

Revelations

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by

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Chapter Four

Twelve minutes and 49 seconds later—yeah, he had a habit of clocking everything—the bathroom door opened and out of the corner of his eye, Matt could see that Cody was standing in the doorway—a towel draped loosely around his trim, 30" waist. The bathroom light illuminated him from behind creating an eerie, and yet—sensual silhouette. The light soaked through the bath towel and the faint outline of his brother's cock could be seen as it hung between his muscular thighs. Matt's cock twitched and he quickly turned onto his side to keep another sheet tent from developing.

"Find everything okay, Codes?"

Cody turned out the light and walked over to the side of the bed; water dripped from his hair and landed on Matt's hand which jerked as though it had been molten lava dripping on it instead of shower water.

"Yuppers. Thanks. I don't, um . . . feel so grimed up now." He headed for the door. "Goodnight, big brother."

Matt lay in bed fighting every urge to chase his brother down and rape him right there in the living room. Damn—he was a good looking kid. What made it worse? Cody knew it. He knew he was smoldering.

Minutes ticked.

Matt got out of bed, slipped into a pair of shorts; he crossed the room to pull a summer blanket from the closet. He quietly walked out into the living room. The couch was open and made up for sleep but Cody wasn't on it. He looked in the kitchen. Empty.

“Cody?”

“Out here, Matthew,” Cody answered. Matt walked through the living room and out onto the balcony where Cody was gazing into the night. He still had the towel draped around his waist. Matt held up the blanket as his excuse for coming out of the bedroom.

“You always used to get cold at night,” he offered holding up the blanket before stepping forward and flinging it like a superhero's cape around those broader than he remembered shoulders. “I didn't know if you'd be okay with just a sheet.”

Cody turned to lean against the railing and offered a grateful smile. That was the big brother he'd always had—protective, a guardian, always looking out for him. “Thanks.” He nodded toward the living room. “I really wasn't tired yet. I thought I'd stand out here for a while and watch the fog roll in.” He gestured back over his shoulder. “It's beginning to do its channel creep already.”

Matt peered out over his brother's shoulder at the bridge and the channel beyond. Just as Cody had said—fog was beginning to roll in; shrouds were beginning to drape the bridge. A ship's horn belched—its monolithic owner, unseen in the darkness beyond. A buoy clanked. Gulls shared a guffaw over a private joke that was undoubtedly aimed at an unknowing human beneath their flight path.

“Yeah,” Matt said softly. “Looks like it will be a thick one tonight.” He turned his gaze to his brother's near naked body. He couldn't help but yearn to reach out and stroke that muscular chest. To run his fingers over the ridges of that lean, hard stomach, and—to grab that cock hanging between his powerful legs. He jarred himself back. “Well—I better get back to bed,” he said turning on his heel. “I just wanted to be sure you'd be warm enough. Love you, Cody—g'nite.”

Cody followed his brother; just inside the glass doors he reached out for Matt's shoulder. Matt stopped in his tracks and slowly turned to face him—questions filling his eyes.

Almost as if in slow motion—Cody slipped his arms around his brother and pulled him close. He rested his head on his brother's chest and felt Matt's arms easing around him. Tentatively. Cautiously. Warily. He began slowly rubbing one of his hands up and down Matt's back—exploring his shoulder blades and then down to the small of his back. Over and over, and. . . .

Matt rested his chin on Cody's head, letting his own hands begin to imitate his brother's motion. Now and then he let one hand come up to massage the back of Cody's neck—sifting through soft curls—and then back down again. During one of these gentle, loving neck rubs the blanket billowed to the floor.

With his free hand, Cody reached down and untied the towel and let it drop at his feet atop the previously discarded blanket. Keeping his hands on Matt's shoulders, he stepped back—revealing his nakedness.

Matt's eyes widened. His younger brother's raging cock stood up tight and hard against his stomach—kissing that thin trickle of a trail. He was stunned. The size. The thickness. The heavy hang of those nuts. It was considerably larger than he'd even imagined.

“Damn,” he whispered hoarsely. His own cock began engorging. He felt it stiffening. Thickening. Rising to the superiority challenge of another cock. Rising to the hunger of dominating that perfect butt. Cody reached out to stroke his hand over Matt's chest; his fingers began to intertwine with that fine layer of silk—occasionally, pinching his hard nipples. “Oh, fuck. God—Cody. . . .”

Cody's thumb and forefinger squeezed harder, fed by his brother's groan and the tremble that quaked through Matt's body. Each time he did this, Matt's eyes slammed shut like a steel trap. Gasps and moans became more pronounced as they escaped from deep in his throat. One of those impish smiles that had always melted his older brother's resolve when they were going head-to-head about something of little consequence spread across his smooth, high cheek boned face.

He stepped forward.

He leaned in.

Their lips met.

Hot breath collided with hot breath.

Noses danced for position.

Tongues tangoed and took on their own swordplay. Taking turns to invade deeply into the warm moistness of the other's mouth.

A deep groan erupted from Matt's gut and sailed through their crushed lips. Big brother—shaken and weakening managed to muster more internal strength. His hands rose up to Cody's shoulders and he pushed backward—breaking their kiss.

“Can't. . . . If Dad finds out. . . .” He sucked air into his lungs. “Can't do this. I can't take the chance of Dad . . . finding out . . . that I . . . That we. . . . Can't . . . do this . . . Codes.”

Cody's hands caressed their way upward from his brother's waist, across his tightly packed abs and fanned across that perfectly developed chest. He kneaded Matt's shoulders for several moments and then began exerting pressure. Looking into Matt's eyes, he gave one of those smiles that had always melted his big brother's resolve—no matter the self-conviction.

“Show me your stuff, Matthew,” he said as he pushed harder—guiding his brother to his knees.

Matt knelt before his younger brother staring at the fat cock that jutted from Cody's crotch. It was thick. It was really thick. One of the thickest he had ever seen. Almost as thick as a bottle of water. The teenager's balls hung like a bull's between his muscular thighs which were covered in a fine layer of auburn silk. Those balls were as naturally hairless as his chest and abs. Slowly—hypnotized by the awesome sight and by the thickly masculine aroma that came from between those thighs—Matt leaned forward and took that pulsating, already dripping cock into his mouth.

“Yeah—that’s it, Matthew. Suck it. Show me how to do it,” Cody cooed as he felt his brother’s wet, warm mouth envelop his raging prick. He grabbed Matt’s head to steady himself as he felt the pleasure begin.

It didn’t take long. It was as though a button had been pushed and his brain kicked into pure, sexual lust mode. Matt couldn’t get enough of Cody’s sweet cock and the wonderful scent of his crotch. His rich musky scent was intoxicating. No doubt—his bro was all man. Matt closed his eyes for a moment as his nose burrowed into his brother’s crotch and he took a long, slow, deep breath of Cody’s wonderful scent. The same scent he knew he’d find on Cody’s well-worn jock. Thick, rich, and deeply masculine; it was head spinning—mind seducing. Cody’s scent went right to his dick and notched up his already high level of lust.

Matt began to attack the source of that scent—sucking, slurping and licking like a madman—a madman that had gone weeks without food—he tongue bathed every ridge, every vein. He lapped at the piss slit, licking up the large drops of sweet and tangy precum that were steadily flowing as a signpost to Cody’s increasing levels of arousal. Matt’s tongue dove for them in ecstasy. Licking, lapping, getting more and more of his brother’s sweet essence and—every few moments, allowed his mouth to let it slip from his tightly clenched lips so that he could savagely attack the plump balls that hung firm and full below that thick shaft. And then back up. Taking that throbbing cock back into his mouth and then Cody would fuck his face for all it was worth. The kid was a natural. He could fuck face with the best of them.

After a few minutes, Cody felt he had to stop his brother from taking him over the edge, something he wanted to hold off as long as possible. He pulled his cock from Matt’s vacuuming mouth and stepped back—gasping for air, his knees shaking. A cork popping from a champagne bottle. That’s the sound it reminded the teenager of when the mushroom head slipped from Matt’s lips.

“What’s wrong?” Matt choked out as he knelt in place—stroking his own throbbing mass of manhood through his tight fitting shorts. “Why’d you stop me from. . . .”

“Nothing, Matthew. Nothing’s . . . wrong. You’re just too . . . good; I wanted it to last,” Cody whispered as he reached out to tenderly run the back of his hand across his brother’s cheek. His fingers trailed upward to sift through Matt’s hair. He glanced down and felt a knot in his gut tighten as he took in the sight of the bulging mass beneath the thin fabric of his brother’s mesh shorts. “Teach me.”

“You’re sure?” Matt asked as his fingers slipped inside the waistband of his shorts. Feeling his hardness there. Ready to do anything Cody wanted. He loved Cody so very much. At this moment his deep love for his younger brother knew no bounds. He would give him anything. He’d DO anything that Cody wanted. Anything. No matter what.

“Teach me, Matthew,” Cody said more deliberately. His eyes were glued to the front of his brother’s shorts. Matt slowly pulled them down and when the waistband cleared the end of his cock, it sprang up and smacked against his belly.

“Holy fu. . . .” Cody couldn’t contain his amazement. His brother’s cock was enormous. He fell to his knees and grabbed the throbbing piece of meat in both hands and began massaging it. He looked up and smiled nervously, yet lust driven; his older brother’s eyes were glazed in sexual heat. “Teach me.”

With some coaching and a few false starts, Cody was soon taking his brother's cock halfway down his throat. He gagged and choked a few times and tears streamed down his cheeks but he kept at it—taking direction from his hero—and soon, he was sucking cock. He loved and worshiped Matt so much that he'd do anything he could to give Matt the total pleasure he deserved. Anything.

Matt stood with his eyes fixed on his brother's bobbing head—not believing what was going on. But loving every moment of it. Without instruction, Cody slipped one hand between his powerfully muscled thighs and he began stroking a couple of fingers across his tight hole—driving Matt further down the lust freeway. He spread his legs wider so those fingers could have better access and soon they were buried to the first knuckle in his hole.

“Yeah—that's it, little brother. That's it. Eat it,” Matt moaned out encouragement. Cody didn't need much prodding, however—he kept on bobbing and licking and sucking. Getting more and more turned on with every breath he took of Matt's wonderfully masculine scent. It was pure Matt. Sexy and powerful. Matt knew he wouldn't be able to withstand this ravenous onslaught much longer. And like his brother—he wanted this to last. Preferably all night. Just before he got to the point of no return, he pulled his cock from Cody's pistoning mouth and stepped back—gasping for breath. He grasped his cock and squeezed hard to force the cum back into his balls. He looked down into Cody's adoring eyes, and—saw a lust and passion that he'd never seen before. Not directed back at him from his little brother, anyway. He had seen that animal hunger a few times. Similar circumstances. Tanner. God really missed Tanner. Would he ever hear from Tanner again? Would he and Tanner ever end up in bed again and. . . .

Cody stood up and they embraced. They buried their tongues in each others mouth. Searching. Exploring. Possessing. Every corner. Every tooth. The intensity of it. The desire and passion that was flowing between them. It was like nothing that either of them had ever felt before.

Matt lifted his brother off the floor and carried him to the bedroom where he eased him gently down to the bed and fell on top of him. Their kiss never broken. Their connection remaining strong. Their lust rising by the second. Fingers caressed and explored every inch of the other's body that they could reach.

Cody finally broke their embrace and stopped the kiss just short of the mind-blowing orgasm that soon would surely crash over him in waves—had he not stopped to gasp for breath. His whole body was flushed with desire. He was trembling, and—didn't really know why, or understand what was behind it.

That kiss.

What was it about that kiss? It left him breathless. I curled his toes into his ankles. It set his nuts boiling toward a volcanic eruption that would wreak havoc for miles. That kiss. That glorious, breath sucking kiss.

He'd never been kissed like that by . . . well, by anyone. He'd never felt such intense passion and course throughout his entire being. Even his hair was enflamed with that passion. He shook with desire, wanting more of this. Needing more. His body demanded more. He looked deep into Matt's eyes and found himself getting lost in them. He felt his face flush under the glowing warmth of his big brother's smile. It was as if Matt knew what was running through his mind.

Cody was running on autopilot now. His thoughts were pure lust. Not just his thoughts. More. So much more. Feelings and hungers he'd never known before. He wanted more—no. He *had to have* more. He

needed it all. Here. Now. With his much loved and fully worshiped and idolized big brother to guide him and teach him. Everything. His body somehow instinctively knowing what it needed. What it had to have. Cody rolled onto his stomach and spread his legs wide. Trembling. Yeah—he was trembling. With fear. But, more. Trembling with hunger and desire for—he didn't know what but the hunger for more drove him.

Matt sensed the change and buried his face in the teenager's crack. Buried his face in that incredible bubble butt that had been driving him nuts. So firm. So round. So muscular. So totally perfect it belonged on the statues of the Masters. A total work of art. Absolute butt perfection. And that aroma. The sweet smell of his younger brother's manhood drove Matt on and he began rolling his tongue up and down, around and around, and—around. Musky and tangy and so masculine. His circles became more intense. More focused and zeroed in on their primary target. He was driving Cody insane with hunger lust. And he knew where it would end up. And—he couldn't resist any longer. Cody wanted to know more about his life. His sex life. His hungers. Cody was going to find out, and quite possibly—discover his own untapped desires.

Cody was going to be his. Completely.

“Fuck me, Matthew,” Cody begged over his shoulder.

“What?” Matt asked panting between swipes of his tongue. Was he sure that he had heard correctly?

“I've got to feel that monster inside me,” Cody pleaded again. He raised and lowered his ass to rub against the side of his brother's face. “Fuck me—please.”

“Codes, we need to take our time; need to loosen you up,” Matt warned. “My cock will rip you to shreds if you aren't ready for it,” he explained as he felt this invitation from his lust hungry brother adding new zeal to his already raging prick.

“I can take, Matthew. I know I can. Please!” Cody begged further.

“Cody, I . . .”

No—Cody wanted it. Cody was a man. He was begging for it. The lust dam was bursting. Matt knelt above his younger brother and turned him over onto his back. He bent down and kissed him tenderly as he lifted his legs up over his shoulders. He leaned in—forcing Cody back onto his shoulders. The teenager was now raised off the bed except for those powerful shoulders—supporting them both. Matt looked into his brother's eyes. He searched. He delved deeply into Cody's soul. Should he really do this? Should he really go here? Should he stop this before they went beyond the point of no return? Before he turned Cody's cherry hole into mush?

Cody's face said yes. His body said yes. Everything about him said yes—take me. Own me. Possess me. Breed me.

Sweat slid down Matt's forehead only to ski slope off his nose and land on his brother's chest to mingle with pools of Cody's own perspiration. Yes—it was time. If Cody wanted it. . . . Yes—he was going to get it. He was going to get it and get it good. Long and hard and oh so deep into that spectacular bubble

butt. Starting slowly and gently at first and then rising and building until he'd be slamming into that sweet hole with everything he had.

Matt licked a couple of fingers and began prodding them into his brother's hole—still dripping from the tongue bath he had given it moments earlier. Fuck—the kid was tight. He was way too tight to take his beer can of a cock. Even Tanner had difficulty the first five times until he was loosened up enough that he could take a marathon fuck session that left them both gasping, dripping—collapsed in full exhaustion. Tanner. Yeah, Tanner. The last sheet ripping fuck bud that he had drilled into the mattress.

He grinned devilishly.

Their dad's mattress.

How 'bout them apples, Pops? Ever wonder why that sheet set disappeared?

Yeah—the kid was way too tight to take it. He'd rip him to shreds. He instructed. Cody obeyed. He prodded. Cody took it. He prolonged it. Cody writhed beneath him. Soon—Cody was taking deep breaths with each invasion of those fingers. Forcing his mind into submission along with his body. His hole began obeying, too. His muscles began to relax. After a few minutes, Matt was feeding three fingers into his virgin ass—twisting and turning, massaging them deeply in and out of that sweet, sweet hole. Relaxing and opening up to his probing fingers. He wanted to make sure Cody would love it. Love it so much that he'd want more and more and still more.

“Oh. Oh, fuck. Oh shit, Matthew. God—that feels so . . . good,” Cody grunted.

His fingers were sliding in more readily now. More insistently. He felt Cody's hole sucking on them as they slid back toward the widening pucker.

“Fuck me, Matthew. Fuck me. Now. Please.” He squirmed and moaned on the bed as his ecstasy rose to heights he'd never dreamed. He wanted this. He wanted his idol, his hero, his big brother to take him. To possess him totally. To breed him completely. A long, low, guttural moan sizzled out of him as another sensation joined with the manipulations to his hole. Matt had bent forward and, somehow—was bobbing up and down on his throbbing prick—giving him as much pleasure as he could possibly serve. Trying best to relax him before his huge cock slid into his waiting asshole. And, to distract him from what was to come. Soon. Very soon.

Matt fought back a maniacal laugh; *you bet I couldn't make you beg, huh? Time to pay up, little brother.*

Finally.

Finally—Matt felt his brother might be ready. Still—it was his little brother he was preparing to fuck. They would take their time. They would go slow. They would adjust every step of the way. Every inch of the way. Until Cody was fully taking it. Until Cody was ready to get fucked into the mattress. And—fucked into the mattress he would be. Fucked so completely. Fucked so thoroughly that he'd be hungry and begging to have that sweet hole stuffed again.

And again.

And, again.

Okay—no putting it off any longer. Maybe *he* needed more prodding than Cody did at this point. He was unsure. The last thing in the world he wanted to do was hurt Cody. But he knew sometimes that couldn't be helped. Sometimes, along with busting a guy's cherry, there was pain. He stopped sucking his brother's cock and rose more fully over him. Rocking Cody farther back onto his shoulders. He would make sure that the pain was as short-lived as possible. However, there would be pain. Cody's hole was tight. Really tight. And Matt's cock was huge.

He remembered the look on Tanner's face the first time it began sinking in. Those first thrusts. That first full length invasion. Tanner nearly passed out. Strong, beautiful, straight Tanner. Tanner—who gritted his teeth and clenched his eyes tight until he responded to Matt's coaching to open them and stare into his eyes. To fall inside his gaze. To open his soul to him even as he opened his hole for the ravaging that would come. Tanner—who took it all. Tanner—being fucked into the mattress.

Like Cody was soon to be fucked.

Matt eased the head of his cock against the puckered rosebud and coated it with a thick layer of his dick juice. He applied a little pressure. When he felt it wouldn't slip away, he released it and placed both hands on the bed to either side of Cody's writhing body. He applied more pressure and the head began to slip inside.

Cody cried out in sudden pain. He fought back tears that suddenly welled up in his eyes. Matt eased up for a moment. Shit. This wasn't going to work and he could not hurt Cody to satisfy his own lust hungers. He loved his bro more than life and couldn't cause him much pain.

But maybe . . . maybe if he dominated him completely.

"Relax," Matt commanded. Soft but stern. If they were going to do this, he needed to take control. Completely. He needed Cody to submit. He tried again. No go. His brother was still too tense.

"Ungghh," Cody moaned through gritted teeth. "Easy for . . . you to say. . . . You're not getting fucked by an oak tree."

"Stay with me, Cody. Soak into my eyes and stay with me, buddy," he directed softly. "Take a deep breath and hold it for me. Hold it. Hold it. Push out with your ass muscles." The moment he felt Cody take in and hold his breath—ass muscles pushing outward, he snapped his hips. A full third of his cock shaft sank into the teenager's ass.

"Oooh, fuck. Oooh fuck," Cody wailed but kept pushing outward with his ass muscles. He sucked in another gulp of air. Matt slammed his hips forward again. Another third of his raging meat log buried inside him. "Oooh fuck," he cried out again. Another flood of air into his lungs. Another push of his muscles. Another massive snap of hips. He felt his brother's bull balls slap against the upturned cheeks of his ass as the final third of Matt's cock slammed into him.

Matt looked down at his little brother's handsome face, still contorted with pain. Tears were streaming freely down his face.

"Ooommmppphhh," Cody moaned through gnashing teeth. Air sizzled out of him like a punctured zeppelin. "Is it. . . ." He winced and gasped for more air. "Is it. . . ."

“Mm, hmm,” Matt said triumphantly. Lovingly. He bent down to tenderly kiss his brother’s chest before he rolled his tongue over a rigid nipple. “You’ve got it, Codes. You’ve got it all.” A gentle, loving kiss on quivering lips. “Breathe, Codes. Remember to breathe. You’ve got it all now.”

Matt arched down and sucked Cody’s throbbing cock into his mouth; momentarily distracting his brother from the pain of losing his virginity. Waiting for his body to relax and for the pleasure to begin. He knew it would be there before they were finished. He’d make sure of that. Deep and very intense pleasure. He worked that chunk of meat for several minutes while he let Cody’s hole get used to the massive prick buried inside. After he felt enough time had lapsed, he began squeezing the teenager’s nipples between finger and thumb—first one, then the other. He held himself upright to the point that it felt as though his arm would snap. But right now. This moment. Cody was primary and only in his thoughts. He was going to fuck his brains out. He was going to get off inside his brother’s soon to be ravaging hole. But, he needed Cody to get off too. And, get off he would. When he felt it was time, he began withdrawing.

“No,” Cody begged. “Don’t take it out.”

“Don’t worry, Champ. It’s not going anywhere,” Matt reassured. “You’re gonna get it back.” Another kiss. His tongue dove deep into Cody’s mouth. He rose up and stared into his eyes. “Hold on, Codes.”

Matt snapped his hips forward. His cock plowed all the way into Cody’s hole. His balls slapped loudly against creamy white cheeks. Again. Again. And, again. He pummeled his cock into that waiting asshole. He felt the change this time. Cody was opening up. Cody was taking it. Soon—he was squeezing his muscles around the stiff shaft of meat as it left his hole—putting an amazing suction on his cock.

“That’s it, stud,” Matt encouraged. “You’re doing fine. Take it. Take all of it like a man, buddy. Take it like the total man you are.” Cody was writhing beneath him and the bed was creaking with each massive thrust. His little brother was opening up and taking the full brunt of his passion. Now and then he doubled over and swallowed Cody’s dripping cock down his throat and sucked.

“Unnghh. Unnghh. Unnghh. Oooooohhhh shiiiiit. Oh shit. Oh shit. Unnghh,” Cody cried in regular rhythm to his brother’s thrusts. Matt alternated between deep, toe curling strokes and short, rapid fire jabs. Cody could feel it all the way up to his brains and then several more little jabs were followed by massive pummels. What happened to the pain? How had that searing agony been overtaken by . . . this sudden birth of . . . what?

What was this sensation?

This . . . pleasure?

Where had it come from, and—why?

Every jab. Every thrust of Matt’s dick into him now ignited bolts of pleasure that radiated outward from his hole every time Matt’s dick pushed in or pulled out of him. A very deep, very intense pleasure that was better than anything he’d ever felt. He had no idea getting fucked could feel this incredible. This mind-blowing.

“Oh shit. Oh fuck, Matth. . . . Matthew I can’t,” Cody gulped for air. “Can’t hold it. Can’t hold it,” he cried as his cock exploded. Wad after thick wad of his thick, creamy cum jettisoned. His face, his chest,

his abs—even the headboard wasn't immune. And through it all, his brother's rampaging cock continued its assault; his hole was being ravaged. Cody felt like he'd never stop cumming. He didn't think he had ever cum so hard, or—so much in his life. And most astonishing to him of all—he had cum without his dick being touched. It was as though his whole body was being wracked by a tidal wave of orgasm.

“Yeah, that's it! Shoot it for me! Shoot it all for me.”

Another eruption. The kid must have storage tanks built into his balls. First one, then another. And, another volley of cum splattered across Matt's face.

Too much. This last cum of his brother's was too much for him. Matt gasped as he felt his own climax nearing. He reached out with one hand and scooped at his brother's juice and slathered it with his tongue. Like a magical lust potion it went straight to his hips. His thrusts became harder. More insistent. Deeper still. He pummeled his little brother. He ravaged his hole. He fucked him so hard that Cody's head was bouncing against the headboard which, in turn was rap, rap, rapping against the wall of the condo.

And he fucked harder still.

Deeper.

Thrusting into his brother so violently that he wondered if Cody would pass out, or—would he?

Fuck.

Fuck.

Fuck—yeah.

And then it happened. Just like it had with Tanner that night. The sheet ripped beneath them. It was like the signal to the impending dam burst.

A full ninety seconds after that second orgasm had stunned them both, astonishment reigned supreme. Cody's balls erupted a third time. Matt's face and chest were left dripping with cum and their mingling rivers of sweat.

“Close. Getting . . . close.”

“Not in my ass, Matthew,” Cody cried. “My mouth. In my mouth, Matthew. I want to taste it. Please—in my mouth!”

Moments later, Matt pulled out of his brother's ass and quickly straddled his chest. He shoved his pulsing cock into Cody's mouth almost before the kid was ready. Cody sucked and slurped over the head and as much of the thick shaft as he could handle in this position, and—it exploded in his mouth.

Thick rivers of cum flooded Cody's throat until he thought he'd drown. But he kept swallowing. He had to. Drown or swallow. Drown or swallow. Swallow. Swallow. Submit and swallow his brother's essence. Satisfy Matthew. Submit to Matthew. Satisfy Matthew. Astoundingly, his own cock exploded yet again bathing Matt's back and rigidly bucking butt in his thick juices. The sensation of total submission to Matthew had triggered another intense orgasm. Even more intense than the first three. Matt

collapsed over his brother's head and continued fucking his cock down his throat—holding onto the headboard with both hands.

When he shot his final drop, Matt rolled off his brother who rolled with him and continued sucking—not wanting it to end. Not wanting that massive hunk of meat that had just annihilated his virgin hole to leave him. Finally, Cody stopped sucking and licked his way up his body. He sucked and licked and nibbled on his nipples and then moved higher to crush his mouth against his.

They lay there—sweating. Gasping for air. Heads spinning. Cocks throbbing with prolonged and regenerated hunger. Arms locked. Legs tangled. Cody's head resting on his brother's chest as it rose and fell with each gasp of air. Cody finally raised his head and tenderly kissed his big brother as his hand crept downward and wrapped around Matt's still throbbing cock. He stroked it softly at first and then with greater strength. Stroking with increasing speed. More of that hunger lust. He needed it—again. He needed Matt's cock deep inside him. Filling those deep hungers that were now rising to the surface.

“Mmmmm, yeah—Cody. Yeah,” Matt groaned under his brother's hand job. He moved to reposition himself so that he could suck his brother's raging cock into his mouth. Cody grasped his head and fucked upward into his mouth. He knew it would be only a matter of seconds this time before he unleashed another load. He shoved four fingers deep into his little brother's hole and fucked them in and out for several moments, and then—butterflying them outward. Temporarily satisfying that hunger that had been kindled and ignited deep inside Cody's soul. That was all it took. Cody groaned. Cody rammed his cock down his throat and pushed his ass deeper on Matt's probing fingers. And Matt swallowed. Sweet and tangy. Distinctly Cody. Even as he savored and swallowed the last precious drops, he hungered for more. Now. But sleep started to claim them both. A deeply delicious drowse stole over both their sated bodies—not unlike the thick fog that was blanketing the city just outside the glass walls of the condo.

As they lay in the stillness of the night, darkness surrounding them—they kissed tenderly. With a different passion. Calm. Intense. Heated. Not so much a hunger now, but—a need.

Matt's sleep heavy eyes took in every inch of his handsome brother. He marveled at the perfection of his masculine beauty. He breathed deep that wonderful scent. He ran his fingertips over that perfect body. Luxuriated in that smooth, creamy skin. He watched Cody's chest rise and fall in the slumber that had overtaken him. As Matt drifted off into the most contented sleep in some time, his heart almost burst with pride at the wonderful man his younger brother was becoming.

Cody. Cody—strong and powerful. Tender and sensitive. Deeply caring. And he had another thought. . .

Closing his eyes, Matt wrapped his arms around Cody, holding him protectively and began to drift off to sleep as Cody sighed contentedly and snuggled back into his strong arms—the firm cheeks of his bubbled butt parted to envelope his still raging hard, throbbing and pulsing cock.

“Love you, Codes,” Matt said softly as he nestled his nose into his brother's damp hair; he breathed in as deeply as his lungs would allow without exploding and closed his eyes.

The End

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Your comments, ideas and suggestions are welcome. Email me at [jonathan_longhorn at yahoo dot com](mailto:jonathan_longhorn@yahoo.com). Thank you.