

My Brother-In-Law Chris

“Why did we need to stay with your sister?” I whispered to my girlfriend as we slid into the bed. It had been a hassle not only getting to her sister’s house but getting through the paparazzi was the worst part of it all. When she told me her sister was dating someone over in the states that were famous; I had thought she was pulling my leg, but when we pulled through a large iron gate with hundreds of camera snapping hounds, I knew she wasn’t. It was even more of a shock when her sister and her husband walked through the front door and it was Chris freaking Hemsworth. Who her sister was married too was definitely left out during the 12-hour flight overseas or the 2-year long relationship leading up to the trip.

The initial welcoming was followed by an evening of dinner and drinking. The two sisters quickly left myself and Chris alone, going off to the other side of the house to catch up while we “chatted”. At first, it was awkward, two complete strangers sitting together; let alone one of them being a famous movie star. As the night went on the two of us loosened up with the help of some liquid courage; talking about Australia, sports, lightly touching on his career. We surprisingly had a lot in common, but what caught me the most off guard was how touchy he was acting. Chris’ hand would continuously be on my shoulder, my knee, gripping my bicep. He would squeeze my muscle or rub my inner thigh growing more bold as our time alone increased.

Now I wasn’t unattractive. I had been playing football from a young age and it showed on my body; thick legs, broad shoulders, and a tight waist. Over the years I had many people, both men and women throw themselves at me, and it appeared; Chris was a fan as well. If I was being honest with myself I wasn’t completely un-attracted to Chris. Now I wouldn’t call myself gay, more of an opportunist of sorts. The rest of the evening was subtle touches, and they were becoming less and less subtle the longer the two men drank. I even reached out a few times to touch Chris’ hard body, which brought a mischievous smirk to his face.

The evening ended with Chris drunkenly grabbing my ass which sent me flying off the couch into my girlfriend’s arms as she turned the corner with her sister. I looked back at him seeing him take another sip of his glass of whiskey as if he hadn’t done a thing. What game was he playing here? After that interaction the four of us quickly said goodnight and were escorted to our “guest room,” which was larger than our master back home. With a bed that was calling both of the weary travelers name’s.

“What? It looked like you two were having fun together,” my girlfriend said as she snuggled up on her side of the bed, falling quickly asleep. I rolled my eyes. She was never able to hold her liquor. I was thinking through the venting, wondering if I was misconstruing Chris’ friendliness for something else.

“You’re fucking crazy,” I said to myself as I reached for the bedside table.

Knock Knock Knock

“Hello?” I asked, pulling my hand away from the light.

“You two still awake?” The slurring Australian asked as he entered the bedroom.

“Yea I am still up,” I answered as I turned to him. His deep tan body was on display for me as he strolled into the bedroom. His bushy blonde hair bouncing with his every step, and it wasn’t the only thing that was bouncing. His loose gray boxers couldn’t contain his massive cock that swayed with his movements. My mouth fell. It was so fucking large. I couldn’t imagine how he hid that monster within his tight super suit. “You find everything alright?” Chris asked, propping his leg up onto the chaise lounge. The head of his dick sliding to the edge of his boxers causing my own dick to begin to harden as I stared at his godlike body.

“Just wanted to make sure you were finding everything alright. There’s the bathroom. The television.” He pointed towards the obvious doorway to the restroom and the large mounted tv. With his subtle movements his cock twitched and jolted, mine retaliated in the same way.

“Yup, I think I got it,” I said, cutting off his explanation of the room.

“Here let me show you how to use this,” Chris said as he grabbed a hold of the remote and walked to my side of the bed. He propped his leg up as he did before on the chaise lounge, pushing his crotch outward towards my face. I pulled back slightly, even though every fiber of my being was telling me to lean forward. “This is the remote. You can click this for power. Volume. Channels. We have. . .,” Chris rattled on, pointing to the labeled buttons on the remote as if I had never seen a remote before. I would have interrupted him if I wanted him to pull back. I inhaled, smelling the sweaty scent of his cock and balls reminding me of the times I had hooked up at the gym.

My eyes drifted away from the remote and onto the bulge in his underwear. The long shaft just seemed to be growing the longer he stood beside me. Was he getting turned on as well?

“Make sense?” Chris asked, pulling the remote away and turned his crotch directly into my line of vision. I looked up at his face, seeing the large goofy grin staring down at me.