

Strapping— Chapter 7

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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.

HEY CLARK, THIS IS BRAD—you know, John's friend?" I said into the phone, trying to sound friendly.

"Oh, yeah. Hey how you doin' Brad?" Clark sounded polite, but not overly excited.

"Doing well, man." I lowered my voice a little and took on a more serious tone. "Hey man, I wanted to let you know that John told me about the problem you had the other day with Mr. Perryman. I know it's a tough situation, and it may be none of my business, but John is a pretty good friend of mine, and, well, he told me in strict confidence what happened." "Oh?" "He had to confide in someone, man," I said. "He's pretty uptight about the whole thing. I know the only reason he told me was because he needed someone to talk to. It's his business on the line, man. You understand." Clark seemed to relax a bit. "Yeah, I

guess so." He cleared his throat. He sounded apprehensive. "So, what did he say?" "Well, he's really up in arms over what to do. He really is wrestling with the whole thing. And I guess, well, the reason I'm calling is really because I suggested to John that maybe if you and I got together, maybe we could kind of work something out. Something-- you know, well. I guess what I'm trying to say, man, is that John is pretty much ready to fire you, and..." "Yeah, I thought that would happen," he interrupted.

"Well, he hasn't made up his mind yet, dude. That's why I'm calling." "Okay. Go on," he said.

"You think you might be able to come over to my place? I have an idea that might be able to solve this without you getting fired, and without John having to sweat a big scandal in the community," I said.

Clark was quiet for a moment. "Well, sure. I guess I could. I really don't want to lose this job for the summer. I'm going to need the money when I start school." "Yeah, man. That's what I was thinking. Why don't you come over to my place tonight and let me run an idea past you. I think it'll be worth your time." "Okay. Yeah, I guess so." "Cool, man." I gave him my address and we agreed on a time.

* * * * *

When Clark rang the doorbell, I already was sporting a major boner. Just the anticipation of seeing this huge hunky jock made me hard as an anvil. And when I opened the door, he didn't disappoint. He was wearing an ice-blue ringer T-shirt-- the kind with dark blue rings around the neck and biceps. Holy fucking mother of muscle! I had to hold my breath to keep from gasping. Shit, those biceps, with that obscenely gorgeous vein running down his arm like a straw under his lean skin-- it gave me goosebumps! The T-shirt was tucked into his jeans, hugging his lats and abs, narrowing into an impossibly small

waistline. And as I motioned him inside, his powerful legs pulsed with muscle.

"Come on in, dude," I said. "Why don't you make yourself comfortable on the couch." He sat down. He looked nervous.

"You want a beer?" He looked at me like I was the secret police or something. "I'm only eighteen." "Shit, man," I smiled. "You mean to tell me you've never had a drink?" He hesitated. "Well, okay. I guess you're cool." He sat back. "Yeah, I'll take one." I already had a bottle in each hand. I gave him one and sat down in my leather chair. I tried to make small talk for a few minutes, just to get him comfortable. Slowly, I made my way toward the topic at hand. "Shit, man. When I was your age, I was only DREAMING about bedding all the hotties. I only had limited success, though." I didn't mention that the hotties I was referring to were the studs like him.

He kind of grinned. "Well, I never seemed to have a problem with it." He took another swig from his bottle. "Pretty much could have whoever I wanted." He realized how that had sounded, so he added, "Not that I'm bragging, or anything. I mean, I just like to have sex." He changed his expression into one of amusement. "It's a hobby, I guess you could say." I laughed out loud. He grinned. I wanted to cry, he was so CUTE!

We talked some more, and I fed him a few more beers. He was starting to loosen up.

"Shit, man," I said. "You are so unbelievably built. How do you stand it? You must have women knocking down the doors-- and guys must just turn green with envy!" He smiled. "You mean guys like you?" I guess I was a little taken aback. I mean-- well I knew it must be obvious; it's just that I didn't expect him to be so forthright about it. "Well, yeah. Now that you mention it, I guess you have me." He

smiled some more, made a stretching, yawning motion, and then said. "You know, it's a little warm in here." He was looking at me with steel eyes.

I'm sure a puzzled look came over my face. What was this? Was he making a move on me?

"Uh, yeah. Sorry man. You want me to turn up the air conditioning?" I was surprised, and unsure of myself. I hadn't expected anything like this. I had thought I'd be able to intimidate this kid into doing whatever I wanted, and now HE was turning the tables on ME.

He stood up and walked over to the thermostat. "Naw. It looks like the temperature in here is just fine." He turned and looked at me. "But I was getting the feeling that you might be getting a little hot." "Oh?" "Do I make you uncomfortable?" he asked. "I mean, I don't know; you seem pretty interested in musclemen. I've seen how you look at John at the store. --and me." He was looking right into me.

I swallowed hard. This was getting interesting. Apparently this kid had it down when it came to making his move-- on women AND men.

"Well. I guess. I mean, you are built like no kid I've ever seen," I said, moving my eyes up and down his physique. "'Intimidating' would probably be a good word to describe you." "I may look intimidating, but once you get to know me, I'm just a lovable teddy bear," he smiled, softening his demeanor.

There was a moment of silence, and then he looked toward the stairs. "You know, I just spent a pretty hot afternoon working out-- John said he didn't have any work for me today so I went down to the gym. And, I just threw on these clothes without showering. You mind if I use yours?" Holy shit.

"Uh. Sure. It's right upstairs. You can use the one off my bedroom if you want," I said.

He smiled, but didn't move.

"Here. I'll show you," I said. "And I'll grab you some towels." I walked past him toward the stairs. He smiled slyly as I moved by his ominous physique, then turned to follow me.

Actually, this was working out better than I had thought it would. I was thinking I was going to have to blackmail the kid, and yet, here he was, practically writing the script for me!

My place was new. And it was really nice. My master bathroom was actually pretty huge. The shower was a big corner-- tiled with marble and glassed in. I opened the glass door for Clark and then turned around to get him a towel out of the closet. But he was standing right there, and I bumped into him. He didn't move.

"Sorry, man," I said. "I'll just grab you a towel here." I was trying to move past him, but he wasn't being very accommodating.

He put his hands on my shoulders. "You can stay if you want." I tried to act cool. I raised my eyebrows, inquisitively.

"If you want, you can just sit over there while I shower," he said. "I like to take long showers, and there's no need for you to wait downstairs all alone. I mean, we're both guys. It's not like neither one of us has ever been in a locker room." Oh my gawd. Since I had first laid eyes on Clark, I wanted to see him with his shirt off. This was going to be more than I could take.

"Sure," I said, half cocking my head, trying to keep cool about it. "Towels are in there." I motioned to the closet. Clark let go, and I walked over to the toilet, put the lid down, and sat on top of it.

He got out a towel, set it on the counter and lifted up the bottom of his shirt. Slowly he pulled it up and over his head. He sat it down and looked at me. "You gunna be okay over there man?" he smiled. He kicked off his shoes.

My cock burned in my pants. Even the slightest movement of my legs caused the hard iron to try to bend-- and yet it wouldn't bend. It was the hardest boner I could ever hope to have. My eyes were transformed on the youthful, virile god standing in my bathroom. Shit, even John in all his black strength couldn't compete with Clark's youthful, teenage musculature. His body fat had to have been at competition level; I bet a lot of PRO bodybuilders would have a hard time feeling confident around this mass of striated, lean beef!

His arms, now fully exposed to my lusting eyes for the first time, were two huge packs of muscle. Almost disproportionate to the rest of him. Shit, did he know how massive guns just made me go weak in the knees? Although his biceps and triceps were gargantuan, as I looked over his bulbous, thick pecs, his unreal shoulders and traps, and his twin rows of abdominal muscles, I realized that indeed he wasn't out of proportion at all. Everything was in perfect symmetry.

"Brad? You gunna be okay man?" he repeated, bringing me out of my trance.

"Uh-- oh-- yeah. Sorry, man." He smiled and started to undo the belt on his jeans. He unzipped his pants and opened them, revealing blue and white striped boxers. He stopped, looked up at me and said. "By the way, man, what was the idea you had about getting John to keep me on at the store?" "Oh, well, I, uh, I was just thinking that maybe I

could talk with you and get to know you, and," I know my words were making no sense, so I stopped talking for a moment to gather my thoughts, glancing at the floor. I took another run at it. "I was thinking that if I got to know you a little, I could tell John to keep you on-- that he'd have my word that you'd be cool in the future. I have some pretty good pull with John, and I think that if I stood up for you, then he'd give you another chance." "And what, exactly would motivate you to stand up for me?" he said with a cute grin.

Holy shit, this kid was drop-dead the most erotic, hot, gorgeous muscle body I had ever seen! Before I could answer, he started to pull his jeans down.

"Well, I think we're getting to know each other pretty well, man," I said smiling. "I'm getting the idea that you could convince me of anything, if you wanted." He pried the denim down over his quads and hamstrings. His triceps rippled and grew as he had to force the pants over the unwilling mounds of beef. Finally, his upper legs were exposed, and all that was left was peeling the rest of the fabric down over his calves-- which, like his upper legs, was easier said than done.

His pants lying at his feet, Clark stood up straight and stepped out of them. My heart pounded in my chest. I swear he could hear it. Clark picked up his jeans and folded them neatly on the counter. His totally shaven body was colossal, and ripped. He looked right at me and began to fiddle with the elastic of his waistband, moving it a little lower down his insanely narrow waist with just his thumb. He acted like he had done this before-- taunting me, teasing me.

And then, he pulled them down. His limp cock sprang forth as the elastic band passed down over it. It almost looked semi-erect. It was thick. Shit! It was a lot bigger than I had expected! It sported a network of interlaced veins that fed it. His head was plump head had a thick cut on it. His genitals were clean shaven, save a small

manicured black tuft of hair just above the trunk of his cock. His boxers fell to the floor and he bent over, picked them up and placed them on top of his jeans on the counter. Without fanfare he turned and walked into the large shower. He turned on the water and stepped back, allowing it to warm.

My view totally unobstructed, I watched as Clark stepped into the water stream and began to drench his muscled body with warm water. The water beaded up on his clean, smooth skin, running down and over the ripples and sinews as he moved his hands onto his face and head, then onto his chest and torso, slowly spreading the moisture around. I would have given anything to BE that water!

With Clark occupied, I moved my hand onto my crotch and felt the iron pipe in my pants.

The young Superman took a bar of soap and began lathering it in his hands. He methodically moved the bar onto his shoulders and arms, and then his chest. Fuck! That chest! Clark slowly swirled the soap around his pecs, stopping momentarily to tease his nipple. Then, he lathered his abs; then his legs. He worked up to his crotch, and his now growing cock was the next to receive the attention of his big, loving hands. His cock grew as he soaped up his balls.

He looked up at me. I was still holding myself. Clark smiled. "Shit, Brad," he said. "Why don't you go ahead and take that thing out." I moved my hand off, embarrassed.

"Go ahead, dude. I'm getting hard myself, just thinking about you going at it. No need to be bashful, man. You can see all of me. It's only fair that I be able to see you." He caressed himself with his soapy hands, coaxing his penis into a hard, high, freakishly big erection.

I couldn't stand it any more. I unzipped my pants and pulled them down, and tugged my briefs down to expose my painfully hard cock. I looked up at Clark, who was by now moving his strong hands all over his body again. He looked back at me and smiled at the now exposed effect his physique was having on me.

My cock was so hard and infused with pressurized semen that I knew it wouldn't take much to make myself explode. And I was right. I watched Clark feel his muscular body as his erection nearly laid flat against his abs. After one slow, gentle, yet firm push, my penis erupted with a long rope of smooth, milky cum. It burst up onto my shirt, staining it. No sooner had the first spurt landed, the second came even harder, splashing higher, even partially hitting my chin.

"Shit, man," Clark said. "Go for it, dude." I held on tight, not pumping. I didn't need to. My cock was on automatic now, and each hard volley was followed by another, and another. I winced in pleasure. I pressed harder, holding it steady as it throbbed in my hands with the hardest orgasm of my life. I moaned loudly.

"Yeah," Clark said. He touched his own cock and held it hard as he watched me. Then, he let go, allowing it to "thwap" against his abs. He started flexing his muscles for me, going slowly through a posing routine, pumping his body, just for my sexual pleasure.

I spurt harder. Oh, it felt goooooood.

Finally, I finished.

Clark looked at me, and relaxed. "You know, dude, you're gunna need to get cleaned up now. Why not come on in here and let me help you wash off." I didn't need to be asked twice.

A few minutes later, I found my soapy hands moving up and down Clark's young, massive, muscular body as his did the same with mine. In record time (for me) my cock was totally at attention again, and Clark showed that his posing skills were easily matched by his ability to pleasure a man.

We embraced in a warm, soft, yet passionate kiss. The water streamed over us as Clark wrapped his big arms around me, pulling me into his body. For the second time in less than ten minutes, I came again-- this time spreading my milk up onto Clark's abs and torso. We kissed hard as my body jerked. Clark's tongue penetrated my mouth and moved slowly around, sensually violating me.

When I finished, we separated. I looked up into Clark's eyes and said, "Now your turn?" He said, "Let's step into your bedroom, man. I'd like to find out what your hot, tight ass feels around my dick." "You would, would you?" He nodded his head, his eyes twinkling. "I've had my eyes on that ass ever since I first saw you. Shit, man, you make me hard whenever you walk away from me." "I do?" "Yeah. You do." He kissed me again, and softly put his strong hands on my butt, rubbing it softly. "Let's dry off, and see what we can do between the sheets."

Your comments are always wanted!

— SRS

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