

Strapping— Chapter 5

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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 AWOKE TO THE GENTLE SOUND of breathing behind me, my back side cradled in warmth. A huge black arm draped over my shoulder, and it tucked under my head, with my cheek resting on the thick forearm. An oversized biceps muscle was tucked under my chin, but there was no grip; the arm was totally relaxed.

John and I were spooning, and he had me in a cocoon of muscle. His chest, as my back rested against it, rose and fell with each of his deep breaths. He wasn't snoring, but I could feel his breath on the top of my head. He was dead asleep, comfortable and at rest, snuggling this little white man with his big, brawny body.

Oh shit. This felt so good. SO good. Warmth. Muscle. Safety. Acceptance. Love. And did I mention Muscle? Oh yeah, I guess I did.

As I lied there, slowly waking up, I was filled with a sense of contentment that I had never known before. Involuntarily, my cheek raised as I smiled against John's forearm. That slight movement must have woken him up. At least I assumed it did. He didn't say anything, but his breathing was interrupted, and his demeanor felt like he was just acclimating himself to his situation.

Then, in an amused-- playful, but soft voice, he said in my ear, "What are you smiling about?" I smiled even more. "You could tell, even though I'm facing away?" "Your cheek is pinching the skin on my forearm," he said at almost a whisper.

"I'm just smiling, man. Do I have to have a reason?" He took a second, then said "You do if you happen to be waking up with a 260 pound bodybuilder on your back side who is quite literally able to make pulp out of you with these arms," he said. Briefly, his arms flexed and the peak of his biceps muscle bulged against my chin. I could sense the smile in his voice, even though I couldn't see his face.

"Okay, man," I said. "I guess if you put it that way..." I puckered my lips and kissed the forearm on which my head rested.

John snuggled closer to me; he moved his forearm out from under my head, tucked his arm under the covers and placed his hand on my hip. He started gently moving his hand up and down my naked side, onto my leg, over my butt just a bit, and then onto my hip again.

"So?" "So, I was smiling because I have never woken up like this." I paused for a second, then continued. "I always wondered what it would be like to wake up with someone who I really like; but I never in a million years could imagine waking up with someone like you cradling me. It's... It's... enough to put a grin on your face." John softly kissed the back of my head. "I like it too." His hand moved from my butt, forward, over my hip, and down into my genital area. He was

slow. God, what a nice, slow hand. The tips of his fingers fondled my pubes. Immediately, I could sense the blood rush into my penis. It stiffened as his big black hand toyed with me.

He retreated, moving back down my leg, and onto my hip.

He drew in a deep breath and sighed.

"What's the sigh for?" I asked.

"Oh nothing. I just don't want to have to get out of bed with you." I turned my head toward him, but with my body locked by his in this position, I wasn't able to get my face all the way around toward his. "Then don't," I said. "It's Sunday, man. 'store isn't open today." "You've never owned your own business, have you," he said.

"Nope. Can't say that I have." I relaxed my head and snuggled back into his body.

"Well, Mr. 'Work-for-the-man,' when you own a small business, you're never closed. There's always something to do. I don't have a man making sure I punch the clock every day." "Too bad. My heart, and pocketbook, bleeds for you dude. I guess that's why you make the big bucks, as they say." "Yep," he said. He started to pull off the covers and turn to get up. "And that's why I need to get down to the store. I have some work to do in the storeroom." He got out of bed behind me, leaving me alone under the covers. His huge musclebody walked around the foot of the bed and into the bathroom in front of me.

"Storeroom? I thought you have that new kid-- Clark was his name? Yeah. I thought you have Superman to do that storeroom stuff for you," I said.

He turned on the water in his sink and bent over to rinse off his face. The lat muscles in his back flared. His naked butt and hamstrings seemed to call out to me as he bent over. What a freakin' BONER-CAUSING SIGHT!

"Well, Superman is new. I have to meet him down at the store at noon to go over a few more things. We have some big installs this week, and I need to teach him what to do," he said as he splashed water on his face.

John got out his shaving cream and started to spread it on his face. Have you ever seen a bodybuilder shave? Oh my God, it is HOT.

As I laid there, my mind returned to the previous night. Fuck, it had been passionate. After my initial shootout, John had turned down the lights, lit some candles, turned on the fireplace in his bedroom and put on some soft background music.

I had never been fucked before. The best I had had was a few j/o sessions with some guys a few years ago. Otherwise, my sexual expressions were limited to masturbating in the bathtub or in front of the computer screen or TV while watching porn or bodybuilding videos.

John was gentle, but there was no getting around how powerful and dominant he was. And he was an artful and erotic kisser! We must have kissed and kissed for an hour! I couldn't get enough, and thankfully, neither could he.

I don't think either one of us spoke a word during the entire sex session. It was slow, passionate and truly romantic. John laid on top of me and we kissed and frenched.

As we embraced, my hands moved softly over his muscles, feeling the rock-hard relief map of his back, squeezing his thick brawny traps, grabbing his wide lats, pawing his tiny, tight ass, and occasionally fingering his anus with my middle finger.

He liked that.

When he was thoroughly aroused, he pulled up just a bit in order to position his hard, long fuck pole at my opening. My legs opened wide, John's gargantuan legs pushed between mine. I could feel my heart racing in my chest. His cock head pressed on my hole. I tensed. He pulled back, sensing my apprehension. When he could tell I was relaxed again, he rotated his hips and moved again. I drew in a quick breath. He pulled back again. We repeated this a few times. John was so caring, so considerate.

Finally, he pushed a little harder, and his penis head began to stretch the iris of my anus. He rotated his hips more, and I could feel his ass tighten, his legs harden, as he moved his cock head farther inside.

It hurt.

But it hurt soooo good. I groaned, clutching his lats. He pushed slowly and gently, but his forceful strength was not to be withstood.

Suddenly, the head of his penis moved just inside my ass, and the muscles of my anus closed around his cut. There was a slight sense of relief as my asshole clutched his cock head. The relief was short-lived. The girth of his shaft was formidable to say the least. He started to slide his shaft up my rectum. His face tensed as he forced himself to move slowly. I could tell he was resisting the urge to ram his cock hard up my ass. God, he was so HOT!

I moved my hands up his back onto his traps, out onto his deltoids. I held onto his shoulders and pulled him close, welcoming him to push inside me deeper. And push he did.

He opened my mouth with his tongue and forced it inside, exploring every corner of my oral cavity. He groaned as his cock moved deeper inside me. I groaned too.

Finally, his shaft was all the way in. Shit, it hurt! But I didn't make a sound. John relaxed slightly; we continued to kiss.

Then, the most sensual thing in the world happened. Instead of starting to pump me, he slowly, gently began to rotate his hips, bucking softly. With only hip movement-- his shaft didn't even move in and out-- he began to rock himself, stimulating his shaft.

Fuck.

My cock, already hard and dripping precum from the long kissing and hugging session, was nearing the point of no return. This would be the second of three orgasms I would have tonight. As John gently, slowly moved his hips, his thick cock moved only millimeters inside me.

I began to ejaculate. My warm cream spurted onto our abs. There was no space in between us, so my semen just forced its way out, squirting between the hard mounds of his abs, and the soft tissue of mine. It drizzled out like mayonnaise being forced out between a hamburger and a bun that's pushed down on top.

John could feel me jerk. He felt the warmth of my jizz squish against him. This seemed to turn him on even more. He was all power, having

his way with me, causing me to involuntarily cum. I was his--powerless to control myself.

He rocked a little more. His arms tightened around me. He was nearing climax. His breathing deepened. His whole body tensed.

As I finished my orgasm, John started his. His body bucked sharply, and he let out a few gasps. His rocking stopped and he pushed his pelvis HARD against me.

I could feel his cock begin to throb as he started to fill me with his essence. His body jerked two or three times with the first volleys. He lifted his head and let out a long "Fuuuuuuuuuck." Then, he embraced me hard again, and pushed himself inside even farther as his penis, almost mechanically, clicked open and closed, depositing pump after powerful pump of his semen inside my rectum.

He nuzzled my neck, burying his face in me. I moved my hands over the ripples of his back, enjoying the erotic feelings of his lumpy muscles as they flexed and relaxed, combined with the unbelievably passionate feeling of his cock as it continued to download his DNA inside me.

More passionate kissing. More hands on back muscles.

I squeezed one last drop of semen out of my cock. John's pumping started to subside.

"You gunna save some of that for me?" John stood in front of me, clean shaven and nude. I looked down at my stiff cock and saw a puddle of cum on the sheet. My hand was pressing down on my shaft. My whole body was sweating.

"Shit," I said. "What?" "What you doin' man? You didn't get enough last night, so you have to jerk off now?" John smiled.

"Shit," I said embarrassed. "I guess I was kinda daydreaming." "I hope I was in the daydream," he smiled.

"Uh. Yeah. You were, man." I squeezed my cock and one final spurt of jizz oozed out.

He stood still, towering over me. "Cool man. But if you ever need a hand with that kind of stuff, don't hesitate to ask. I have a special talent for that kind of thing." "I know man," I said. "I remember from last night. You give a good hand job." John turned away, smiling. "Well, gotta get dressed. I need to meet Clark-- uh, Superman-- in a half hour." "Sorry about the sheets, John," I said.

"Don't worry about it. It's not like they haven't seen cum before." --

— SRS

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