

Strapping— Chapter 3

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musclewank.com

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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.



I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER forget the feeling of John's bicep as he held it there, allowing my hand to move up, around and all over the veiny, striated, steel ball of muscle. He just held it still, occasionally twisting his wrist to make it flex with erotic power. He smiled, clearly enjoying how much he was blowing me away.

My cock ached, it was so hard. I'd never in my wildest fantasies dreamed that I'd be able to touch something so powerful and sensual. It was really all I could do to keep from creaming in my pants. His bicep muscle actually separated into two distinct heads.

"Go ahead," he said, "I won't bite. Go ahead and feel it." He lengthened his arm and then bent it again, flexing his biceps into a hardened ball of steel. I moved my fingers onto the peak and felt it. I couldn't believe how long he was willing to let me feel him out! It was

hard to keep my hand from shaking. Whenever I felt it tremble, I just pressed down hard and squeezed his muscle to keep my hand steady.

He stood still and just held his arm there, flexing.

I moved my other hand up and allowed both my hands to surround his arm. One hand moved to the bottom and felt the bulging triceps muscle hanging on the bottom side of his extended arm, and the other moved over the top. I felt faint.

John liked it.

* * * * *

The next day was Saturday. I awoke at about 8:00 to the sound of my phone ringing. It was John.

“Hey man,” he said. “You’re not sleeping in, are you?” “Uh, no man,” I lied. “Just taking it easy today.” “Cool,” he said. “Hey, I have a little bit of work to do this morning down at the shop, but then I was wondering if you want to catch some lunch with me and maybe just hang out this afternoon.” “Uh, sure,” I said. Immediately my mind returned to the previous night, when John had allowed me to feel his massive arm in my kitchen. He had ended up staying late; we sluffed on the couch and watched a movie together, but only after I had excused myself to the bathroom and had sprayed the mirror with my jizz. It was a real mess to clean up.

“You there?” he interrupted.

“Oh-- yeah. I’m, uh, still here,” I said, trying to sound awake and not daydreaming.

“So, how ‘bout you stop by the store at noon, and we’ll take it from there,” he said.

“Sure, man,” I said. “We’re on.” I pulled up to “Shady John’s” and went inside. There was a girl behind the counter helping a customer. She looked up at me and said “Be right with you.” “Oh, I’m just looking for John,” I said.

“He’s in the back. Go on ahead,” she said.

John was in the storage room, bent over a stack of long boxes which obviously held window shades. He was moving them around. He was wearing a black muscle shirt and jeans. Shit, his big black arms were unbelievable.

He looked up and me and smiled. “Hey man. I’ll be done in a second. Just need to show Clark what to do with these boxes. It’ll be just a minute.” I heard some movement in the small workroom just off the storage room, and out walked a young, hunk of a stud who must have been the Clark that John had mentioned. My throat tightened. Clark was young-- very young. His perfect, soft skin and face looked like they belonged to a teenager. But his musculature was very developed for a kid that age. Unbelievably so. His towering presence moved toward me and then past me. I tried to drink in all that he was, but it was impossible. His dark blue T-shirt hugged his muscles tightly, and his arms were overwhelming.

“Brad, this is Clark,” John said, standing up from his pile of boxes. Clark towered over me, his youthful virility pulsing through his young veins. He smiled and stretched out his hand and we shook.

“Glad to meet you, Brad,” Clark said.

I smiled. "Me too," I stammered. Shit, he was gorgeous. And his lean physique would make most seasoned bodybuilders envious.

"Clark started here this week," John said. "I'm teaching him some of his responsibilities here in the store before I train him to do some installations." I nodded.

John explained to Clark what he wanted the kid to do with the boxes, and then gave him some other assignments for the rest of the day.

"Just a minute, Brad, I have one more thing I need to do in my office before we leave," John said. He left the room.

I looked over at Clark. He was moving some of the boxes John had shown him. "Your last name doesn't happen to be Kent, does it?" I smiled.

He chuckled, and without looking up from his work he said, "No, but I'm seriously considering changing it to that because a lot of people ask me that." He stood up straight and smiled.

"Sorry, man," I said, trying to hide my grin.

"No problem," Clark smiled back.

"It's just that you really do look like him..." Clark almost seemed to blush.

"...except a lot more-- uh-- developed," I said, noting with my eyes his bulging chest and arms.

Clark emerged from his bashfulness and his chest filled, causing him to stand even more erect-- almost proud. "Thanks, man," he said. "I

guess I'll have to keep working out at the gym. Must be paying off," he said.

"I'll say," I said, raising my eyebrows. "How old are you?" "I just had my 18th birthday last week," he continued.

"Shit!" I blurted. "You look too massive to be 18!" "Good genetics, I guess." "Well, you must spend some serious time pumping iron, too, dude. How long you been working out?" I started about three years ago, but I was pretty lean and big even before that. Like I said-- good genetics, I guess." "Shit," I said. "I wish I could have had a drink from THAT gene pool!" Clark laughed out loud. Shit, he had the most to-die-for smile I had ever seen. "Sorry, man," he said. "There's only one of me," he laughed. He moved over to the workbench against the wall and started opening a small box-- probably hardware for installing window blinds.

"You ready, Brad?" John interrupted my trance.

"Oh, yeah-- sure," I stammered.

My eyes, moving from Clark's virile display of muscularity to John's bulging, veiny, massive arms as they hung out of his muscle shirt, didn't know where to land. John looked at me, obviously tuned in to where my eyes were drawn-- his own thick, rippling arms.

I swallowed hard. "Uh, yeah, I'm ready," I repeated.

"Cool," he said. "Let's move." "Nice to meet you, Clark," I said to the teen stud.

"Yeah, man. You too. Catch ya later." He seemed very confident; another aspect of the muscle kid that just drove me crazy.

"So were we going?" I asked after we had driven about two blocks.

John looked over at me and smiled, "I just thought we'd grab something to eat and then maybe just hang together." "Cool." We grabbed some lunch at a cafe. John's physique garnered second looks from everyone.

"So tell me, John," I finally said while we ate, "you must be a huge babe magnet. You dating anyone?"

John finished chewing his bite. "Naw," he said. "Haven't found anyone who really interests me. Besides, my business takes up a lot of my time-- that and working out. It's hard to fit a social life into a bodybuilding lifestyle." "Yeah, I bet," I said. I continued eating.

"How about you?" John asked.

"Oh," I hesitated. "I keep looking around, but it's hard to find a match. There aren't too many out there who interest me. Maybe my standards are just too high. I dunno." "Yeah, I know what you mean. You know what they say, 'All the good ones are either taken --or gay.'" He smiled broadly.

I grinned as I took another bite.

"I have some friends who are gay," John said. "They're pretty cool dudes. A lot of people have hang-ups about gay guys, but I don't have a problem with it. I figure, whatever floats your boat, man..." "Oh yeah," I said, wolfing down another bite. "I totally agree. One of my brothers is gay. He's a pretty cool guy. I don't envy what he's had to go through in his life." "Totally." I liked that John made a point to mention his views on gays. I knew I was totally gay, even though I had never

been with a man, yet. But I was also totally in the closet about my sexual preferences. It was scary to see how many people viewed guys like me, even though more and more people were becoming comfortable with it. If John only knew how much I was infatuated with him, I wonder if he'd still feel the same acceptance toward me. Did he realize what his body did to guys like me? And did he realize how many second looks and envious stares he got from guys?

We spent the afternoon walking down by the waterfront looking at the many things for sale at the Saturday Market. It was a great day. I had the best time watching the people look at John. His arms were a huge eye magnet. The women, of course, noticed him; but it was the men, obviously green with envy, who were especially fun to watch.

One guy asked John if he was Victor Martinez. I have to admit that I had thought John looked a lot like the professional bodybuilder. John was really nice to the guy, and they briefly talked about bodybuilding. They guy was obviously totally taken by John's ripped and lean body. John was amazingly nice-- I mean he stopped and talked to the guy for a few minutes. I would have thought he might get tired of guys like that and just brush them off. But if anyone made any comment about his body, he always responded very graciously and politely.

But he didn't let it go to his head. He seemed to take it all in stride-- actually he was really into the market, and not at all impressed with the attention he was getting.

By late afternoon, my feet were tired, but just being with John made me not think about it.

"You want to come over to my place and catch a video or something?" John asked as we sat on a bench eating some chicken and rice.

At this point I probably should have been totally at ease with the fact that John actually LIKED being with me, but it was hard to understand it, really. I totally loved the continued affirmations-- just the fact that he wanted to hang with me was totally unbelievable. I think I was falling in love. This was the kind of guy I wanted to spend all of my time with. He was a total package: Huge, buff muscles, intelligent, rich, funny, interested in others. Yeah; I was definitely falling in love.

Twenty minutes later we drove into his driveway, and I have to admit that I was surprised. I mean, I was expecting that a businessman like John might have a really nice place, but I never expected something THIS nice.

Inside, John's place was warm and inviting. "Wow, this is awesome!" I said.

"Thanks. It probably could use a woman's touch, but since I'm married to my work, that's not likely to happen," he said.

We settled into his large couch and he put on a DVD. It was some action movie, but I have to admit, I wasn't really paying attention. John was sitting right next to me on the couch, and although it was a big piece of furniture, we were very close. I tried to lean back into the soft cushion, but I was nervous. His hulking, yet so unbelievably striated body was right next to me. I could feel its warmth. John relaxed and settled back, and as the movie progressed, he stretched out his big arm and actually put it behind me. I was nervous, but I was really liking this.

At a slow point in the movie, John got up and made some popcorn. When he came back and sat down he leaned back away from me, but draped his thick legs over mine! He watched the movie, his head on the arm of the couch, lying on his back with his legs on top of mine.

We both ate the popcorn. My cock was getting stiff. His bulging black legs-- clad in cargo shorts only-- were right in front of my eyes. Holy shit, they were huge!

He moved them a little, and then his hand moved to mine. He picked my hand up and placed it on his bulging legs. He slowly flexed them.

"Holy shit," I whispered. John looked at me, one corner of his mouth turning up slightly. I moved my hand over the sinews, and they grew and pulsed. John looked at the TV screen, seemingly not phased by my astonishment and interest in his legs. He turned his legs and twisted them slowly for my hands as I ran them over the insides and outsides of the muscles. Shit. I couldn't believe a man's legs could get to be so huge, and rippling. My hands barely could believe what they were feeling. Deep cuts separated the many bulges. I ran my fingers over the ridges and in to the valleys. John flexed and relaxed his legs. I squeezed his muscles. Shit; I thought I would cream my pants right there! My heart raced.

At one point, I moved my hand upward, toward his crotch. John spread his legs apart just a bit, almost inviting me to continue higher. The tip of my finger moved just inside the leg of his cut-offs. John looked at me, again turning the corner of his mouth upward slightly. He held his legs apart. I moved my hand higher, just an inch or so. Then I moved it down, over the mammoth muscles of his quads. I played this back-and-forth game for quite a while. Every time I move my hand up close to the hem of his shorts, John seemed to welcome the advance.

Was that a bulge growing in his crotch?

I moved my hand upward again, and John tipped his head back. God, he was so good looking. His neck thickened as his head leaned

backward. His eyes went "half-mast." "You have amazing hands," he said.

I squeezed his upper quads and moved higher, inside his shorts. "You have amazing legs," he said.

His lips formed a full smile now. "Looks like a match made in heaven," he grinned. His eyes were closed now.

I pulled my hand down and gently caressed the exposed portion of his beefy leg.

"That right there is the result of 500 pound squats and 900 pound leg presses," he said as his quads flexed into hard rocks of muscle. The chords solidified, and my hands slowly squeezed, unable to penetrate the thick sinews.

"Shit." I half whispered it, half whimpered.

His attention turned to the movie again. Although obviously pleased with my helpless reaction to his legs, he didn't seem overly impressed that I was lost in lust and awe. Like it was nothing big to him.

We watched the end of the movie, and John got up and fixed us some food.

"It's pretty late," he said as we finished our meal. "You want to stay here for the night?" I swallowed hard. My heart pounded. "Well..." I swallowed what I was eating. "Uh, sure. You have room?" John smiled. "Lots of room, man. You can sleep anywhere you want." He paused a second and then a thought seemed to pop into his mind. "We can even make it a sleep-over party, if you want." "Sleep-over party?" "Yeah. You know, pajamas, popcorn, pillow fights... I have a king size bed. We can tell ghost stories and everything!" His eyes twinkled and

he looked like a little kid; particularly out of character for John-- he had seemed so mature, so staid. Now he was this goofy grade school kid getting all excited about a sleep over.

"King sized bed?" I asked.

"Yeah! It'd be fun! I'm not talking about anything queer, man. Just some old fashioned fun. You up for it?" "Hell, why not," I said. (Yeah, I'm definitely UP for it, in every sense of the word.) ---- more to cum...!

– SRS

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