

NEPHEW RYAN • CHAPTER 1

by Sean Reid Scott

Originally posted way back in the Before Time,
under the pen name Derek Flex

[Note: This story includes a heavy dose of nasty, homo-centered erotica.
Don't read if you're offended by same-sex muscle stuff.]

I TURNED ON THE COMPUTER AND LOGGED onto the net. I went to my e-mail site and checked my messages. A few work-related notes. And one that immediately caught my eye. It was from my nephew, Ryan.

Ryan was a freshman at a college that was a few hundred miles away. This was his first year away from home. While he was at college, his parents (my brother and sister-in-law- they had adopted Ryan when he was just a few months old) moved to the other coast. So, for the summer, Ryan was planning on living with me. This was his home town, and this is where he wanted to spend his summer.

Ryan and I had always been very close. He spent quite a lot of time at my house while he was in high school. I think he and I were actually closer than he and his father. He always enjoyed coming to my house. It is a "Father-knows-best" house (at least that's what I call it). Kinda like the house in "Father of the Bride." Ryan always loved this house, almost as much as I do. He would frequently come here on the weekends and we'd play Ping-Pong in the basement, watch movies in the living room, play table games in the kitchen, or swim and hot tub in the pool I had built in the back yard. The two of us became very close as he grew up.

One of Ryan's interests in high school (other than football) was bodybuilding. He loved lifting weights and working his diet so he could get huge and lean. And Ryan was a knockout! By the time he was a senior, he was about 6'4 and 240 pounds of fat-free beef.

The girls flocked to Ryan. He had a steady girl during his senior year. He brought her over to my house once. She was cute and small -- a beautiful, petite contrast to his huge, muscular teenage body. I remember that day vividly. Ryan and Jen hung around my place for a few hours. We all ate and talked. Ryan was wearing jeans and a white tank top- the ribbed cotton kind that hugged every square inch of his rippling muscles, especially caressing his bulbous chest. His mammoth, round shoulders dominated the room. And Jen was transfixed on his body. She found every opportunity to place her feminine little hands on Ryan's huge shoulders and arms. At one point, Ryan was sitting on the floor and Jen was sitting on the couch just above and behind him. As we talked and laughed, Jen had her fingers all over that guy's shoulders and triceps. She even moved her hand down and felt his nipple once, and then squeezed his pec. Ryan didn't seem to mind the attention. After they left, I went into my

bathroom and shot my load all over the sink and counter. I nearly didn't get my pants unzipped in time.

His smile always melted me. He and I joked around a lot, and we innocently wrestled and played in my family room. Ryan just made my heart skip when he smiled or laughed. He was just gorgeous. He never posed for me (other than flexing his arm for me once), but we did talk bodybuilding a lot. He liked to go to contests and watch the other guys pose. I always encouraged him to pursue the sport, knowing my eyes would benefit from his involvement.

Ryan was going to arrive at my house in about a week. I really looked forward to being able to see him all summer. I planned for us to spend many quiet, lazy days together by my backyard pool.

I opened his e-mail: "Dear Uncle Mark, I am really looking forward to seeing you in a few weeks! I should arrive late Friday afternoon. I am so excited about spending the summer at your place.

"I don't know if you will recognize me, Uncle Mark. I have been eating like mad and working out like a horse. Since you saw me last fall, I have gained 20 pounds! And in the last few weeks I have been increasing my cardio workouts too, so by the time you see me, I should come in at under 4% body fat! I am excited to see what you think. Oh, and I just measured myself last week. I've grown another inch in height this year!" My heart thumped loudly. I loved it when Ryan called me "Uncle Mark." It made me feel like he was submitting to me or something. I loved the thought of that huge muscleman respecting me and obeying my every command. I couldn't imagine what Ryan must look like at 260 pounds!

I read on: "Last January, a few of the guys on campus and I started a bodybuilding club. The only rule we have is that your arm measurement has to at least equal your age. That's fine with me. If I don't even add anything to my arms, I'll be assured a place in the club until I'm 21. <G" I placed my hand on my jeans and began to massage my hardened dick.

"The club meets every Tuesday night. We do a lot of posing. There are five other guys in the club. Often we will invite visitors to attend private posing sessions after the meeting. I've just gotta tell you about this one guy I posed for. I've never had anything like this happen.

"After the posing meeting, this guy asked if I would pose for him. So, we went upstairs and I stripped down to my trunks. (I just love watching guy's eyes bug out when they see me strip down!)" I could imagine Ryan's huge grin as he laughed.

"Well, I started going through my routine, flexing my arms, chest, back, legs- everything. I really like to take my time and accentuate every muscle. It really freaks guys out to watch. And this guy was REALLY into it. I find I do a better job of posing if I know the audience is enjoying the show. This guy was just blown away. Anyway, after I was about half way through my routine, the guy started holding his hand on his crotch. He put his coat on top, so I couldn't see what he was doing, but when his whole body started to jerk and he started to bite his lip, it was only too evident what was happening! I really didn't know what to do! I thought maybe I should stop and get dressed, but I kinda felt sorry for the guy. I imagine he was pretty embarrassed! So, I decided to humor the kid, and I just kept posing! He must have jerked off for two or three minutes while I posed!

"When he was done jerking, I stopped posing. I just grinned at him and said 'Well, I sure am glad you enjoyed yourself.' He was really turning red. I said 'The posing session is free, but if you want me to help you clean up, there's an additional charge.' "The guy tried to make sure

his pants didn't show anything, and then he bolted for the door! He was out of the building before I could even get dressed! I didn't tell anyone about it, but I had the best laugh of my life!

"It was kind of awesome, to think that someone could have such an overwhelming reaction, just by looking at me. I'm trying not to let it go to my head. <G" I looked down at my own crotch and realized that I had just completed masturbating. The thought of seeing Ryan pose like that, and then having a guy jerk off while watching, sent me into an orgasm. I pressed hard on my cock a few more times, and a couple more squirts of cum entered my shorts.

I finished reading: "Anyway, I will see you Friday! I can't wait! Sincerely, your huge nephew, Ryan." I closed the e-mail site and logged off. I went into the bathroom and cleaned up. I swear there was a quarter cup of liquid in my briefs.

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I nearly went nuts waiting for Friday to arrive. But finally it came. I left work at noon and didn't return. I had the house all clean, and I nearly paced the floor, anticipating Ryan's arrival.

At about 3 pm, the doorbell rang. I leapt to the entryway and opened the door. On my porch stood Ryan, and he was the biggest hunk of gorgeous flesh I had ever laid eyes on! Ryan didn't waste a second. He was inside the door in a flash, lifting me up and giving me a tight bear-hug.

"Oh Uncle Mark! I'm so glad to be here!" he almost squealed. He pulled me close and nudged his neck next to mine, holding me about six inches off the floor. His powerful arms tightened, and even with this friendly hug, I could feel the incredible strength of my nephew. Our necks rubbed together, and Ryan held me tight for just a second or two longer than what might otherwise have been appropriate. He almost seemed to be teasing me. It was as if he knew I was melting in his arms.

Ryan stood me up and he stepped back. He just smiled at me. My mouth must have dropped open, because he started laughing.

"Ryan. You're HUGE!" I gasped. Ryan just kept laughing. He lifted one arm and flexed his biceps muscle in a kidding way. Even under his beige coat his huge gun swelled. It bulged against the fabric of his sleeve, stretching it very tight.

"I told you, you might not recognize me!" He grinned. He was so playful! Just like a kid. He wasn't dumb or anything. No, not this premed major. It's just that when it came time to have fun, Ryan was first in line. I loved that about him.

One of the first things I noticed about Ryan was his neck. It had become some kind of massive, muscular column! And with those dimples and square jaw, he looked like a blond bodybuilding version of Eric Lindros!

Ryan looked around the entryway. He smiled as he recognized some of the familiar pictures and furniture. I studied his huge body.

"Here, let me take your coat," I prodded. Ryan quickly took off his coat. My heart pounded as my eyes feasted on his upper torso. He was wearing a tight-fitting white T-shirt. I took his coat, and Ryan continued to rediscover my house. He moved into the living room as I hung his coat in the closet. It was perfect. Ryan seemed genuinely distracted by all the memories. He was really enjoying looking at my house again. His eyes ran all over the room, studying things and making comments. It gave me a great opportunity to study his upper body.

His dominant feature was- well EVERYTHING. But I couldn't get my eyes off those shoulders. They had thickened and filled out so much more than when I last saw him. And those pecs! They had a huge overhang, jutting out powerfully, filling that T-shirt with bulging muscle. His arms were unbelievable. They almost had a square look to them, with the triceps forming a hard, box of beef at the back of his arm. His biceps had an dominant vein of strength coursing down. Every time Ryan moved, his arms seemed to pulse with power.

Beneath Ryan's overhanging chest stood a pair of cobblestone columns, each clearly visible through the stretched cotton. The brickwork swelled with each breath he took, then receded as he exhaled. His abs were taut and incredibly lean. His torso narrowed insanely, to what I estimated to be probably 30 fat-free inches.

Ryan was still oblivious to my obsession with his body. He kept checking out the living room, thoroughly engrossed in it. He picked up a photograph off my piano. His huge guns bulged as he held it. I nearly began to fill my briefs with milk. As it was, my penis was throbbing, since it was forced to point downward in my pants. I moved behind a wing-back chair and discretely adjusted my member, so that it could point up at an angle under my jeans. Immediately, it filled to its fullness, and achieved total stiffness. I sighed silently as my dick enjoyed the relief from the pressure.

Covered in tight denim, Ryan's legs were awesome. I couldn't remember ever seeing someone with such huge, powerful-looking legs. His butt was the most beautiful work of art imaginable. Round, bulbous glutes filled his pants. They were tight, muscular, huge globes. I moved closer to Ryan, approaching him from behind, studying his ass. My estimate of Ryan's waist had been inaccurate: I checked out the leather badge on his jeans. Twenty-nine inch waist. Thirty-six inch inseam. My stomach churned as I pondered these measurements.

My eyes moved upward and were forced to a stop by Ryan's flared lats. They were unbelievable! His back could be used as a highway sign, or perhaps a billboard! I examined Ryan's arms again. That square muscularity was incredible! And his skin. Maybe that was what it was. His skin seemed to be without any fat, without any oils. It was so lean and clear. So... so... muscular!

Ryan's body was a lesson in geometry. At the top was his neck: a thick, cylinder. Yes, it was an irregular cylinder, because it bulged with veins and moving muscles every time he turned his head. But it was a tower of muscular, beefy beauty. Like none I had seen or even imagined. Slightly lower were Ryan's trapezes muscles, forming huge trapezoid blocks on top of his shoulders. Then, there were Ryan's spherical cannon balls that compromised his deltoids. Hanging like two cubes of steel on the sides of Ryan's body were his square, bulging triceps, forming two blocks of impenetrable muscle. On the front of his arms were two oblong, rounded masses of biceps muscle. Ryan's back, still to me, was a perfect inverted pyramid of latissimus dorsi- overhanging his lower torso. On his front, lower torso, Ryan's abs formed beautiful mounds of rectangular muscles. Lower, Ryan's glutes were perfect spheres, altering their perfection only occasionally, as he shifted his weight. This alteration was by no means a

negative thing. His massive upper legs held the shape of elongated globes, swelling with every movement of his quads and hamstrings.

Ryan turned around and smiled, motioning to the picture in his hand. "This is you and me!" he laughed. "I remember that trip! We had the best time camping!" The picture was taken when Ryan and I had spent a weekend in the woods. He was probably 15 at the time. Even then, I was impressed with his emerging manly physique. I could tell that he had the building blocks for an incredible body. But I had no idea back then what kind of man Ryan would turn out to be. My wildest imaginings couldn't have predicted that he would have turned into the Adonis -the Hercules- standing before me.

Ryan put the picture down. I asked him if he wanted to get settled in his room. He agreed, and we went out to his car to get his things.

I took one suitcase out of his trunk and set in on the driveway. I was very heavy, probably 70 pounds. I grabbed his duffle bag and an overnight bag and started for the house. Ryan grabbed the heavy suitcase and another identical one out of the trunk and followed me. He made them look like feathers!

We made our way up the stairs and across the walkway to Ryan's room. His room was directly across the entryway balcony from mine. I sat his bags down and he entered the room. In spite of having just carried probably 150 pounds up the stairs, he wasn't even breathing heavy. He sat his suitcases down lightly. His arms and back bulged as he bent over. Then he stood up. He began looking around his room, just like he had downstairs. His face lit up. He was pleased. He inspected everything. He walked into his private bathroom and checked out the large bathtub and the oversized shower. He liked it all. He came back out and his eye caught the large full-length mirror I had installed just for him. He smiled. "All RIGHT," he grinned. "Now I can practice my posing before I go to bed." "I thought you'd like it," I smiled. Ryan stepped just a bit closer to the mirror and lifted one arm. He studied his biceps muscle carefully, examining every striation, every exposed vein. Then he flexed it. It grew. He smiled. I silently wept. Ryan hardened his arm more, and twisted his forearm just a bit. The 21 inch gun jumped and bulged. It was the most awesome display of muscle I had ever seen in person.

"Holy shit," I finally mumbled.

Ryan smiled and turned his face to me without putting his arm down. "You like it?" he prodded.

"Shit Ryan," I said. "You SAID you had gotten bigger, but I had no IDEA you turned into Mr. Olympia!" Ryan burst into a laugh and put his arm down. "Well, I don't know about Mr. Olympia, Uncle Mark, but I'm glad you like what I've been working at." "LIKE it?" I joked. "I'm just glad you're going to be here for the summer. That way I can cancel my security service for a few months!"

Ryan and I both laughed. Then he said "Uncle Mark, you have given me a lot on encouragement with bodybuilding over the years. Would you be interested in critiquing my posing routine?" I nearly lost all my air. There was nothing I would enjoy doing more. (Well, I guess I would have to qualify that last statement, but you get my meaning.) "Sh- sure," I choked out. My mouth was dry. I couldn't for-the-life-of-me imagine seeing anything more beautiful than the image that was in front of me at that moment. Ryan's cotton-clad upper body and his denim-covered lower body was the most astounding visage I had ever witnessed. I couldn't imagine that a posing-strap clad Ryan would look any better. But then he hadn't taken anything off yet.

Ryan tossed one of his suitcases up on the bed, next to me. He opened it quickly. His clothes were folded immaculately. He shoved his hand into the clothes and dug for a second. His forearm bulged with striated veins as his fingers wiggled their way between his garments. Finally, he withdrew his hand. It was holding three cotton posing trunks. They were skimpy at top of the leg, but the part that covered his- his... his genitals seemed a little more voluminous than usual. Of course if EVERYTHING on his body were as exaggerated as his muscles, then I could see the need.

"Here," he grinned. "You choose which one you want me to wear. I need to take a pee. I'll be right back." He turned and went into his bathroom and closed the door. I grabbed the three briefs. One was a dark teal color, one was royal blue, and one was red. I brought all three to my face and smothered myself. His body scent was absolutely intoxicating. It was an aphrodisiac. I took deep breaths, moving the fabric all over my nose and face. Did I detect a hint of semen odor? Oh my heart pounded as I let my nose enjoy the feast. I quickly tucked the teal green one into my jeans pocket. I'd definitely be able to enjoy this later. I threw the blue one on the top of Ryan's open suitcase and held the red one in my hand. I heard Ryan pee, so I lifted the red briefs up to my face again and enjoyed the warm scent of Ryan's crotch one more time. I closed my eyes and breathed deeply.

The bathroom door opened, and I quickly lowered Ryan's briefs. He emerged, still completely clothed. However, he didn't bother to zip up his jeans after peeing. He was wearing boxers. They were black with small red hearts all over them. Ryan walked toward me. "Ah, the red ones it is then." He grinned.

Ryan suggested I make myself comfortable on the bed. He moved his suitcase onto the floor. I laid back against the pillows and tried to place my hands so as to hide my raging hardon.

Ryan began to undress. It became immediately apparent to me that Ryan was a master in suspense and teasing, not to mention sensual posing and muscular display. He slowly untucked his tight T-shirt. He didn't look at me much. He kept his eyes on his work. His muscular, long fingers pulled at the fabric, and taunted me.

Finally, he grabbed the base of his shirt, crossing his arms. I subconsciously held my breath. Ryan pulled the shirt up. It caught on his chin, but his muscular arms pulled harder, and the fabric popped up, off his head. His abs were so deep, I thought there was no skin on them. His chest was so round and full that his pecs must have hung out over his abs nearly three inches- no exaggeration! His nipples were bigger than silver dollars. Probably closer to the circumference of the top of a beer can! And the tips of his nipples were like two oversized peanuts, jutting forth and yelling to the world: "Look at me!" Ryan smiled as he saw my reaction to his body. My mouth must have been gaping. I found myself, and closed it slightly.

Ryan's arms and shoulders seemed to breathe, now that the constraints of the shirt were gone. They bulged and pulsed with muscular life. Ryan slowly danced his pecs, just a bit. I think I licked my lips, but I HAD to or else I would have started drooling! He tightened his arms as they hung at his sides, and his horseshoe triceps muscles protruded, as if there were little animals crawling around under the skin of his arms. He exhaled, and the skin of his abs receded into nothingness, accenting the rectangular mounds of abdominal muscle.

I nearly began to cream in my pants. I had never been privy to a private posing session. The best I had been able to do was to rent and buy bodybuilding videos. This was WAY beyond that. And Ryan was WAY beyond any bodybuilder I could ever want to spend an evening with. I was lost in intoxicating lust.

Ryan began to pull his pants down, keeping his eyes on his progress. His arms bulged. Finally, they were forced down, over his quads. He stepped out of them, his calves swelling as he stepped. Then, without fanfare, Ryan pulled his boxers down and stepped out of them as well. He stood before me completely nude. His genitals were hairless, except for a small triangle of blond/brown softness, neatly trimmed above his privates. He obviously took very good care of his body, manicuring every inch for the maximum effect.

Ryan reached down and took the red briefs from my sweaty hands. He began to fumble with them, trying to ready them to be put on. He held them just below his chest. His arms bulged. My eyes were glued not to those arms, however. At the moment, my retinas were affixed on the mammoth length of meat which jutted between two large egg-sized nuts. The whole bouquet was pushed forward by the beefy slabs of vein-crossed quad muscle. I fear my mouth dropped open again as I examined the inches and multitude inches of prime wiener beef. He was cut. His dick was... well, it was... it was MUSCULAR! I couldn't BELIEVE that a man could have such a striated, muscled cock! Veins fed the organ from every conceivable point of entry. It seemed to have a life of its own, as it dangled to and fro. The testicles were two orbs of solid rock, encased in flowing, moist sacs. Ryan, seemingly ignorant of my staring gaze, continued to adjust his posing strap.

About three years sooner than I would have liked, Ryan bent down and put one leg, then the other, through his posing trunks. He slowly slid them up his legs. I thought the fabric would tear when he manipulated them up over his quads, but they reluctantly stretched. He moved them up, and began the arduous task of tucking his genitals into the pouch. He got them somewhat inside, then moved his fingers around the back, adjusting the straps around his waist. Then he moved to the front again and repositioned his thick meat and balls. He pulled the front down far, stretching the fabric long, then brought it back up in front of his penis, positioning it just right. He fiddled with the fabric just a bit, pushing on his nuts, trying to get them to lie just right. He messed with the straps on his hips again. Then, to my total amazement and joy, he did something I will never forget.

Ryan, seemingly dissatisfied with how his trunks were containing his manhood, pulled them down far, straps and all. They hung tight on his quads, exposing everything. "Sometimes I like to get my cock just a little engorged and thick. It makes it fill out the trunks better. Looks more powerful when I'm posing." He talked matter-of-factly. I was ready to die.

Ryan, with his trunks halfway down to his knees, began to touch himself. Immediately his penis began to grow and thicken. He closed his eyes just a bit, and fondled himself. I pressed on myself, coming so close to losing it that I had to stop. Ryan's whole body froze in a statue of picturesque eroticism. His muscles were extreme. The tips of his fingers tickled his scrotum, just behind his balls. He brought one hand forward and touched himself at the sensitive spot just below his penis cut, on the back side of his mushroom. His cock grew and thickened more. It was semi-limp. It throbbed as he pleased himself, growing higher with each heartbeat.

Finally, Ryan was satisfied with the development of his erection. It wasn't fully erect, by any means. But it was just swollen enough so that it would fill those trunks to overflowing. He stopped pleasuring himself and pulled his trunks back up. The effect was tremendous. Not that his generous organs needed any improvement, but with his dick swollen, it really did look awesome! Ryan looked at himself in the mirror and smiled. "When I start posing, I'll keep excited enough to maintain this. Posing always gets me pretty wound up," he said, matter-of-factly.

"Um... I was wondering..." I stammered. "Are you um... going to do the same posing routine that you used when that guy jerked off?" Ryan grinned big. "Well, actually. Yes," he smiled. "So

if you are have a tendency to do the same, you might want to loosen your jeans and give that stick of yours some breathing room." Ryan looked down at my crotch and showed me his pearly whites. I was embarrassed, but it was obvious that Ryan was right. My hard-on was huge.

"You mean, you would pose for someone while they jerk off in front of you?" I asked incredulously.

"Well, not just ANYONE," he answered. "But for YOU, I'd make an exception." Ryan moved toward me. I was still leaning back against the propped up pillows. He bent over and began to undo my pants. I thought I was going to faint. His muscular fingers moved quickly and effectively. My cock sprang forth, and Ryan forced my jeans down below my hips. His eyes nearly bugged out as he looked at my genitals.

"Is that erection... just for ME?" he asked wide-eyed.

I said nothing, but nodded my head tentatively.

Ryan motioned to my genitals, and said "May I?" Again, I nodded. He stooped over and began to cup my balls and dick in his hands, propping my stick up with his finger. It rose high in the air, precum dripping all over the place. Ryan looked at it as if it were THE present he had been wishing for on Christmas morning. His mouth opened wide as he smiled. "Oh, Uncle Mark... It's BEAUTIFUL!" he nearly laughed. He seemed mesmerized by it. His eyes studied it carefully, seeming to memorize every vein, every throbbing movement of it.

He kept his hands cupped, holding my genitals with the utmost reverence. Finally, he moved his face close to it and examined it more. His face was only a few inches away from it. He looked up and down it, microscopically examining every inch. His muscular arms bulged with steel straps as his bent biceps supported his cupped hands. Oh please put it in. Please put it in. After an interminable amount of time, Ryan gently kissed the back side of my mushroom. It was just a peck. Like a guy might give a sweet, innocent girl on their first date when he didn't want to go inside with her. Ryan immediately smiled. His lips had been moistened by my precum. He licked them lightly. He slowly kissed it again. No tongue, just a lip press. I tightened my cock in response. His fingers tightened around the base, pressing it up harder. My cock tingled with unreleased semen. It was engorged, just waiting, holding back.

Ryan moved his lips higher and kissed the tip. It swelled under his lips. Then, he kissed it again, but this time he parted his lips just a bit and tongued my slit hole. He lifted his face off. Oh PLEASE put it in! For the love of Mary, PLEASE put it in! Ryan kissed the side of my shaft. He gently hit it with seven or eight kisses, each successive kiss moving closer to the base of my cock. His square jaw and dimples, along with his day old beard, drove me insane! When he got to the base, he took a few of his muscular fingers and began to move them up my shaft, gently tickling me, pleasuring my hard, thick cock.

I began to ejaculate. My first squirt shot hard, landing on my shirt. Quickly, Ryan moved his mouth up and cupped it over the end of my dick. He began to tickle me with his tongue as blast after sharp blast of my warm milk filled his mouth. Ryan smiled as he sucked, moaning slightly. I groaned, nearly yelling. Ryan pushed down on my cock with his hand, pressing more milk into his mouth.

In a few minutes, I was done. Ryan released my cock, and it fell, half-limp onto my abs. Ryan placed his huge hand on my genitals, squeezed them hard, forcing the last squirt of semen forth. Then he lifted his hand and stood up tall, smiling. I was speechless, ashamed and afraid.

"Uncle Mark, you are so HOT!" Ryan said. I didn't know how to respond. I had never had relations with a man before. Never allowed this to happen. I was afraid that my relationship with Ryan was ruined. Little did I know.

"Well," Ryan said. "Since you got to do it, would you mind if I took a turn?" I shook my head, grinning only slightly. THIS I had to see.

"Maybe, if you feel like it," Ryan said, "you can help. If you want." Ryan lifted his arms and hit a double biceps pose. Those arms could have shot out the lights! They bulged with solid blocks of muscle. He flexed and unflexed them, extending his arms wide as he did so. The muscles throbbed and danced, rippling with veins and lumpy fibers of muscle. I nearly went into another orgasm, and would have if I hadn't just completed the cycle moments earlier. I couldn't BELIEVE the development of his arms! Ryan kept his arms wide and began to dance his pectoral muscles. Slow, erotic waves of muscle moved across his chest. His abs narrowed and bulged. He tightened his legs, and insanely ripped muscles popped forth. He was ASTOUNDING.

As Ryan posed for me, his semi-limp cock became harder and harder, pressing ever more outward as it grew. Ryan turned around and hit a mind-boggling back pose. While his genitals were out of my sight, he lowered the front of his briefs and tucked them under his balls. He turned around, and this MASSIVE cock was pointing right at me. Within seconds, it was pointed at the ceiling, nearly pressed against his brickwork. It was a mother-fucking LARGE piece of equipment. In my photo and video lusting experience, I have found that most bodybuilders don't possess genitals of very noteworthy proportions. But Ryan was definitely an exception!

Ryan continued posing, his mighty sword cutting through the air as he flexed. He hit a side biceps pose and held it. His arms hardened into marble. The gigantic muscles obeyed Ryan, despite the immense effort they must have exerted to maintain their rocklike position. Ryan was sweating slightly, and his muscular body began to glisten. His cock dripped with precum. He almost seemed to begin to shake, as he commanded those arms to remain at attention. They submitted to his authority, holding fast to their huge proportions. They began to ripple uncontrollably as they strained to hold their flex. Sweat began to bead on Ryan's forehead. His incredible power took my breath away.

He released his mighty arms, and they relaxed. Ryan smiled, obviously pleased with their obedience. He lowered them to his sides, and they remained at ease. Ryan took a big breath and his bulbous chest expanded. It kept expanding. For a moment, it looked as if it would continue expanding until it filled the room. His dark nipples grew and became erect. The cleavage between the lean slabs of beef deepened. Flanks of meat on Ryan's back began to grow and push his arms out from his sides.

Ryan exhaled the air and relaxed. He reached down and tore the tucked strap from his body. His triceps bulged as the fabric gave way. His cock was still at 110% erection. Ryan moved close to me, his quads touching the side of the bed. His muscular, sweaty body towered over me, and his meaty cock nearly met my face. I leaned up slightly and began to kiss it and lick it. Unlike Ryan, I did not have the control to keep my mouth from quickly consuming that thing. In seconds, I was sucking hard on it. In seconds Ryan was shooting hot bursts of his semen into my mouth. I looked up, and Ryan raised his arms behind his head, pushing his body into a tight ab pose as he ejaculated into my mouth. His hard cock was incredibly thick. I had never tasted semen before. It was real good.

Ryan's penis jerked with powerful, noticeable throbs. The essence of his person was filling me. I was tasting RYAN! And he tasted very very good. Ryan held his ab pose. His tight body was

so muscular that I began to cum again, squirting onto the bed as I laid on my side. Ryan opened his eyes and saw my orgasm and smiled. I nearly bit his cock off. But I don't think my mouth could have dented this steel pipe.

We continued our joint orgasm. Cleanup was... well, it was... liberating! For as long as I could remember, I had wanted to share myself, my inner feelings with someone. Never could I have imagined that it would be with my idol. Ryan and I talked and talked, sharing our common feelings. We bonded. As we cleaned up our pools of milk, we laughed and shared, not believing that we both felt the same way.

I looked at Ryan's huge body. I had fallen in love with my nephew. It was the beginning of the most glorious summer of my life. And the two of us ended up sharing many many years together.

[Oh, you'll wanna stay tuned...]