

Strapping— Chapter 1

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NOTE 1: This story contains *vivid* descriptions of **homosexual** encounters, and is thus intended for **ADULTS ONLY**. There's lurid, kinky sex here. It's proly straight out of HELL, if you hold the religious perspective. Really, this story is *not* for those who button the collar tightly. *If you can't stomach this kind of smut, skedaddle. Likewise if you're under 18.* Also see **NOTE 2** at the end of story for more disclaimer stuff.



S TRAPPING. FOR SOME REASON that word would not leave my mind. He was simply strapping. The word seemed to fit him; it seemed to be made for him. He was huge, muscular, young, strong and handsome. The epitome of virility; the essence of youthful masculinity.

The young black man stood at my door in a long sleeved dress shirt and tie; his taut, narrow waist neatly clad in pleated dress pants which barely seemed able to contain what had to be the most massive legs I had ever seen.

Strapping.

His thick neck could only be circumvented by at least a size 18 or larger shirt. And those shoulders! My knees went weak at the bulging traps and massively wide deltoids which pushed against the pastel yellow cotton of his shirt. The tasteful tie draped casually against his thick, powerful chest and the end of it dangled in the air, clearly two inches out from his belt, suspended there by the overhang of his pecs. And if he was trying to hide the unbelievable size of his arms with those long sleeves, it was a woefully unsuccessful effort. My heart quickened at the sight of their mass; his huge triceps and biceps in a silent, perpetual battle for supremacy, which would never see a clear victor.



“Is this the right time?” he asked.

He had been talking since I had opened the door, and I had heard none of it.

Strapping. He was simply strapping. And yet, that word seemed hopelessly inadequate. I think Astounding or Superhuman might have been more apt.

“I’m sorry?” I asked back.

“For the window blinds? I’m here to give you an estimate for your window coverings?” he half stated, half asked.

“Oh, yes!” I finally said. “I’m sorry, my mind must be in outer space. Come on in.” He picked up his small case of samples by its handle and followed me inside.

“Not quite finished unpacking,” I said as I directed him into the living area. “I just moved in on Saturday.” “No problem,” he said as he sat his stuff down on the carpet. “It’s a nice place.” “Thanks.” I watched his muscular physique closely. It was indeed a feast for my eyes. “What was your name again?” I asked.

“John. ‘Shady John’” he smiled.

“Oh, you’re the John in ‘Shady John’s Window Shades. I get it,” I smiled. He smiled back.

He opened up his case and started showing me samples. Gawd, his face was just gorgeous! His perfect white teeth were heart-stopping. His thick neck made my cock thicken. I couldn’t help it.

I decided on the blinds I wanted, and he got out his measuring tape and wrote down all the dimensions on his clipboard. It was like a fantasy come true, just watching him as he faced away from me and measured the windows. His taut, muscular butt and gargantuan legs were incredible! And I nearly went crazy looking at his wide, monstrous lats. His back narrowed into the thinnest waistline-- it almost looked impossible. He turned around and our eyes met. I know he caught me looking at him more than once. Yet, he didn’t seem to mind. He kept on working, moving from window to window, room to room. A few minutes with a calculator (shit, even his hands and fingers were muscular!) and he came up with a price.

“Sounds good to me,” I said, even though it seemed a little high. But I’d have paid anything to do business with this muscleman.

“Great,” he said. “It’ll probably take a couple of weeks to get them.” Once again our eyes met and our gazes lingered. He smiled. Shit! He could tell I was mesmerized, and he smiled! I quickly looked away, not wanting to be outed, nor wanting to scare him away.

“Normally, I don’t do installations,” he said. “But I’m going to be filling in for my regular installer in a few weeks while he’s on vacation. I hope you don’t mind having your job done by the boss,” he laughed.

“Cool. I guess I get special treatment, then right?” He laughed. “Personal service from the head of the company,” he grinned. It was a sideways kind of grin-- he looked at me out of the corner of his eyes with a wry smile.

He started putting his samples and papers away. I just stared. He turned around as he stood up and caught me looking again.

“Well, you’re my last client today,” he said-- his head was ever-so-slightly tipped back and it made his neck bulge with virility. “I’d better be getting back and close up the store.” He reached into his briefcase and looked through some papers. He kept rifling through the papers as if he couldn’t find what he was looking for. “Oh, shoot.” He looked up at me. “I need you to sign the purchase order, but I don’t have any blank ones here.” He paused for a minute. “Well, maybe I could bring one by tomorrow morning,” he said.

“Oh man,” I said, “I have to get up early tomorrow and leave for work.” “Hmmm,” he mused. “Would you be able to follow me back to the store and we could complete the paperwork there? I’d really like to get this order faxed in. The sooner, the better.” “Sure,” I offered. “I don’t have anything going anyway.” Actually, I had planned on doing some more unpacking, but I’d definitely be willing to put that on hold if it meant spending more time with this dark Hercules.

“Oh, that’d be great. I’m sure sorry for the inconvenience,” he said.

“Oh, I understand,” I said. “No problem at all. I was thinking of getting out of here to grab a bite to eat anyway, so it’ll work out just fine.” We hopped in our respective cars and I followed him to the small strip mall where his window covering store was located. As soon as we went inside, he told the girl who worked for him she could go home, and she left right away.

“Come on back into the office,” he said. “I’ve got the forms back here.” We went back into his office and he opened a drawer to a file cabinet and pulled out a piece of paper. I looked around and saw some trophies on some bookcases, as well as a few medals and plaques. They appeared to be bodybuilding trophies.

“Here we go,” he said as he sat down behind his desk. “Have a seat.” He motioned me to a chair in front of his desk and I sat down. He began filling out the order, taking the information from the the papers he had written on at my condo. As he wrote, my eyes moved from the trophies to his body. His broad shoulders seemed to capture much of my attention, along with those gargantuan arms. I had long ago admitted to myself a huge weakness for big arms, and John’s were mind-boggling.

I glanced up at some of the trophies and tried to read some of the inscriptions. John paused from his writing and looked up at me. He glanced to see what I was looking at and then said, “Oh yeah, some of my contest trophies.” “Pretty impressive,” I said.

“Thanks.” He looked back down at the paperwork and continued writing.

“How long have you been competing?” I asked.

“Well, I started doing bodybuilding shows when I was 17, so that makes almost 12 years,” he said. I quickly calculated his age at about

29. "And," he continued, pausing to think for a second, "I did my first powerlifting contest when I was 19." "Powerlifting? Oh really?" I said.

"Yeah." He looked up at me, "Actually I have more powerlifting trophies than bodybuilding trophies." "Wow," I said. "So you have the power to back up the size of those muscles, huh?" I smiled, trying to feel out his willingness to talk more about it.

He grinned. "Ohhh yeah," he said matter-of-factly, as if it were a well-established fact.

"Cool," I smiled. "The man with the award-winning body." He looked back down at his paperwork and grinned. "You got it," he said as he wrote. "You look like you've seen the inside of a gym," he continued. "You ever compete?" "Me? Shit no," I said, half blushing. "I'm just a wanna be. Man, I've never even been to a bodybuilding contest. I don't know why I haven't-- just never got up the nerve to go to one, I guess." "Well, you really should go to one," he said.

"Yeah, I'd like to sometime." I watched him write and then said, "But shit, man, the way you fill out that shirt, it's like I don't need to go to one to see some heavy-duty muscle. You really look awesome." I hoped I hadn't gone too far with my adoration of his physique.

He looked back up at me. "Thanks, man." His eyes stayed trained on mine, just past that almost imperceptible moment of propriety, and his smiled widened just slightly.

He turned the form around, toward me and showed me the order. We went over the dimensions of all the windows and the price. "Just need you to sign at the bottom, right here," he said.

I dutifully did what I was told.

He shuffled the papers around and said "I'll fax this in first thing tomorrow morning." "Great." "So," he said, standing, "Where were you planning on grabbing that bite to eat for dinner?" I stood, my body flushing with nerves. Holy shit! "Uh, well, I don't really know..." I fumbled.

"You like Teriyaki?" he asked.

"Sure." "Well, I just need to lock up and turn off the lights," he said. "You interested?" "Yeah, man," I said smiling.

He smiled back, and his bright teeth melted me. Holy shit, I was going to be able to look at this guy for another hour or so! And he liked me! My heart pounded inside my chest, and my penis thickened as John closed up his store-- his body was so well-proportioned that it made me sick. Sick with envy, and sick with lust.

– SRS

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