh... God..." the major said.

"And now I'm going to come inside you, pump sperm right up inside your dirty bum, right in there where nothing should ever go, right up your arse, which should be inviolate. Up your bottom, where you've persuaded a successions of scummy men to poke their filthy dicks."

Guy gave a final huge heave of his hips and felt spurt after spurt fire from him deep into the channel which had become the complete focus of his mind and body. When it was over, he flopped down on Changa's back, and as the major turned his head, their tongues met in a passionate kiss.

In this moment of complete exposure, total connection, Guy said, as if driven. "I've never felt like this. Is this what love is? I think I might love you." He had been brought up to be unemotional, to keep his feelings well concealed. This was something he had never even said to his wife or any other woman. Never said to a single soul.

Exhausted, half asleep, Changa murmured, "I could love you too."

They slept. Guy awoke to feel a soft mouth on his cock, extraordinarily, hard again. He lay on the mattress, in the full glare of the lights, until Changa had coaxed a few weary drops from him. They kissed, Guy savouring the taste of his ejaculate on another man's tongue. When they had settled back in each other's arms, Guy said, "How did you know?"

Changa understood at once. "It's a sense. In the car, I thought you were interested. Then I wondered if it was just because I wanted it to be so. When I touched you in the ops room, you didn't pull away. And in that ditch... well, you were as hard as I was."

"It could have been fear."

"It could." He kissed Guy's neck, trailing his tongue down the sinews. "But I was pretty sure it wasn't. And then in the shower, when I saw you looking at me..."

"I thought you were going to hit me."

"I thought you were going to pull back and say: 'How dare you, let me speak to your commanding officer at once.'"

"You said you don't think of yourself as gay or straight. But how on earth do you make it

work? I mean, your wife..."

"Oh, she doesn't know about it. Any of it. But she's happy. She's the wife of an officer and she has position and rank. And so am I. I have my home, my family, my respectability, and on the other side, the sex I need. That I crave. No-one gets hurt." His hands were on Guy's buttocks, fingers smoothing the soft skin, moving towards the cleft. "What about you? I can't believe you've gone this long without..."

"I know. But for years, I've thought wanting it so much was just a weird kink. I mean, I was taught that to be gay was a sin. And so I told myself these desires were just a meaningless perversity which was all right so long as it stayed firmly in my head. I just toed the line, I suppose. And then at a time when I should have been adult enough to make some serious decisions for myself, I met my wife. I liked her, really liked her, but we scarcely knew each other. Very early on in the relationship, she got pregnant. She wouldn't consider an abortion. So I did what I thought was the decent thing. Before I'd really considered the consequences, I was married and the father of two small boys. And now I'm happy, mostly. But every now and then, I think there must be something more..."

"Poor baby," Changa said, thrusting his thumb into Guy's anus. "How does that feel?"

"Good. But this would feel better." He caressed the rigid cock that nudged at his thighs.

"Turn over onto your side," Changa said, and Guy moved so they were in a spoon position, the major behind him. "Now lift your leg." He had three fingers in Guy's stretched anus, pushing them in and out. "Ready?"

"Ready."

This time, there was none of the long build-up. Changa put the head of his penis on Guy's stretched hole, then thrust his hips forward, filling him completely. The fuck was not as wild as the earlier one, but it was remorseless, going on and on, until Guy was lost in desperate pleasure, almost to the point where he felt he was hallucinating. Every now and again, he'd pull at his sore cock, but he wanted to wait, wanted to come at the same time as his lover. At last the pounding movements slowed, and, sensing Changa was about to climax, he stroked himself in time to the thrusts in his anus. When he felt the throbbing of the cock inside him, it triggered a blast of come, although he could have sworn there was nothing left in him.

They slept, sweaty and exhausted, entwined in an embrace under the stark overhead light.

When Guy woke next, he found the major fully dressed and tidying things away. "Time to get up, the detachment will be here shortly to take us back to the camp." His demeanour had changed; he was brisk again, as if he were back on duty.

Guy washed, using a jug of slightly stale water by the sink, and as he dressed, he asked curiously, "What are you actually doing here? I mean, I think you said you were in the Royal Artillery. A British regiment. What happened?"

Changa had just put the mattresses away on their bunks, turning them over to hide the stains from the night's excesses, and now he sat on one of the beds.

"Oh, my career path was clear. I thought of myself as British. A well educated, fairly presentable black officer, in today's politically correct climate. I could have gone anywhere. And I loved it. Loved the life, the regiment, the men. But then I started to hear from people back here about the things that were going on, and it began to nag at me. I thought I was hardened to that sort of thing, but it got to the point where whenever I was at a smart dinner party, or drinking a particularly good port, I'd get a sudden vision of the people up on the border suffering so terribly from the actions of that rabble."

"Conscience," Guy said.

The Facility Trip

“Yes, conscience. My compatriots were under attack, and all we had to deal with them was a corrupt and incompetent government and a badly trained army. So I arranged a transfer, with an agreement I could go back when things settled down.” He laughed humourlessly. “That was six years ago. I’m still waiting.”

Before Guy could reply, the radio crackled, and Changa answered it. “They’re outside. Let’s go.”

An armoured personnel carrier waited for them. The journey down to the base was rough, and especially hard on Guy’s sore bottom, but at least he felt more secure than in the Jeep. When they arrived at the camp, a distinguished looking soldier was waiting for them in the main yard. Changa got out and shook his hand. “Lost one of the Jeeps. Sorry, sir.”

“Never mind, Tabansi, as long as we got you back in one piece.”

“Mr. Maltravers, this is Colonel Kazembe. His office arranged your visit.”

“Mr. Maltravers, a belated welcome. I’m sorry I wasn’t here to greet you when you arrived. And even sorrier that you’ve had such a rough time.”

“Not at all, Colonel. It’s been fascinating.” Guy risked a glance at Changa. “Major Changa has been looking after me very well. In fact, he saved my life last night.”

“Ah yes, so I hear. Well done, both of you. You’re going back to Lambowa today?”

“Yes, sir. Then Masako and on home.”

“Well, have a look round the capital, if you get the chance,” the colonel said. “It’s a fascinating place, lots of old colonial buildings. Tabansi, you’re due back at headquarters soon, aren’t you? You could show our guest around?”

Changa nodded, his face impassive. “Yes, indeed, sir. I could certainly show him a few things.”

Colonel Kazembe nodded and smiled, and Guy could clearly sense his relief at having done his duty by this journalist dumped on him by the powers-that-be.

Chapter 3

Guy found himself in yet another hotel room, this time in Masako. Better than the one he'd had in Lambowa. It was clean and impersonal, the window looking across the city to the river as it snaked its way down towards the sea. He'd had very little conversation with Tabansi Changa after their arrival back at the base. Another soldier had driven him back to the city, and the major, when bidding him a terse goodbye, had merely asked the name of the hotel he was going to in the capital and said, "I'll come in a few days." The promise had been enough for Guy to extend his hotel booking and change his flight for one a week later.

Fenella had not been happy. "Guy, you promised you'd be back. We're supposed to be going down to my parents."

"I know, darling. I'm sorry. Something's come up. You go, and I'll get down there when I can." He was sorry about lying to her, sorry about the double-entendres that seemed to pepper his conversation these days, but glad to have escaped for a while longer the constant trade-offs and manipulations involved in being a couple. He stayed in his room, writing up his notes, knowing he had something strong and moving, an exceptional piece of journalism.

On the afternoon of the second day of his stay, he heard a knock at his door, and Tabansi Changa walked in. He looked magnificent, wearing full uniform, khaki jacket and trousers, epaulettes, the regimental cap. He didn't say anything, just swept him into an embrace, kissing with desperate hardness. Then he began to tear at Guy's clothes, pulling off his tee shirt easily, getting the trousers halfway down, wrenching the shorts after them. He pushed him down on the bed and buried his face in his genitals.

"Oh God, I want you!" He began to lick and suck, drawing Guy's penis into his mouth with such force that it felt as if the sap would be drawn out of him without any intervention from himself. When the cock was rock hard and throbbing, Changa moved down to the anus, kissing and sucking, thrusting his tongue as deep as it would go. He fumbled in the pocket of his uniform jacket and brought out a tube of lubricant, pushing the stuff into Guy with unsteady fingers. Then he pulled his own cock through the rough khaki fly and plunged it, balls deep, into the hole that throbbed in welcome.

He fucked hard, frantically, pulling Guy's legs up over his shoulders. Guy stroked his swollen cock. "I'm going to come," he said. "What about your uniform?"

"Fuck the uniform," Changa said in a muffled voice, and with that, Guy exploded over the front of the jacket, coating the buttons and the rows of medal ribbons with stream after milky stream.

Changa hammered into him so hard that his head banged against the wall at the top of the bed. His loins were hot, and it felt as if there were a massive fire somewhere inside him, and as the major began to pump his ejaculate deep into his bowels, he felt himself come again, a different sort of orgasm, originating from deeper inside him than before.

Later, Changa sat on the edge of the tub while Guy took a bath. Naked, he was using one of the hotel towels in an attempt to clean the marks from his uniform.

"That was a big load," he said, ruefully.

"I've been saving it for you."

"Good. It's the best decoration I've ever had." He leaned forward and pushed his tongue into Guy's mouth. When he broke the kiss, he said, "I've come with an invitation. Well, two, in fact."

"Really?" Guy got out, letting Changa dry him, then sink to his knees on the bath mat to take the wrinkled pink cock in his mouth. When he'd got it hard, Changa got up, turned and bent over

the hand-basin, his buttocks glistening and black. He pulled the cheeks widely apart, revealing again that tantalising tight, dark brown anus. "Do me," he said. "Do it hard and fast."

"Mmmm," Guy said, stroking his erection. "Where's the...?"

"Never mind about that," Changa's voice had an edge of desperation. "Use the lotion. On the side, here."

Guy rubbed the sweet-smelling lotion onto the dilating hole and onto his throbbing cock.

"Hard," Changa instructed, and so he plunged in, fucking violently, curving his body around Changa's, banging into him like a street dog on a stray bitch. Changa kept pulling at his cock, working it hard. Soon, he came, spattering the pedestal of the hand-basin, as Guy flexed and filled him. They stayed, joined together, curved over the basin, panting.

"What's the invitation?" Guy asked, moving slightly to give Changa a few final thrusts.

Changa pushed his bottom back, grinding it against Guy's pelvis. "Oh, my wife wants you to come for dinner."

It was a swift and brutal reality check. Of course, Guy knew this wasn't, could never be, a great love affair. But he'd been shaken by the depth of his passion, by his feelings for Tabansi Changa. He straightened up, pulling out abruptly. "She knows about me?"

Changa stood up. "Well, she knows I've been showing round a journalist from England. She wants to see you. She gets homesick. She didn't want me to leave Britain."

"But she is from here? From Mandisa?"

"Oh yes, but her father, like mine, spent a lot of time abroad." Changa moved back into the bedroom and retrieved his watch from the bedside table. "Come on, I said I'd get you there by six."

Guy had expected to feel a strong emotion when he met Maya Changa; guilt or jealousy, or both. But he couldn't dislike her, and the evening was so ordinary, so normal, he banished all thoughts of guilt. She was just a pleasant woman, very much in the mould of officers' wives all over the world, with that same self-confidence and natural authority. Strangely, she looked younger than the picture Tabansi carried of her. She was small and very thin, her hair corkscrewing up around her head. Her manner was vivacious, lively and funny, and she had a fund of anecdotes about her experiences in various camps and messes. She knew how to make a guest feel at ease, something no doubt practised on generations of nervous junior officers and uneasy private soldiers. But she seemed genuinely interested in Guy, in his work and his family, and by the end of the evening, he had warmed to her. It was impossible not to.

The daughter, Anjuna, was a bright, clever little thing, and Changa clearly adored her. The conversation over dinner was easy and friendly, and it was quite late when Maya got up. "Come along, baby, it's way past your bed-time. Say goodbye to Mr. Maltravers now, and come along."

Changa kissed his daughter. "I'll take Guy into the study. We've got some business to talk about. Don't wait up for me, Maya."

"All right, Tabansi." She kissed him rather formally on the cheek and did the same for Guy. "So nice to see you, Guy, and to hear all the news from home. Do come and see us next time you're in this part of the world."

The study was a separate outbuilding in the back garden of the house. It was dark now, but the path was lit by a string of naked bulbs, like fairy lights. The air was thick with the sultry smells of an African night, the scent of hibiscus and oleander and some heavy, sweet fragrance

Guy couldn't identify. Crickets chirped, the loudness of the sound magnified by the stillness of the atmosphere. Somewhere, not far away, there was an unearthly screeching sound of animals fighting -- or perhaps they were mating.

Changa led Guy across a small veranda and into the room. It was big and masculine, the furniture heavy. The walls were lined with bookcases, containing works of classic literature as well as an impressive selection of political and military books. Changa seated himself behind the desk, made of a heavy dark wood that matched his skin.

"Now then, Guy, you're about to fulfil a longstanding fantasy of mine. Strip."

"But Maya..."

"She won't come in here. This place is sacrosanct. Come on, get your clothes off, or do I have to take them off for you?"

"It doesn't seem quite..."

The major had a dangerous glint in his eye. "Look, don't go soft on me now. You wanted to see how I live, how I pull off this double life of mine. And now you know. It's by imposing boundaries. That way, everyone's happy. But if you're not tough enough to do it, you'd better scuttle back into your closet."

"Yes, of course, I understand. But..."

"Look at this desk." Baffled by the apparent change of conversational direction, Guy looked at the huge piece of furniture which dominated the room. It looked very old, the legs intricately carved, and examining it more closely, Guy could see, amid the foliage and fruit, that each leg was supported by the figure of a young man with a huge erection hard against his stomach.

"This desk was my father's and my grandfather's. It has always been in my family. It has very great sentimental and superstitious value to me. I believe it to be a talisman and I take it with me everywhere I go."

"It's very nice," Guy said feebly.

Changa grinned. "Yes, it is nice. But it lacks one thing, one special dimension. Until now, that is. So, Guy, I intend to fuck you across this desk. Very hard. Now get your clothes off. You do want it, don't you?"

Guy said nothing, but he knew there was already a damp spot appearing on the front of his light cotton trousers. Of course he wanted it. This man could make him do anything. He unfastened his belt, feeling the twinges of excitement begin to radiate throughout his lower body.

When Guy stood naked, Changa ran his hands down his sides, across his chest, along his inner thighs. Then he made him bend across the length of the desk, sweeping papers onto the floor. There was a silence, broken only by the sound of Changa removing his clothes. Then there came the rasp of a drawer opening and closing. Guy waited, his torso stretched out over the wooden surface, hands at one end, his legs spread, knees braced. The anticipation made his breath shallow and uneven.

At last, a hand stroked his buttocks gently. Changa said, "Have you ever been beaten?"

Guy was not expecting this. "No, never. Why?"

"Oh, I forgot. You didn't go to boarding school. There's a lot of pleasure in pain, you know."

"I'm sure there is," Guy said nervously.

"Want to try?"

"What do you mean? What would you do?" Excitement and fear pushed his voice up an octave.

"Just a few touches of the whip. On your bottom. Your skin is so white, it will look quite beautiful."

“Will it hurt a lot?”

Changa’s words were low and honeyed. “Yes, Guy, it will hurt. But out of that will come a most exquisite sensation. I promise.”

“And it would give you pleasure?”

There was a slight catch in Changa’s voice. “It would give me enormous pleasure.”

Over the past few days, Guy had so departed from his normal, well-ordered life, that one more aberration would be nothing, he thought.

“Yes. Do it.”

After another long pause, he felt a lacerating pain in the very area where the hand had smoothed him. He let out a scream of shock.

“Hey, you were the one worrying about my wife earlier.” Changa said, in mock annoyance. “Keep the noise down!”

“Christ, Tabansi, that hurt!”

“It was supposed to. Look at this. Mandisan army issue.” Walking round to the other end of the desk, Changa showed him a sort of leather flail. “It’s a martinet. Don’t ask me why an officer should need such a thing. Normally, I mean.”

“Oh God...”

Changa again smoothed the stinging area of Guy’s bottom. “I can stop, if you like. But you have to go on for a while before the pleasure comes. The pain is part of it.”

Guy gave another groan. “No, don’t stop. Don’t stop now.”

The major put one hand on the small of Guy’s back and began to beat him across the buttocks and thighs. Although he soon got over the shock, he still found it extremely painful. But gradually he became conscious of a growing warmth and a glorious, spreading excitement. Squashed underneath him on the desk, his cock grew harder. The beating went on for some time, while new, highly erotic sensations flooded over him. Then it stopped. He felt his buttocks being pulled apart, and something cool squirted into his anus. Changa came round to the front and showed him the handle of the whip, made of a carved dark wood.

“You like this?”

“It’s beautiful.” Guy was still breathless from the beating and the sexual high it had given him.

“You want it inside you?”

“I... oh God. Yes.”

He put his head down as he felt the rigid object being pushed into him. By now, he was so excited that he welcomed it, pushing back to try to get more of it inside him. Changa pulled it upwards, using it like a lever. “Get up! Hands and knees.”

Guy scrambled up, the whip still lodged deep inside him, and got into a crawling position on the desk. Abruptly, the handle was withdrawn, and he felt Changa’s strong hands on his hips, positioning him. There was a pause, before he was aware of the questing head of a cock on his anus. Then without warning, it was thrust inside him to the hilt, and there began the most violent fucking he had undergone in his limited experience so far. He clung on to the edge of the desk, his head down and pressed against the wood, his bottom in the air, trying hard not to cry out. After long minutes of this, Changa’s hand crept round his body and began caressing his cock, slowing his thrusts to match his strokes.

“Come for me. Lovely Guy, come for me. Come on my desk, please. Come.

Guy was straining, on the brink, but not quite there. Changa changed tack. Still pulling at the swollen cock, he began. “Look, you filthy little trollop, what sort of a man are you? You come to

my house, charm my wife and child, and all you really want to do is drag me in here and wiggle your arse until you've lured my cock into it. You bloody journalists are all the same, you come over here, ready to write superior pieces about the poor old natives making a hash of things. But the slightest suggestion of the chance of getting a black cock up your fat white bum, and you change your tune. Right?"

He was fucking even harder now, his hand still working Guy's penis.

"Well, I tell you what I'm going to do, you dirty little sodomite. I'm going to take pictures of you with my cock up your fundament, and pictures with a whip handle sticking out of you, and I'm going to send them to your wife and to your newspaper. I'll publish them on the Internet so everyone who knows you can see what a grubby little bugger you are."

Guy groaned out loud, right at the limit, incredibly turned on by this edgy conversation. For all he knew, Changa actually meant what he said. The thought brought him to the very point of climax.

"And then I'm going to take you down to the central prison. I know the governor. We'll find a cell with the biggest, dirtiest criminals; the murderers, the rapists, the armed robbers. And we'll chuck you in there." Changa was right on top of him now, crashing into him. "Do you know what they'll do to you? They'll fuck you all night. Two in your mouth and two in your arse. Then the next lot. Then the next. You'll be so full of come from both ends you'll drown."

Suddenly, Guy climaxed violently, ejaculate spewing out of him and pooling on the desk below. Changa pulled him backwards, biting his neck savagely, and thrusting even harder, as he emptied himself into the very depth of Guy's bowels.

Somehow, then, they were on the floor, and Changa was kissing him passionately. "Guy, Guy, you are wonderful. You're so special, so different. And now you've fulfilled one of my greatest fantasies. Just one more thing, then I'll take you back to your hotel."

"I'm... Jesus, Tabansi, I'm not sure I can do much more tonight. You've fucked the shit out of me!"

"Just... just come with me now, let me hold you, and I'll tell you about tomorrow."

"The other invitation?" Guy said, remembering.

"Exactly." Changa got up and went to sit in the swivel chair behind his desk. "Come on, come and sit with me."

Guy moved slowly round to him, seeing to his surprise that Changa was still hard, his erection jutting upwards.

"Bloody hell!" he said, feeling a painful twinge.

"Just sit here, sit on me." Changa manoeuvred him into place, facing out towards the desk, and then lowered him downwards. The hard spike entered his sore anus, still triggering the jangling sensations of lust and excitement as it worked its way in. He sat firmly on Changa's erection, his legs spread wide, feet on the floor, but looking as if he was writing at the desk. Changa's hands stroked his cock.

"Now, I want you to work on that." He indicated the come still pooled in the centre of the desk.

"I don't..."

"Rub it in. Work it with your hands. I want you, what came from your body, to become part of this desk. That way, I'll never forget you. Never."

So in what was one of the strangest experiences of his life so far, Guy sat, impaled on the pulsing erection, and rubbed his own ejaculate into the dark wooden surface of this ancient desk. And when he had done it, to the best of his ability, Changa heaved upwards again, and his big

hands milked the sore cock, until a thin stream of come spurted onto the now-shiny wood, and Guy was made to rub this in as well.

Still, Changa was hard inside him, and despite his soreness, it felt very good. Changa tucked his chin in the curve of Guy's neck and said, "I could live like this. With you."

Guy thought of himself as tough. He'd been in and out of wars and other violent situations without blinking. But here, in this most extraordinary of situations, he felt tears spring to his eyes.

"But you're happy? Happy with Maya?"

Changa reached down, smoothing Guy's tired cock and touching his balls delicately. "I thought I was... content. It's a way of living. But you've seen. There's no passion. Not like this."

"But you live your own life. Have lovers."

"Yes, but they're just a fuck. You're... you're special."

He kissed Guy's ear, his teeth nipping at the fleshy lobe, his tongue working its way around the whorls.

"Tell me about your marriage. How does that work?"

"Oh, it's fine. Fenella's like Maya, I guess. She's bright and ambitious and efficient. The ideal wife for a professional man. And I do love her. I do..." His voice tailed off as Changa's kisses moved down his neck. "But this... this is real. This is what life and love is about."

Changa shifted subtly, moving his hips so his cock stirred in Guy's insides, sending another thrill through his nerves. His voice was thick with passion. "We could run away. Go somewhere together. Live a different life."

Guy gave a sigh of content. "Oh yes, we could. Somewhere no one knows us. Start again."

The major put his arms around Guy and began thrusting hard into him. "And I could run a little market garden and you could clean windows..." He was laughing now.

"Yes, well, actually finding the means to live might be a problem. Oh!" Guy's muscles tightened as he felt Changa stiffen and come deep inside him.

"And there's the children."

"I couldn't leave the twins."

"I can't live without Anjuna."

"You know," Guy said, "we've locked ourselves in. We took on some camouflage, and now it's tied us up. We're imprisoned by our own success. No room for manoeuvre."

"Never mind. Now is now. Kiss me."

Guy got up from the softening cock and leaned back against the desk. Changa stood and took him in an embrace, as gentle and loving as their earlier coupling had been violent. They kissed for a long time, Changa licking at Guy's tears.

At last, Changa said, "I'll drive you back to your hotel. You need to get plenty of rest before tomorrow."

Fresh alarm shot through Guy. "Why? What's happening tomorrow?"

"Oh, didn't I say? I'm taking you to the Boat Club."

"And what, exactly, is the Boat Club?"

They were standing now, near the door to the study. Both had pulled their clothes on.

"You've come to this so late, Guy. You've missed out. So many men, so many fucks. Tomorrow will be an attempt to allow you to catch up."

Guy said mildly, "I'm not sure I really want that, Tabansi."

"Oh, you'll love it. I want to give you this gift. The experience of a lifetime. Get a good night's sleep, relax during the day, and eat sensibly. You are going to be fucked as never before."

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Changa drove him back to the hotel, refusing to answer any more questions. In the lobby, he gave a full salute, before leaving Guy to his anxious thoughts.

He lay in bed, his anus sore and twitching as it had been so often in recent days. He felt as if the mist of passion and lust, the complete abandon which had overwhelmed him, had begun to lift. For Changa himself, he felt an obsession which he thought he would never lose. But he wondered what the man had planned for him, and his trepidation was such that during the still watches of the night, he convinced himself that he would phone the airline in the morning and arrange to bring his flight forward. But when it came to it, he stayed in bed, ordering scrambled eggs from room service, and waiting for instructions.

After lunch, came the phone call. "Have a bath, smarten yourself up. Dress should be formal but casual. I'll come for you at six. You should tell the hotel you're unlikely to return tonight."

Guy dressed in his linen trousers and a fresh yellow shirt, grateful that this hotel, at least, had an efficient laundering service. Then he sat down near the window and tried to relax.

They took a taxi. Changa looked magnificent, dressed as Guy had never seen him, in a scarlet shirt, which contrasted richly with his dark skin, and tight black trousers.

"So what is this place we're going to?"

"It's a club. A club for gentlemen. You should like it. It's very British." Changa would give no more details, and soon they pulled up at a landing stage on the river. Guy's eyes widened as he saw the luxurious cruiser moored there. A young man in a parody of a naval uniform greeted them, nodding when he saw the major. He wore a white peaked cap, white trousers so tight they could really only be described as breeches, white socks and sneakers and a short white bum-freezer jacket. Underneath, his chest glowed dark against the starched perfection of his uniform.

"Mr. Maltravers is my guest," Changa said, and they were immediately waved aboard.

They were escorted to the foredeck, where a crowd of men were already milling about, clutching drinks. Major Changa introduced Guy to a number of them, all clearly very senior citizens. There was the deputy head of the Bank of Mandisa, there was a well-known lawyer, there was a Naval captain, and there was a white businessman, formerly a South African, who told Guy happily that he'd taken Mandisan citizenship. Guy started to relax, perhaps this was nothing more than a pleasant social evening.

His sense of well-being was brought to an abrupt end when one of the waiters came round with a tray containing more of the champagne cocktails they were drinking. Dressed exactly like the man on the dock, he had a uniform cap pulled over his eyes and a short white mess jacket. Except that was where it ended. There were no breeches, nothing. The waiter – he must have been about twenty – was completely naked below the waist, except for his white shoes and socks. Guy noted that he was half erect, and as he moved with his tray to the next group of guests, he understood why, as a man he'd earlier been introduced to as the head of the Mandisa Broadcasting Company reached down, without looking, and tweaked the waiter's penis. The young man smiled slightly, and his erection inched upwards. Guy looked wildly at Changa, but his friend just nodded kindly. "I think we're just about to set off. We'd better go on deck. And after that, I think we should be moving in to dinner," he said, guiding Guy with a hand on the small of his back.

They watched over the rail as the boat pulled away from its mooring place and set off down-river. "It's an interesting trip," Changa said. "We usually go down as far as the delta then come

back and go up-river a little way. The scenery is terrific. But somehow, I don't think you're going to be looking at it this evening."

A magnificent room, the dining saloon took up the whole width of the vessel. A large oval table, extravagantly laid, had heavy wooden chairs all around it. As the diners took their places, Guy's basic journalistic instinct took over, and he counted them; there were twenty.

They were served an excellent meal, the best Guy had eaten since he came to the country, and the wines were wonderful. Changa sat on his right and the broadcaster on his left, and conversation was general and pleasant. Guy began to relax again. Perhaps he'd misunderstood what Changa had told him the previous day. It was just a normal, all-male dining club. But his apprehensions were quickly kindled again when the waiter came to refill their wine-glasses, and he saw his neighbour slide a hand up the man's leg, then unmistakably insert a thumb into his anus. The waiter smiled, filling the glass without a tremor, and moved on.

Now the table was cleared, and there was a powerful feeling of anticipation. From speakers somewhere came a roll of drums, and with dramatic suddenness, one of the white-coated young men leapt onto the table, sliding on the polished surface to the centre, where he stood, arms outstretched, his cock at half-mast. He wore nothing but the tiny jacket and his socks. He moved to the edge of the table, legs wide apart, knees bent, hips thrust forwards, and presented his cock to the man a few places away from Guy. The man gave it a playful suck, and the youth jumped sideways, maintaining his stance, to the next man, who used his hands to stroke the rapidly stiffening organ. When Guy's turn came, he waved his hand and shook his head, smiling in embarrassment. He was both appalled and wildly excited. The youth moved on to Changa, who took the whole thing in his mouth and sucked heartily. When he'd completed the circuit, the youth turned round several times to show off the rock-hard erection.

At that point, another man shot up onto the table, sliding towards the centre. He, too, was near naked. The two of them began to kiss, open mouthed, extravagant exchanges, their hands roaming across perfect young bodies. The jackets were removed, flung away over the heads of the diners and into the darkness. The newcomer sank to his knees, his tongue running down the muscled thighs of his partner, across his flat stomach, everywhere but on the thrusting erection. The young man started pushing his cock towards the other's mouth, trying to get him to pay attention to the twitching purple flesh and causing a ripple of laughter to run around the table. Eventually, the kneeling man took pity on his friend and closed his mouth over the rampant cock, sucking and sliding with exaggerated sounds of enjoyment. At the very moment when it was clear his partner could hold back no longer, he pulled away, curving his body into an arch, like an acrobat, his hands behind him on the table. The other exploded, his ejaculate firing outwards in a clearly visible arc, and landing on the exposed chest and stomach of his lover.

His companion got himself back into a kneeling position, and they kissed, then he shuffled around the table, offering his chest to the diners, who licked off the white liquid with pleasure, only Guy turning away.

The two stood and acknowledged a round of applause, before leaving the table gracefully.

Another man replaced them. Unlike them, he didn't burst into the centre of the arena, but climbed up gently and lay, naked in the centre of the table. Subtle lighting illuminated him as he rested for some time, just stroking his beautiful body. A big man, probably more than six feet, he was perfectly proportioned. His cock wasn't particularly thick, but it was very, very long. As he coaxed it up to its full extent, a gasp of admiration came from the diners. He lay flat, his cock rising up like a spear above him. Finally, he sat up, smiled around the table, then took the monster in his hands. He rolled suddenly backwards, bringing his legs up over his shoulder and

curving his spine into a position that only a contortionist could sustain. Then lovingly, he guided the tip of the massive length towards his mouth and licked the tip with great delicacy. His body curved some more, and the great sword of flesh disappeared into his mouth, deeper and deeper until he was like a tight human circle and his lips were resting on his full balls. After a pause came a round of stunned applause, then he pulled back, sucking with growing intensity, until the thin length shook and jerked, and ejaculate shot over his face and shoulders. Halfway through this eruption, he closed his mouth over the head again and sucked and swallowed in clear enjoyment.

Two other young men replaced the autofellator. They lay down and moved swiftly into a sixty-nine position, sucking at each other with abandon. When both were hard, they moved in a choreographed way, which reminded Guy of some of the better porn films he had watched. The smaller, younger looking one lay on his back on the table and raised his legs, and the other, whose shaved head made him look older and tougher, knelt between his legs, stroking his impressive cock.

Guy's seat near the centre of the table placed him just where the first man's hips were lying, and he watched, open-mouthed, as the shaven-haired one positioned his cock and then bore firmly into the anus of the other one. He saw it, saw it all, saw the tip dimple the anal ring, push inwards and finally break through. He was powerfully aware of the sounds, of the sticky, sucking noise as the two men fucked with enthusiasm. He could even smell the sharp odour of male arousal. They continued for some time, then broke apart. The shaven one lay on his back, cock still rampant, and the other positioned himself astride, facing him, and lowered himself onto the rigid member. He leant forward, and they moved together in obvious enjoyment.

Another man leapt onto the table, sliding across to the others, and knelt down behind the heaving bottom. He caressed his cock with elaborate care, smiling around the table, and then gradually began to slide it into the stretched anus next to the other. Guy reflected on the astonishing steepness of his learning curve – before this trip, he'd never even seen men fucking; now he'd not only been fucked himself, but he was watching double penetration.

There was no doubt that the recipient was enjoying himself, his eyes rolling upwards in his head. He let out a shrill keening sound, and after a while, he moved back a little to show the white evidence of his climax firing onto the chest of the man below him. The two others were moving with growing confidence, their cocks curving as they entered the small space, moving together, pounding harder and harder, until the one they were fucking cried out; high-pitched screams of complete abandoned pleasure. Finally, the two began to slow down, jerking hard into the shaking man, and both apparently climaxing at the same time. They withdrew, leaving the third man with his bottom in the air, his anus gaping widely, and the thick white globules of their sperm oozing from the red and yawning hole and running in lazy rivulets onto his thighs and ball sac.

By this time, Guy felt dizzy with a mixture of shame and desire. He thought he might have to excuse himself, to go somewhere private and release the intolerable pressure in his genitals. But before he could move, the next act arrived. One man clambered onto the table and got himself into in a crawling position, anus exposed. A second man appeared and crouched behind him, introducing one finger into the well-lubed hole. He worked it in and out slowly, showing off, then introducing a second, then a third. Guy could see where this was going, and his muscles began to contract. He thought he might commit the unforgivable sin of coming in his pants, something that hadn't happened to him since his teenage years. On the table, the crouching man manoeuvred his thumb, twisting his hand and narrowing it like a woman putting on a tight

bangle. The man whose anus was getting all the attention let out a huge groan, and very slowly the whole fist slipped inside

Guy made an involuntary sound, knowing that he was fast losing control. Then he felt a hand on his crotch, and Changa said, "Come on, we'll go to the cabin."

Looking around, Guy saw several of the diners had already left the table. Two of them were locked in an embrace, and near the door, the broadcaster had one of the waiters bent over a serving table and was fucking him energetically.

Changa took him to a luxuriously appointed cabin and made him sit on the bed. He handed him a glass of whisky and ruffled his hair affectionately. Then he unzipped his own fly, brought out an already stiff cock, and standing between Guy's legs, fed it into his mouth. Guy was so hyped up, so excited and appalled by what he had seen, that he sucked on the intruder like a starving man. After a while, Changa gently detached him and undressed him as if he were a baby.

"You liked that? You liked seeing those men together?"

Guy shook his head. "This is dreadful. You shouldn't have brought me here. It's not... not ethical."

Changa's laugh reverberated around the small room. His hand swept the length of Guy's rigid penis. "This seems to be happy enough about the ethics."

Guy groaned, thrusting forward, eyes closed. Even in his overheated state, he was aware that his body was disobeying his brain in a spectacular fashion.

"Relax, Guy. This is a very intimate, closed group. We're all sworn to secrecy and we're all tested and fit. Just enjoy it."

Changa climbed onto the bed and lay with his back against the head of it, legs spread. He offered his cock to Guy again. With a whimper, Guy put his head down and began to suck in earnest. When he felt strange hands on his buttocks, he went rigid. But Changa's soothing voice said, "Go on, Guy, carry on. No one's going to hurt you. I would never let anything hurt someone I love. But we're all friends here."

He pulled away to say. "No, Tabansi, really, I can't do this."

Changa stroked his head. "Listen, Guy, I brought you here because I love you. Because you've missed out. None of this matters, nothing matters but what we are to each other. But if you ease up, enjoy this, you'll have memories which will last you for ever."

"But Tabansi, these other men..."

"They're nothing. They mean nothing. But they'll make you feel good. That's all I want."

"I don't..."

"Do it for me, Guy, please. I want to see your pleasure."

Strong fingers were probing his anus, and he could feel cool gel being squeezed into him. He wanted to turn his head to see who was doing this to him, but Changa held his head in a firm grip, moving it up and down on his erection. The fingers were replaced by the unmistakable nudging of the head of a cock, and it drove inwards, hard. Guy stopped sucking to concentrate on the extraordinary feeling in his bowels. The two men began working in concert, the sensations so intense that Guy felt as if he were conscious of every nerve ending in his body. There was movement beneath him, and he became aware that a third man had slid in the small space between his body and the bed. And then he felt lips close on his cock, and firm suction drawing it downwards.

This was the point where he surrendered completely. The feeling of being touched, penetrated, abused, indulged, was overwhelming. His body became a mass of sensations, and he

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felt exalted and dirty at the same time. It was marvellous, terrifying and absolutely irresistible.

The night wore on, full of wonderful, wild experiences. Finally, when Guy was completely exhausted, Changa settled him down on the bed in the cabin and slept with his arms wrapped around him until the sun rose high in the sky.

It was his last day in Mandisa, and although Guy begged to be allowed to go back to his hotel to sleep, Major Changa insisted on giving him the full tour of the capital. They saw the parliament building, the presidential palace, the high court, all the major ministries. Changa was derisive. "Our government now is rubbish. It's because of them that we're in this mess. Firm action early on in the conflict could have prevented so much misery. But they lack boldness, conviction..."

After the tour, he took Guy back to the hotel and fucked him tenderly, until he felt that the soreness in his anus became a contributory factor in his enjoyment.

On the following morning, Changa arrived at the hotel in full uniform to take him to the airport. There, on the concourse, they said goodbye.

"I will never forget you," Guy said. "You have changed my life forever."

"And I will never forget you. In different circumstances, in a different life, we could have been together. You're quite different from any other man I've been with. So naïve and yet so very, very wicked. I'll always have my memories of you. And every time I sit down to write at my desk, I'll run my hand across that shiny surface and remember you and what we did together."

Changa gave a smart salute and turned sharply, walking away without a backward glance.

Chapter 4

In his small office in London, Guy Maltravers sat at his desk, working without much enthusiasm on a feature on a new Latin American oil and gas pipeline. When the Foreign News Editor appeared at his door, a sheaf of papers in his hand, he abandoned his work with relief.

“Hugh, what can I do for you?” He gestured towards the only other chair apart from his own. “Sit down. Just chuck those books on the floor.”

The Foreign News Editor did as he said, looking round the little room. Guy had made it his own, with family pictures on the wall of his wife, his twin sons, now twelve, and his ten-year-old daughter.

“Guy, I’ve just been going through this list of events for next month, and I see one that’s right up your street.”

Guy leaned back in his chair.

“You’re an expert on Mandisa, aren’t you?”

Guy smiled. “Well, I don’t know about being an expert. I’ve been there, a long time ago.”

“These days, that counts as expertise. Was it a good trip?”

“Well, yes.” Guy looked down at his hands, fiddling with his wedding ring. “Very interesting in many ways.”

“Interesting? Interesting good, or interesting bad?”

“Both. I nearly got killed. But I learned things which... Let’s say my life changed after that visit to Mandisa.”

The editor nodded. “Excellent. Well, you can dig out the old stuff, about the civil war, the peace, all of that. We’ll build it up over this month.”

Amused, Guy said, “Brilliant, Hugh, but you haven’t told me what it is yet.”

“Oh sorry, long day, brain going.” He stabbed at his list with a pen. “The president is coming for a state visit. Big deal, reception at the Palace, dinner at Number 10, lots of contracts up for grabs, the works. He’ll give one interview. To us. I’d like you to do it. All right?”

Guy stared at him as if he hadn’t heard properly.

“Guy? Is that okay?”

“God, sorry, Hugh. Like you said, long day, brain going. Yes, of course. I’d love to do it.” He shook himself, pulling a notebook towards him. “So in the run-up, what we need is a review of the past, something about how it was all resolved and an overview of Mandisa now.”

Hugh nodded. “That’s exactly it. Excellent. Well, thanks, old chap.” He ticked his list with an air of finality and got up to go. “Oh, and a profile of the president, I think. You know, the man who saved the nation. The gentle coup. How he took over from a corrupt government, stopped the civil war and brought Mandisa back into the international fold. He’s a fascinating character.”

“Yes, fascinating. Thank you, Hugh.”

When he was alone, Guy stood up and went to stare out of the window and at the sludge-coloured Thames far below. It was ten years since he’d spent that extraordinary month in Mandisa, and what had happened to him then had shaped everything in his life since. He’d come back with a great story, an exclusive, and he’d written it well. Turning back towards the room for a moment, he glanced at the citations and awards, now slightly yellowing, hanging around the walls. He’d won prizes for that piece of journalism. The articles he’d written had tipped the balance, shocked people in the West into realising that the civil war wasn’t one of equals and that the rebels were a very bad thing. When the weak government in Mandisa was ousted in a bloodless coup, and the corrupt president replaced by a military strong man who promised to

return the country to democracy, there had been widespread sympathy and support. At last, money poured in to the government side, and this had made all the difference in the war. Guy smiled reminiscently. It had been his tiny mark on history.

And off the back of it, he'd got his promotion.

Suddenly, and with amazing clarity, he remembered how he'd felt on that endless plane journey home. Of course, he'd thought long and hard about what had happened to him. He'd been so sore, his anus, his penis, even his nipples, and the sensation had created a bodily glow which lasted him right through to Heathrow. But reflecting on his debauch, he'd concluded it had been an aberration, some weird emotional crisis. He was grateful that it could be contained; no one would ever know what he'd done. He'd had the experience he'd longed for: he knew what it was like to fuck a man and be fucked. He'd been to an orgy; he'd seen the wild side; he'd lived. Now he could settle down into cosy domesticity.

Indeed, he'd been so convinced that this was the right course of action that he'd renewed his attentions to his wife with enthusiasm, despite his pain, and their daughter had been conceived on the day after his return from Mandisa. His new air of compliance delighted Fenella; she longed for him to embrace the trappings of their comfortable suburban middle class life and now she began the process of bringing him into line.

"You've got a position to maintain, Guy. We should be seen and felt in the community."

With this in mind, she'd enrolled them in tennis lessons at the local club. Guy went reluctantly. He'd been a good player as a teenager, but was very rusty. The pro was called Ronald. In his mid twenties, he was handsome and muscled and a great success with the ladies. He offered Guy some private lessons to improve his backhand. It soon transpired that Ronald had more to give than smart moves on the tennis court, and they consummated their new-found relationship in his tiny office behind the umpire's chair. Guy felt like an alcoholic who had fallen off the wagon, and when Ronald left to go to another club, he was conscious of both a sense of emptiness and distress, but also of relief.

Fenella had also insisted, much to Guy's disgust, that they go to church. Every Sunday, she dressed the twins in little suits and pulled their baby daughter's wispy blonde hair into neat bunches tied with ribbon. She nagged her husband until he smartened up and then shepherded the family into a prominent pew. Guy was often called upon to read the lesson, and one week, he was left to rehearse with the new curate. Despite his reservations, he was pleased to find that the curate had more to show in the vestry than his robes and the church plate, and the liaison saw him through another six months.

He'd tried to draw the line at relationships at work, but when the Reverend Keith had moved on to his own parish, he was irritable and unhappy at home and tetchy in the office.

Soon, the paper sent him to do a series of features in Iraq; the job was hard and dangerous. He'd known the photographer who accompanied him for years. And on this trip, he discovered he was a staunch supporter by day and a considerable comfort by night.

"I've always wanted you," Mike had said as they lay in bed, recovering from their coupling, "but I was never sure if you were... well, you know. But now... something's changed. I wouldn't have dared to say anything, otherwise."

And there had been others, but Guy had never again felt that sense of complete abandonment, of wanting to belong, as he had with Tabansi Changa. Even now, over the distance of the years, the thought of that handsome face was enough to make his heart thump painfully.

All in all, he reflected, as he sat down at his desk, the possibilities which Major Changa had opened up to him had saved his marriage and probably his sanity as well. Knowing that he could

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fulfil his real sexual nature had reduced the strain of his marital responsibilities. He'd kept his respectability and had the pleasure of watching his much-loved children grow. Tabansi Changa had been right. And Tabansi Changa had been his first and his best. He'd never forgotten him and he'd never stopped wanting him. Guy's mouth quirked in an unhappy smile.

"Circumstances have a way of turning round and biting you," he told himself and he started to click away at his computer mouse, bringing up the information to allow him to set up the president's visit.

One month later, he rode upwards in the lift of one of London's finest hotels, nervously preparing for his interview with the president. He'd already been vetted by British security, and Mandisan officers were waiting outside the presidential suite. Having been checked again, a tall, elegant young black man introduced himself as the president's personal secretary, Femi Kamara. Guy squared his shoulders and followed the young man into the room.

The president was, in theory, no longer a member of the armed forces. After the coup, which had brought him to power, he had swiftly submitted to democratic elections, and this willingness to embrace Western values had contributed to his welcome in London. But still, he sometimes liked to wear his uniform, as a not-so-subtle reminder to anyone who might want to destabilise his government that he had the backing of the generals. Today, he was gloriously attired in the blue-grey uniform of a general in the Royal Mandisan Fusiliers, a chest full of medals, braid gleaming on his cap.

The aide swept in, almost bowing as he got to the presence.

"Mr. President, this is the reporter from the Daily Janus whom you agreed to see, Guy Maltravers. Mr. Maltravers, President Changa."

Even though he'd been prepared for it, seeing Tabansi Changa again was a powerful shock to Guy. He stared at him, temporarily deprived of speech.

Changa looked magnificent. He'd filled out a little, and there were silver streaks on either side of his forehead. In the imposing uniform, and standing to attention, he looked every bit the senior African statesman.

He moved forward, extending a hand. "Of course! Guy and I are old friends. How are you, my dear chap?"

The awkward moment had passed, and they shook hands before the aide shepherded them to two armchairs.

The interview went smoothly. Guy knew his stuff, and Changa was at least as good a politician as he had been a soldier. When it was finished, Guy got up to go, the ever-watchful aide springing forward to show him from the room. The president held up his hand. "Oh, must you go, Guy? Who else do I have to see, Femi?"

The aide came forward. "You have drinks with three of our major arms suppliers now, Sir, then the Foreign Secretary has invited you to the opera."

"Well, bring the arms merchants in now, and cancel the opera. Tell them I have a headache. You'll dine with me, Guy, won't you?"

"Of course, if you wish." Guy had assumed that once the interview was over, they would part, their history as former lovers an unspoken embarrassment.

Changa, it seemed, was made of sterner stuff.

He smiled. "Why don't you wait here, have a drink. This will only take an hour, then I'll be

free.”

“Well, actually, I think I’ll go down to the business centre and write up this article. Then I can send it off to my editor, and I won’t have to worry about it.”

They dined in the suite, talking easily and as old friends. Over brandy afterwards, Guy said, “I take it Maya isn’t with you?”

“No, Anjuna is taking exams, and she thought it best to stay with her. How is Fenella? And the boys?”

This was their cue to show each other the family pictures, Changa spoke kindly about the twins, and Guy’s ten-year-old daughter. Then he sat back, looking shrewdly at Guy over his brandy glass.

“So, Guy. Did you follow my advice?”

“What advice was that?” Guy said, knowing full well.

“About your life-style. About allowing yourself to be true to your real nature?”

Guy blushed, nodding. “I did.”

“And...?”

“And you were right. It saved my career and my marriage. It saved my sanity.”

Changa sat back, pleased. “Excellent. I knew I was correct in my assessment of you.”

Relaxed by the drink, Guy looked curiously at his friend. “But what about you? I mean now, you’re such a public figure. I suppose you’ve had to stop...”

“Oh, my dear boy, nothing of the sort. After all, rank has its privileges. You don’t think Femi is just a pretty face? He’s a very pretty arse as well.”

Shocked, Guy said, “But the danger, the publicity... You could be exposed!”

“Who’s going to expose me? You? My friends in Mandisa? Who do you think supported that coup, the one that brought me to power? That was all hatched at the Boat Club. It’s a network; we’re all backing each other.” He grinned at the unintentional double-entendre. “As they say.”

Reflecting that Tabansi hadn’t lost his liking for living on the edge, Guy shook his head in bafflement.

The president stood up and held out his hand. “Now then, shall we repair to the other room?”

Guy blinked at him. He’d half expected this, but even so, it seemed beyond belief that Changa would propose to bed his interviewer in the centre of London.

Still, he reached forward and drew a hand down the side of Guy’s face. “You know I want you now as much as I did that day up in the mountains. I’ve always wanted you. You’re very special to me.”

“But Tabansi...” Guy began to back away, but his heart was thundering.

“Come on, Guy. I know you want it as much as I do.” A firm hand cupped the growing erection, which lurched in response. “You know, I think of you every day. And before you go, I’ll explain why.”

Thus it was that Guy found himself in the bedroom of the President of Mandisa. Changa stripped swiftly. His body was still firm and lithe, the skin gleaming, as Guy remembered it. He took off his own clothes and they contemplated each other. Changa ran his hands across Guy’s chest, then sank to his knees, kissing a trail down the pale body as he did so.

“God, Guy. I’ve dreamt about this.”

He took the straining penis into his mouth, his lips curling wetly around it, sliding up and down. In the years since they had first met, many men had done this for Guy, but nothing had ever felt this good.

Changa reached underneath him and cradled his balls in one hand. He palpated them gently

then moved his hand back and inserted one huge finger in Guy's already twitching anus. The movement of his mouth increased in pace, the finger went deeper, and Guy exploded.

"Lie down for me. Like you did in the blockhouse."

Guy backed to the bed, too weakened by his orgasm to protest, and lay down, pulling his legs upwards and out. Changa looked at him with satisfaction. "You still look good. A hint of a tummy, perhaps, but not bad at all."

Guy let his head move from side to side. "Tabansi..."

"Yes?"

"Just fuck me!"

Changa chuckled, his big fingers applying lube to Guy's now eager hole. He leant forward, hefted his cock, and pressed it into place. "Not quite so difficult as the first time we did this, I guess."

"It shouldn't be," Guy said, pushing his hips upwards. "I've been practising." He let out a groan of satisfaction as Changa slid into him, feeling the full balls banging against his tailbone.

Inconsequentially, Changa asked. "Do you have to go to work tomorrow?"

"Yes, of course."

"Good. I want them to ask you why you're walking in such a funny way."

The ten intervening years since their last encounter had not diminished Changa's vigour, and he ploughed into Guy, fucking him hard, without compromise. As he did so, he pushed Guy's legs back, until his knees were up against his chest, driving into him again and again, his glossy flesh wet with sweat, his face creased in effort. Guy cried out, his eyes rolling as Changa reached every nerve point, every sensation in his body, and as he hit his prostate, drove him towards almost intolerable pleasure.

The president's stamina was phenomenal, and it was twenty minutes of savage fucking before he gave a great cry and thrust his hips forward, plunging even deeper into Guy's bruised orifice. Guy could feel the bursts of ejaculate shooting into him.

Afterwards, they lay together, recovering from what had been an exhausting physical and emotional time for both of them. After a little while, Changa reached down and stroked Guy's penis, feeling the beginning of its recovery.

"Guy, you'll do something for me?"

"If I can."

"You'll fuck me? Fuck me really hard? Hurt me?"

"If that's what you want."

"The trouble with being president, everyone thinks you should go on top."

"Then roll over. On your stomach, you know how I like it. How I like you to be."

Guy was in no hurry. He'd waited for ten years to see this most alluring of sights again. Changa stretched out on the bed, arms above his head, hands clutching the ornate bars of the bed-head. His legs were spread, giving that enticing view of bulk which Guy remembered so well. His back was the darkest, mahogany brown, his legs long and straight, the toes pointed in anticipation, the soles of his feet shading from brown to beige to pink.

Guy began to run his hands across the massive shoulders. He bent, letting his lips move slowly along the rippling contours of Changa's spine, feeling him writhe beneath him. His mouth kissed down as far as the cleft in Changa's buttocks before he extended his tongue and let it move lazily downwards, pulling the muscled cheeks apart with his thumbs so he could look at his prize. Changa repeatedly flexed his anal muscles so the brown hole throbbed and tightened. Guy put his head down and began to lick, driving his tongue as far as he could until Changa,

clinging to the bars, cried out, "For God's sake, man. Fuck me!"

He got the lube and began to apply it, stretching out the moment, loving the way Changa squirmed in anticipation. Then he put his cock on the hole and, without warning, drove it in. He let himself go, recognising in himself a desire for hard, aggressive sex, and knowing this man could take it, indeed, would welcome it. He banged into him, hard, his hands holding Changa's close-cropped head, wrenching it around so he could kiss and bite his lips. For a while, Guy pushed in as deeply as he could and began to stir his cock around, touching every part of the tight channel, doing it roughly, and making the president cry out in a mixture of agony and ecstasy. Now he went back to the remorseless battering, pulling almost out of Changa's body before plunging back in, balls squashing against tight flesh.

Despite the assault on his bottom, Changa attempted to get up, trying to lift his torso clear of the bed. He moved one hand beneath him, and Guy's went there too, both clamped around the massive erection, firm strokes bringing him back to the edge. Guy gave a particularly savage thrust, and at the same time gave Changa's cock a firm tug. "Now!" he said, as he sank his teeth into Changa's neck. At that moment, the president ejaculated copiously onto the sheets, and Guy felt himself firing sperm into the other man's bowels with the repetitive intensity of a machine-gun.

They lay for a long time, panting and speechless, revelling in the afterglow of spectacularly good sex. Then, to his horror, Guy became aware that there was someone else in the room. Still lying on the president, still lodged inside him, Guy moved his head to see Femi, immaculately dressed, standing by the bed.

"Excuse me, Mr. President, but it is two in the morning."

Changa turned his head wearily. "Thank you Femi. Is it your intention to come in on the hour every hour all through the night to inform me of the time?"

"No, sir. But I thought I should remind you that you're due at the Palace at nine o'clock."

"Thank you. I hadn't forgotten."

The shock of Femi's appearance had caused Guy to soften, and now he rolled to the other side of the bed, trying ineffectually to cover himself with the sheet.

"And the other gentleman, President Changa?" For the first time, a flicker of expression entered the man's voice, and his eyes slid sideways.

"The other gentleman will stay until the morning. I don't need you any more, Femi. Go to bed."

"If you say so, sir." Femi bowed, but he sounded sulky.

"Oh, and before you go, get me one of those pictures will you? And my private card."

The man moved into the other room, and they could hear him opening drawers. Guy said, "Was he watching?"

Amused, Changa said, "Probably. You don't mind, do you? It might help him expand his repertoire a bit."

"Christ, Tabansi, you do believe in living dangerously."

Femi came back into the room and laid two pieces of card on the side table. With something as near to a flounce as such an elegant creature could manage, he went to the door. "Well if you're sure, Mr. President, I'll leave you. Goodnight, sir." He left the room, and there was the slightest suggestion of a slam as he shut the door.

"He's a good enough fellow. And he knows some tricks... next time we meet, you shall see."

"If he's still with you in another ten years."

Changa rolled over, running his hand across Guy's chest. "If only it didn't have to be like

this. You know, I've been doing this, living this sort of life, since I was fourteen. And sometimes, just sometimes, I wish... Still, it doesn't matter. There's never been anyone I've wanted to live with, to settle down with. Never. Only you."

He began licking delicately around Guy's nipples, sucking at them until they were hard and tender. Guy stopped him, pulling his head upwards so they were looking each other in the eye.

"Tabansi... You know I fell in love with you back there in that scruffy blockhouse. Everyone afterwards, every man, has been a distraction. And I'm not sorry, because it's been a rare and wonderful thing to love you, to know you as no other person does."

"Yes." Changa's voice came in scarcely a breath. "That's how I feel as well. Before you, it was just about need. But with you... with you, it's love." His lips met Guy's, and these were not the brutal, violent kisses of their earlier encounter, but deep, sensual and laden with emotion. They kissed for a long time, until Changa said huskily, "Anyhow, I don't think we should leave it for another ten years. I was thinking... you could come to Mandisa."

"But, Tabansi, you know I can't. My job, my family..."

"Oh, I realise that. But don't you think you could convince your newspaper to send you out for a long trip? Mandisa ten years on? A country at peace? You could stay in the palace, and I could lay on plenty of trips for you – up to the highlands, down to the south."

"I don't see why not." Guy could feel rising excitement. "I could do a series of features; lots of pictures. The peace dividend, that sort of thing."

"And it wouldn't do my country's inward investment prospects any harm either."

Guy flopped back on the pillow. "Trouble is, it wouldn't be very ethical, would it?"

"I don't suppose your editor would find what you're doing now very ethical, would he?" Changa said dryly, his hand curling around Guy's tired penis. "But I think you're a good enough operator to keep your sex life and your journalism separate. After all, I don't let my cock influence my politics."

"I suppose not."

"Of course. And if you've finished agonising about ethics, I think there's something down here which requires the attention of your very skilful mouth."

Guy got up at seven, wanting to be out of the suite before Changa's entourage arrived. He felt sore all over.

The president rose as well and wrapped a silk dressing gown around himself. He picked up the card from the side-table. "Now then, Guy. These are my private numbers, so you can get hold of me at any time. If you can arrange to come soon, the weather will still be pleasant and not too hot."

"Thank you, Tabansi. I'll see what I can do."

"And this is a signed picture of myself. It may amuse you."

Oddly, after what had taken place between them, the two men shook hands, and Guy walked shakily out into the hallway. In the lift, he scrutinised the photograph.

It was captioned. "President Changa of Mandisa at work in his study." It showed Changa seated at a desk, his country's flag displayed behind him. Wearing his full uniform, he was looking straight into the camera, smiling slightly. One hand rested on a book, the other seemed to be smoothing the wood of the desk.

The desk! Guy looked a little closer. Yes, there it was, unmistakably on the legs, the

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elaborate carving of fruit and flowers and priapic young men. And Changa had said, “I think of you every day.”

The lift reached the ground floor, and Guy stepped out into the lobby. He wasn’t sure what the correct ethical approach should be, but, at the moment, the knowledge that he had been fucked on that very piece of furniture, that he had come copiously all over it and then rubbed his essence into it to make it part of that rich wood for ever, was making him very happy. As he walked a little unsteadily out into the early morning bustle of the Strand, he started to laugh.