

The Summer of '08

by Sean Scott

Staring [David McAllister](#), as David Mitchum

[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.]

CHAPTER ONE

His mom kept yacking at him as he ascended the staircase; he tried to ignore her, and actually did a pretty good job of it, until she got to the part where she said... "And clean up the spare room. Your cousin David will be here on Sunday for a few weeks. That room needs to be clean for him."

He would have stopped dead in his tracks, had he actually known the import of what she had just said. But as it was, he just kept walking-- mostly just to irritate her with his indifference. Freakin' cousin David-- that's all he needed to make his summer really "special." His mom must have known the exact recipe for misery.

"Did you hear me Travis?" she demanded as he tried to escape from the staircase into the upstairs hallway. "Travis. Answer me."

He stopped halfway down the hall and his shoulders slumped, out of his mother's view. *Oh God, I can't wait until I can move out of here.*

"Travis?"

"Yeah. I heard you. Clean the extra room-- for cousin David."

His mother pursed her lips in authoritative satisfaction.

Travis was not moved in the least. As soon as he closed the door to his bedroom he leaned back against it and sighed, looking up at the ceiling.

Travis had just graduated from Hembrist High School-- barely. But graduate he did, and he was looking forward to a summer of leisure, fun, and-- most of all-- drunken pleasure with his buddies. What he hadn't figured into his summer plans was the meddling, crooked pointy-finger of his control-freak mother.

He sighed again.

This summer was turning out to be more of a nightmare than a dream.

Cousin David. Shit. Last time Travis had seen David his elder cousin was just leaning into his adolescent years. Travis hadn't seen David in nearly eight years, so as far as Travis was concerned, David was a complete stranger. David's family lived in Texas, and Travis had never been to visit them.

Travis had weathered the transformation into (almost) adulthood with quite a few scars. He could only imagine the pencil-neck that his cousin had grown into. That's all Travis needed: A geeky, dorky cousin to tag along for his graduation summer. Travis sighed again. David was five years older than Travis-- should be 23 now. Supposedly, David was in grad school, studying marine biology, or some such boring subject. What fun it was going to be, trying to occupy his older cousin whilst also raising hell and partying with his buddies.

Better get that spare room done before the Witch swoops down to inspect, Travis thought. The room was pretty clean already. He did a little dusting, and then checked the room's bathroom and straightened up the blankets on the bed, making sure to fluff the pillows.

He returned to his room and stripped. Within a minute, he was in bed with all the lights off, naked-- jerking off to an imaginary image of Dennis Newman. His semen blanketed his sheets with globs of white, wet jism. Maybe it was the stress of graduation, maybe just the overbearing nature of his mother-- Travis didn't really know-- but regardless, it was one big orgasm.

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San Diego was a pretty cool town to live in-- at least Travis thought so. True, he had never lived anywhere else so he had nothing to compare it to, but he was very happy on the beach, and he never seemed to lack for fun activities. His "gang" of high school buddies had a hard time outgrowing the skateboard culture that was quickly being overtaken by much younger kids, but nevertheless, they often found themselves at a skateboard park wiling away the hours in the sun.

Yeah, the summer wouldn't last forever; and despite the seemingly constant nagging of his mom to ask for more hours at work (he did a little website design and computer tinkering for a couple of stores in the area, on top of

his hamburger flipping at the local DQ), he was in no hurry to tie himself down to a full-time job.

As Travis stood watching his friends complete some moves on the contours of the cement skateboard area, his right pocket began to vibrate, and music faintly began to sound from his phone. He could tell from the ring-tone that it was his mom.

Oh, shit, he thought, realizing what time it must have been. He glanced at the time display on the phone as he flipped it open. Yup. He was in deep shit.

"Where are you?" His mom didn't bother to say "hello" or anything remotely civil.

"I'm on my way home. Lost track of time," he said.

The rest of the conversation was terse and blessedly short. Travis waved goodbye, grabbed his board and threw it out in front of his feet, jumping on quickly. Within fifteen minutes the screen door to the back of his house was closing behind him.

"Travis? Is that you?" his mom called out from upstairs.

Like-- who else would it be? "Yeah," he said.

"I told you to be here by 3:00! It's almost 3:30! I have to get to the airport to pick up David..." As was Travis' habit, he tuned out the rest of her rant and proceeded to get to his chores. In a few minutes his mom had left, and he was done with his duties. He finished them *way* faster than the time his mom had planned-- that was usual. She was such a bitchy queen.

Travis was up in his room, playing on his Wii, when he heard his mom's car pull up and the garage door open. He ignored the arrival. Downstairs, the door from the kitchen to the garage finally opened and he heard his mom call out in her fake, loving, "I-know-others-are-watching-so-I'll-make-like-I'm-a-loving-caring-mother-now" voice, "Trav, we're here!"

Yeah. "Trav." She must really want to make a good impression on David. She never calls me that. "Okay," Travis answered without putting down the controller.

"Come on down and meet your cousin. I know you haven't seen him since you were just a kid," she said, still using her plastic happiness.

Travis reluctantly put down the game and turned off his TV. He made his way downstairs and into the kitchen where his mom was facing the sink, washing some vegetables.

Hearing Travis come into the kitchen, she began to speak without turning to him: "I guess I'm going to need to make another trip to the grocery store," she said almost wistfully, "Your cousin looks like he must eat like a horse. We're going to need to fill up that fridge!" She turned to face Travis, her face beaming.

What the hell... She must be going nuts!

Travis turned and saw two suitcases sitting on the kitchen floor.

"Your cousin's getting the rest of his stuff out of the car," his mom said. "Can you grab those bags and take them up to his roo..." but before she could finish the last word in the sentence, her voice was stopped dead in its tracks as David's frame filled the door.

Travis froze. He was startled. He had never seen such a guy. *Oh my god, the spindly, skater teenager thought. He's HUGE!* But he wasn't merely big; he was *built!* *God, those shoulders!* His deltoids nearly touched the door frames! He held two more suitcases that, although they were full-sized bags, they looked small as they hung from his hands.

"Oh-- you're, uh- back, already," his mom said.

Travis could understand why her speech was broken and almost stuttering. David was more than intimidating-- he was-- well, Travis didn't have a word for it. And Travis now also understood why his mom had turned into such a nicey-nicey princess now; David had a way of totally altering the dynamics of the world.

"Trav, this is your cousin, David," his mom said.

David smiled. His bright blue eyes beamed, and his dimpled cheeks indented as his teeth brightened the room. "Hey, man, glad to meet you," he said, putting the bags down and stepping forward as he extended his hand.

Travis' eyes must have been as big as eggs. For some reason, he just couldn't move. If he *could* have moved, he probably would have retreated. David was anxious to shake Travis' hand, and the huge man probably wasn't aware of how intimidating his presence was. Fortunately, I guess, Travis' feet were nailed down and he didn't turn and run.

"Sorry I have to impose on you like this," David smiled as his rippling, freakishly vascular forearm floated in front of Travis' face. "I hope you're cool with it," he said.

Finally Travis' right hand raised up. It was pretty much an instinctive reaction. You're supposed to shake when someone offers his hand, and so that's what Travis did. "No problem at all, man," Travis found himself saying. "Good to meet you."

David smiled in approval and then let go of Travis' hand. "Your mom says you just graduated." He stood tall now, after leaning forward to shake hands, and his full height-- easily six and a half feet-- only made the situation even more freaky. He wore a medium blue T-shirt-- the ringer kind, that had dark blue rings around the neck and both short sleeves. The shirt had to be XXXL or something, and yet it was tucked into his jeans and his waist was pretty small. The jeans were *filled* to almost bursting with upper legs that looked like they should be support columns at the Coliseum or something. But it was David's upper body that made Travis finally swallow hard. Had he been holding his breath? For how long? Travis finished the swallow and inhaled deeply. Yeah, he had been without air for too long.

"Travis?" his mom said. Her voice was polite, and yet Travis could sense she was a tad peeved that he was being rude in not responding.

"Oh-- yeah. Sorry. Yeah, I just graduated," he said.

"Cool," David smiled. He didn't seem at all affected by Travis' momentary freeze-up; he was probably used to it. "You have college plans?"

Travis loosened up a little, if only because this subject was painfully familiar. He didn't need to look over at his mom to sense the friction.

Travis' mom found herself biting her tongue, but she desperately wanted to take a jab at her son at this point.

"Aw, no," Travis quickly answered. "I mean, I don't really know yet. Just going to see what's out there this summer." He looked at his mom who wore

her familiar expression of condescension until the split-second that she realized that David was now looking at her.

Immediately her countenance turned to supportive, if concerned, understanding. "Travis has a part-time job at Dairy Queen, and he does quite a bit of work on computers for a number of businesses in the area."

If only she described it so glowingly when others weren't around, Travis thought. "Best IT guy in the city," Travis offered.

David laughed.

Travis took in the muscles that filled that blue T-shirt. Unbelievable. Huge traps, dangerously wide shoulders, and that chest was unreal! But it was those arms that refused to stop bulging against the sleeves that just wouldn't let Travis' eyes look anywhere else. They had to be bigger than most guys' legs! And yet David was obviously lean to the extreme. David had an amazing vein traveling down the length of his biceps that stood out like a straw was glued to his arm. Travis had a pretty good idea of what a perfectly-developed male physique looked like; he had read many, many muscle magazines (and *not* just for the articles), and had surfed the 'net and seen more musclemen than most guys. Although David was fully clothed, from what was exposed, Travis could tell that the big man was easily as lean as a contest-day bodybuilder-- a *contest-winning* bodybuilder.

Despite his affinity for the sport of bodybuilding, Travis had never really admitted to himself that his interest in muscular men was anything more than a regular, sport interest. But had he been honest with himself (or perhaps, just more in touch with himself), he would have done a little more connecting of the dots, understanding that those fantasies while he jerked off *didn't* always feature hot women. But Travis pushed any conscious thought of sexual desire for men way down-- *way down*. On a very real level, though, he was fascinated with muscles; and this fascination was far from merely academic. There was a sensual, powerful, lustful aspect to his interest in bodybuilders-- and with David standing there in front of him-- arguably the epitome of Travis' concept of a muscleman (and the climax of all those fantasies he had while he jerked off)-- Travis found his briefs becoming very tight and uncomfortable.

Of course, he was too distracted with David to be aware of his growing member. He was way too occupied with the information his eyes were sending to his brain.

"Travis," his mom finally broke his gawking. "Can you help David with his bags?"

"Oh, no, I can handle them," David said, bending down to pick up the bags he had left in the doorway. Travis noticed these huge manta-ray-like wings that David's T-shirt hugged as he bent over. *Fucking Shit*, he thought.

"No, I can help," Travis said. He picked up the other two bags. They were pretty heavy, but he tried to make them look light. His fingers ached as they tried to hold the bags.

"Okay, dude," David smiled. "Lead the way."

Travis turned around and David followed him.

"I'll get dinner started," his mom said. "You two boys get things settled up there and I'll call you when it's ready."

"You two boys..." Travis chuckled to himself. *Maybe having David here for awhile will make things go a little better with mom.*

There were three bedrooms upstairs (mom's master bedroom was downstairs on the main floor); the first room on the left was supposed to be Travis' mom's office, but it was mostly full of sewing junk. The room on the right was Travis' and the second room on the left was the guest room. The bathroom was at the end of the hall. As they passed Travis' room, David asked if that was Travis' and upon Travis' confirmation said, "Nice."

Something tingled inside Travis; getting approval from David was pretty cool. They went into David's room and put the four bags onto David's bed. "You brought a lot of stuff," Travis said, sighing as he released the heavy suitcases.

"Yeah. I'm heading up to San Francisco after I spend a few weeks here with you guys. Going to be there through the end of August, so I brought enough for the whole summer."

Travis nodded.

David took a look around the room. It was pretty big and looked comfortable. "Nice place. This is going to be good," he said, turning to take in the whole room.

"There's just one bathroom up here, so we'll have to share. It's the door at the end," Travis said, using his thumb to indicate the general direction.

"No problem," David said. "You sure I'm not going to be an inconvenience? I remember the summer after I graduated-- nonstop partying!" he smiled.

"Don't worry about it, man," Travis insisted. "Besides, you're only here for a couple of weeks, right?" Travis found himself secretly wanting to host David for longer than that, so maybe he was hoping to feel out David's plans a little more.

"Yeah, it's only two weeks-- two and a half, actually. But don't hesitate to tell me to get lost if you need me to."

"Yeah," Travis almost laughed, "Like *anyone* would ever have the balls to tell *you* to get lost." His eyes looked up and down David's huge muscle-body to emphasize his point.

David smiled. "Aw, I'm just a harmless little teddy bear, once you get to know me," his wide grin belied his words, and for an instant, Travis detected a slight flexing movement of David's traps and shoulders-- not a full "most muscular" pose, but something that might have mimicked it. Even with the *suppressed* flex, David's brawny body rippled with power.

"Fuck," Travis found his mouth saying.

David, while he didn't actually feign ignorance of Travis' wonder, didn't seem to totally notice his younger cousin's expression of astonishment.

With an awkward silence approaching, Travis felt a strong need to keep the conversation moving. "So, where are you going to work out while you're here?"

"Work out? Me?" David smiled that grin again. God, he was adorable.

Travis smiled. "Please don't tell me you look like that just from a healthy diet," he laughed.

David looked down at his muscular torso. "Oh this..." he said. He looked back up at Travis. "Yeah, I guess you could say I lift weights every once-in-awhile. Are there any good gyms around?"

"Okay boys!" Travis' mom yelled from the bottom of the stairs. "Dinner's on!"

Shit, the time just flew! Dinner? So fast?

The guys went downstairs while Travis gave David the scoop-- as best he could-- on a few local gyms. Travis, himself, didn't work out, but he occasionally did skateboard by some of the places, sometimes stopping to "rest" while he admired the well-built guys coming and going through the front door of the gyms.

Dinner was totally Ozzie and Harriet-- something Travis and his mom *never* did. And Travis wouldn't be able to tell you anything about the conversation; but he *could* tell you every detail of David's face, shoulders, chest and arms. He practically *memorized* his cousin during dinner.

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After dinner, David needed time to settle in and unpack. Mom did the dishes downstairs, and Travis positioned himself in his room, surfing the net. Actually, he decided to Google David's name, but he was unable to come up with any results of "David Mitchum" that related to his cousin. Across the hall, Travis could hear David unpacking.

At about 9:00, Travis went downstairs to stand in front of the fridge. His mom was just finishing a conversation on the phone with her sister. She told Travis she was heading to bed, scolded him for leaving a mess in the living room and then patronizingly instructed him on how to be a good host to David. She would be working all day tomorrow, and since Travis didn't have to go to work, he was to make himself available to show David around San Diego if David so desired.

Little did she know that she certainly didn't need to demand anything of Travis when it came to making himself available to David.

She gave her son a kiss on the forehead and closed the door behind her as she went to bed. Travis grabbed a glass of milk and went back up to his room. David was still unpacking, so he didn't disturb him.

About 15 minutes later, Travis was still at his computer when he heard David come out of his room. He turned toward his door.

David was standing in the hallway, shirtless, in boxer trunks, looking into Travis' room. He was holding a bath towel in one hand.

"Holy shit!" Travis gasped. His eyes bugged out at the sight of David's huge chest, covered with dark hair, yet the rest of his over-developed body completely shaved. Muscles seemed to hover, everywhere.

David smiled slightly. "Is it okay if I take a shower before bed?"

Travis swallowed, like he had when he had first seen the huge muscleman, and said, "Sure, man. Make yourself at home. You need anything, it's yours."

"Cool, man," David said. "Thanks." He disappeared down the hall and Travis found himself almost groaning with a pang of desire as he turned back to his computer screen. David's huge, perfect, almost inhuman development just blew him away-- and had an effect on the teen that brought to the surface all of the repressed emotional desire that he had secretly been nurturing for many, many years.

Travis' heart raced. He was confused with these feelings, although not really unfamiliar with them. He listened quietly as David moved around in the bathroom, just on the other side of his bedroom wall. The house wasn't ancient, but it didn't have much insulation, and it was very easy to hear almost every noise that David made, right down to his teeth brushing and the tapping of his toothbrush on the edge of the sink when he was done. Travis found his hand on his hardening cock. He looked down at his khaki shorts and marveled at how hard he had gotten in the past few minutes. He massaged himself, enjoying the visions of David in his mind and totally ignoring any guilt feelings he might have had about obsessing over another man.

The shower water started to run. He could hear the shower curtain being adjusted, and he fantasized about what might be seen on the other side of that wall, were he a fly on it. David started to hum! God, this guy was perfect.

The water noises seemed to change now-- louder splashes and variations in intensity of water hitting the sides of the tub stall; it was apparent that David was washing himself. And he continued to hum. Travis thought he'd heard the tune before, but he wasn't sure what it was.

Finally, as Travis sat spellbound, the water turned off. The shower curtain was pushed to the side and the floor thumped as David's heavy frame

moved out of the tub. A towel snapped and Travis could hear rubbing of cotton against skin. Man, that wall was thinner than Travis had thought. Of course he had never really had a chance to know that before, seeing as how David was one of their only guests ever.

After a few more minutes of movement in the bathroom, Travis could hear the door open and David walk into the hallway. Travis quickly popped up his web browser and busied himself at his desk. He sensed David at his doorway and turned away from his desk to look.

"God-damn!" he whispered, loud enough for David to hear. David filled his door, with a towel wrapped around his waist.

"I left the window open so it wouldn't steam up," David said. "That okay?"

"Uh-- yeah. That's what I do," Travis said, turning his swivel chair more so that he faced David better. He was overwhelmed. "Shit, dude. You're the buffest guy I've ever seen!"

"Thanks," David smiled. "You into bodybuilding?"

"Well, I guess so. I mean, I've seen a few videos of contests and stuff. You compete?"

"I've done a few shows-- back when I was just out of high school." He took a step inside Travis' room. His black hair was damp, but he had dried off the rest of his body. "I kind of got tired of the drill, though," he continued. "So now, more or less, I just like to stay big and lean. I might compete again in a few years, maybe after grad school." He was fully inside Travis' room now, his bath towel neatly tucked around his narrow waist and his mammoth legs bulging out from it. The bottom of it came down to his knees, hiding all of the rippling definition of his quads.

"Shit." Travis made no attempt to hide his wonder at David's body. "Your shoulders. Your arms are huge! How big they measure?"

David looked down at his left arm, and then his right. As he seemed to study it, he slowly lifted his right arm and bent it, laboriously flexing it-- like almost in slow-motion-- into a bowling-ball sized mass, with a baseball-size peak forming on top. Veins and muscles rippled all over hell, and the peak continued to grow. It was bigger than anything Travis had ever seen on a web clip.

"God-dammit! FUCK!" Travis exclaimed. He lowered his voice, so as to not alert his mother downstairs; "Shit, man! That is the freakiest thing I've ever seen!" He smiled in amazement and David seemed to appreciate the appreciation.

"Dunno," David finally responded to Travis' question. "I haven't measured them for about a year now. Back then it was just over 20 inches. I've probably put on an inch or so since then, I guess." David extended his arm just a bit, lengthening it; and yet the size of his arm didn't seem to decrease. He bent it again, and flexed it. Then he raised the other and looked right at Travis as he gave him a double-biceps pose. His lats spread out behind him, providing a "V" shaped foundation for the two boulders that he proudly displayed for his younger cousin. "You gotta tape measure?"

Travis wasted no time in responding, despite the almost irresistible urge to press on his cock. "Mom does in her sewing room," he said.

David lowered his arms. "Well, you can measure them if you want."

Travis was out of his seat in an instant. He wasn't going to let the opportunity to examine David's body pass him by. David stepped aside and Travis could feel the muscular heat of the giant's body as he walked past him. The teenager was back in a flash, walking in on David as the giant man waited patiently, standing with his arms folded.

David smiled when he saw the red fabric tape measure. "Now you've got me curious, dude. This is good," he said.

Travis fumbled with the tape as David bent down a little, bending his arm and growing it to its full proportion. It hardened right in front of Travis' face and the teen's hands visible shook as he maneuvered the tap around it, sensing its warm hardness.

David tried to put Travis at ease. "It's okay, dude. It won't bite," he smiled.

"Shit, its so huge!" Travis said softly as his fingers fumbled. He pulled the tape around the biggest point, making sure to position the bottom at the widest point of the arm, and the top at the very peak of the biceps. The definition of all the veins, and the separation of the muscle heads was really getting to Travis.

David's arm shook just a bit as he tightened it with all his might, making sure the tape appreciated the full girth of his gargantuan gun. Of course this shaking got Travis even more hot all over.

Finally they both looked at the numbers marked out on the tape as Travis was making his final adjustments, and it was becoming obvious that David had added more than merely one inch since his last measure.

"Fuck!" Travis blurted. "Just over 22 inches!"

David relaxed slightly and flexed it harder again. Travis double-checked the position of the tape as it wrapped around David's arm.

"Twenty-two and a quarter," David said. "Not bad." He kept his arm tight for a moment, allowing his young admirer to enjoy the monumental size of his arm.

"Not bad?!" Travis said, remember to temper his volume. "You gotta be kidding! Not bad?! Your arms are beyond huge!"

David relaxed his arm and Travis removed the tape; the huge man straightened up. "Thanks, man," he smiled. He looked at Travis' face and could sense the hunger. "You want to measure anything else?"

The question was sincere, although the obvious connotation was not avoidable.

As Travis was dumbfounded to respond, David looked down at the towel and said. "How about my quads? I haven't measured them for a long time either." He slowly pulled the front flap of the towel back. Farther-- bit by bit, until a portion of his rippling quad was exposed. Then farther, revealing fully one of his upper legs. He tightened it a little, and it flexed into granite-hard ripples of striated muscle.

Travis almost felt sick to his stomach. This was unbelievable.

David caught a glimpse of Travis' reaction and was pleased.

The other part of the towel still covered David's right leg, and also obscured his genitals totally.

Travis readied the tape again and moved toward his large cousin. David pulled the towel back a little farther, encouraging the youngster to take full

reign of the situation. Travis slipped his right hand around the side of David's quad-- there was no avoiding touching it as he practically had to hug it to get his hand between the towel and the leg. He moved his other hand between David's legs, being careful not to touch anything that might be in the way-- if you take my meaning.

David sensed that Travis needed more room to operate, so he pulled back the other flap of the towel and spread his feet apart just slightly.

What now dangled in front of Travis' face literally took his breath away. David's cock was so long that it hung down to the widest part of his legs, easily half way to his knees! And the thickness! *Oh my GOD!* Travis thought. It was literally the girth of the proverbial beer can!

David held the towel apart, and Travis continued to fumble with the tape and the space that was allotted, given the elephantine organ that pretty much blocked his way. It became apparent that the towel would have to go if this job was going to be done correctly, so David stuck a thumb behind the tuck of the waistline and undid it, letting it fall over his buttocks and glide to the floor. "There you go," he said. "This'll be easier for you."

Travis looked up and his eyes traveled over the tree trunk between David's legs, the manicured hair of his pubes, the mountainous ridges and valleys of his tight abs-- graced with a soft, light covering of hair-- the great divide and protrusion of his pectorals, his powerful thick neck, and his smiling face. "Yeah, this will. Thanks," he said.

He had to quickly get back to work, lest he have an involuntary orgasm right then and there; but there was the problem of what to do with that monster cock. There was no way Travis could get the tape into the right position unless he moved the thing to the side. He tried to be diplomatic about it, but there was no avoiding what had to be done.

David could see the problem too, so he decided to raise his arms and put them behind his head and stretch. His whole body rippled with mass that made Travis shiver. David kept his arms behind his head and smiled down as his abs rippled.

"Fuuuuck," Travis mumbled, looking back up at the immortal statue that towered above him.

"You going to measure me?" David said innocently.

Travis looked back down at the tape measure and how close his left hand was to David's cock. "Yeah... but, uh..." he tried to broach the subject of what to do with David's penis.

David seemed to think nothing of it when he said, "Oh, yeah, just move it aside. Don't worry about it."

Travis' eyes widened as he looked at the huge thing. He didn't know whether to actually grip it and pull it to the side or whether to just move in and push it back with the back of his left hand. He put his fingers on the skin of David's quadriceps and started to slide them back between the legs, which were actually touching because of their immense size. As he did so, the back of his fingers, and eventually his hand itself, brushed David's warm, thick pole to the left. He reached around the back of the leg with his right hand and tried to retrieve the tape with his left fingers, but it was hard to do.

David seemed oblivious to what was happening at his crotch area-- almost bored with the fact that a drooling teenage guy was busy fondling with him as he tried to wrap a tape measure around his leg. In fact, David brought his hands from behind his head and started to flex his arms again, admiring the size. "Twenty-two and a quarter inches," he said-- almost to himself, as Travis continued to work.

Travis finally realized that in order to get his hand back far enough, he would have to actually grasp David's cock and move it to the side. And he did so, with trembling hands, dropping the tape and using his right hand to move the dick over so it would rest on the back of his left hand. "Sorry 'bout this," he said softly.

David totally ignored the teen's hand as it gripped his member and moved it. Travis lifted it forward and to the left. *God-- it's HEAVY!* He pushed it over, but it fell right back in the way; so Travis tried again, this time moving his fingers up the shaft a bit. He felt the ridge and allowed his loose grip to feel the size and the glorious warmth of it. His fingers stopped about half way up, and he then pulled it forward more, even forcing David's peach-size balls to move forward. "I don't mean to be playing with you," Travis said nervously, "but fuck, you are so hugely hung!"

David was busying himself with an examination of his shaved forearms, watching the vascular show as his veins moved in concert over his lower arms. "No problem, dude. Don't worry about it," he said.

Travis finally had things set, down below, and he picked up the tape again with his right hand and told David to flex his leg. The enormous quadriceps grew and hardened right in front of his eyes. "Holy fuck," Travis said softly. "You are like nothing I've ever seen!" David held the flex long enough for Travis to take the measurement. "God! Thirty-four inches!"

"Wow," David said, not *too* surprised, but definitely pleased. He looked down at the tape measure and moved his leg, loosening and tightening it, admiring it. "You want to feel it?" he asked.

Travis dropped the tape measure and put both hands on David's upper leg. It was so massive and rippling-- Travis was lost in amazement. David flexed it on and off, moving it back and forth for his admirer, and Travis moved his hands all over one leg, and then the other, as David flexed them both. This flexing and feeling went on for well over a minute-- until, as Travis was moving his hand back and forth all over them, a drop of pre-cum fell off the tip of David's cock and onto the back of Travis' hand. Travis looked at David's penis. It was starting to thicken. The teen looked up to David's face.

"You got some really nice hands, Trav," David smiled. "Sorry about this," he said as he took his cock in one of his hands. "Guess I need to cool down a bit. Your hands just seemed to move so smoothly over my muscles that it..."

"Man, I'm sorry, David," Travis interrupted, standing up. "I didn't mean to..."

"Hey," David smiled, "You didn't do anything, man. It's okay-- just a natural response on my part. Guess I'm just oversexed," he grinned. "Don't worry about it." He bent down and picked up his towel. "Time for bed, anyway. Maybe I need to go back to my room and work the tension out of this thing," he smiled as he stroked himself slowly.

Travis just watched as David's hand moved down his cock.

David looked back up at Travis and said, "What time you getting up tomorrow?"

"Oh--" Travis blinked himself to answer David's question. "Well, probably about 8:00. I don't know."

"You got plans for tomorrow?" He was still slowly stroking himself and more pre-cum was forming on his piss-slit.

"No," Travis said. "Uh-- my mom wanted me to show you around San Diego-- if you want."

David smiled. "That sounds cool. You sure you want to spend the day with an old fuddy-duddy grad student?"

Travis smiled. "Shit man-- nothing I'd like better." *Oh fuck-- that sounded really gay.*

"Awesome," David smiled. "See you in the morning." He let go of his now half-mast cock and looked at it as it bobbed, pointing right at Travis, pre-cum freely dribbling out of it. "Shit, dude, I'm sorry about this. I probably shouldn't be getting hard, right in front of you. I'll go back to my room. G'night."

Travis actually wanted to argue with David, that he needn't leave just because he was getting hard, but he didn't know how to do it without sounding even *more* gay than he already had. But he did manage to eek out a, "No problem, man. It's not a problem."

David turned and left and Travis said "Good night."

Travis looked down at the back of his left hand. The pre-cum was sitting there in a clear glob. He slowly lifted his hand to his mouth and licked it up, savoring the sweet nectar and then swallowing it.

Within a few minutes, Travis found himself in the bathroom squirting long ropes of cum onto the bathroom mirror, jerking his body violently as he remembered holding David and feeling his muscles. And he had an encore orgasm after he got into his bed-- a rarity for Travis; he usually liked to jerk off in the bathroom.

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The next day, mom was already gone for work when they got up, but she had left the makings for breakfast on the counter and in the fridge. David actually ate about twice as much as she had designated for him, and he told Travis that they'd need to make a trip to the store so he could buy the food he needed. "I usually eat about every two hours," he said as he gulped down a forkful of scrambled eggs.

"Yeah, I bet," Travis agreed.

David wore a sleeveless muscle shirt and cargo shorts. Travis wore a black T-shirt and shorts as well.

The day was filled with a little sightseeing, some grocery shopping, scoping out nearby gyms, and Travis even took David to his usual skateboard park and did a little showing off. Travis' friends pretty much *stopped* skating when David arrived. As was usual whenever David appeared, a crowd gathered around him and asked the usual questions about how long he had been working out, how much he could bench, and how big his arms were. That last question, Travis hollered out the answer to as he rode his board in the half-pipe: "Over 22 inches," he yelled.

The afternoon was interrupted by a phone call from Travis' mom. When Travis hung up, he told David that mom's best friend, who lived in Chicago, was in the hospital after a car accident. Mom would be taking the rest of the week off and flying back there to help the family and to be with her girlfriend.

Deep down, Travis was excited about the prospect of having David at the house, all to himself.

That evening, Travis' mom was in her usual panic mode, packing and giving out instructions.

"We'll be *fine*, mom," Travis reassured her.

She patted him on the cheek and smiled. "Thank you, dear." Then she did the same with David and said, "Take care of my boy, won't you? I'm so sorry to have to leave you like this, when you made such plans to come out here and all."

"Nonsense," David said. "You go and be with your friend. Travis and I will have a great time. Maybe it's best that it worked this way anyway, so Trav won't have to be here alone. We'll be fine, really Aunt Marilla."

Travis' mom smiled and got back to her packing and running around the house. The next morning, the three of them went to the Lindbergh Field and only the two men returned to the house. Marilla would be gone for almost a week. Travis was really looking forward to this.

That evening, the two guys decided to go out to Red Robin for dinner. David had changed into a polo shirt that had a deep cut at the neck, allowing a really nice view of his pec separation and the sexy hair that covered his

chest. As usual, he drew countless stares, and even a few gasps of admiration. The men almost seemed more gaga over his physique than the women!

Their waiter was a guy who looked like he was no stranger to a gym. Travis couldn't help but notice how the guy seemed to return to their table a *lot* more frequently than normal-- and when he did, his eyes were *all over* David's chest and arms. Before the dinner was done, he had broached the bodybuilding subject and had made it very clear that he admired David's physique like nothing he had ever seen. "Dude, you are amazing!" he said more than once. "I mean, your arms-- they're huge!"

David, of course, was used to this, and took it in stride. He answered the guy's bodybuilding questions seriously, and offered advice. Travis knew, however, that no matter what the waiter dude did in the gym or what he ate, he would *never* be able to approach the development of David. At the end of the meal, the waiter asked David if he could take his picture! "The guys will never believe this," he said.

Travis was kind of proud to be with David. More than *kinda*. He loved being associated with his muscle god. And seeing those enormous pecs, mostly enclosed in cotton and polyester, but showing just the right amount of chest hair-- shit, it made Travis hot!

Throughout the meal, David and Travis had joked and laughed together; it was obvious that they were becoming close friends. "Dude," David had said, "I don't know if I really want to go up to San Francisco, now. I mean, San Diego is really cool, and it's really a kick hanging out with you."

Travis ate *that* statement all up! He never realized how much not having a father had affected him, and he really began to look at David as a very strong older brother. It definitely filled a void that Travis had never known existed.

As they walked out of the restaurant to the car, David put his arm around Travis. "Thanks, man, for the meal. I really enjoyed myself."

Travis felt his cousin's warm, heavy arm on his shoulder and wanted to burst. He looked up at David's strong face and warm eyes and said, "No, the pleasure was all mine."

When they got back to the house, they crashed on the couch and watched some NASCAR racing. Then they ate. Then they ate again (well, *David* ate

again). Travis was *totally amazed* at how much food this guy put away in a day.

Travis had decided to set the thermostat at about 75 degrees, ostensibly to conserve energy on the air conditioning-- but the curious reader knows his *real* intention. And that intention was fulfilled when David decided to take his shirt off because he was hot.

God-- he's built like a dream! BETTER than a dream! Travis thought.

The evening passed uneventfully enough (aside from Travis' frequent looks over to David's upper body-- something that did not escape David's notice). At about 11:30, after the news, they decided to hit the sack. Travis brushed his teeth and did his nighttime routine in the bathroom; when he opened the door and walked out, David met him in the hallway, wearing only his boxers. Travis was already pretty hard, just remembering the previous evening, and anticipating the opportunity to go to bed and fantasize about his cousin, but when he met David in the hall, his cock lost no time in rising to full-mast.

"xcuse me," David said as he turned sideways to let Travis by.

Their bodies touched, and they actually paused. "God, you're huge," Travis managed to say as he looked up to David's eyes.

"Guilty as charged," David smiled. "Is that a problem?" he grinned.

The two men were *so* close. Travis *so* wanted to just grab David and hug him. He was very nervous.

"No problem, cousin," he said admiringly.

David seemed to like the response. "Well, cousin," he replied, "If it's not a problem, then why don't you wait in your room, and when I'm done in the bathroom I'll stop by and do a little posing-- a little muscle show, if you like."

Travis gulped. "Okay."

David smiled. He put his hand on Travis' raging hard-on and squeezed it through Travis' briefs. "And maybe I can help you take care of this, as well," he smiled.

Travis didn't move. David's strong hand pressed down on Travis' boner and squeezed it.

"If you like," David smiled. His hard, warm muscles seemed to fill Travis' face and the younger cousin felt weak in the knees.

"Okay," Travis repeated, obviously short of breath.

David released his grip on Travis' underwear and moved into the bathroom. Travis walked into his bedroom and sat on the bed, his cock almost ready to explode.

After what seemed like an interminable amount of time, the bathroom door opened, and Travis could hear David come out; but the giant went into his own bedroom, not closing the door. After a moment, David appeared at Travis' door, wearing only a very skimpy pair of posing trunks. Actually, they probably wouldn't pass muster on a bodybuilding stage. They were basically a g-string with a large pouch to hold David's genitals. God, he was so hot!

And muscular!

David came into Travis' room and closed the door behind himself.

"Come here," he smiled.

Travis obeyed.

David raised one arm and flexed it. "Go ahead, little cousin. Feel."

Travis didn't have to be told twice. He put one hand on top, and one hand underneath and began to feel David's arm. The peak was astounding. The size was unbelievable. The hardness was intoxicating.

David seemed to enjoy that Travis' hands moved over and under-- *all over* his gigantic arm. He flexed and extended his arm so his cousin could really take in all of its size and mass.

"Fuck," Travis whispered as his fingers tried in vain to penetrate David's powerful arm. It was so huge that even with both hands, Travis couldn't contain it. He just kept feeling it, and as he did, he got harder and harder. Pre-cum began to stain his briefs. His boner was painfully obvious; but he somehow didn't take notice. He was too enthralled with his cousin's muscles.

As for David, the muscular giant himself was also getting hard. He, himself, was really enjoying the perks of showing off to a very willing admirer. He lowered his arm and looked down at his growing posing trunks. "Well, there I go again," he said in feigned disgust. He looked up at Travis and said, "Do you want to feel the silk of my posing trunks?"

Travis was now very aware of where David was wanting to go with all of this; and the teenager was very willing as well. He moved one hand onto the silky posing trunks and began to rub. He felt all over David's shiny white trunks, being careful to squeeze and enjoy the hardness that was growing beneath the fabric.

David looked down and enjoyed Travis' touch. "You really do have nice hands, Trav," he said as his younger cousin felt out his posers. "You keep touching me like that and I'm liable to get totally hard, man."

"Uh--" Travis paused. "You want me to stop?"

David smiled and said nothing.

Travis continued stroking through the thin fabric, feeling David's throbbing cock as it grew.

David stretched his arms and lifted them. "God, you know how to do that." He was obviously enjoying the ministrations of his cousin's fingers.

Travis continued to feel, and David continued to grow. Eventually, Travis pulled at the strings of David's thong and removed it from David's torso. Now, David was totally nude.

And his penis quickly sprang upward, almost resting against his rippling abdominal muscles.

Without having to be directed, Travis moved his hand onto David's erection and began exploring its size and hardness. Pre-cum flowed liberally from the tip. Travis' fingers wrapped around the trunk and stroked, to the pleasure of his huge cousin. More clear fluid poured out and began so wet Travis' hand.

Within a few minutes, the two men found themselves on Travis' bed, David on top, Travis underneath, wrapped in a passionate kiss. Travis ran his hands up and down David's broad, muscular back; onto his round, hard glutes, over his cousin's legs-- tugging and pulling, kissing and moaning.

Travis was the first to cum, just by pushing his cock against David's torso. David hugged Travis closely and allowed the young man to experience the fullness of a muscle-induced orgasm. The two men kissed and frenched while Travis spewed his semen in between their bodies.

Later in the evening, David allowed Travis to masturbate his inhuman cock; he spurt very hard volleys into the air as Travis small hand squeezed and pressed it.

They slept together that night-- and every night until Travis' mom returned.

And the summer was just beginning...