

# Strapping— Chapter 8

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.



**T**HAT NIGHT WILL STAY WITH ME forever. Even though it wasn't my first time with a man, it remains as possibly the most profoundly sensual night I have ever experienced. Clark, the teenage wonderhunk, was unbelievable! He had an ability to coax me to levels of pleasure I had never dreamt of.

And a kisser? Shit. Clark's long kissing sessions are enough to make me cum just thinking about them. He is one **PASSIONATE** kid! Can you imagine yourself between the sheets with a young musclebound bodybuilder, running your hands all over his physique, all the while he is gently kissing you? Fuck, man. I have reached the peak, and there is only valley from here on out.

When I awoke the next morning, Clark was already out of the bed, in the kitchen. "Gotta replace some of those calories I burned last night,"

he said as he stirred the scrambled egg whites on the stove. He was wearing only those blue and white boxers again, and as he faced away from me, I was astounded once again by his ginormous shoulder and lat development atop a narrow fat-free waist. His ass filled out those boxers unbelievably well-- tight, small and round.

I walked over to him and wrapped my arms around his tiny waist and hugged him just for a moment.

Probably the most notable difference between Clark and John is the maturity level. While I definitely got a feeling of love, caring and (dare I say it) commitment from John, Clark was a teenager through and through.

Don't get me wrong here. I have nothing against one night stands. I have needs just like the next guy. And there's nothing like having a fuck-buddy to occasionally fulfill those needs-- especially when your fuck-buddy is the best built kid on the planet! But Clark would probably end up being just that: a fuck buddy. He was NOT ready to settle down. And if he were, I guess I'd even be disappointed. I mean, part of his mystique is his youthful self-confidence and abandon. He has a huge, exciting life ahead, and he intends to LIVE it. That's what I love about him. He's not beholdng to anybody. There's a certain attraction in that.

Anyway, Clark and I went back to bed for a "quickie" after breakfast, and then he left for his girlfriend's house. I wondered what was going through his mind as he drove over there, but I suppose in his mind, there was no confusion. He was into pleasure, and no one was about to dictate to him what form that pleasure should take. Not his girlfriend, not me, not anyone. You gotta love the kid.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You seem distracted," John said as we sat on his deck, eating salmon he had cooked on his grill.

"Oh. Uh- Well, not really," I said. "No, I'm not really distracted. Just thinking about 'life,'" I said.

"Life?" "Yeah. You know. How it all fits together? The big picture?" I rambled.

"Oh." John looked a little confused, and somewhat disinterested. He wasn't interested in discussing esoteric philosophical concepts. His concerns in life were much more immediate. More present.

"Sorry, man," I said, realizing our divergent perspectives. "I suppose you have some things on your mind too." "Yeah," he said. "I guess I do. I really don't want to fire Clark, but I don't think I can trust him with clients." "Well, you know, I did get a chance to have a talk with him, like I said I would," I reminded him.

"Yeah?" John's attention became focussed. "What did you say to him?" "Well, man, I don't know if I can go into all of the details, but I can give you a one hundred percent assurance that he won't ever pull a stunt like that again. You can trust him. He's truly sorry, and I give you MY word that he's going to shoot straight from here on out." "YOUR word? How can you guarantee Clark's behavior?" John asked.

"Trust me. He and I are a lot alike. We were able to connect pretty well. If I were you, I'd forget about it and give him another go. He'll stay in line.

John's gaze pierced me. "I don't know what to say." "Don't say anything. Just move on."

\* \* \* \* \*

Clark was moving long boxes in the back room. When John and I walked in, he acted like he didn't see us. He kept on working.

"Clark, can I talk to you for a minute?" John asked.

"Sure, boss." Clark put an armload of boxes on the floor and stood up straight. He was maybe an inch taller than John, but despite his youthful good looks and a body that just dripped with teenage virility, he didn't have John's mass. Still, I was hard pressed to decide which of these two musclegods turned me on the most.

I walked back toward the front of the store and left the two of them alone, taking a seat in John's office, at his desk. I fiddled with his rolodex for awhile and then gazed up at the many trophies and certificates on the wall.

It seemed like it took forever, but finally John appeared at the door. "Okay, man, I talked to him. We'll give it a shot," he said, sitting down at the chair on the opposite side of his desk (since I was sitting in HIS chair behind the desk).

"Cool. I don't think you'll regret it." John smiled faintly and sat back in his chair.

"Now," I said. "Is there anything else I can help you with?" I picked up a pen and pretended like I was going to take an order from him. "Verticals? Mini's? Shutters? We're having a special this month on lead based blinds. They come in handy if you're worried about Superman spying through your windows." John laughed out loud. It was good to see the tension leave his body. "Naw, I don't think so," he smiled. "The only thing I'm worried about Superman doing is poking my customers. I doubt he's interested in looking in my windows," he smiled.

"Don't be so sure, sir," I feigned. "With all those muscles you're sporting, I bet there are a lot of people just dying to see you prance around your place sans clothing." "Maybe," John grinned. "But I doubt ol' Clark there is one of them. He seems pretty happy with the girls." He got a devilish grin on his face. "But... maybe... you?" "I beg your pardon, sir," I played. "I am NOT a voyeur." Then it was MY turn to get a devilish grin. "If I were interested in your body, I'd come right out and say it." "And?" "What are you doing after work tonight?" John laughed so loud I thought the ceiling would drop.

\* \* \* \* \*

I ran my hand slowly up and down John's torso, pausing at each lump of ab muscle, then moving softly up onto his chest-- that magnificent chest, so full and thick, so warm, so smooth, so hard. His nipple was erect, and I gently twisted it. My cock pressed against John's hip as I laid on my side and he on his back. His bed was big. We had no covers. No clothes. The room was dimly lit and only a faint illumination from the twilight crept around the edges of the drawn blinds on the windows. And that light became fainter and fainter with each sensuous, passing minute.

John's eyes were closed. I rested my head right next to his large shoulder, occasionally allowing my lips to brush against his triceps. I slowly moved my hand all around his pectoral muscles, gently exploring all they had to offer-- their mass, the deep cleavage between them, the hard and stimulated nipples, and the huge drop-off down onto his ribcage. My hand moved south, over the cobblestone abs once again. We both knew its destination, and John held his breath in anticipation.

My fingers couldn't get too far south before they were met by a hard, dripping pole that lied on top of John's abdominal muscles,

moistening them with his precum. He moaned as my digits moved up onto his rigid penis and began to feel it.

No matter that I had held this massive organ in my hand before. It still was unbelievable to grasp. A whispered "Holy Shit" was the only thing I could say in response to his man meat. My own cock flexed against John's hip, in perhaps a gesture of submission or of envy--surely an acknowledgment of lust. I moved farther downward and caressed his balls. He moaned again.

He turned his head toward me and our eyes met. As our mouths moved together, our eyes closed, and as I fondled his genitals we kissed long and hard.

I pressed down on his mammoth, long cock and precum flowed forth, actually spurting out in small droplets onto his abs.

Then, John's doorbell rang.

We froze.

We broke our kiss, but I left my hand on his penis.

"What the fuck?" John said. "Who could that be?" Our concentration broken, I let my head flop onto the pillow. "Maybe they'll go away," I said.

The bell rang again.

We laid there in silence.

On the third ring, John sat up quickly and put on his boxers.

"You're going to answer it?" I asked.

"They're not leaving," he said as he hurried out the door. He was wearing only his boxers-- and a hardon that although I couldn't see as he left, I'm sure was only too obvious from the front.

I heard him open the door. The talking sounded a little uncomfortable for both of them-- not surprising considering John's state of half nakedness and arousal, not to mention his intimidating physique hanging out there for whoever-it-was to see. I couldn't imagine ringing a doorbell and having THAT visage of muscular perfection, stripped down to the barest of coverings, answer the door! And with an erection under his shorts to boot!

The talking continued, and I could take it no longer. I had to see who it was. This was probably not the most thought-out decision I had ever made, but there it was. I wrapped a robe around me and ventured out of the bedroom, down the hallway. I stopped at the corner and slowly, cautiously, put my head out to see who it was. Unfortunately the appearance of my head was right in his line of sight as he talked to John, and just as instantaneously as I saw who it was, HE saw who was in John's house in a bathrobe, with John who was nearly naked. It was only too obvious what was going on.

And I am sure that to you, the Curious Reader, it is only too obvious who was standing at John's door. Especially since I've only introduced basically three main characters to this story. Yep, you guessed it.

It was Mr. Perryman.

(Gotcha!) Just kidding. It was Superman himself, the teen stud, Clark.

And if his expression after seeing John in pretty much all his glory was wide-eyed, those baby blues nearly popped out of his head when he saw ME!

Not that he should have been surprised. I mean, he DID know firsthand that I preferred men. But I think his look of shock was directed more toward John than me.

Indeed, he looked back at John, putting the pieces all together, and his jaw went slack. "I-- uh--." John turned around and saw me standing there, pretty much outing him. "Shit, man. What are you doing?" I froze. It was a pure Kodak moment, for sure.

"John?" Clark said with honest shock in his voice, as he stared at his muscular boss.

"Yeah, kid," John said. "Don't sweat it. Just-- don't worry about what happens here at my house." "Uh. Yeah. Sure, boss. I mean, it's none of my business man," Clark said. "Like I said, I was just driving by and I just felt like I needed to get this off my chest." His expression had relaxed some, and I wasn't sure but I think I saw a little amusement in his eyes. Then he looked at me and said. "But this is obviously a bad time. I'll just wait and talk to you down at the shop sometime," he said as his attention went back to John. "I'm really sorry I interrupted you. I mean, I'm sorry I came by unannounced. I'm sorry, sir." "Sir?" John's grin was evident in his vocal inflection, even though I couldn't see his face.

Clark just stood there.

"Uh, yeah. I mean-- no. I mean..." "Why don't you invite Clark in, John," I said, moving into the entryway.

John looked perplexed. "Well, I don't know that he's comfortable with all this..." "I think he might be more comfortable than you realize," I said, moving closer to Clark.



Clark's expression turned softer, friendlier.

John's eyebrows rose high; he didn't say anything.

I moved up to Clark and put my hand on his T-shirt clad chest then stood on my tiptoes and kissed his lips. At first Clark looked at John as I kissed him, but presently his focus turned toward me, and we began to enjoy each other.

"Maybe we should step into the house," John finally said, clearing his throat. Clark and I separated and obeyed the boss.

John closed the door and looked at Clark. His boner newly stiffened by watching the wonderkid and me embrace, he moved toward his employee.

"Shit, man," John said to Clark. "I've wanted that ass of yours, and those arms of yours ever since I laid eyes on you." He looked up and down Clark's virile body. He leaned in and kissed Clark's lips. It was gentle. It was soft. And it was slow. Clark stood still and John's hand began to move onto the teenager's muscular body, feeling the bulging muscles as they kissed. Finally, John embraced Clark, and the superkid reciprocated. It was tender and soft, yet passionate.

The heat increased. My cock hardened as I watched the two musclehunks get off on each other. Clark's hands moved over John's bare back, feeling the relief map of his muscles. They broke the kiss momentarily, and John said, almost at a whisper, "I can't wait to stick my pole in that teen ass of yours. You ever experience twelve thick inches of hard, black meat up your ass?" Clark looked intimidated for a moment. He didn't answer. Then John kissed him again and they resumed their petting and feeling of each other.

I could tell it was going to be a long, but very pleasant night.

—

Your comments are always wanted!

— 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](mailto: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.