

# Strapping— Chapter 6

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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**T IS UNBELIEVABLE HOW A GUY who has a fixation with muscular, gorgeous bodybuilders can go through much of his life wishing he could meet someone-- and then WHAMO-- a Superstud like John comes along and not only wants to be FRIENDS, but wants even more than that.

Unbelievable.

What's even more unbelievable is the meeting not only of John-- a dream cum true-- but within a week or so, also meeting a teenage musclehunk like Clark! Two gods from fantasy-heaven in my life.

Unbelievable.

Clark grabbed one end of the five-foot long triangle-tube box containing a set of window blinds. He moved one hand down the length of the box, leveraged it and placed the whole thing on the work shelf.

I sat on a counter on the other side of the back room, watching. John was in his office, working on some papers.

"Shit," Clark mumbled to himself. "This isn't the right one." He lifted the box off the counter and put it back where he had gotten it. Squatting down, he started reading the labels of the other boxes, searching for the right container. His quads were unimaginably large, especially for someone only 18. I had a hard time absorbing their size. Of course, his upper body-- especially clad in the white T-shirt he was wearing-- was just as offensive to all sensibilities as were his legs. Those arms and shoulders, and that wide, tapering back-- it was like I was being asked to believe in a fantasy.

"Yeah, man. THIS is it." he said. He picked up another box and placed it on the counter, this time opening it and unpacking it. He faced the work shelf, his back to me, as he worked.

I had to hold my breath. What an awesome show.

"You're not getting bored, are you?" John had just entered the room.

"Uh. No, not at all. You have a lot more work to do?" I asked.

"It'll probably be a half hour or so," he said. "I need to make sure he gets the right window blinds ready, and I have just a few more things to finish up in my office. You sure you're okay here?" "Having a great time," I confessed.

John raised one eyebrow, looked over at Clark working at the bench, then looked back at me. An almost imperceptible grin started on his mouth, but he caught it before it too-obviously revealed his thoughts. "I see. Well, I'll try and hurry this stuff up." Without thinking, I looked back at Clark's back side and said, "Take your time." John grunted, and left the room.

I took a sip from the iced americano I had brought from the Mermaid Coffe Spot and placed it back on the counter beside me.

"So Clark, you planning on going to college in the fall?" I asked.

Without turning around he answered, "Yeah, I've got a scholarship to State University." "Academic or sports?" I queried.

"Both, actually," he said. "I'll be playing football on a scholarship, and I got an academic one too." His arms and shoulders, supported by that manta-ray back of his, moved with muscular seduction as he worked.

"Shit, man. 'Got the brains and the body too...'" I said. "You ever hear that commercial?" "What commercial?" "I guess it was a little before your time," I said. "A long time ago Subaru used that slogan." "I guess you can call me Subaru then," he said, turning to me. He grinned. I wanted to pee my pants.

"That's one option," I smiled back. "I was thinking 'Superman' might be more appropriate, considering your name is Clark." He turned back to his work. "Like I've never heard THAT one before..." he said.

I laughed. "Sorry, man." Clark continued working on the blinds, and I took another sip of my americano. We made idle talk while he worked, discussing college ball, pro ball and his prowess with the girls in high school.

"Yeah, I bet you're a real heartbreaker with the girls," I had said.

He smiled. "A man's gotta enjoy himself." John returned after ten or fifteen minutes and started working with Clark. I pretended to busy myself with reading some of the brochures they had stacked in the workroom.

"Okay, man," John finally said, turning to me. "My work is done here. There's nothing more I can do with this kid." He smiled, jokingly. "He's hopeless. I just don't know why you can't get good help anymore." He put one hand on Clark's shoulder, and slapped Clark's abs with the other.

"Thanks, boss," Clark smiled. "I think." John laughed. "Shit, man. I wish I could clone you. If I had three or four guys who caught on as fast as you do, I'd be installing window coverings all over the city. Man, this town would have NO WINDOW UNCOVERED! It'd be great! DARK-- but great!" he laughed.

John reminded Clark to lock up the place when he was done, and then we took off.

I have to admit, that night during my bathtub slow-stroke fantasy session, as I slipped my soapy hand over my rock-hard cock, I couldn't make up my mind whether to fantasize about John, my black stallion stud, or Clark, my mind-blowing dream teen. When I had finally aroused and sustained myself in a pre-climax frenzy-- for what seemed like hours-- at the point when I could hold off the orgasm no longer, I found my thoughts wholly fixated on Clark. Even with the week or so of hot, seductive sex sessions with John, my cock seemed only too willing to shoot load on top of load of milky cum onto my wet torso. One of the best jerk-off times I had ever had.

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"I'm not going to be able to pick you up tonight. Can we just meet at the restaurant? I have a little business to take care of." John's voice on the phone sounded serious-- concerned.

"Sure, no problem," I said. "What's wrong?" "Nothing," he said. "I'll tell you later."

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I sat at the table, nibbling on crackers.

The waitress refilled my water. "Your order will be here shortly," she said. John had called be a few minutes earlier and had asked me to order. He still sounded troubled, but I knew I had to wait until he arrived to find out what was going on.

A few minutes later he scooted into the booth. "You order?" "Yeah. What's the matter?" He ran both hands up his face and onto his head, rubbing his eyes. "Oh, man. It's Clark." I waited silently for him to continue.

He sighed. "Seems Superman can't keep it in his pants, man." "What!?" I asked. "What do you mean?" John leaned forward and talked in a hushed voice. "You know the Perryman family? Bart Perryman Appliance Warehouse?" "Yeah," I said. Everyone in town knew of that family.

"Well, they ordered a complete redo of the window coverings at their house. A real nice place, up on Wondercock Drive. Thousands of dollars. I thought I'd put Clark on it because he had really been showing me he knows his stuff. A great worker and really handy with his tools." John paused. He took the opportunity to emphasize a

double meaning in his statement. "Maybe TOO handy with his tools, I guess." "You're kidding!" "Mrs. Perry--" John continued. "She's probably 55, maybe 60. Well, apparently she has a weakness for young, strong bodybuilders. And apparently Clark has a weakness for older, rich women." My eyes were growing bigger.

"Bart Perryman came home a little early from the appliance warehouse yesterday. Clark and the Mrs. were up in the bedroom-- and he WASN'T working on her windows." I exploded in astonishment, half laughing, half gasping. "You've got to be KIDDING!" "Perryman went on a rampage-- tearing through the house, throwing things, smashing all of the uninstalled window blinds-- if Clark weren't so intimidatingly huge I think he would have tried to take the kid out!" John said.

My jaw was almost resting on the table top; yet I was having a hard time hiding my amusement with the whole story, the corners of my mouth fighting to NOT turn up in a grin.

The waitress interrupted our conversation to serve our dinners. As soon as she left, I asked, "So what does Clark say?" "That's why I'm late, man. I just got done talking to him. He admits the whole thing. He's remorseful, scared and pretty ashamed. He said Perryman wants to kill him." "So now what?" I asked.

"Well, I'm going to try and set up a meeting with Perryman. I really don't know what I'm going to do. I suppose I should fire Clark. I don't know." I had started to slowly eat my food. John wasn't touching his.

"Can Perryman sue me for this?" he asked.

"Shit, I don't know," I said, chewing on my food.

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John plopped down on my couch in a heap. He looked relieved, yet still stressed out. "Perry doesn't want to meet with me," he said.

I made us both a drink while he talked. "Why not?" "I guess he's cooled down a little now. He's in pretty bad shape. I guess he and the Mrs. are separating. He's angry, upset AND embarrassed. As far as Clark and Shady John's Window Shades goes, he just wants it all to go away. For now, at least, he doesn't want to deal with us... Which is good, I guess. I guess he is taking this whole thing pretty hard. Blaming himself. Thank GOD for that." "Shit, man," I said, handing John a White Russian. "Sweet break." John took a sip. I could see the stress leave his body as the alcohol infused his system. "Yeah. I guess. I still don't know what to do about Clark, though." "Awe, let the kid have a little fun..." I said jokingly.

John looked up at me in dead seriousness.

"Sorry, man. Not funny," I said.

He stifled a grin and took another drink.

I sat down in my black leather lounge across from him. "I know--!" I said. "Why don't you let ME handle this." Without saying a word, John raised his eyebrows.

"Yeah. Let me handle it," I repeated.

"Dude, how would you be able to handle it? This is my BUSINESS. My livelihood." "Do you want to get rid of Clark? Do you WANT to fire him?" "No," John answered. "He's the best employee I've ever had-- aside from wanting to fuck my client's wife." I chuckled. "Well, do you think word of this is getting out to the community? I mean, do you think anyone knows what happened?" "Shit. The way Perryman

was talking an hour ago, I doubt it. He REALLY wanted to keep it under wraps. He's hoping they can work through this without a city-wide scandal. He seemed more concerned with HIS reputation than anything else." "Awesome," I said. "Then that means you don't need to get rid of Clark to save face. If nobody knows, then you're cool." "I guess so. But how do I know Clark won't pull something like this again?" "That's where I come in." Once again, John's eyebrows belied his curiosity.

"I think I can make sure Clark doesn't pull something like this again. Why don't you just let me take it from here. I'll let you know after I meet with him, if it'll work." John leaned back into my couch and took another sip of his drink. He looked at me suspiciously. I smiled. John drank some more. So did I.

Your comments are always wanted!

— SRS

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