

## **Cousin Tim (Redux)**

by Sean Reid Scott

**M**y cousin's husband was the stud to beat all studs. He was in his early 20's. He stood a good half-foot above my 5-foot-eleven. He was lean and muscular. Big in all the right places. His muscled, long body was just beautiful. His defined abs were the hottest.

Tim had very well-developed arms. They were really big, and they each had that thick blood vessel that runs down. His arms bulged out from his naturally wide shoulders. Tim's chest was full and defined. It stuck out in front of him with seductive power. And fuck, he had tremendous legs. Powerful quads supported his upper torso—and his small waist gave him the ideal hour-glass form. In all, Tim was an ideal package of lean, powerful muscles. His narrow waist, massive arms and broad shoulders sent my heart racing every time I saw him.

Tim had dark brown, almost black hair. He wore it trimmed, but not too short. His brown eyes twinkled. His smile sent chills up my spine.

He really liked me, too. He was always goofing off with me, grabbing me as he would laugh about something. I loved it when he touched me. I loved his manner of giggling whenever he thought of doing something he shouldn't. It was all innocent: buying something that wasn't on the shopping list, or maybe eating something before he was supposed to. Whenever he thought of doing something he shouldn't do, he kind of giggled. It was so heart-wrenchingly cute.

Tim and Mandy lived about three hours away, so we didn't see each other very often. I always looked forward to visits by him, because I wanted to see how he had developed that body of his. He never disappointed me. He worked out regularly, and we often discussed bodybuilding. He had even thought about entering a contest, but decided against it. I told him he should, because he had a great body. He grinned when I said that. I liked that I could make him happy.

It was summer, and Mandy was leaving town for a short trip to see her mother. So Tim invited me to stay with him for the long weekend. Tim and I would have the house to ourselves for a few days. I was beyond excited. I'd never spent time alone with Tim like this.

When I arrived at their house, Mandy was packed and ready to go. Tim walked her to the car. I peeked out between the curtains. He kissed her passionately as they stood in the driveway. He had to bend down to reach her. Fuck, he was tall. And just *made* of muscles. He had his tongue in her mouth. His arm bulged under his tight T-shirt while he held Mandy's cheek with his hand. How I wished I was Mandy!

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Tim returned to the house. "Now the boys get to have some fun!" he giggled. His grin pierced me. I melted inside. I was going to spend three days alone with my fantasy man! I had masturbated to thoughts of Tim ever since I had met him. I looked forward to developing some new fantasy storylines during my stay.

We sat and talked for a while. We went out to eat. Bought some junk food for the evening. Then we returned home. It was summer, so even though it was 7:30, it wasn't dark yet. It had been a hot day.

Tim went down the hall and into his bedroom. He returned to the family room without a shirt on. My heart beat hard as I examined him. He was perfect! He smiled wide as he sat down in an easy chair across from me. "Thought I'd get more comfortable," he said. "I usually don't wear much when I'm at home alone."

I wanted to explore that idea more, but I was too intimidated. And just looking at his bare upper body made me nervous—and hard.

His abs were defined. His chest was thick and strong. Those arms bulged with power—and that cephalic vein on his biceps made me dizzy with lust. His big quads pushed his jeans. Tim gave a slight smile when I checked him out, but he didn't say anything. He *had* to know what he was doing to me.

The TV was on, but we were only casually watching it. We talked about lots of things, but nothing that I can remember. I wasn't really paying attention to our conversation, except that I tried to direct the topic to his hobby of bodybuilding.

"I think those muscles on top of the shoulders are really cool," I said innocently. "I don't know what they're called, but when guys have them, they really make them look strong." (I was lying, of course. I knew *all* the names of the muscles. I just wanted to appear innocent and naive.)

"You mean traps?" Tim asked. He moved his shoulders forward and his traps bulged; his neck thickened into a fireplug. Damn, he was a muscle hunk.

"Yeah, those," I said grinning. "Yours are awesome. Even when you just walk around, you can see them bulge up."

Tim continued to hold his traps in a flex, grinning. "Even when I just walk around, you're looking at my muscles?" he asked. But

his question didn't come across as accusatory. He was genuine, and he liked what I'd said.

"I mean... they're kinda hard to miss," I offered.

"Thanks," he smiled. He relaxed out of the flex, just sitting there comfortably.

"Man! You have awesome shoulders," I said.

"Thanks," he said. "I'm glad you approve," he smiled. He tightened his body and his traps bulged even more. His skin seemed to recede into *nothing!* No fat! And his big muscles grew even bigger; he moved into a full-on "most muscular" pose—well, at least an upper-body pose, since, you know, he was still seated. But he didn't stay seated for long. He stood up and then flexed again.

"Holy fuck," I mumbled. I couldn't believe he was doing this. What I was seeing was my ultimate wet-dream of a man. So good-looking, and so muscular.

Tim grinned. "You like, don't you...."

"Wow!" I didn't want to be too obvious, but fuck, I was totally lusting out over his body.

Then he relaxed. I think I liked looking at his relaxed body even more than when he flexed. He was beyond perfect. He stood there, letting me look.

What he did next just blew my mind. He unzipped his pants; he wasn't wearing a belt. He opened his fly, and spread the opening. Then he shimmied his jeans down a few inches, over his tiny hips, and exposed his underwear to me. His obliques were like nothing I'd ever seen! So slender and seductive!

He was wearing a thong-type thing. It hugged his cock and balls a lot closer than regular briefs would. They were more like posers than underwear. Just above the fabric line, Tim's black pubes pushed up above his thong. Above that, a delicious glory trail traced up to his belly button and insanely-defined abdominals. And *fuck*, his cock was big! He let it poke forward—over his open fly, still covered by those white poser thingys—while he adjusted his jeans just so. It was the most amazing thing ever. So erotic and suggestive, yet he didn't make a big deal about it. It was like this was just his way of getting comfortable. I wanted to ask him if he walked around the house with his pants open and his cock sticking out in his thong like that all the time.

I was hopelessly hard.

"What do you think? You like looking at my muscles?"

Fuck. He was being pretty forward. But his smile and giggle were relaxing to me. I didn't feel anything negative coming from him. "Fuck, Tim," I said. "You look... you are amazing."

"Thanks, bud. I thought you like to look at them. I'm glad you like my body."

I was hesitant. He was always so friendly, and I really did trust him, but this kind of talk was borderline... scary. I didn't know how to respond.

He shifted his hips to one side, but kept relaxed. This movement into an asymmetrical pose was so fucking hot! He just stood there and let me look. He reminded me of some of those old-school bodybuilders, like Frank Zane, or Bob Paris. Eventually, he said, "You want to feel my muscles?" he asked innocently. "'Cuz you can, if you want."

"R—Really?" I asked. Fuck, I really didn't know what to do. "I—I mean... I dunno. You sure?"

"Sure," Tim answered. "I know you're into bodybuilding. So now's your chance," he said seriously. He was serious, but still really happy and friendly. Then he cricked his neck just a bit, leaning his head from side to side; he scrunched his face, then said, "How about this; I'll let you feel them, if you give me a shoulder rub." He moved over to where I was. With his pants still open, he sat down on the floor in front of the couch I was sitting on, facing away from me. His wide back rested between my spread knees. He adjusted his open jeans; he spread them open even farther. *Fuck*. Was he trying to seduce me? 'Cuz... *fuck*.

"Wow. You bet," I said; I know my voice was trembling. "I mean... *damn*, your shoulders are so wide." I placed my hands on his traps and he flexed them once again. "Geez, you are awesome," I said. I felt like a little girl, adoring him.

Tim remained silent. I ran my fingers outward, to his delts. My hands were really trembling now. His cannonballs were solid and wide. I wanted to measure the width of his broad shoulders. They had to be wider than any man I'd ever seen. Some of it had to be plain genetics; I mean, his shoulders were naturally *really* broad. But of course, his muscle development made them really, *really* wide—and so big and muscular. *Fuck*. His deltoids were amazing! I began to massage his thick shoulders.

Tim approved with a soft moan, then a, "Niiiiice." He sighed. "Oh, yeahhhh." He leaned back against the front of the couch. My hands moved over the top of his traps and slightly down onto his front, just barely at the top of his chest. Tim said "Oh, that feels really good." I could tell his eyes were closed.

I couldn't believe I was touching him like this. He was so big. So warm. So hard. I stared at his neck; the guy was all *man*.

Encouraged by his willingness to let me massage the front of his shoulders, I ventured more. It was scary, but he gave no indication at all that he didn't like what I was doing. On the contrary, whenever my fingers made even the smallest advance

down, toward his chest, he inhaled, expanding his pectorals, lifting them upward. It was as if he were encouraging my fingers down onto them. And fuck, they were so big and round.

I didn't want to risk anything, so I was very careful. I moved my hands back up and continued massaging his shoulders. Every once in a while I ventured back toward his chest. Every time I did it, he expanded his chest upward, moaned or said something like "Oh, that feels really good. You have the best touch." As the minutes passed I found myself getting braver. Tim seemed to be enjoying the tease of the game. I know *I* was.

Eventually, my fingers moved forward, lower and lower—making their way onto the upper part of Tim's thick, bulging pecs. It was the upper part, but it was definitely his pecs! And he remained quiet—and still, just letting me... feel.

"You pecs. Your chest is amazing," I said.

"Thanks," Tim said. "You like touching it?"

The question just hung there. Of course I liked touching it, but I didn't want to verbalize it. Finally I said, "Fuck, your pecs... yeah, they're amazing to feel." I ventured down a little lower, feeling the thick muscles.

Tim danced his pecs. The large muscles moved in slow, erotic waves. "Oh that's awesome," I said, pretending like I had never seen that before. I *had* seen it, but I'd definitely never *felt* it. Tim continued to ripple his pecs for me. I moved my fingers lower.

"I like this. It feels so good when you touch my pecs," he said softly. "Mmmm..." Again he inhaled and his chest rose up, into my hands. "You like looking at them, don't you..."

Damn, that made me scared. I didn't know what to say. My heart raced.

"I mean, I can tell," he added. "I really like that you admire my body, man."

I stopped moving my hands.

"Seriously, man," he assured me. "Don't stop. I'm being serious here. I can tell you like my muscles. It's always in your eyes. And I'm serious when I tell you, it makes me feel really good. I'm not trying to make you nervous or anything...."

"Really?" I said softly.

"Dude, you have no idea. I love your admiration. I hope that doesn't sound corny or anything."

"No.... Not at all," I said.

I moved my hands lower. He kept dancing his pecs and making his chest grow and bulge under them. The definition on his pecs—the striations and lines of muscle—was awesome. Even with how huge his muscles were, his skin... it was so tight around his muscles... he didn't have any fat at all. And the cleavage between his big pectoral muscles was deep, and so crazy. I moved my hands and felt the canyon between his round pecs. Tim slowed his pec flex as I explored. Holy fuck, I realized just then how hard I was getting. I couldn't believe I was actually doing this!

"That feels terrific," Tim said. He dropped his head back a little and closed his eyes. His muscular neck thickened. His head now rested between my legs, and it rocked to snuggle against my right leg. I thought my boner would explode in my pants.

I felt him out for what seemed like forever, moving my hand to feel every inch of his massive, muscular chest. I even brushed over his nipples a few times, and if *that* didn't get my heart racing!

My boner was as stiff as a pipe.



"Damn," he said, "to be honest dude, I'm really loving this. I think you're making me hard, man." He chuckled.

I froze again. Should I pull away?

"Hey, don't stop man. I didn't mean to make you stop. I'm just sayin' that you're doing a great job."

"Sure?"

"Sure."

I kept touching him. Fuck his pecs were gorgeous.

"You know, if you really want to get me hard, you should start playing with my nipples. That'll do it for sure."

"What? Are you sure? I mean... really?" Why would I ever *want* to get him hard? Holy fuck! "You... want... you *want* me to do that?"

He chuckled softly and I felt it resonate under his chest. "Only if you want to see me get really hard, man."

I couldn't believe what he was saying. Holy fuck. Was this really happening? "So... you're saying you want me to get you hard?" I said tentatively. Fuck I was nervous.

"Only if you want to. But... well, to be honest..." he looked down at his exposed posers in his pants. Fuck, he was getting bigger. The white fabric was expanding, growing. "Yeah, I think it's already too late." His long, sexy fingers pulled his pants open even more. He touched himself over the white fabric of his thong. Fuck. He was definitely getting bigger. And shit, he was huge to begin with!

I pulled my hands off him, petrified. "Oh... m-maybe I should stop."

He lifted his hands and found mine. He pulled them down onto his pecs again. "Dude, you can't stop now. Just enjoy. Relax and make yourself comfortable. You're doing a job on me dude. I'm getting pretty horny, and well... please don't stop now."

"Fuck," I mumbled. I guess... I guess I was doing this. I started to rub his chest again, and then I started playing with one of his nipples. This was a fantasy come true. I couldn't believe it.

He moaned. "Fuuuuck, yeah...."

I felt him out and played with his nipple for a few minutes. He got harder and bigger right in front of me.

"You know, you don't have to stay up there on the couch," Tim said. "Why don't you move down here next to me."

I lifted my hands off his chest and slid off the couch; I laid beside him, propping myself up on my left elbow, extending my left forearm behind his back. My right hand was free to venture... wherever it wanted.

Tim looked over at me, his head still resting on the couch cushion. He smiled a small smile, looking like he was either too tired to move much, or just plain comfortable with what was happening. "Now, where were you," he said. "Oh yes. I think you were about to start sucking on a nipple."

What? Really? Fuck, I couldn't believe this was happening.

"But I gotta warn you," he said, "do so at your own risk, dude. If you get me too turned on, I'm gonna burst out of my underwear." He giggled and smiled at me.

It was at that point that the reality really started to hit me. We were done with the innocent playing. This had all actually been a kind of foreplay, hadn't it. Now, though, we both knew where we

were going with this. Tim wanted me to worship his muscle body. And I was a very willing worshiper. *Very* willing.

I moved my right hand up onto Tim's chest once again. The phenomenal development of his pecs was intoxicating. Tim rippled his pecs again as my hand passed over the waves of muscle.

"You like touching it? My chest?"

"Yeah," I said breathily.

"You must have done this before," he said. "You seem to be pretty good at it."

"Nope," I said. "This is the first time."

"Really? Nice," he smiled. "So I'm the first guy you've felt out?"

My heart was going to pound out of my chest. I nodded. "I guess." I moved my trembling hand over his enormous chest.

He closed his eyes and leaned back; he gave out a quiet moan, obviously enjoying this.

I moved my hand down onto his abs. He exhaled a bit and his ab definition became more pronounced. The ridges of muscle seemed to grow beneath my fingers! "You have the most incredible abs. I mean... shit," I mumbled. I know he wasn't used to hearing me swear, but I couldn't help it. "And your waist. It's so narrow. It really accentuates your broad shoulders."

Tim continued to let me feel his torso development. He kept his eyes closed while I felt him out. It was quite enjoyable for both of us. I couldn't believe I was doing this! This was all my fantasies coming true!

"So... are you gonna?"

"Gonna?"

"Suck my nipples, dude. I promise I won't bite."

"Uhhhh..."

"I promise you'll like how it feels. And tastes...." Tim looked down at the bulge in his pants. His penis was fully erect. It pointed off to one side. It was thick and beefy, just like the rest of his body. "I'm definitely getting an erection." Tim giggled in his customary way. I stopped my hand and rested it on his abs. I waited to see what he would do next.

He moved his hand onto his cock and touched himself for a few seconds. "Yeah, you're really making it hard." He moved his hand off his genitals, but then he flexed his cock. It rose up under his thong, and I actually saw down into his pubes and I could see some of his hardening cock. He flexed it a few times, then rested again.

*Oh holy fucking fuck.* "Oh... um... maybe I should...." I pulled my hand off his chest.

"It's okay, dude," he reassured. "It feels good when you touch my muscles, man. Don't stop. It's just you and me. I like it. And I know you like it too... so... it's all just between you and me, man."

"Uh..."

"Just do whatever you want to do."

"Well... I don't know...." I swallowed hard.

He touched himself again. "Fuck, man," he said softly. "You really know how to torture a guy. I'm gonna start leaking in a sec. You should really suck my nips, dude. It gets me turned on so much.

Mandy doesn't like to do it though." he giggled. He put his hand down and flexed his cock a few more times.

Finally I said "Do you have this problem often?"

Tim grinned, "Only when I get turned on."

"Are you sure I shouldn't stop?" I suggested.

"Yeah, I'm sure."

I continued feeling him, moving my hand slightly lower. "Maybe you just need to release it a little, and it will settle down," I said. Then for some reason, I got really brave. I just blurted out, "When was the last time you masturbated?" I was insane for asking this, but... we were obviously covering uncharted territory... and willingly so.

He giggled once again. "Well, I usually try to jack off about once a day, if I can get a few minutes alone—away from Mandy," Tim giggled. "But its been a few days now."

"Really?"

"Yeah," he said softly. "She's not into the stuff I like."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, like I said, she doesn't like to suck my nips. And well... sometimes I want a blow job so bad I could go insane. But she doesn't like to do it. And even when she does, she doesn't do it very well. I can tell it's a problem for her, and it doesn't make it very enjoyable for me."

"Bummer."

"Yeah. Sometimes I'd kill for a nice mouth on my cock," he said.

"Sweet Jesus...."

"Yeah, I hope I didn't offend you with that. I'm sorry."

"No, don't be sorry, Tim. You have needs, you know? We all do."

"Thanks for understanding," he said. "Yeah, I've been tempted to... well... but anyway... I'm just scared spitless about getting caught. To be honest, I am insanely... I mean, I get turned on like this way too much." There was a moment of silence. Then he said, "How about you? You're not married, man. You must be able to have your pick of... whatever, huh?" he giggled.

Tim and I were both firmly entrenched in a religious community that eschewed anything outside of marriage. So I was a bit surprised. "Well, I guess I'm like you in a way," I said. "Too scared to do anything...."

"Anything... fun, huh?" he giggled. Damn, I loved his sneaky, subversive giggle.

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Hmmm...."

"Yeah...." I felt out his pecs some more. They were so big, so hard, so pouty. I was as hard as I'd ever been. Fuck I was excited.

"Damn, man, you have really good hands."

"Thanks. I guess... my hands are good when they're feeling something so... I mean..." I kept feeling him out, sometimes pinching his nips... "I mean, something so, hard and big... your chest is amazing."

"Thanks. Glad you like it."

“Yeah...”

“And well... if you like feeling my chest, I bet you’d like feeling... something else that is hard and big.”

I gulped. He wanted me to touch his cock.

“But we can wait on that if you want,” he said. “I’d love to have my nips sucked though.” He lifted a hand and gently pulled my head toward the closest pec. He wasn’t forceful about it at all; I could have pulled back if I wanted. But I didn’t want to.

My lips wrapped around his big nipple. I pulled it into my mouth, as if I’d done this a million times—but this was the first time. I sucked on it, and Tim groaned. Loudly. “Oh fuuuuck,” he said. “Feels sooooo...” He bulged his pec against my mouth. I sucked harder and he groaned. “Damn, man. I’m so fucking horny right now. When you do that...” he was breathing heavily now. “When you do... that...” I kept slurping. “It... it makes me so hard. Fuck... I think you could probably make me cum just like this.”

I no longer wanted to pull back at hearing those words; Tim was so turned on, and he really didn’t seem scary to me anymore. Fuck, I *wanted* to see him cum. I wondered if he was serious... that I could make him cum just by sucking his nipple. And was he really serious that he *wanted* me to make him come? Holy shit.

I looked down at his thong while I suckled. His cock was enormous. And it bounced. Then I decided to go for it. This was nuts, but he wouldn’t have even *thought* of talking like he was if he didn’t want me to make a move. I slowly moved my hand onto the top of his crotch. Holy shit it was big. And throbbing-hard. I stopped on his cock and squeezed the fabric. “Is... this okay?”

“Yeah,” he breathed heavily. “Oh... fuuuuck... feels really good.”

Encouraged, I kept my hand there. “Jesus Christ.” I squeezed his cock through the thong. “Holy fuck, Tim, you’re huge. I mean,

not just your muscles, but... this is enormous." I squeezed it again. "And Blessed God you're hard."

"Thanks," he panted, "but you're the one making me that way. I guess it wants to show off for you." He chuckled and flexed it under my hand.

"Sweet Jesus," I mumbled. I started to knead it through his jeans. "Wow. You are amazing."

"Thanks, man," he said breathily. "Wow, I like it when you do that."

"Do you want me..." I moved my hand over and around his bulging cock. "...to move my hand off? I mean, maybe I should stop."

He was silent for a second, then said, "Dude. You're fucking with me, right? "Shit, I'm so fucking hard and horny for you right now."

I moved my hand all over his hardness. Fuck he felt so good. I fondled his hugeness, feeling every ridge and mound, both his balls and his enormous shaft under the thin fabric. I pulled my hand upward, onto his abs. I felt the dark glory trail that led into his thong; his pants were loose around his tiny waist.

"Oh, wow," he moaned. "That feels really good."

I pushed lower again. "Wow, Tim. I can't believe how big you are. And I can't believe you're letting me do this, man. Are you sure...?"

"Fuck," he whimpered. "You can do anything to me that you want. You're really turning me on, man."



"Really?" I kept my hand inside his jeans now, resting on top of his hard-on, only the thin fabric of his white thong between my hand and his cock.

He raised his head a bit, opened his eyes, and examined what I was doing to his huge cock. "You think?" He dropped his eyes closed, and tipped his head back again. "Holy fuck you are so hot."

I didn't really know what to think about that. He thought... I was hot? What? Really? I just kept touching his sex organ. "It's kinda tight down there."

"Yeah," he smiled.

I didn't say anything. I lifted my hand; I opened his pants wider. Tim watched me work.

I moved my fingers over the top of his underwear, slinking them up and down his genitals. I squeezed him gently. I moved my hand down and felt his large balls through the material. I squeezed again. Tim remained frozen.

"You have one mother fuckin' big set of genitals," I said.

Tim giggled. Then he said, seriously, "You like touching it?"

I said with a raspy breath: "Yeah." I squeezed his penis through his jeans. I began to squeeze it rhythmically, gently massaging it. "Is it alright if I pull your underwear down?"

"Yeah."

Within a minute I had Tim's pants off. He was nude. His muscular legs were powerful slabs of beef. "Holy Fucking... *Jesus,*" I blurted. "I can't believe your legs.... How big they are... And how rippling... all the veins..." I ran my hand over and over his gargantuan quads. Truly, I'd never seen anything like them. His

totally *hot* body was awesome to behold. And behold it I did. I ran my hands up and down his muscular physique, feeling every inch of his powerful muscles—his legs, his cock, his abs, chest, arms, shoulders... then down and all over again. "Sweet god in heaven," I mumbled. Tim really liked this. He flexed for me sometimes, while I moved my hands over his muscles. His erection was extremely big, extremely stiff. And getting wetter by the minute.

I moved my fingers to Tim's bare genitals. I was going to leave my hand there for awhile. I began playing with his pubes. His large balls were so *hot!* Precum was dripping out of his dick. I lightly ran my fingers up his rod and began to masturbate him. Tim moaned. He laid flat on his back while I gripped his cock. I started slowly, pushing his cock down and up. Fucking Christ it was thick. The veins vibrated under my grip. I tightened it, and loosened it.

"Fuuuuuuck," he groaned. He squirmed while I held his cock. Then he got still and said, "Do you like touching it?"

"Yeah..." I said softly.

"Nice. I like you to touch it. Dude, whenever you want, just let me know. Whenever it's just you and me... you can touch my cock any time...."

I couldn't believe this was happening. I fondled his cock. Lifted it up and squeezed it. He lifted his hand and watched me play with his enormous cock. Fuck, he was bigger than a porn star. Then he rested his head back and said softly, "Damn, I'd give anything for a nice warm mouth...."

Fuck. He was asking me to suck him off!

I moved my face close to his cock. "Well, is... is it alright if I kiss it?"

Tim's eyes were closed. He nodded. "Yes, please," he said politely. Then he breathed deeply. "Oh, *fuck*, yeah."

I moved my lips to Tim's penis and began to kiss, starting with the side of his hard, veiny shaft. I really couldn't believe how much the veins bulged all over it. I kissed and kissed the shaft, then moved up toward his plump, purple head. I kissed it too, and took in the pre-cum he'd made. Then, I began a long, slow process of licking it. All of it. Up the sides; the ridges of his veins ran under my tongue. Up, and down the entire shaft I licked—like it was an oversized popsicle. Slowly. I made it all wet. Completely covered with my saliva. By the time I was done with it, it was shiny and glistening. Then I crawled my lips up his penis, gently caressing the lip of his head, kissing it. Tim moaned. He was in ecstasy. I tickled his sensitive spot with my tongue. His precum flowed freely. My own precum was making my pants wet.

I crept my lips farther down his shaft. It throbbed in my mouth with his heart beats. He groaned. I could feel his muscle body stiffen. His hips raised up and his giant cock pushed into me. I nearly gagged, but all of a sudden I was startled to feel a hard blast against the back of my throat. Tim was coming.

His dick pulsed with rhythmic jerks as his semen began to shoot into my mouth. It was warm. His body tightened as he released his jizz. His milk filled my throat. I'd never, ever, done this before, and I was a bit scared of him coming in my mouth. Should I swallow? Could I swallow? His cock blasted the back of my throat with powerful bursts. I immediately started to swallow him. And it was delicious. I actually loved the taste of him. Fuck.

"Oh. Oh. Oh!" He moaned. "Fucking Chrrrrrist!" he yelled. He arched his back and shoved his hot, hard cock into my throat while he shot his milky cream into my body.

I cupped his balls in my hand. Damn, they were big and wet from my licking. They had tasted so wonderful in my mouth, and now my fingers held them, squeezed them lightly, while they produced

volley after volley of the semen that poured profusely into my throat. *Fuck.*

Tim moaned and cussed, whimpering with each ejaculation now; I continued to push on his dick with my lips. I swallowed him completely; I tried to bury my nose in his pubes, but his cock was just too big to get all the way down. His fucking shaft was so long and thick that I gagged. I had to pull off an inch or so. But I didn't pull off all the way. His cock pulsed in my mouth. Tim brought his strong hand up and pushed on the base of his dick. His arm bulged as he masturbated himself next to my lips. His wide forearm was so fucking sexy and powerful. It rippled and bulged with his movements.

I couldn't control it any longer. As Tim came down from his orgasm, I began to ejaculate into my pants. I jerked hard as semen began to soak my pants. I moved my hand and felt Tim's massive bicep as I squirted milk into my shorts. Tim flexed it slightly, knowing what was happening. His arm bulged under my fingers.

"Go for it, man," he said softly, moving his hand through my hair while he flexed his other arm for my lusting hand. "Jack to me, dude."

My orgasm intensified. My underwear got sopped.

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Later, we were lying there, in Tim's living room, recovering.

"You know what's really hot to me?" I asked. Since we were now so very *intimate*, I felt free to discuss my feelings.

"No, what..."

"When we were out in town a few hours ago... I like watching the other people... when they stare at your muscles."

He giggled. "Really?"

"Yeah. And they do it a lot. You're kinda hard to ignore."

"Nice," he said. "That turns you on, huh?"

"Oh yeah," I assured him. "I love following you through a crowd and watching the people react to your body. So hot."

He laughed. "Fuck, man, that's so cool. We should do that more. Then come home and I could make you cum while you think about it."

"Fuck, that'd be amazing." I waited a second and then said, "You do know... I mean... well... you do know that I have jerked off to you...."

"Really?"

I play-slapped his big shoulders. "Oh, don't play so coy. You knew...."

He giggled. "Well, maybe I... suspected."

I smiled. "You have no idea."

"Lots of times?"

"Lots of times. *All* the time."

"Fuck. That turns me on. To know that."

"Well, know it. I fantasize about you all the time."

"Wow." He was silent for a beat, then said, "Like... what do you fantasize? About me?"

"Well..." I moved my hands onto his pecs again, feeling the warm hard muscles as my fingers and palm slowly caressed them. "This. Feeling your chest. And all your muscles. And you know... doing what we just did. Sucking your cock..."

"Yeah?" He closed his eyes, obviously getting turned on by my touch again, and by what I was saying.

"Yeah. And, well.... Fuck, yeah I've always wondered what it would be like to give you a blow job."

He chuckled. "And now you know...."

"Now I know."

"Was it as good as you thought it would be?"

"Better. Much better."

"Damn. You're getting me turned on again."

I kept feeling his chest, then his abs. And his arms. I touched his cock again; it was hardening once more.

"Dude, would you ever... Fuck, I wanna have some ass so bad I could go insane," he said.

I chuckled while I moved my hand up and down his bare body. "Fuck. Well, we wouldn't want that. It'd be a shame if you went insane."

"Fuuuuuuck. You'd let me?" he asked. "You'd let me fuck you?"

"Dude. It'd definitely be my pleasure."

“Fuuuuuuck.” His cock jumped under my hand.

“But... maybe we should go out on the town for awhile. I wanna see the guys look at you.”

He opened his eyes and looked at me. “The *guys* look at me too?”

“Dude. Don’t play ignorant.”

He rested his head again and giggled. “Okay, I’ll get cleaned up. Then we can go out on the town. You can watch the guys watch.”

“Then we can come back here...”

“And I’ll fuck you... till you come all over me... while I come inside you.”

“Shit,” I mumbled as I squeezed his cock.

We went out to a bar, and the people—especially the guys—didn’t disappoint. They glued their eyes to Tim’s tank-topped muscles.

We came home, and had sex late into the morning. We must have had 20 orgasms each over the next few days. It was sex heaven.

We grew even closer. And he visited a lot.