

# JUST A WORD

by Sean Reid Scott

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**NOTE: This story contains sex acts between men, and is thus intended for  
ADULTS ONLY.**

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don't even remember how I discovered this special "talent" I have. As I recall, it seemed to happen gradually—not all at once.

Over a period of months, I think, I kind of became aware that my voice—or more specifically, my **words**, carry a very special power over people. It was kind of hit-and-miss at first. Sometimes people would respond, and other times they wouldn't.

After awhile, the awareness of my special power over people just seemed to solidify inside me. There was no special "revelation," no epiphany—just an awareness that I could make people do what I wanted. And with no real consequences.

When it first started, I just played with it. Harmless stuff. You know—like maybe I'd see a stranger drinking coffee at the local Bux, and I'd lean over to them and say, "You want water."

They wouldn't think my words were unusual at all; they'd simply stand and walk up to the counter and ask for a cup of water.

Like I said, sometimes this would work, and sometimes it wouldn't.

Now, though, everyone does whatever I tell them to do. That is, if I want them to do it. I can still carry on a conversation with friends and give my viewpoint without having everyone agree with me and do what I say. It's just that when I want to, I can make people do whatever I want.

I have honed my skill, too. All I have to do is say the words, and the fun starts.

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THE FAMILY WAS OBVIOUSLY ON VACATION. Most everyone here at Fisherman's Wharf was. The family consisted of the two standard kids—grade-schoolers; a mom—young, perky and cute; and then there was the dad.

Oh my god, there was the dad. Probably in his early 30s, 6 feet tall, and buff as a bull. He wore a polo shirt that was tucked into his khaki shorts at his really small waist. His legs were big, so I concluded he was a bodybuilder, and not just a weight lifter. His blond hair was groomed short; his face was gorgeous and his bright blue eyes were just stunning.

That polo shirt was in a titanic struggle to contain the dude's shoulders, pecs, back and arms. The man made me hard in seconds.

The family finished ordering their lunch at the counter, and found a table in front, outside. The perfect weather made for good crowds walking up and down the pier, and the family was obviously having a great time.

When their order number was announced, Daddy got up and retrieved the food. Once they were settled into their meal, it was time for me to introduce myself.

I made my way to their table. "Hi, I'm Marcus. You guys want me to join you."

Without so much as a pause, Daddy stood partially and extended his hand with a smile. "Yes, we do!" he said. He motioned to an empty spot next to his daughter and said, "Please, have a seat!"

I did as requested. As I sat down I thanked Daddy for the generous "offer" to join them, and said, "We're going to have a great time together. You guys are going to love me."

"Of that, I have no doubt," Mommy smiled.

The kids offered me some french fries and a piece of fish.

Seems the fam was vacationing from Denver. Daddy's name was Brian. He was an accountant. Perky mom, Tiffany, was a homemaker and part-time nurse. Sarah was in 3rd grade and Adam was in 1st. He was a cute kid, and I could see he had much potential, given the genes he inherited from Daddy.

After a few minutes of congenial conversation, I mentioned to Tiffany that she must be getting tired, and that maybe the kids wanted to go back to the hotel room with her for a long afternoon nap. Then maybe this evening the family would want to go for a ride on the trolley cars together.

Tiffany immediately looked tired, and the kids began to ask if they could take a nap after lunch.

"Brian," I said, "I guess that means you and I get to spend the afternoon together sightseeing," I smiled.

"Great!" he smiled. His bright white teeth lit up the already bright sky.

After the food was eaten, Brian stood and said to Tiffany, "Hope you and the kids enjoy the long afternoon nap!"

"Oh, we sure will," Tiffany smiled back.

"Yeah, Daddy," Adam said. "We're pooped!"

We all had a good laugh at Adam's adorable demeanor, and Tiffany gave Brian a peck on the cheek as she rounded up the two kids and headed back to the hotel.

"So," Brian smiled after his family left, "where do you want to go?"

"Well, I don't know," I said. "Do you have anything in mind?"

He looked around the pier. "We could take one of those boat tours of the Bay..."

"Sounds fun," I said. "But what do you think about you and me going up to my hotel room." I looked him directly in the eye, making sure he understood my words.

"Sounds like a great idea," he said.

On the way, we talked about Brian's interests. He was a total jock; into any kind of sport you mentioned—he knew stats, teams—everything. He was a Yankee's fan, and loved the Vikings too.

In the elevator I said, "You obviously work out quite a bit."

Brian responded with, "Yeah—I move my share of the weight." He smiled and winked.

I wanted to melt into the floor right then and there. The guy had the most adorable dimples when he smiled.

As I closed the door behind us and we walked into my hotel suite, Brian let out a "Whoooooooooooo. This must've cost a pretty penny."

"I pulled a few strings. A friend of mine works for this chain," I said.

After giving Brian a few minutes to scope out the suite's 1,200 square feet, I fixed him a Rum and Coke and he walked over to the big windows and looked down over the city.

"You must be getting hot in that polo shirt," I said. I leaned against the bar on the opposite side of the room. "Why don't you take it off?"

He turned to me. "Yeah, I think you're right. I think I'd feel a lot better without a shirt on."

*OhMyGod.* As he lifted the polo up over his large upper body, his muscles seemed to unfold and fill out.

"God, you're buff," I said.

"Thanks," he smiled as he tossed the shirt of the couch.

"I think you'd like to strip down to your underwear."

"You know—I was actually thinking I'd like to do just that." He undid his belt, and within the minute he stood wearing only his boxers and a smile.

I walked across the room and stood in front of him.

"I think you'd like me to run my hands over your muscles," I said softly.

"Yes, that'd be a good idea," he answered.

And so I began.

I started with his shoulders, massaging my fingers into the hard, taut muscles. His traps were firm. Slowly moving out to his large deltoids, I kneaded them as well. He had a soft, brown matte of hair on his pecs, and I gently moved my palms all over them, taking time to play with his pouty nipples. He gasped slightly whenever I touched them. So I made sure to do that more. I moved my hands onto his huge arms and felt the back-sides—his triceps. He tightened them for me; he smiled.

"God—you are so muscular—just amazing," I said.

He seemed to like it. "Guilty as charged," he smiled.

I stepped closer and palmed his flaring lats as I pressed my clothed body against his bare torso. "You really like it when I someone feels your muscles. It turns you on."

He smiled. "You know, I've never really thought about it before, but yeah—I especially like it when *you* feel me."

"Have you ever kissed a man before?" I asked.

"Nope."

"You want me to kiss you, don't you."

"Yes, I do."

With that, I cuddled close and ran my hands all over his muscular, lumpy back as we began a slow, sensual, passionate, tender kiss. I got even harder.

After a few minutes I pulled away. I looked down at his boxers. He wasn't all the way hard yet.

"Hmmm," I smiled. "I'd like to touch that."

"Be my guest..." he offered.

At first, I palmed his cock through his boxers, holding the thick, yet limp, meat in my hand—through the cotton, rubbing it slowly. Within a minute or so, I had him as hard as the rest of his body, and I could tell he was liking all of this.

I slipped my right hand into his waistband and moved my fingers lower till they were buried in his pubes. His cock was starting to secrete pre-cum. I teased it by brushing the back of my hand against it randomly, but eventually neither of us could stand the suspense. I turned my hand and held his shaft in my hand.

It throbbed.

I pushed down on it, and he groaned.

"Let's take these off," I said, pushing his boxers down over his quads.

He stepped out of them, and his virile, thick cock was so hard that it nearly lay flat against his abs.

*God* he was all the man I could ever handle.

I stepped close again. He turned slightly, and faced the window as I stood in front, and to his side. I gently took his organ in one hand. With my fingers very loose, I began to stroke him.

Slowly. Lightly.

His pre-cum transferred to my hand, and in a minute I had spread it all over his now shiny cock. *God*, he produced quite a bit of lube! The veins gave my hand a rough, terrain-filled ride as it moved up and down the thick, pulsing, manly organ.

I tightened my grip a bit, being careful not to grab too tightly; I didn't want him to come very quickly.

I continued to stroke him, gently, with one hand, while my other hand resumed exploration of his mounded, rippling muscles.

He closed his eyes and let my hands have their way with him.

As he neared the peak of his sexual limits, his body stiffened. He breathed heavily.

At this point, I gave him one more, stronger stroke, holding my hand tightly at the base of his mighty pole. My hand wrapped around it hard, nestling into his rich, brown pubic hair.

His cock bounced in the air. The cap turned purple. The veins stood out in newly-pronounced relief. The whole shaft visibly moved as it throbbed with anticipation of an epic eruption.

With a loud groan, that eruption manifested itself with a hard burst of white liquid. His whole body jerked and flexed. The first blast landed on the huge window.

The second volley was no less powerful, offering up over a tablespoon of his essence. It joined the first deposit on the window, and the stream falling down the glass only intensified as the source continued to shoot, adding more and more volume to the waterfall.

Brian was nothing if not verbal in his orgasm. He moaned, groaned and cussed.

When he was done, we both got on our knees and licked the glass clean as we giggled, enjoying every drop—occasionally lifting our face from the glass to enjoy a tender kiss.

After a shower together, as Brian dressed, I said, "Tonight, after you and the family enjoy a ride on the trolley cars, please tell Tiffany that I said she and the kids need to get to bed early. They're going to have a full day tomorrow, and they'll sleep hard tonight."

"Sure," he smiled, "I'll tell her you said that," he replied, as he tucked in his polo shirt to those mind-numbingly narrow shorts. God, his triceps bulged as he did so.

"And then once they're down, you'll want to sneak out of the hotel room and meet me at 'Le Viandier' for a nice dinner. Say, nine o'clock, okay?" I added. "Then you'll beg me to bring you back here for some 'dessert'."

He smiled, adjusted his shirt, and left.

## Just a Word

*by Sean Reid Scott*



**Your comments are encouraged.**

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