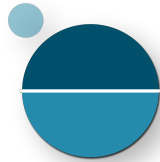


## THE BEST CHRISTMAS EVER: CHAPTER TWO



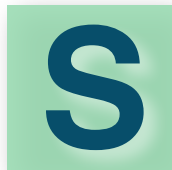
by Sean Reid Scott

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**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.**

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**Sean:** We had breakfast together– all of us– at the big table. I kept an eye on Brandon to see how he felt about our all-night romp. Every time our eyes met, he gave me a reassuring smile, and I did likewise. It seemed my nephew and I were comfortable with our new-found physical relationship.

“What time does the plane get in?” my sister asked.

“Eleven-thirty,” I said, wolfing down some of her pancakes. I turned to my nephew and asked, “Bran, you wanna come with me?”

“Sure,” Brandon smiled.

The trip to SeaTac usually took about an hour, but the flurries demanded a slightly slower pace. Brandon didn't want to distract me from driving, but his muscular hand did find its way onto my upper thigh a few times, making my jeans pretty tight in the crotch.

Despite the questionable weather, John's flight from Houston was on time. Both Brandon and I waited near the screening area



for them to make their appearance. Neither Bran or I mentioned it, but we both were looking forward to meeting Darcy's new husband, Kent. (John and his wife, Ysidra, were bringing their daughter, Darcy, and the aforementioned Kent.) We had heard stories about him...

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**Brandon:** I couldn't keep from thinking about last night. All morning my mind kept returning to the hot sex Uncle Seanny and I had. In truth, I was looking forward to the afternoon, and taking a Christmas Eve "nap" with him. At one point, I almost made Sean drive off the road with my hand moving up his leg, so I decided I'd better back off for safety's sake.

I hadn't seen Uncle John and Aunt Ysidra in a few years. And cousin Darcy— gosh, it had to be six or seven years since I'd seen her, at a family reunion at Pops's ranch in Nebraska. Back then, I wasn't even in high school yet, and Darcy was probably just graduating. As kids, we'd get together all the time, us cousins— but time has a way of moving people apart, I guess. What I remember of Darcy was that she was pretty stuck up, actually. She was a typical girl in that respect. Never liked to play football or stuff with the guy cousins.

Anyway, as Uncle Seanny and I waited near the security screening post at the "Meet & Greet" area, I remembered my mom saying something about Darcy's then-boyfriend (now husband), Kent— that he was really tall and big. There were a few other reports from relatives about him, all of which painted an intriguing picture.

But when the four of them finally emerged from the deplaning crowd, it was immediately apparent that the picture my relatives had painted was woefully inadequate. Kent was, in a word, huge and buff and amazing! (Yeah, more than one word, but don't go getting nit-picky on me.) He stood head-and-shoulders over everyone else, and his face was chiseled into a form not unlike the comic hero Superman! It was an uncanny resemblance! I couldn't make out much else, because his head was all I could yet see; he was behind all the people who were walking toward Sean and me. His wife, my cousin Darcy, came up only to his chest; John & Ysidra walked beside them, and their faces lit up when they spied Uncle Seanny and me.

Sean took a few steps forward and hugged his sister-in-law, then his brother. I held back and just followed Sean's lead; like I said, it had been awhile...

After Sean hugged Darcy, she introduced him to Kent. At this point, Kent was fully visible— head to toe. Now, as a college jock who blows pretty-much all of his classmates away, I was really not prepared for the shock of intimidation that I had when I met Kent. I think he took Sean aback as well. (Okay, I know he did.) Sean craned his neck to look up at Kent's face and they shook hands. (Even if they felt comfortable enough to hug each other— since they were relatives and all now— it wouldn't have been possible without Kent bending low; he was a giant!)

Kent wasn't just tall thought, he was buff! I mean, like I said before, his chiseled face was amazing, and it portended incredible leanness in all regions south. But the only thing more amazing than his height was his mass. Even with a winter coat on, it was obvious that he had hopelessly wide shoulders and a massive chest.

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**Sean:** I was dumbstruck. This guy was a dead ringer for Man Of Steel's David. I'm not shittin' you! He was a walking fantasy story, all ready for me to write! (...think I might just do that!:) )

In spite of my amazement, I think I did a pretty good job of hiding my lust.

A pretty good job.

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**Kent:** The flight from Houston was eventless– just like I like it. I think Darcy's parents were really grateful that I paid for the upgrade to first class, but it was more of a necessity for me than a luxury. I just can't fit in the coach seats.

Seattle was beautiful, despite the overcast skies. The light snow was starting to stick on the sides of the road and on the trees, making it really feel like Christmas.

We were picked up at the airport by John's brother, Sean, and Darcy's cousin, Brandon. If the two of them were any indication of what the rest of the family was like, it was going to be a fun Christmas vacation– they were hilarious together. The way they bantered back and forth was like a comedy routine.

"So, Kent," Sean said as he drove up toward Mt. Ranier, "you're in Information Technology in Manila?"

"Yup. I work for a manufacturing company. I manage their systems and do a little programming too," I answered.

"You know, I don't remember your last name," Sean said.

"Clarke."

I saw Sean and Brandon (riding shotgun) look at each other with raised eyebrows.

"Kent Clarke? Really?" Sean smiled.

I get that a lot. "You got it. I guess my parents were into Superheros," I said vacantly as I looked out at the scenery.

"Awesome," Brandon smiled. He turned to me and added, "And I suppose no one's ever noticed the similarity between you and your backward namesake?"

“Wouldn’t know what you’re talking about,” I smiled. Everyone laughed.

I could tell Brandon felt a little funny around me. He was obviously used to being the Alpha in the family– young, big, strong, full of energy, muscular– and my arrival had a predictable effect on those kind of guys: A little intimidation and a lot of envy.

I’m not braggin’ or anything; it’s just the way it is. I have to work at being overly-friendly with a lot of people, because my body just intimidates the hell out of `em and I have to compensate. It would be especially necessary to compensate with Brandon if I didn’t want him to go into testosterone mode and challenge me (usually an emotional or psychological challenge, not a physical one– guys don’t usually challenge me physically).

As for Sean, I had seen that look countless times before.

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**Brandon:** It was a really weird feeling– something that was totally new to me. Years later I would be able to identify it (with the help of a shrink, to whom Kent would inevitably drive me) as envy, but at the time I just felt cold and a little weak. Me. Weak. Yeah, I know, you’d never know it for looking at me, but yeah, it felt uncomfortable.

But at the same time, I had feelings that were the opposite side of the same coin (an analogy from my psych.): total attraction and lust (lust was my term, which I arrived at long before the shrink came into the picture).

The guy was stacked like no one I had ever seen! I had to force myself to not turn around and look at him. I comforted myself with the fact that Kent would be here all week and I’d surly get to see him a lot.

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**Kent:** Wow, I never knew how beautiful the Pacific Northwest was! John’s sister, June, and brother-in-law, Buck, had a magnificent cabin up in the mountains. Hell– it wasn’t a cabin at all– it was more like a resort lodge.

When we arrived, the whole place was covered in snow. Smoke rose from one of the river rock chimneys; the whole place looked like a Christmas card.

I was introduced to all the cousins, aunts, uncles and Pops & Grand-mimi and then June showed Darcy and me to our room– upstairs off the loft.

I looked out the window of the room, to the valley that flowed away from the cabin. It was just amazing. Darcy primped herself in our bathroom, for our descent down the stairs. She always had to spend so much time getting beautiful.

When we finally came downstairs, a bunch of the family was fixing their own lunches in the kitchen. June told everyone to fend for themselves because Christmas Eve dinner was all she could work on that day.

I started up a conversation with Brandon, working on my objective of friendly-ing-him-up, as I mentioned. As for John's brother Sean, I knew I didn't need to friendly him up at all. I had him from hello, to coin a phrase.

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**Sean:** I wanted to make some comment about how much food Kent was piling on his plate— as a means of talking about his huge physique (I had a way with these topics)— but not knowing him that well, I didn't want to mention it until I got to know him better. Regardless, he had made three huge sandwiches for himself.

"Were you still planning on taking a nap this afternoon, Sean," my sister asked as I spread dijon on my meat.

Leave it to June to drain the testosterone right out of this middle-aged guy and make me sound like an old fart. "Well, I dunno," I answered, looking at Bran. "I think I'll probably be okay." I had a feeling that Brandon wouldn't object to postponing our scheduled afternoon sex session, since I could tell he was as interested as I was in stalking out our new, beefy relative-in-law.

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**Brandon:** To be honest, I was glad Uncle Seanny didn't "feel tired" anymore. Don't get me wrong, I wanted to fuck him again in the worst way; but there were more pressing things to see now. Of course, if we had gone to bed together that Christmas Eve afternoon, I'm sure both Sean and I would have had some mighty muscle fantasy pictures in our mind to work with!

Kent had changed from his "flying clothes" into a nice sweatshirt and some jeans. In a strange way, I almost felt sorry for the dude. His jeans, with his legs so big, fit tightly; and the pouch on that guy was obscenely obvious. If he hadn't been so intimidating, I bet he would have got comments about it all the time.

But really, his crotch wasn't the only thing I couldn't stop looking at. The guy filled out his sweatshirt amazingly. I mean, I could go through and note all the muscle groups, but I wouldn't do them justice. He looked like a larger-than-life sculpture of some kind of super-bodybuilder.

Despite his overwhelmingness, though, Kent seemed to take a shining to me. Maybe he saw me as a peer or something. I dunno, but I was very pleased that he seemed to gravitate toward me.

After lunch, the women-folk took over the kitchen and helped mom get dinner ready. It was a huge undertaking— there would be over 20 of us at the table that night. In fact, while the women did the food preparation, it was the guys' job to

extend the long table in the great room and then add three card tables to the end of that. A small “kid’s table” was also set up against one wall. Our task accomplished, we spread out through the house, relaxing or watching TV.

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**Kent:** At five o’clock sharp (June’s orders), we assembled in the great room for dinner. Actually, Darcy and I were a few minutes late because she had to primp. Me, I had changed into a sweater and slacks, and I didn’t fret the late arrival at the table. A respectable tardiness always makes for a nice entrance– a motive I suspected of Darcy as well.

The cabin, as I said before, was just spectacular. The great room was really big: The main feature being a huge river rock fireplace that reached up the wall to the apex of an arched ceiling. The river rock was framed on both sides by large windows that looked out onto the lush green valley. The dinner “table” started a few feet from the fireplace and ran the length of the room. It was lit with candles.

We had place cards, and Darcy and I were assigned seats across from Sean and Brandon; a coincidence that was just too unlikely.

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**Brandon:** I was pleasantly surprise at being able to sit right across from Kent and Darcy, but then when I found out who had helped with the place cards (Sean) I should have known.

Kent had changed into a maroon sweater that must have required a few bolts of fabric to make. He was astounding looking. God, that sweater seemed to be made to show off his lumps of over-developed muscle. And he kept talking to me, all during the meal. Not just me, though. He talked with everyone. Of course, everyone wanted to talk to him, too. We sat midway down the table, and he was definitely the center of attention.

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**Sean:** We scurried to take the table apart after dinner and bring the furniture back into the great room. The kids were gathered on the floor or in their parent’s laps; the adults sat on couches, bar stools or chairs. Pops read “The Night Before Christmas,” and it gave me an idea for a parody of that poem for my buffmuscles.com website. I generally hate parodies of Christmas classics (and TNBC is way overdone for sure) but I just couldn’t resist jotting down a few notes for my own version that I’d perfect later.

Of course, I couldn’t help but steal as many glances as possible of Kent– with Darcy leaning against his huge body and his big arm wrapped around her shoulder. God, what did she do to deserve a catch like that musclegod?

Anyway, after Pops finished the story, the kids tore into the presents that were piled almost waist-high under the big Grand Fir tree in front of one of the windows. The adults took videos and pictures of the little ones and pushed the wrappings into sacks to avoid making a trail of fuel to the fireplace. After the kids were done, the adults exchanged presents.

But, as is necessary on Christmas Eve, we all had to get to bed because Santa was scheduled to arrive (did the kids need more presents?) and everyone knows he doesn't come if you're not asleep.

I didn't think it possible that my attention could be distracted from Kent's compelling physique that night, but when Brandon came out of the bathroom, much like he had the night before, all naked and bulging with his hunky teen muscle, I was transfixed. But I do have to admit that fantasies of Brandon and Kent being together did enter into my thoughts at that point...

As it turned out, the guest room that Bran and I shared was right next to Kent & Darcy's room. (God, I love it when these things come together!) The night before, I imagine someone sleeping in that room could have heard us making passionate love, so tonight I tried to keep it down, as did Brandon.

The funny thing was, even though we had heard the muffled voices of Kent & Darcy's conversation at the beginning of the night, we never heard anything after that. Either they were actually sleeping, or they were really quiet love-makers.

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**Kent:** Darcy & I were pooped from our flight from Houston, so I wasn't surprised when she wanted to go straight to sleep. She also has privacy issues, and I could tell it was going to take some coercing to get her to put out while we were there with all her relatives in the same house.

At about midnight, I needed to raid the refrigerator. I gotta eat about every three hours, and sometimes even during the night. The threat of keeping Santa at bay notwithstanding, I decided to creep down the stairs to the kitchen and make some turkey sandwiches from the leftovers.

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**Brandon:** My cock was still stiff inside Sean; we were both breathing heavily. I think just having Kent in the same house had made both of us hyper-horny.

At some point, both of us heard a faint movement in the adjoining room— Kent & Darcy's. Then a door out in the hall opened and closed. There was footfall outside our door.

Sean and I froze.

The footfall went down the stairway.

I looked at Sean, and he looked at me. I tightened my cock inside him and it flexed, making him jump. "I think I'm hungry," I said.

"Oh, me too," he smiled.

It was good to connect with this mutual understanding— this mutual feeling of uncontrollable lust for Kent. I pulled out of Sean and put on some boxers and a T-shirt. Sean did the same. I wasn't sure our cocks would be "down" when we hence would encounter whoever-it-was in the kitchen, but then, at this point, I almost didn't give a damn. I was hot to find out if the person in the kitchen was who I hoped it was. Just my luck it would end up being Darcy.

But it wasn't.

We could see that the kitchen light was on, from the glowing under the door as we stood in the great room. We pushed open the door and were greeted by a shirtless Kent, spreading mustard on his meat. He faced away from us, so the incomprehensible sweep of his latissimi spreading from his broad shoulders and pouring into his pant-length pajamas overwhelmed both of us. Not to mention Kent's tight, hard ass globes that were hugged perfectly by the silky cotton of his PJ's.

We both dropped our jaws, but believe me, the muscle show hadn't even begun.

We hadn't been quiet enough to escape detection by the huge bodybuilder; he turned his head and smiled. "I wondered if I might be joined down here," he said. He returned to his sandwiches and nursed them. Uncle Seanny seemed frozen, and it actually took my arm behind him, nudging him forward, to get him to come inside the kitchen far enough to let the door close.

The main lights of the kitchen were off; the room was illuminated only by a few spotlights shining on the island and on the counter where Kent was working.

"Yeah, the best part of staying at relatives is raiding the fridge," I said. We walked farther into the kitchen. The island separated us from Kent, who still faced away.

"Well, there's plenty of fixin's here," Kent said, not looking up from his job. "You want me to make you something?"

By now Seanny and I had moved to the end of the island, so our view of the giant was now from his side.

I thought I would piss my boxers.

Kent's chest protruded like twin watermelons, cantilevered from his torso, suspended in air, hovering majestically over his ab rack. The pecs were covered in dark hair, although the rest of him was practically hairless. His skin was tan, hard and without flaw. It was pulled taut over his muscles; he had to be under 5% body



fat! Seriously! If it weren't for the hair on his chest he could have easily stood on stage in a competition. And he'd easily win any contest I could conceive.

I had to practically drag Seanny behind me. He was nearly falling apart.

"Do you?" Kent asked.

"Do I?" I said.

"Want me to make you anything?"

"Oh, I... I'm not really hungry," I said.

Kent kept selecting things for his sandwiches, ignoring my uncle's- and my own- state of shock at seeing his muscles. He dressed his food and the muscle fibers in his arms- biceps, triceps and forearms- rippled me nearly into an orgasm.

"So, why did you come down then...?" he asked.

"Why... what... um... huh?" I mumbled.

"Why did you come down then...?" he repeated.

"Oh, well Sean here was hungry and he asked me to come with," I said.

Kent smiled, still not looking at us. "I see."

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**Kent:** If it hadn't been so comical, it would have been pathetic: Sean, more than Brandon. At least Brandon was able to speak- incoherent as he was. Sean, however, had to be dragged around by his nephew- practically listless with lust- unable to form a single word.

"You hungry, Sean?" I asked.

Nothing.

"Yeah, he is," Brandon answered. "What do you want, Seanny?"

I had to chuckle as Sean tried to move his lips. Nothing came out, though.

I finished dressing my sandwiches, putting the top piece of bread on both of them. "I've got lots of meat, Sean, and you're certainly welcome to it," I said, turning to the two stooges.

Brandon laughed a weak, helpless laugh. Sean smiled faintly as his eyes grew. It was the first sign of life I had seen from him since the two had entered the room.

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**Sean:** uh- um- uhhhhh- help- oh god- uhhhh-

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**Brandon:** As he turned to face us, the full impact of his front-on form made me gasp. The nipples on his chest, although surrounded by thick, yet wispy, black hair were the size of the bathtub stopper up in our room. His shoulders and arms were enormous! His waist, small. His legs were huge, but since they were covered by his long PJs, my eyes elected to stay above his waistline. The sight was overwhelming. Unbeknownst to me, my 19-year-old cock was as high and hard as had ever been. Fortunately it was still concealed by my boxers, but even then it was obvious to Kent what was going on. I, however, didn't register it.

Kent looked past me, to Sean. He held the plate with his two sandwiches. "So, Sean, you want some?"

"Some?" Sean finally squeaked out.

Kent cocked his head back to the bowl of turkey. "Meat."

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**Kent:** I had to chuckle again. Sean's eyes weren't meeting mine. I had seen this many times before: homoerotic-sthenolagnia causing the inability to function in social situations. I needed to be careful. Sean was in a very fragile state.

"Tell you guys what," I said, "I'll set my plate down on the island here," (I had to be very deliberate and slow) "and you two have a seat. Then I'll make you each a sandwich, okay?"

"Sounds good," Brandon answered for both of them. They took stools and sat on the other side of the island while I threw together some food for them. I got us all some milk from the fridge.

I was able to get Sean to eat, which was good. He needed his blood sugar replenished. Brandon ended up being very hungry, contrary to his earlier claim.

Yeah, guys, watch my chest and arms as I eat. You see something you like?

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**Brandon:** Sitting at the island on a bar stool was actually quite a relief. I didn't have to worry about my boner showing, which I had just discovered was quite evident under my boxers.

While the three of us ate up, I couldn't help but get the impression that Kent was enjoying the attention. God, how does someone just get out of his bed and walk

down to the kitchen and fix a sandwich, looking like that!? As he ate, there were times I thought he was totally unaware of the effect he had on us; but then there were also times when he really looked like he was on to us.

As Kent took a drink from his glass of milk, his raised arm bulged with freakish definition. The size was out of this world!

He caught me looking. As he sat the glass down he said to me, "So, Bran, you obviously need to get in a lot of calories every day too, huh?"

I loved that he called me Bran. "Yeah. But not nearly as much as you. How much you weigh?"

He actually looked a little embarrassed– like it wasn't that big of a deal how much he weighed. "Aw, I haven't really weighed myself lately. It's above 300 though."

"Goddddd. I believe that, man."

He smiled and took a bite of his sandwich.

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**Sean:** "You ever enter a bodybuilding contest?" I said.

I think Bran and Kent were just as surprised as me at the coherent sentence coming out of my mouth. It was the first thing I had really said since we had gotten downstairs.

"Glad you could join us, Sean," Kent grinned. He glanced at Brandon and the two of them smiled together. "But in answer to your question, no."

"Why not?" Brandon asked.

"Wouldn't be fair," I interrupted before Kent could answer. That was totally true, but it was almost a cliché– I had actually used that in some of my muscle stories.

Kent grinned.

Brandon laughed.

"Actually, I don't mind showing off a little," Kent said as he took another bite, "but I like my audiences to be small– more intimate."

At this point, Bran and I looked at each other. Kent saw.

"You guys interested?"

"Really?" Brandon said.

Kent nodded his head. As soon as he swallowed his bite, he raised his right arm and flexed it. I know I'm a pretty prolific writer of gay muscle erotica, but there aren't words to describe what that arm looked like. It filled my field of vision.

"Hoooooly shit!" Brandon whispered with a soft whistle following.

Kent twisted and rotated his wrist so that his forearm danced with veins and muscle. The split heads of his biceps separated and grew. He lowered his arm and looked down at his waistline. He played with the elastic. "You know, I'd want to show off my legs a little, too," he said. Without looking up, he continued, "but I don't have anything on under these pajamas."

I felt my heart pounding in my chest.

Kent looked up at both of us with a mischievous, yet subdued grin. "We'd probably want to go back up to your room for that."

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**Kent:** I had them. Actually, I knew I had them from the moment I met them in the terminal. But now, the evening was really turning fun.

As we silently returned upstairs, neither of the two guys mentioned the possibility of Darcy waking. I didn't worry about it, though. Ever since we spent the first night together, Darcy was the most sound-sleeper I had ever met. A freight train running through the room couldn't rouse her. Plus, I knew her well enough to know that the flight from Houston had exhausted her— not to mention the time zone change.

When the three of us got into their room, I quietly locked the door behind us. No need to take chances.

"So, what do you want to see?" I asked.

They hesitated with an answer.

"Well, why don't you two sit on the bed, and I'll just play it by ear," I said.

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**Brandon:** As soon as Sean and I sat on the bed, I knew I was in trouble. My cock had found the slit in the front of my boxers and it stuck straight out of it. I didn't know if I should try and tuck it back in or not. I was petrified.

I mean, here I was, a jock-bodybuilder, well-built hunk in my own right— totally playing the straight persona— and there my dick was, revealing my supposedly well-kept secret to the biggest, best idol I had ever had. I didn't have a choice. I only hoped that Kent wouldn't notice; I worked the fabric and pushed my cock to the side, trying to force it back inside.

I don't know how long it was taking me to work it back in, but presently I felt the heat of Kent's body very close to mine.

"Here, let me help you with that, man," I heard him say. He was leaning over me. I looked up and became unable to move anymore. The heat from his upper body radiated to mine, somehow rendering me motionless. At this point, he was so close to me, I wanted to reach up and touch his shoulder— feel the warm rock-hardness of it, feel its size, its impenetrability.

But I couldn't.

What did happen was that Kent's hand moved onto my crotch. His muscular, long fingers wrapped around my throbbing cock.

I was able to bend my neck to look downward.

Instead of working my cock back into my boxers, though, Kent just felt it. God, his hands were sexy! Totally manicured fingernails. Totally lean and muscled fingers.

He held my boner still, then moved his fingertips down it, toward the base.

For some reason, my next thought was I'm glad I trimmed my pubes. Weird, I know, but that's what I thought.

He stroked up it slowly; then down back to the base again. He pulled it away from my body a little more, and I involuntarily flexed it. A squirt of pre-cum oozed out.

Kent smiled. "Am I making you do that?"

God, I wanted to melt.

He tightened his grip and gave me a long, slow stroke. Then he slipped his fingertips inside the boxer slit and cupped my manicured balls in them. He lifted up, seeming to weigh them with his hand.

"Nice balls, man," he smiled.

Well, it was pretty obvious how I was feeling toward Kent, and it was pretty obvious that he didn't have a problem feeling me out, so at that point, I found the resolve to raise my hand and put it on his shoulder. It trembled as it moved up to his traps, and then gently traversed over the warm, smooth, rock-hard skin onto his upper arm.

It was at this point that Kent gave me another long, slow stroke— this time a little tighter. My young penis couldn't contain itself any longer. My hand tightened on Kent's gigantic triceps. Kent could sense what was coming, so he held my cock at the base, pulling the skin down and keeping it pointed straight up in the air. It throbbed as it prepared for the inevitable explosion, which, when it finally came, ribboned Kent's face with a stream of white.

I moaned, and Kent put his free hand on my mouth– not really his whole hand, but just two fingers to shush me. He stroked me again, and I burst forth more jizz. I broke into a rhythm of hard, but silent, breathing– not unlike a woman who is giving birth. Kent smiled– it was a patient look, like he knew I couldn't control myself if my life depended on it. My semen dripped off his lip. He just watched. His attention altered between my face and my exploding cock. I think he was impressed with my teenage volume and intensity.

He kept stroking, slowly.

When at last I sighed and slumped back onto the mattress, I noticed that Uncle Seanny was already lying beside me– prone and drenched in his own cum.

Despite my horizontal posture on the bed now, Kent held my cock high, pointing up, throbbing with my heartbeats as he slowly worked his thumb up my urethra, holding the top side with his fingertips, emptying the last of my milk.

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**Kent:** God, that Brandon was such a stud. Reminded me of myself about ten years earlier, although he was smaller than I was at that age.

It had been a little while since I had given a guy a hand job. And it had been a long time since the guy was as built as Brandon. Not that many big dudes in the Philippines.

Sean and Brandon breathed hard as they lied on the bed– their legs fell over the edge and their feet almost touched the floor.

Me– I hadn't even taken off my PJs yet and the two dudes had already come all over themselves (and me). I had a feeling, though, that Brandon would have a quick recovery time; Sean could be counted on to follow right behind.

So, I stepped back and smiled. "Looks like you two guys need to rest before I continue?" I half asked/half stated.

They both looked up at me. Brandon smiled. Sean just breathed hard.

"Yeah, I'll take it slowly," I said. I decided to keep my pajama bottoms on while I started to pose. Yeah, that's my idea of taking it slowly. Brandon quickly got hard again. He sat up and watched, wide-eyed. His uncle– as predicted– soon got hard again as well, but he kept prone on his back as he watched.

After a few minutes I stopped posing and started to pull down my PJs. As I stepped out of them, fully nude now, I gave the guys a grin and resumed posing. God, this was fun. Just watching their reaction started to make me hard too, and within a minute of stripping, my cock throbbed into a nice, thick and tight rod. I got the usual reaction I get when guys see it. Amazement; incredulity; disbelief; awe. I'm not braggin' or anything. That's just the way it is. Can't help it.

Brandon took the next step. He stood up and looked at me in a “can I touch” kind of look. I smiled and nodded, flexing my biceps right in front of him. He took the bait and immediately brought his other hand up as well, trying to encompass my upper arm in both of his hands– unsuccessfully, I might add.

God, it got really hot after that. Well, soon Bran had his hands all over my body as I posed: Traps and delts, arms, chest (he had a great nipple-twist that you wouldn’t believe!), abs, all the hell over my legs, and then even my cock!

Well, Sean couldn’t bear to let Bran have all the fun, and soon after Brandon made the move on my penis, Sean joined in– first with the muscles, and later with my cock.

I actually got a pretty good workout posing for them. I don’t know how long it lasted, but I know it had to be at least 20 minutes before Brandon put his tongue on my penis. He lapped it up. God it felt good. But I kept flexing for them– which I think drove the guys crazy that I’d let Brandon give me a blow job while I kept posing.

Well, long story short– (that’s what you want, isn’t it?) we soon found ourself poised for the consummate three-way. I don’t usually bottom, but hell– it was the holidays. I decided to give the guys a Kent sandwich for Christmas.

The first step was to get Sean up on my back. I knelt onto the bed and Sean crawled on my back. I could tell he was taking his time, running his hands over my lats and shoulders. Finally he grabbed my traps and snuggled onto me. He was inside my ass in a minute, moaning and holding on for dear life. It actually felt pretty good. He was big, and my ass just pulled him inside and massaged him.

Next, I had Brandon lie on the bed, on his back, with his butt on the edge of the mattress. I spread his legs wide, lifting them to get him to the right angle. He was hard as a guy could get; his boner dribbled pre-cum down the side of his abs and onto the sheets.

While Sean rode my ass, holding onto my back, I bent down, lifting Bran’s legs. I had to release one of his ankles so I could push my tree trunk down to his cherry. I knew I would have to take it slowly. I didn’t know if Bran had had cock before, but even if he had, my organ was a horse of a different color.

I pushed my dripping head next to his sphincter. Sean held still; I could tell he was resisting the urge to hump. Brandon was so hot that I really had to force myself not to push it in quickly.

I let my cock head moisten his hole real good, moving it all around to make sure my pre-cum got it good and wet. I’d need all the lube I could get.

He had such a tight opening. I pushed gently, assessing the pressure I would need. I would need a lot.

I gave Brandon plenty of time to prepare himself, but I doubt it mattered in the end (no pun intended). As Sean hung on my back, I leaned forward and began my assault— slowly.

Painfully slowly.

There have been times when I've just shoved it in, causing quite a loud reaction, and making quite a mess to be honest.

But not this time. If for no other reason, we just couldn't afford having Bran screaming for his life and waking up the whole house. Plus, I wanted to watch him. I wanted to see in his eyes the look. The feeling of being overcome. The feeling of pressure and pain.

I paused, my piss hole barely peeking inside. His eyes got bigger; I pushed in a little more. Then I allowed the pressure of his rectum muscles to push me back out.

I could immediately see the relief in his eyes.

But not for long. I pushed in farther this time, and he immediately looked worried. Then a little farther. Sloooooowly. I added more pressure, and within a few... more... seconds the lip of his sphincter wrapped around the lip of my head, pulling me in just a few millimeters.

He winced.

I rested him for a minute, gazing deeply into his eyes; then it was time to move in more. Imagine, if you will, being a miniature person, standing just inside the rim of his hole. You're standing there, looking up at the giant cylinder that has just pushed inside. And then it starts to move. Slowly.

It's reminiscent of those Star Trek movies, where the people in the Space Station are looking out the windows as the main fuselage of the Enterprise passes by, moving inside to dock. They're in awe as the huge ship's hull slowly navigates in. They can't even see the whole ship, for all the size of that fuselage; it's so big and moving so slowly that it's all they can see.

I started pushing in. He winced again, moving his head from side to side. From here on out, I wouldn't change my speed in the slightest. It would be a painfully slow journey; but I wouldn't stop.

As you are standing there, looking up at the fuselage of my cock, inside Brandon's rectum, you see the shiny skin begin to move. If it were to make noise, it would sound like a huge ship cutting through water. But it makes no noise. It just slowly crawls... worming its way... pushing... with an even thrust. You see the veins, the huge veins. You catch a glimpse of the ripples of skin. You gaze at the enormity of the powerful, magnificent bigger-than-life organ as it moves past.



Like a ship as it is christened and it slowly moves sideways down the dry-dock into the harbor.

Big like that.

And it's right next to you. If you wanted, you could reach out with your miniature hand and touch it's slimy, warm skin. But even though it looks like it's moving slowly, it has the power of a million horses and you know if you tried to touch it, it'd probably take your whole arm off. There would be no stopping it.

I looked into Brandon's eyes. He had no idea what he had gotten himself into. He teared up. He looked deeply back at me, as if to plead for mercy, and yet begging me never to stop.

I could feel myself pushing organs aside. A spleen, perhaps; kidneys; his liver; even up to his stomach. I forced all of them to make room. They had no choice.

When I got about halfway in, I leaned forward and got on top of Brandon. We all scooted up farther onto the mattress- which was a delicate maneuver- and soon I resumed my trek inside this teenage wonder. It was a journey of discovery, and I loved every molecule that I had to move in order to maintain my course.

At last, I squeezed my glutes and eased inside all the way. We were fully onto the bed now. It was a sandwich better than I could have made down in the kitchen, for sure.

Brandon was in obvious pain.

Which, made it all the more hot. It was awesome to see all his teenage muscles rolling and throbbing in agony like that.

As soon as I started moving in and out, I felt Sean start to come inside me. God it was hot. His cock opened and closed with mechanical perfection- I could feel the jizz stream into my ass- and he held my shoulders like his life depended on it.

I don't know if it was just a coincidence or if Brandon could tell what was happening with his uncle, but as soon as Sean started blowing, Brandon's cock started squirting too. He threw his head back, restraining his mouth from yelling, and his jizz spurt up between us; I could feel it on my abs and between my pecs. I could feel some of it land in my chest hair. I held Brandon's shoulders tightly and flexed my cock in side him, then resumed a slow, deliberate rocking. In and out. In-and-out.

The two men kept coming, each one getting off on my body in his own way. It was incredible, and after a few moments of this, I couldn't hold back either. I gritted my teeth and pushed in to the hilt, making Bran writhe in pain.

My dick exploded.

It shot huge blasts of semen into Brandon's ass. Every muscle in my body tightened. My whole body hardened, and both of the guys took the opportunity to move his hands over whatever bulging muscle was available.

We- all three of us- kept cumming and cumming.

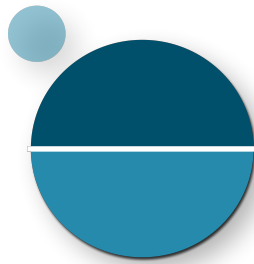
I pulled out just a tad, and then pushed back inside, spewing my seed into the young buck. Sean hissed as he pumped my ass. Brandon kept discharging his hot, white milk between us.

I kissed Bran, and he let loose with a moan inside my mouth.

When we were done- all three of us- we basically collapsed. But I knew Brandon's body couldn't take my 375 pounds, plus Sean's body weight, so I had to prop myself up on my elbows. Brandon and I kissed gently as we recovered from the hottest sex that I know both he and Sean had ever had. Eventually I leaned over, and the Kent sandwich rolled to its side.

The sheets and blankets were sweaty, and spatters of semen dotted the landscape. We stroked each other lovingly; the guys kept moving their hands all over me.

When, out on the lawn, there arose such a clatter..



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