

Strapping— Chapter 4

by Sean Reid Scott

musclewank.com

Originally posted in the twenty-hundreds



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.



THESE MIGHT BE A LITTLE LONG," John said, handing me some pajama pants, "but I bet the waist will be okay. You about a 30 inch waist man?" "32 usually," I said. "But these have elastic; they'll be fine." "Okay." "Shit, man. Your waist is smaller than mine, and yet you probably have a good, what, 70 pounds on me?" I said.

John grabbed his own pajama pants and headed toward his bathroom. "Is that going to be a problem for you man?" he said as he turned toward me and flexed his huge arm into a peak that would make just about any professional bodybuilder envious. He smiled. "Cuz if you have a problem with lots of muscle, let me know now and we'll call the whole night off. You'll be seeing quite a bit of it." "Yeah, I'm sure I will. Just go easy on me. You're blowing me away, man." John disappeared into his bathroom. "Sure, man. I'll go easy on you. But I

can't be responsible for any reactions you might have to big, black muscles. So, no whimpering," he said as he closed the door.

"Well, I can't guarantee what my reactions will be," I laughed. "So, if you have to give me CPR, try to be gentle." John laughed, then said through the closed door, "Okay, man. Quit your worrying and put those pj's on." I pulled off my shirt, shoes, socks and pants, then my tighty whities. I pulled on the long pajama bottoms. "Hey, John," I said loud enough that he could hear me through the closed bathroom door. "I don't have any top for these pj's." John opened the door and my heart immediately rammed hard into my throat. I almost choked. He stood there with only his pajama bottoms on-- shirtless. His tiny waist flared down to his gargantuan legs-- they pressed against the flannel fabric of his pj's, filling them with muscle.

But the throat-choking, cock-thickening image that made my head spin was what flowed upward from that narrow, taut waist. His abs were two rows of river rocks, covered by only the thinnest membrane of satin, ebony skin. Above his abs, his hairless pecs were-- well, they were indescribable! Never, in all of my fantasies could I have imagined this much symmetrical muscle mass-- combined with such freaky, yet erotically beautiful leanness. His pectoral muscles were so overly-developed that his nipples actually pointed downward!

John's arms hung at his sides like two sentinels, guarding some kind of muscle vault or something. I'm sorry, but my words might not make a lot of sense here; I'm having a hard time putting down the image of muscular perfection that stood before me. But back to those huge arms, they made me almost moan aloud! I mean, thick, beefy guns of steel! Such size and such definition! A thick vein ran the length of each biceps muscle; and they were long, full muscle bellies. His triceps muscles pushed up against his deltoids, and the separation between those delts and tri's was incredible! They were the most unfucking-believable guns I had ever seen-- in person or in pictures.

From now on, my fetish for massive arms would never be satisfied with anything less.

His broad shoulders were so dominant! The cliché "cannonballs" didn't do them justice. His shoulders and traps capped his physique with broadness and power. Man, I love thick traps! Above the rocks that comprised his traps, John's thick neck rose like a black tower of steel, which was crowned by a bright white smile, then two drop-dead gorgeous, twinkling eyes.

"I don't have any pajama top either," John said. "We'll just have to make due." He stood there, letting me just look-- and lust. He stood motionless, smiling, giving me plenty of time to comprehend what was before me, as if he knew it would take me a few minutes to soak him all in. And yet, I could have looked at that physique for years and never have absorbed the power, the brawn, the magnificence.

I know my cock was probably sticking up so obviously that John couldn't help but see the effect he had on me, but there was nothing I could do. And really, I didn't actually WANT to do anything about it. I mean, despite my primal desire to stay in the closet, as I gazed at this black stallion, I actually had no desire to hide. I was so drawn to him that I didn't care about being outed. In a way, letting him see that he made me hard as a fire iron was like displaying to him that I acknowledged his supremacy. It was like the Alpha Male asserting himself, and the younger, weaker male rolling on his back and submitting to him.

John slowly moved toward me. My already defibrillating heart pounded faster. I actually felt a little faint. As he got to within a few feet of me, I could see that his skin was perfect and smooth as it stretched over the mounds and rocks of his muscles.

Holy shit.

His entire body was blemish-free. Hairless black muscle rippled before me as he shifted his weight from one foot to the other. He stopped about two feet in front of me.

He started to talk softly, and slowly. "So," he said as one hand moved up onto his abs, "what do you want to do? Maybe arm wrestle?" he smiled.

I looked down to his fingers as they caressed his abs. In my peripheral vision I could see my boner sticking up diagonally toward the elastic waistline of my gray pajamas. The oozing moistness of my precum made an obvious, dark spot at the tip of my cock. It was a huge spot--so big and wet that it encompassed the whole of my circumcised head. You could see a visible penis line where the wet cotton hugged my head!

I couldn't remember ever being so hard.

"Uh," was all I could say.

"Okay, maybe I'd have a slight advantage in arm wrestling," John smiled.

"Uh. Yeah." I fumbled with my boner, but there was no hiding what effect his muscles were having on me. Any attempt to fix my display of pure, unadulterated lust only compounded the problem. Shit, my penis was like a steel pipe! It ached as I tried to adjust it. But, as I said, anything I did to make it less visible, made it worse. Everywhere I moved it, the precum just flowed heavy onto anything that was dry, making the fabric dark with wetness.

John could see my problem, but he ignored it as if it weren't there. I mean, it was pretty obvious what was happening, but he just looked back up at my eyes and started talking again.

"I'm glad you're staying over tonight. I like spending time with you," he said.

You know, in retrospect, that was kind of a weird thing for one guy to say to another. But it actually made me feel at ease. But despite not being quite so nervous, I was still paralyzed in lust.

"You okay man?" John said.

"Uh, yeah, I'm okay," I whispered, my voice cracking.

John smiled. "You going to need that CPR now?" "Uh. What?" John moved forward and put one hand on my shoulder and the other on my waist. The hand that was on my waist rested just above where my cock was pointing. John moved closer, almost close enough to touch me with his pecs. His hands formed firm, but gentle grips on me. I got the message that I wasn't going anywhere. He was in control of the situation, and it was going to proceed at his pace, his pleasure. As inches separated our chests, it was obvious that all of the jockeying and maneuvering was over. There was no turning back now. We had made physical contact-- and it was more than platonic.

John's face moved closer to mine. Our eyes were locked. Slowly, the thumb of his hand that was on my waist moved downward. He retracted it and then ventured it downward again, over and back on top of the wet fabric near the tip of my cock. Then, he moved it lower and the tip of his thumb touched the fabric that covered my piss slit. He slowly swirled his thumb over the wet cotton that covered my cock head.

My whole body tightened. The fullness and firmness of my erection moved ever-so-slightly against the movement of his thumb.

John moved his body closer to me. His pecs touched mine. His three or four inches of height over mine made his nipples touch the top of my chest. I could feel his warm breathing on my forehead. His chest rose and fell with each slow breath, making his nipples brush against my skin. He just stood there.

I felt his thumb slowly move inside my waistband. He stuck it down, nestling it in my pubes.

My whole body tensed. My hands moved onto his giant, tight arms. At the sensation of feeling his hard, football-size triceps, I gasped. John stood motionless, save the gentle breathing that continued to brush his nipples against me. Involuntarily, I made a soft, quick, squeaking, moaning sound; then a sigh, capped with a sudden intake of breath.

John moved back slightly, and without thinking, I moved my hands onto his beefy, thick pectoral muscles. We locked eyes. His were kind, loving and strong eyes, twinkling with acceptance. Mine must have been wide and unsure eyes, stricken both awe and fear. I couldn't believe this was happening.

My hands cupped John's chest and almost imperceptibly, he seemed to flex them for me. They hardened into stone, and then rippled with slow, flowing waves. My hands shook at the sensation.

Oh. My. God.

It was the most sensual, powerful thing I had ever experienced. I had to call upon every ounce of strength to keep myself from lapsing into an involuntary orgasm, right then and there.

I swear I could hear my heart pounding. My cock, now being entertained by John's adventurous thumb, was aching. He swirled my precum around my cock head. Slowly, he pried the elastic of my pajamas away and downward, allowing my stiff boner to spring free and point up. It was an erection that would have made any porn star proud. Harder and stiffer than it had ever been, my steel pole stood at attention, saluting the musclegod who had given it more rigidity than any mere mortal ever could.

I gazed into John's eyes, slowly opened my mouth and tried to speak. "John, I-- I-- don't know wha-" John brought the hand that was on my shoulder up to my lips and put a vertical finger over my mouth to shush me. His eyes reassured me. No words now. None could add anything to this moment. No words. Just love, just muscle worship.

John's other hand explored farther into my pajamas, moving along my erect penis, down the shaft. Oh God. His powerful fingers were gentle and soft against my hopelessly hard cock. They tickled as they traveled down its length. As the tips of his fingers reached their destination, the base of my shaft and ultimately, my balls, my body shuddered and shook. Fuck. I had never felt anything so good in my life.

With the back of his fingers, John pulled back the elastic waist of my pajamas and moved them down, allowing my turgid manhood to float free-- suspended in air, gently supported by his gentle, almost tickling touch.

It was at this point-- the point where John's fingers allowed my penis to escape the bounds and restrictions of my pants, that I knew an orgasm was imminent. There was no way I could control myself any longer. It was inevitable. As my hands caressed the warm, hard,

hairless beef of John's pecs, his thumb and four fingers gently closed around my shaft. He didn't press down on it.

He didn't need to.

Unable to hold back the torrent of lust, my cock began to erupt with explosions of cum. Pointing straight at the object of all my desire, my penis catapulted glob after glob of cum up onto John's abs and chest. The ropes of jizz shot hard onto his pecs, spraying him with violent bursts of my white, milky offerings of worship. The cum dribbled downward, white milk slithering over dark brown brawn.

My body jerked uncontrollably. More semen sprayed upward. One volley alighted on John's chin.

He didn't move; instead, he stood still, respectfully allowing his subject to shower him with garlands of warm, white essence. It was worship. Adoration. He was the ultimate man. He was the ultimate man-- for ME. He was mine. I was his. This was love.

His hand caressed my convulsing cock, but he didn't grip it hard. The tip of his middle finger was tickling my sweet spot behind my testicles, making his palm cup my balls. I moaned.

And I moaned.

With his fuck finger tickling my underside, he gently pressed the base of his palm against the root of my fuck pole and closed his palm and fingers around it. He pushed. Gently. This caused the skin of my shaft to tighten and pull downward, making my cock head swell against this gentle pressure.

Oh, fuck. Oh fuuuuck.

The result of this added torque on my cock was that I shot even harder, casting rope after gooey rope higher and higher. One burst made it onto John's face, dribbling into his mouth, where his tongue seductively intercepted it and pulled it inside.

I was near exhaustion. A river of semen moved downward over one of John's bulbous, thick pectoral muscles and dripped off his nipple. I leaned forward. My cheek brushed against his chest; my knees buckled. John held me up. I began to lick my semen off his nipple, and my lips quickly closed around it. As I suckled, his hand continued to hold my balls and tease my sweet spot at the base of my scrotum, forcing the skin of my shaft to pull taut.

More bursts of sperm-filled semen spewed forth, splattering on the river rock of his abs, forming little streams between them, around them and over them.

When will it end? How can I be producing this much liquid?

He seemed to be pulling it out of me-- milking me dry.

I continued to suck on his nipple, until my orgasm began to subside. Then, in utter exhaustion, I leaned totally against John's muscular body. He held me up, moving his free arm around my shoulders.

"It's okay, man," he whispered in my ear.

Holy shit. The warmth of John's muscular body enveloped me. He surrounded me with his big, strong arms. It felt so good, so safe.

I whimpered.

I looked up and our eyes met.

What I saw in John's eyes gave me such unbelievable comfort and peace that I didn't believe it was true. As our lips locked, I knew I had moved past infatuation.

[More to Come!] -- Your comments are always welcome!

— SRS

NOTE 2: *The characters in this story are played by professional, **fictional** actors and are not intended to represent, mirror, or allude to any real people. Any similarities with actual people are unintentional, inadvisable, inadmissible, and unbelievable. Additionally, **any images that may be included herein** are taken from the Interwebs, and do not in any way infer the sexual orientation of the person depicted, nor his proclivities, desires, moral values (or lack thereof) in any way. They're just pictures of random hunks that look really, really good. Don't go concluding shit that's not concludable, okay?*



This story is free. Your appreciation is priceless.
Please contact me.
If you experience orgasm during the reading of this work,
well... all the more reason to let me know how much you love me:

sean@seanreidscott.com
My very stimulating website:
<https://musclestimulus.com>



cc: 2022: Sean Reid Scott

The above copyright is held under the **Creative Commons** License, noted forthwith:

[Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs II CC BY-NC-ND](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/4.0/).

Additionally, the following conditions apply to reproducing this work:

Permission is hereby given to **reproduce** (heaven knows us gays can't do that on our own), transmit and publish this work **IF & ONLY IF** the following conditions are *stringently* met (and I mean, *stringently!*):

1. Said work must be published in its entirety only. An exception will be made for brief reviews (only if they're favorable, though), so long as a link to the original website of publication (<https://musclestimulus.com>) is plainly and obviously attached to said review.
2. Permission for publication is **completely and utterly limited** to the Internet/Web only. No **paper** printing of this work is allowed under any circumstances, unless granted in writing by *The Author*, Sean Reid Scott.
3. (& this is a biggie:) Any and all publication of this work on the Web must include the following:
 - A. *The Author's* name: **Sean Reid Scott** (with the prominence due such a luminary)
 - B. A hyperlink to the home website of publication:
<https://musclestimulus.com> or
<http://seanreidscott.com>
 - C. Lots o' love.
4. This work (and any derivatives allowed under Clause One, above) must be published on the Web only, **for the enjoyment of others only**. NO HATEFUL, DEROGATORY, ANTI-GAY, EVIL, BAD or NEGATIVE (in any way) usage of this work is allowed. Nor will it be tolerated. Seanny has lawyers, k? No one is allowed to pull the juicy, erotic, nasty, smutty stuff from this work and use it to further an agenda of hate and/or not liking gays. Got it? We are everywhere.

The above-cited **Creative Commons License** is binding. It is full. It is all-encompassing. It is exact and real. Nor does the aforementioned license stand alone regarding this work: The four CONDITIONS noted above (including the three alphabetized "biggies" subjugated under Number Three), must needs be adhered-to *in addition to* the **Creative Commons License** cited herein. *The Author* reserves the right to impose additional conditions (possibly retroactive) regarding the use and/or publication of this work, at his whim, without regard to anything.

It is written. So shall it be.