

Revelations

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by

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Chapter Three

Matt pulled back the covers on his bed and stretched out after he'd made sure Cody was on the couch for the night. As he lay there he thought of his younger brother in the next room and instantly had a raging hard on. He couldn't help it. The kid was turning into a dream piece of stud muffin. Or, was it a nightmare? Cody was his baby brother, after all.

“God—do I ever need a sheet ripping fuck bud,” he grumbled as his cock pulsed against his tightly packed abs. He snaked his hand downward from his chest; his fingers traced the ripples of his 8-pack as they drifted through the fine silk covering his lower abdomen. His thick cock met him at his navel and hungrily slid into his grasp.

He played out the scene in the theater of his mind; God—it would be sweet. He would be laying between Cody's outspread thighs licking his full, heavy hanging nuts and then swallowing his cock. Matt's face scrunched in wonder—would it be the first time that chunk of meat had been spit-slicked and deep

throated? From the looks of that bulge he was sporting in those cords there would definitely be plenty of meat to chow on.

He closed his eyes and envisioned Cody between his own wide spread legs—his head bobbing up and down on his thick, veined shaft. His little brother struggled, barely able to get his mouth around the huge head. His tongue savoring on the steady flow of Matt’s slick sweet precum. His hand grasped his nuts and began twisting and tugging on them as he sank lower along that massive cock. His tongue swirling and dipping. Licking and digging. Lapping. Licking. Swirling.

Matt’s nuts were boiling now—he could feel his cock swelling larger and thicker as the scene played out in his mind. A soft knock penetrated the choked whimpers that were pirouetting around the bedroom just as his creamy load was about to erupt across his chest.

“Matthew?” Cody whispered softly. “Matthew—can I come in?”

A groan rumbled through Matt’s body—frustration combed through his body’s desperate hunger to orgasm, and yet; relenting to his younger brother’s knock, he quickly slipped under the sheet and tried to force his raging hard on between his legs. Yeah—right. It would be easier to control a rampaging bull moose during mating season.

Come to think of it, maybe it was the same thing.

“Um, yeah . . . come . . . Cod. . . .” Matt sucked air in and fought his sexual intensity for another brief moment before he finally managed to choke out a response. “Come in, Codes.”

The door opened and Cody stepped into the room in nothing but his A&Fs. Matt’s eyes devoured every inch of the teenager’s body as he crossed to the bed. He was impressed. Really impressed. Not a hair on his brother’s chest or belly until the eye drifted below his navel—half in, half out—a razor thin trail trickled downward. And the bulge that was showing in those briefs was almost more than Matt could bear. His cock sprang up even harder and throbbed against his abs.

Cody noticed the tent pole under the bed sheet. He blushed—thankful that the room was so dark—save for the dimmed lamp on the far side of the bed; yet, he wondered, was that boner for him? He walked slowly up to the side of the bed and looked down at his handsome brother. It was obvious that Matt loved what he was seeing and Cody enjoyed that for some reason. It felt good. It felt . . . invigorating. He was also enjoying the way that Matthew was squirming around under that sheet.

Cody pulled himself from his amusement and shot a thumb over his shoulder. “I wondered if I could grab a shower?”

His breathing settled to some extent after his unfinished stroke session, Matt managed to produce a fairly steady tone in his response. “Sure, Codes. I think you’ll find everything you need—towels and washcloths are in the closet as you go in.”

Cody nodded and turned toward the bathroom.

“Body wash and shampoo on the ledge,” Matt offered almost as an afterthought since his eyes were glued to the twin globes of flesh that were perfectly enveloped in those briefs.

Matt groaned under his breath as his younger brother disappeared behind the bathroom door.

Click.

“Shiiiiittttt,” Matt whimpered another frustrated groan as he reached under the sheet and tugged at his raging erection. “God—Tanner, I need you. I’m so in trouble here, buddy.”

Matt reached over to the bedside table and turned out the light. His eyes drifted from the ceiling to the bathroom door to the open bedroom door, and—back to the ceiling. He fought the urge to scamper into the bathroom and make an offer to scrub Cody’s shoulders for him; instead, he forced his quivering brain to focus on something less appealing – he thought about their father. If anything could wilt his dripping cock right now, it was the vision of their father. Of that night. Of the beating he had taken. No matter where he tried to send his thoughts, however—it all came back to the same topic. Every thought. Every distraction. Every train out of that depot led back to the same whistle stop. Cody. Those eyes. Those beautiful eyes. Those . . . fucking . . . eyes. That chest. Those abs. That bulging masterpiece barely contained within the confines of those stretched-to-the-limit A&Fs. That . . . butt. That mouthwatering, tongue begging, built for cock and a slow hump fest before a rampaging, full throttle, sheet ripping, bull snorting, earth shaking fuck it ‘til it dropped . . . butt.

“God—he’s beautiful,” Matt whispered hoarsely as his focus was again drawn to the bathroom door. The water was flowing now. He detected splashes against the glass surround. By now, Cody’s hands were sliding over his smooth, muscular body. Fingers were caressing their way through his thinly furred pits and down and across that muscular chest. Across each of his well-defined packs. Finding their way around his stiffening prick and soaping and massaging his low hanging balls. Working their way around to stroke their way in loving caresses over the twin mounds of his bubbled butt and then diving into that deep cleft to sift through silken hairs. Finding their way to that tight pucker.

Soaping.

Stroking.

Caressing.

Invading.

Invading and spreading and fucking their way inside his hot tunnel.

Cody’s face contorting with pleasure. Cody’s breath coming short and sharp. Small gasps escaping his gritted teeth accompanied by faint moans of desire and teenage male need.

Matt’s hand froze mid-stroke. Shit! He was at it again. Shit! He flipped over and buried his face in his pillow; his teeth sank into the soft fibers and gnawed hungrily even as his whimpers erupted into a maddened growl.

(End of Chapter)

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