

# Strapping— Chapter 2

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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.



**WE PUT IN OUR ORDERS** at the counter, grabbed a glass of water from the pop machine and then sat down. It was a run-of-the-mill teriyaki place-- not known for it's atmosphere; a lot of plastic, vinyl and metal everywhere, but John assured me that the food was very good.

He was right. The girl brought us our plates-- John had ordered extra chicken. It was delicious. We dug right in.

As he sat across from me, I took a look around the restaurant to see who else was there-- a habit of mine I guess. The place was pretty full. No one there of note but not surprisingly, many of the ones who **WERE** there were continually looking in the direction of John's muscular body. It was cool to watch.

“How’s the grub?” John asked me.

“Excellent,” I smiled as I chomped down another bite.” He swallowed some more chicken. “Yeah, I know how to pick ‘em,” he smiled. “Good for big muscles.” “Yeah, well it must be working,” I said.

“Ohh yeah,” he assured me.



We talked about working out, bodybuilding shows and powerlifting contests. I was able to pull out some information about how much he benches, and it literally made my cock straight (as if it wasn’t already) when he told me how much weight he works with! Suffice it to say that it was WAY more than I had ever seen anyone at my gym work with.

We finished our meals and walked out to our cars.

“Thanks, man, for hanging with me,” John said as he unlocked his car. “I’m looking forward to getting to know you.” “Yeah, me too,” I said.

John stood at his car and we looked at each other. “Well, I’d invite you over to my place for a drink,” he smiled, “but I’m all out of beer.” I laughed. He laughed too.

“I gotta get that place unpacked anyway,” I said. “Wouldn’t want you tripping over boxes when you’re putting up those blinds. I can’t imagine how I’d feel if you were to hurt yourself and be unable to work out or anything,” John smiled. “Aww, I think I can take care of myself.” “Yeah, of that I have no doubt.” I looked up and down his incredible physique, lusting. John watched. “Well, thanks for all your

work, and for showing me this place," I said. "Food was great." "Sure, man," he said. "We'll be talking." We got into our cars and I drove home, where, after only a few sensual caresses of my cock, I deposited what had to be a quarter cup of semen onto the bathroom mirror as I fantasized about the huge musclehunk who had just become my friend.

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"You recovered from the chicken last night?" the deep voice on the phone asked. My heart leapt.

"Oh yeah," I said. "That protein I ate really packed on the muscle. I think I'm even ready to take YOU on." John laughed loudly. "Somehow I think you're serious!" I loved to hear him laugh. We exchanged idle banter for a few minutes; it was punctuated with laughter.

"I just wondered if you were interested in catching a game this afternoon. The Thunderdogs are playing New York," he said.

Shit. "Yeah, sure!" I said. "I'd love to." "Great. How about I pick you up at about noon. We can grab a bite to eat before the game." "Cool. I'll be ready." "See you then," he said.

He wore a T-shirt and jeans. It was a blue T-shirt, and it hugged his muscles just right. Not so tight that it looked like he was trying to show off, but just enough so that it really DID show off everything. Man, I just loved his shoulders. And his arms! I saw his enormous arms for the first time, and they left me speechless! They were huge, throbbing masses of muscle, rippling with definition. I couldn't take my eyes off of them.

The afternoon was fantastic. John and I really hit it off. He didn't seem to mind my fascination with his physique. I found myself adjusting my cock in my pants more than once.

After the game we grabbed some beers and then went to a restaurant for some ribs. He ate everything in sight, and yet his waistline never grew. He was astounding.

"How do you stay so lean when you eat like that?" I asked.

He grinned at me as he swallowed his food. "Muscle burns calories. Lots of muscle means high metabolism." "You do any cardio?" I asked.

He took a drink of water and smiled. "Not unless you count... you know--" he made a motion with his right hand to mimic jerking off.

I raised my eyebrows and smiled. He grinned.

I racked my brain for a good comeback. Finally I said "I'll bet you don't have to work up a sweat for that, though." He smiled. "You're right. But just thinking about it raises my heartbeat, man." "Yeah, me too," I said. I quickly resumed eating. I was scared shitless just thinking about where the conversation had taken us.

John grinned and took another bite. I don't think he shaved that morning, and his afternoon shadow was really hot. We both continued eating and then he drove me home.

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Sunday was a long day of unpacking and cleaning the condo. John didn't call. I tried to not think of him, which was impossible. My mind was obsessed with him. I must have jacked off three-- maybe four

times that day. Just envisioning him in that T-shirt, and remembering his warm smile and deep, piercing eyes gave me a hard-on that just ached for release.

Monday came and I went to work. That afternoon, John called my cell phone. We talked for about 20 minutes-- and it was mostly about NOTHING! I loved how he just liked to "hang" with me, even if it was just on the phone. He scheduled my wall covering install for Friday afternoon. I told him I could take the time off to be there to let him in.

We talked again on Wednesday, just for fun, and on Thursday, just to confirm our meet time on Friday.

Friday came way too late. It took much too long.

But it was definitely worth the wait. John appeared at my door wearing jeans and a purple tank top. Oh my gawwwwwd. It was a skimpy tank top. His muscles just throbbed, everywhere. I must have just stood there with my jaw dangling on the ground. Never, in all my web browsing, nor in my scoping out gyms, had I ever been so turned on my so much big, black, lean muscle. And I mean LEAN muscle! Holy shit! I couldn't believe the amount of veins that snaked everywhere all over his huge muscles! One thick vein ran down the front of each of his mammoth biceps muscles, and they looked unbelievable. His striations were inhuman! I couldn't believe a man could be so fully developed, and yet so incredibly free of any fat!

"You gunna let me in?" John smiled. His tank top consisted of almost just strings draped over his thick, hard traps. The fabric widened as it flowed down to his chest, but it left a lot of his pecs exposed, and as he worked in the condo, I could frequently see his nipples.

Shit, his shoulders and arms! I just wanted to stand behind my kitchen counter and watch him work as I pressed my cock against the island.

I know he was aware of me watching him, but he sure didn't seem to mind.

Within a few hours, the whole condo was done. John packed up his tools and cleaned up. He took his things out to his van, and then came back inside. He walked me through the house and showed me each window and I inspected his work. We walked back into my kitchen.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" he smiled.

I paused for a second and just took in his big, black muscles.

"No, I think that's it. You do great work." John smiled and leaned back against the kitchen counter, very relaxed. He put his hands on the counter so that his elbows bent slightly behind him and his triceps bulged. Slowly, he pushed down on the counter. His mammoth arms grew hard. He smiled at me as his body raised off the floor just a bit. He made like he was stretching-- almost gave a slight yawn. Then he lowered himself down, leaving his thick arms taut, his hands on the counter. We just kind of looked at each other. He seemed totally comfortable with the silence.

John smiled. "You said you never been to a bodybuilding show, right?" "Nope." "You ever really meet a competitive bodybuilder?" "No, not really-- 'til I met you," I said. "I mean, I've seen some pretty well-built guys down at the gym, but no one up close, and no one half as ripped and huge as you." "How long you been interested in bodybuilding?" he asked.

"I don't know. Maybe since I was about 13 or so." "Yeah, me too," he said. He looked down at his torso, then said "I remember looking at pictures of muscle men and thinking how hot all those huge muscles looked." "Yeah," I said. My cock was totally erect in my pants.

Holy shit.

“So, what’s your favorite muscle on a bodybuilder?” he asked.

“I dunno. Maybe arms.” John smiled and slowly raised one arm up and flexed his biceps muscle. It hardened, grew, and hardened some more. Holy shit, I couldn’t believe it! It thickened into two distinct heads. Fuck! I’d never seen anything like it! It was magnificent! Absolutely huge! And the peak was this unreal, pointed cap that rose up and out of the huge ball of mass that made up the rest of his arm. It looked morphed! Then he squeezed it a little more, and the peak tightened and even rose a bit more! Blood vessels ran all over the hardened ball. I had been gawking over those guns for a week now, but I never imagined that when fully flexed that they would achieve that size or shape!

– SRS

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