

BEST CHRISTMAS EVER: CHAPTER ONE



by Sean Reid Scott

Previously published on the Web under the title: "Christmas '09"

**Author's note: This story contains sex acts between men, and is thus intended for
ADULTS ONLY.
If you are not an *adult* who wants to read this kind of smut, please do not continue.**



his was going to be the Best Christmas Ever.

The first semester of my freshman year in college had turned out to be the greatest. Football, weight-lifting, the frat, my buds– even the classes– yeah, everything was good. I knew it would be cool, but now that I was really in college, it was awesome!

God, I loved the frat. My bros. were the best. I didn't know any of them when I arrived in the fall, but we all fell together within a few minutes! Really! My roommate, Josh, was awesome. He was a quarterback on the team (didn't start all season, but he could have!)- had been all-state back in Tennessee when he graduated. Quite the ladies' man. He and I became best buds right off. We started working out together and even though he wasn't as strong as me, he kept up pretty good.



Then there was Ben– he was another dude who was a fraternity brother. He roomed with Marcus, down the hall. He was always tagging along with Josh and me. I didn't mind it– the dude was cool. He fit right in with Josh and me, and the three of us tore it up every weekend.

Well, back to what I was saying... this was going to be the best Christmas ever. I couldn't wait to get home. All the family would be there, and I was really looking forward to seeing them— a lot of cousins I hadn't seen in awhile, and even some of the older uncles and aunts. It's funny— I think a lot of guys don't get along with their relatives, but my mom's family is really cool. God, they know how to party! (My dad's family— well, that's another story. They're kinda stuffy and boring. I'm jussayin'.)

Mom said even Uncle Seanny was going to come this year. God, I love Uncle Seanny. He was always interested in me as a kid. I loved playing with him on the carpet when I was in grade school! And as I got older, Uncle Seanny would always volunteer to babysit me when he came over. We had the best parties when Mom and Dad were out on a date!

Seanny was pretty buff, too, for an old guy. He worked out all the time, and he told me that when he was a little younger, he did a few bodybuilding shows. He even showed me some pictures.

But I didn't need the pictures to know he had been pretty buff. Even at his age (I think he's about 35) he was really well-built. He loved working out, and he and I talked about it a lot— especially as I got older and started working out myself.

Anyway, Mom said that because a whole bunch of people were coming this year, I'd have to sleep in the guest room with Uncle Seanny, because Pops and Grandma would be taking my old room. I didn't complain. Uncle Seanny and me would have a good time— even if I did have to sleep on the floor in a sleeping bag.

But back to school; the place was a breeding place for fun! I mean, there were so many cool dudes around that there was always something happening.

And when nothing was happening, I made it happen.

Okay, I'm going to confide in you a little bit here. I have to admit that ever since I was about 15, I kind of got off on impressing my dudes with my development. My physical development. One thing my Dad knew how to do was build massive bodies. He had been a personal trainer before he became CEO of his own Fortune 500 company, and his knowledge of bodybuilding was tops.

Even as a frosh in high school, I was blowin' away much of the varsity team, just by walking down the hall between classes. I had some pretty big guns, and my bench was over 300 pounds, even back then!

Yeah, you could say the dudes were pretty envious.

Well, fast-forward to this year, 2009, and Winter Break. Fall term had been the longest time I had been away from the family, so I was really looking forward to getting home. Even though I wouldn't be in my own room, being with Uncle Seanny would make up for it. He always had a bunch of jokes to tell, and he always seemed to appreciate the work I did in the gym. Hell, he was really into muscle. I mean,

there were a few dudes in high school (and college) who liked my muscles; and Uncle Seanny seemed to be right in with that group.

God, I remember when I was a Junior at Thunderbird High, one of the sophomores hung around the locker room after football practice. He seemed like a cool dude, but after a few weeks, I noticed that he always liked to look at me— especially when I came out of the showers.

The kid's name was Brian, and he played on the JV team. He was smaller than me (and in high school, who wasn't!?) but he was pretty well-built. He always had eyes for me, and I gotta say, having some dude looking at me and appreciating all of the hours of hard work in the gym— well, Brian was the first dude I ever posed for.

It was right before Halloween of that year.

I kept laughing (inside) at the way Brian seemed to get off at all my muscles. Hell, I'd play it to the hilt. You gotta remember, Brian was no fag— he was a stud, even though he was an underclassman. But whenever he and I were in the locker room together, he always had eyes for my pecs and arms. Fuck, whenever I passed him in the hall, Bri couldn't get his eyes off my arms either.

It was kinda that way with a lot of the dudes in high school. Whenever I walked through the locker room to the showers, a lot of the guys took a look at me and I could tell they liked what they saw. Some of 'em were quiet about it— just watched and looked. But some of 'em were easier to spot; either they didn't know how to hide what they were looking at, or they just couldn't contain themselves. Sometimes I'd flex my pecs— or maybe I'd press my arms against the tile on the wall of the showers, making my triceps big and ripped.

I'd take a glance at some of the guys (especially Brian) and I'd see them trying to keep their boners down. They'd turn away from me and face the wall, and the water from the shower head would pour over their bodies as they tried to hide their shame.

But I always saw through it.

Yeah, dudes, get hard on my muscles. Fuckin' cum for me. You can't have it, but I know you want it.

God, it actually started to get me off when I was a senior at Thunderbird. Do you have any idea what it's like to get another guy hot? Just by standing there and letting him look at your muscles?

Don't be confused, though. I'm a totally straight dude. Girl's vaginas are where my cock is at its best.

But Brian was so easy to intimidate.

And you'll never appreciate, until you've experienced it, the feeling of walking through a locker room naked, and knowing that that night many of the dudes there would be jackin' off to me! Incredible.

One day, after practice, I caught Brian in the showers. Everyone else had pretty much left the locker room, and it was just Bri and me left. Well, I strode into the showers and saw Brian in the corner. His cock was semi-hard! I couldn't help but think that much of that hardness was due to the shoulder presses I had been doing earlier. Brian seemed to have a peculiar interest in my weight-lifting routine. Well, I chose a shower-head close to Brian. I started washing myself- real slow-like.

Brian couldn't keep his eyes off my muscles.

Despite his best efforts, Brian's cock was full-mast within a minute or two. He faced away from me, but I just had to blow his cover.

"Dude," I smiled.

Brian looked over his shoulder at me, trying to hide himself.

"You stroking yourself there?" I asked.

Usually, if some guy asked one of his peeps this question, he'd laugh and joke, and try to make light of it somehow- by saying something like, "Just thinking of my time with Brandy last night," or something like that.

But Brian didn't do that. He looked genuinely scared. Like he was afraid of me- like he knew that I knew.

He wasn't able to come up with a good response to my question. He just blushed.

That's when I knew...

I moved close to Brian, and despite his resistance, I took his shoulders in my hands and pulled him close to me.

His back brushed against my chest. He held his totally hard cock in his right hand; I peered over his shoulder for a better look.

God, I didn't realize how "endowed" Brian was! Nice and thick, long and hard.

And all of this was for me?! Yeah- it's good to be appreciated.

Well, Bri kind of resisted at first, but by the time I whispered into his hear and took over his duties, he relaxed and let me stroke him.

He actually leaned his head back and rested it against my chest and shoulder.

It only took about a minute. Hell, I knew what I liked when I jerked off, but I didn't know if Brian liked the same things.

Apparently he did.

Anyway, after I made Brian cum and squirt his jizz all over the shower's wall, he and I hooked up pretty regular. I made it clear that I didn't think it was queer or anything, and I think that put Brian at ease. God, he sure took to me hard after that.

And I loved it, dudes! If you've never stroked a guy off, you don't know what you're missing! And if you've never got a guy off just by flexing and posing your muscles, you really haven't lived.

Now, I just love walking through a locker room and watching the guys' reactions. It's so cool knowing that the simple act of looking at my physique is going to push many of those guys into an orgasm.

So, where was I- oh yeah, Christmas at home...

So anyway, Mom said I'd be rooming with Uncle Seanny in the guest room. I was kinda looking forward to that, because Sean always seemed to appreciate the fact that I worked out a lot. Hell, I was pretty sure that Sean was a closet gay dude.

Pretty sure.

Of course, the realization of that concept made me grin. If Uncle Seanny was into guys, and if he was especially into muscle guys (as I had suspected), well, this could prove to be the best Christmas ever!

When I finally got home (damn, those airport delays and re-scheduled flights!), Mom said Uncle Seanny was already up in the guest room. So, after giving the Maternal Unit her obligatory hug, I triple-stepped-it up to the guest room. I opened the door, but Sean was nowhere to be seen.

"Uncle Seanny?" I said, "Are you in here?"

"In here!" I heard him say. He was in the bathroom of the guest suite.

I tried the door, and it was unlocked. But that didn't necessarily mean he wanted me to barge in. Maybe he didn't lock it because he hadn't expected anyone to come in. So, I knocked. "Uncle Seanny, are you in there?" I asked.

"Dude!" Sean said, "are you here already? Is that you, Brandon?"

I kept the door closed. "Yeah, Uncle Seanny. It's me!" I answered.

I heard some scuffling inside the bathroom, and a moment later, Uncle Seanny opened the door and emerged. He seemed a little "stiff," yet he greeted me with a (very) warm hug. Damn, he looked good.

"Brandon- shit you're huge!" Sean exclaimed. God, it felt good to watch his eyes move all over my muscles. Even got me a little hard! Shit- I know you're thinking that I'm some kind of fag, but really dudes- you have no idea what it's like to be in my position. I totally dig the girls, and I really don't need to defend that- they'll tell you. But for sure, just seeing Sean's eyes when he saw me- it totally made me grin. I could tell he was trying to hide his crotch, and what lie beneath, but I couldn't hide my sheepish grin at his attempt.

"Mom says I get the floor," I finally said, trying to break the ice. I didn't want to do anything to make Sean uncomfortable.

"Yeah, that's what she told me," Uncle Seanny said, "is that okay with you?"

"Sure, man!" I smiled. "This'll be totally cool... spending the week here in the room with you."

Sean's eyes lit up and he seemed to forget about hiding the huge boner under his pants.

But I didn't.

I looked right at it and smiled. "Hell, Uncle Seanny, what were you doing before I came in here?"

Sean and I always got along; he looked at his bulging crotch and grinned, "Well, dude," he said, "I could tell ya all about it, but I'd have to kill ya."

He knew how to throw in a cliché when it was needed.

I gave him a big hug, and made it a point to press my crotch against his.

Yeah, he was hard.

I guarantee it.

We hugged for a minute, and when we finally separated I watched Uncle Seanny's eyes roam all the fuck over my physique.

"Dude," he exclaimed, "how much do you weigh?"

I raised my arms and flexed my biceps. "Well, about 220 right now," I smiled. "That big enough for ya'?"

I could almost see his knees buckle.

"Hell yeah," he smiled, visibly shaken. "God, Bran, you're huge!"

I laughed out loud. And I could tell he loved my smile.

"Thanks, unc!" I grinned.

• • • • •

I couldn't believe it. My hunky nephew, Brandon, stood there in front of me, muscled all to hell. His grin just melted me.

Fuck, I wanted to die. Just seeing the youthful pulchritude, standing only a few feet away... well, it made me hard! I so-bad wanted to pull my pants down and jerk off to him!

Brandon had always been one of my favorite nephews. For sure, I would never have violated him as a child. For one thing, it's not within my moral compass to do something like that to a kid. Second, I'm not into twinks and kids. I need muscle.

And now, Brandon was all grown up, and definitely all muscled up. Like he said, he made my knees buckle. If I were to write one of my stories, it couldn't have been better than this reality.

There he stood, shirtless and ripped, with muscles out to here. He smiled at his uncle, and I knew he felt at ease. Maybe, even, he liked what he was doing to me.

Anyway, as Brandon grinned at me, I could tell he knew. I mean, he knew. Maybe it was my eyes traveling all over his huge muscles. Maybe it was my vacant stare at his enormous, ripped physique.

I dunno.

But whatever signals I might have given, I could tell that Brandon was receiving them loud-and-clear.

And then he did it. He took his shirt off, raised both arms— slowly, like he was taunting some imaginary audience— and tightened them. His biceps bulged and tightened into two unbelievable mounds of rock. Veins that looked more vivid than an Interstate Road Map wrapped around his huge guns. He held them there— very still— and watched as my jaw dropped and I lusted over them.

"Uncle Seanny?" he grinned, "What do you think?"

I didn't make a move to deny my lust. I just couldn't do anything. Here, after all my Internet fantasies, stood my own sister's flesh-and-blood, in all his shirtless glory, flexing and displaying more manly magnificence than I had ever imagined! (And I'm a gay erotica writer!)

Brandon lowered his arms and then flexed his abs. They rippled like waves of water moving over rocks in the bed of a dry river. I wanted to fall to the floor.

Instead, I slunked onto the mattress of my bed, and kind-of whimpered.

"Brandon... Bran... oh god, you're huge!" I finally mumbled.

He just grinned.

And flexed some more.

It was like he knew what drove me crazy; and so he did whatever that was all the more. His muscles were youthful and hard- defined like no 30-year-old could ever achieve- big like no 20-year-old could ever attain- Sexy like no shy-dude could ever display.

Brandon- my young nephew- was the epitome of masculine strength and muscular perfection; youthful exuberance and powerful domination.

He tightened his abs, then flexed his pecs. He raised his arms and bulged his biceps again. Then he straightened his arms and displayed his gigantic triceps. He posed like a master. His most-muscular pose was like nothing I had ever seen!

And all the while, he just grinned at me. Yeah, he knew his Uncle Seanny was a muscle-lover.

When he finally stopped posing, he relaxed and smiled. "Uncle Seanny, you want me to take my running pants off?" I could tell by his grin that he was suggesting something more than innocent bodybuilding admiration.

"Sure, Bran," I offered.

"Cool," he said. He looked down at his muscle-filled jogging pants and slowly started to undo the string. He held me in suspense for what seemed like hours, and finally pushed the nylon pants down, over his impossibly big upper legs. When he eventually was able to force the nylon down over his huge quads and hams, his massive legs stood there in amazing relief, and my eyes feasted on the rivulets of muscle that were entwined by fibers of thick, stretched muscle- muscle that wrapped itself over the striations of muscle upon muscle.

I wanted to cum- I needed to cum. I had never envisioned being so close to such muscle- such veiny massiveness, such all-American youthful good-looks.

Eventually, after what seemed like hours, Bran moved closer to me. Maybe it was because I was literally masturbating myself in my pants while he posed. Maybe it was because he loved his older Uncle. Maybe it was because he was getting as hard as me while he watched me fight my desires to devour his muscular body. Whatever the reason, Brandon leaned over me, his other-worldly torso only inches from mine...

"Brandon, Sean!" my sister called from down in the kitchen, "supper's ready!"

"Just a minute, mom," Brandon yelled back, "we'll be right down!"

If I had to tell you what we had for dinner that night as a big family, all gathered around the table, I couldn't remember if my life depended on it. Brandon ended up sitting right across the table from me, and we exchanged more than one knowing glance during the course of the meal. Brandon caught me looking at him quite a few times. But I'm sure I wasn't the only one who copped a look at the young, muscular body that sat across from me at the table. In fact, much of the topic of conversation at the table centered around Brandon's big muscles.

• • • • •

My mom made my favorite for dinner that night- pot roast. God I had forgotten how good it was.

"I bet you really wolf down the meat and potatoes back at school, huh Brandon?" my uncle Max said. "You must have to eat like a horse to keep up all that muscle mass."

I smiled and said, "Yeah, I'm always on the hunt for good calories. My workouts make me pretty hungry all the time." I turned to my mom and said, "But nothin' at school comes close to your cooking, mom."

"How much you benching now, Brandon?" Uncle Max asked.

"I haven't done my max for awhile, actually," I said, swallowing a big bite of mom's potatoes. "But for working out, I'm usually doing about 325 for eight or nine reps- three or for sets."

A few subdued expressions of being impressed moved around the table.

"The most I ever benched was 450, raw. I probably could still do that- maybe more," I offered as I gulped down some meat.

"Wow," my sister's boyfriend said. He was a few years older than me- mostly a gear-head: worked on cars a lot. His name is Darren, and he never seems very impressed with me, so it was nice to have Darren say something.

I glanced across the table at Uncle Sean. He was quietly eating his food, and it looked like he was working at being silent. He looked up at me and I smiled. His reaction was a smile, but it seemed subdued.

People continued eating, and then my dad said, "When you going to enter some contests, Brandon?"

Uncle Max looked at me. "Bodybuilding?"

I guess that was the obvious conclusion.

I ignored Max and answered my dad, "Oh I don't know. There are some contests coming up in the spring. I was thinking about one of those maybe. I'd need to start dieting down pretty soon, if I do."

So, yeah, a lot of the conversation at the table that night was about me and bodybuilding. And it was cool to watch Uncle Seanny; I know I caught him getting a look at me a few times. If he's trying to hide something from me, he's not doing a very good job of it.

•••••

I could have sat there all night, watching and listening to Brandon talk about bodybuilding, weightlifting, his diet, and his body. God, he was so confident— and he knew a lot about bodybuilding and contests. He seemed to like the attention he was getting; his smile was dimpled and his teeth were perfect. Just made me sick.

After the dinner was done, the guys retired to the living room. It was Wednesday—the day before Christmas Eve, and thus a few more relatives would be arriving the following day. I would be driving to the airport in the late morning to pick up my brother and his wife, as well as their daughter and her new husband, Kent. Everyone was anxious to meet Kent, because their wedding was held in the Philippines and no one had met him (except for my brother and his wife, of course). Kent was in IT, and had been transferred to Manilla last year. Darcy had moved there with him, and they married two months ago.

Anyway, as we sat in the living room watching an NBA game, I was transfixed on Brandon. He'd play "wrestle" with his two little cousins, then he'd watch the game for awhile, commenting very intelligently on the players and the game. He obviously knew his sports. And he obviously knew how to entrance his little grade school cousins. They climbed all over him, giving me plenty of vicarious physical contact with his huge muscles.

"Well," I finally said after the clock moved closer to 10:00, "I should hit the sack. Have to get up and drive to Sea-Tac to pick up John and Ysidra tomorrow morning (yeah, my name is Sean, and I have a brother named John— who knew?). Of course it was a lame excuse to go to bed. Their plane wasn't due until 11:30. I wouldn't need to get up any earlier than I usually do.

"Hey Sean," Brandon said, not taking his eyes off the TV. "I'll be up as soon as the game is over."

I liked it that he had called me just plain "Sean," and not "Uncle Seanny." Don't get me wrong, the "Uncle" term is very endearing; but there is a certain mutual-adult feeling about how he was addressing me.

"Cool, Bran," I said. "Don't hurry."

• • • • •

Yeah, Seanny, I'll be up... as soon as I give you time to get nice and hard for me, I thought to myself. I was lying on my stomach, my chin in my hands, resting my elbows in front of me. I tightened my glutes and pressed my cock into the carpet in anticipation of watching Uncle Seanny get all hot and bothered by my physique.

• • • • •

I scrambled to brush my teeth and change into some boxers and a T-shirt for bed. I wanted to be under the covers before Brandon came in, so as to avoid any obvious displays of my lust for him. I kept the light on and thumbed through a copy of MacWorld I had brought as I relaxed on the bed, under the sheets and blankets.

When the door finally opened, and Brandon came in, I was surprised at how he made my blood start rushing all over again. God, his arms! And those wide shoulders and thick pecs filled out his shirt amazingly!

"You're not waiting up for me, are you?" he asked as he walked across the room to his suitcase.

"Naw," I answered, lazily turning a page in my magazine, "I'm just catching up on my geek quota for the day."

Brandon rooted through his suitcase and pulled out his shaving kit. He turned around and said, "Just going to brush my teeth and take a piss," nodding toward our private bathroom. He started for the bathroom and then paused. He turned toward me and said, "Uh, Sean, I usually sleep in the buff." His demeanor was totally serious- all business. "Is that going to be a problem?"

"No, not at all." I had tried to pause long enough to sound sincere and not concerned, but I think I might have answered too quickly. I hoped I didn't come across as looking forward to it.

"Cool; just wanted to make sure," he said, and he went into the bathroom and closed the door behind himself.

It was at that point that I realized that I would have to read the whole issue of my magazine all over again later, because I had comprehended absolutely nothing of what I had read. I guess my mind was somewhere else.

It seemed like a lifetime before the door to the bathroom opened, and another whole lifetime before he actually emerged. When he did--

Oh, My, Freakin', god.

He walked over to his suitcase without looking at me. No fanfare, no macho moves, no indication at all that he knew he possessed very possibly the best body now present in the whole state of Washington. He held his shaving kit at his crotch- not

necessarily trying to hide himself; just seemed a natural place to hold it while he walked. From this side view, I was just amazed at the size of his chest and his freaking mammoth arms.

He stopped at his suitcase and tossed his bag onto it. I- uh- let me see... what happened next... ? Oh, yeah, I think my mouth was open, but I can't remember. What I do remember is thinking about whether or not I should say something about what was standing before me. I mean, sure he had to be used people mentioning his body. But should I join them? Should I ignore it? Maybe I should just ignore how amazing he looked. Maybe if I mentioned it, he'd take it as making some kind of move on him. But then, maybe I should say something. I mean, it was the huge "elephant in the room," or however the expression goes.

Well, I finally resolved the inner conflict by saying, "Brandon, you are incredible! God, man, how do you do it?"

Fuck, I'm glad I said something. Brandon answered, "Thanks, Unc. Yeah, it does take a lot of work; but I love working out; I love watching my diet and tweaking everything. It's cool to get big- even cooler to get bigger.."

"Yeah, but you're ripped too!" I interrupted. "Looks like you're almost in competition condition right now!"

He smiled. "Well, I'd need to lose a little more." He looked down at his thick forearm. He bent his wrist down and flexed the forearm, making his veins bulge out. He just looked at it for a second, then did the other arm.

And remember, he's standing there, right at the foot of my bed, totally naked!

I rose my knees up a bit to make a "tent" so my hard-on wouldn't be visible against the covers.

Meanwhile, Brandon is standing there, examining his forearms.

"So, are you sure you want to take the floor, man?" I asked.

"Aw, yeah, Sean," he said. "It's no problem. Believe me, I'm used to sleeping in all kinds of conditions. Floors, bunks, hallways, chairs. You name it." He looked down at the sleeping bag. "This is going to be a piece of cake." He bent down and began situating the bag. God, the lats on his back! He pulled the bag from the foot of the bed along side the bed. "Is it okay if I move it to the side here?" he asked.

"Sure, man. No problem."

•••••

Yeah, it'll be a better view over here, Unc. I think you'll like the view quite a bit, I thought. "This will be good," I said. I looked at Sean, who had raised his knees under his covers, and had put his magazine down on his bed table. "Besides, an old

fart like you needs a bed, not a hard floor like this. Wouldn't want to flare up your rheumatism, or whatever.." I laughed loudly and Sean joined in.

"I don't have rheumatism, you smart ass. And you just go on thinking I'm an old fart, Bran. I could whoop your ass any day," he laughed.

As soon as he said it, his eyes told me he knew he had spoken too soon.

"Yeah, right," I said. I folded my arms and stood next to him; my cock dangled between my big legs. "You want to make good on that threat?"

He backed down really fast. "Naw," he said. "I wouldn't want to hurt you and ruin your football career."

I took another step closer. He was having a hard time keeping his eyes on mine. There was a lot for him to look at. I unfolded my arms and smiled. "Well, whenever you're ready to put action to your words, just let me know," I teased. I stepped back and worked with the sleeping bag some more. "I think mom keeps some blankets in this closet, I said, standing and walking to it. I opened the door and grabbed some blankets from the top shelf. "I think I'll fold some of these up and put them under my bag." I started working with the blankets and the bag to make my bed more comfortable.

"All those big hard muscles can't handle the floor?" Sean smiled as he watched me fold.

"Well, maybe not," I said. "Well see." I stopped and looked at Sean, "If it's still too hard, you think there's room in that bed for me too?"

Sean smiled immediately. "Sure," he laughed. He patted the mattress next to him. "But I have to warn you, you crawl under these covers at your own risk!"

I laughed. God, this was reminding me a lot of Brian, in high school; the way Uncle Sean looked all over me, smiled at me, and tried to sound cool even though he looked nervous. I had seen this look many times, but it was especially strong in Brian; and now, in Seanny as well. I guess my suspicions about my uncle were being proved correct.

"Well, it's you who might want to reconsider that offer," I smiled as I continued working on the blankets. "I tend to hog the bed a lot." I flexed my right arm for Seanny and added, "These muscles need a lot of room."

Sean laughed out loud.

•••••

God, I couldn't believe Brandon's arm! And there it was, all flexed and hard, just inches from my face! And the conversation was going in a very nice direction. "So, are you saying you don't think I can handle myself in bed?" I offered.

Brandon stopped and his dimpled smile broke wide. "Well, I wouldn't really know, Sean. All I'm sayin' is that I know I can."

"No doubt," I said. And as I said those words, my eyes moved all over the bulging, naked muscles that crouched next to my bed.

He saw my eyes move. He stood slowly. He looked back at his makeshift bed and said, "Well, I think this is the best I'll be able to do." He looked at my bed again and said with a mock tone of victimization, "Hope you're all comfortable in that nice, soft bed. Don't pay me no mind though. I'll be alright. Really. Don't you fret one bit about big, ol' Bran, all those 220 pounds of muscle having to sleep on this hard, cold barren floor. Nosiree, I'll be just fine."

His teasing was like music to my ears. All I had to do was to go along with his act... just play along and invite him in. Of course if he was just joking, he'd decline and that would be that. But if he was halfway serious, well... "Oh, man," I said, "I just hate seeing a big, strong man like you cry like that." I scooted a few inches, just as a start, and said, "If it'll shut you up, come on. I won't be able to sleep if I have to listen to this whining all night."

He looked at me askance just for a second, not sure of his next move. "You'd be okay with that?" he asked.

"Sure," I beamed. I patted the mattress again. "As long as you don't tell anyone that you slept in the same bed with me," I grinned. Where this confidence was coming from, I don't know, but again, I knew that it would be easy to call the whole thing a joking charade and still save face if necessary.

"No chance of that, Unc," he said. "I never sleep and tell."

I grinned. His muscular body seemed to tighten and his vascularity rippled everywhere. "I bet you don't, man," I said.

He sat on the edge of the bed, to my left and moved his hand over the blankets. "Actually, this does feel pretty comfortable. A lot better than my bunk in the dorm." He looked at me. "You're just kidding, though, aren't you? I mean, I'd probably keep you awake all night if I slept here..."

"That you would," I said. But I didn't have the nerve to tell him why he would keep me awake.

"Yeah, I can't..." he said. "I'll just use the bag."

"Bran, really," I protested (lightly). "You're going to keep me awake all night no matter where you sleep." I paused, and then said, "You're kind of distracting, I guess is the best way to put it."

He rubbed his hand on the blanket again. "Really? I never noticed," he grinned.

I turned red, and we both knew the cat-and-mouse game was coming to an end.

"Like hell you didn't."

He got all coy and everything. "Well, maybe a little."

"And that doesn't bother you?" I asked.

"Bother me?"

"Yeah- knowing that you are such a... distraction to me?"

His tone got serious. "Uncle Seanny, if it bothered me, would I be trying to get between the sheets with you?"

I nearly gagged on my dinner. I mean, I think I saw stars. I did get light-headed, that's for sure. I wasn't able to give a response.

He slowly stood. "You want me to do some posing for you?" he asked.

"Sure," I squeaked. For some reason my mouth was very dry now.

Brandon smiled. Before he hit a pose, he said, "Cool. That's the way my buds at school like it too."

I raised my eyebrows as a question mark smacked my head.

"Yeah," he smiled. "That's how I knew about you. You have the same look as my bud Brian in high school. Him and a couple of other guys. It's easy for me to see now."

"A look?"

He raised both arms and began with a naked, double-biceps pose. "Yeah- the look of loving big muscles."

I didn't respond.

Brandon began moving between poses, naked and muscled as hell, with fluidity and grace. My cock was as stiff as can be- I can't tell you what it was like to be there. Just blows me away to think about it.

Brandon posed hard. He sometimes actually shook, he flexed so hard. For a kid in college, his body was beyond belief.

And then, about midway through his routine, I noticed that he was getting hard! God, I wanted his hand to slip down into his pubes, and then for him to touch himself. But he ignored his growing state of arousal. He just kept posing; flexing;

growing his muscles then relaxing them. All without a stitch of clothing covering anything.

Toward the end of his routine, he had achieved full erection. His cock was thick and long. But the amazing thing about it was how hard it got! Oh to be young again... Brandon's penis got so hard that it actually pressed against his abs! When he finally did touch himself, he had to actually pull it away from his torso in order to separate it from his abs. And when he did begin slowly stroking himself, he showed he had plenty of experience in the pleasuring-himself department.

"I think it's time I hit the sack, if that's okay with you, Uncle Seanny," he finally said.

I pulled the covers back and scooted fully over on one side of the bed.

Brandon walked over to the door and locked it. He turned off the overhead light, leaving only the lamp on the bed stand to illuminate the room. He turned and walked back to me, his cock barely bobbing when he walked, since it was firmly planted against himself. All I could see, coming toward me, was a set of broad, muscular shoulders, a pair of gigantic arms hanging at his sides, a mantle of massive pectoral muscle pushing through the room, and a pair of colossal legs propelling this god-like being toward me.

When he sat on the bed, it creaked and groaned with his weight. But he moved with the smoothness of a tiger. He took it slowly, pausing to gaze into my eyes, measuring the effect his huge muscles were having on me. He must have liked my reaction, because he smiled. He moved one hand to my face.

Then, it happened...

As he hovered over my body, he kissed me- very lightly.

"Merry Christmas, Uncle Seanny," he whispered. His lips were only millimeters away from mine.

"Thanks, Bran," I managed to eek out.

He kissed me again. I mean, he kissed me. God it was long. And so cool. And passionate. God, he was a strong kisser.

And he let me feel- everything. It seemed like my hands spent the whole night moving over his huge, ripped muscles...

The whole night...

•••••

As I kissed him, I could feel him melt under me. My tongue went into his mouth, and his came into mine. He was nervous, I could tell; and to be honest, so was I. I

mean, having fun with the guys at school was one thing, but here at home, in our guest room– with my own uncle... it had potential for disaster written all over it.

But as we progressed, I realized that Uncle Seanny wouldn't ever tell about this. He never gave it up to anyone in the family, even though I'm sure some suspected.

I moved my body closer to his and in a minute, I felt his shaking hand move down my torso.

Oh, God, Sean... Feel it. Pull my dick away from my abs. God, that feels good. Yeah, stroke it. Push on it. God, Seanny, you got a great touch.

Had I known then what I do now about Uncle Sean, I'd have understood why he had such a great hand. But that night, I just let him pet me; push on me; stroke me; jack me.

As he slowly explored my muscles, I finally moved my hand onto Sean's boner. God, he was thick! His precum had wet his stomach and his abs were all moist. I stroked him with my now-slippery hand, and he groaned.

I loved watching him moan and shudder whenever his hands found a new muscle of mine to feel. We kissed the whole time, and sometimes we'd both freeze while his hand felt the hardness of my triceps, or my chest, or maybe my ass. I'd let him do whatever he wanted. He even started fingering my sphincter, and I couldn't tell who enjoyed that more, him or me.

The first time he came that night, wasn't really very far into the muscle-feeling stage. While we kissed and he felt me out, I gave him some light strokes on his cock. When I tightened it a few times, he started spurting.

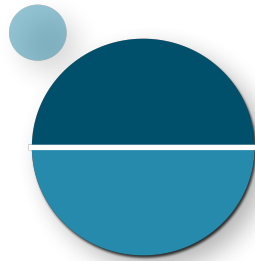


"God, you're going to get the sheets all wet!" I whispered and laughed softly as he came. In fact, his cum did leave a few spots on the sheets, but believe me, they'd end up with quite a lot of stuff crusted on them by the time morning came.

I came quite a few times that night as well– the first time was while I laid on my back and Uncle Sean gave me a hand job. Like I said, he had a really nice touch. Drives me crazy now. No one can do it like Sean.

When, later, I came inside him, we actually fell asleep without me pulling out. God, that was hot. Sean is so hot for me, and it feels so good... He's so accepting, so encouraging to my bodybuilding, so fascinated by me. I love that.

To be continued...



© Sean Reid Scott

YOUR COMMENTS ARE WELCOME.

Please click the following address to send me a message:

sean@musclepla.net

Also, please make sure to visit my website:

<http://musclepla.net>

This story is © 2010 Sean Reid Scott. All rights reserved.