

Strapping— Chapter 9

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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 DIDN'T KNOW IF I SHOULD CLEAR my throat or what. John and Clark were obviously entranced in each other, hopelessly locked in a passionate embrace. Seems the attraction they had for the other was indeed mutual.

Finally, they broke their embrace and without talking, moved toward the bedroom. The sheets were still thrown back from when John and I had been in there "Will you excuse me, boss, for just a minute?" Clark said. He went into the bathroom, just off the bedroom and closed the door. John slipped off his robe and got into the bed, pulling up the covers.

I just stood there, wondering where I would come in.

John looked up at me and said, "Don't just stand there, man. You wanna get in on this, you're going to have to move on in." I slipped under the covers next to John. He was obviously turned on by the prospect of what was about to take place, and he kissed me hard.

Clark emerged from the bathroom, totally nude, sporting an overdeveloped erection.

"Holy shit," I said, looking up at him.

Clark smiled and said, "You guys got room for one more in there?" John lifted the covers up, and Clark crawled in, sandwiching me in between the two musclegods.

Ho. Lee. Fuck.

Immediately John took the initiative, moving on top of me and partially onto Clark. His big black muscles weighed heavily on my 190 pound body, but I didn't mind the least. Presently John began kissing Clark. The two began a long and sensual muscle-kiss session. I kissed John's face as he and Clark locked lips. My cock hardened quickly, and I pushed on it with my hand.

John moved on top of me more, and now I pushed my cock against his. My stomach was getting wet with precum from both of us.

I kissed Clark's cheek, and he broke his kiss from John and kissed me. Then John kissed me.

Just a... few... more... pushes... and my cock began spurting violently. Both of the men smiled when they realized what was happening.

They looked at each other, grinning. "I guess he can't keep his jizz in under these conditions," John said to Clark.

"No self control," Clark smiled.

Indeed, Clark was right. I was hopelessly unable to stop myself. The two huge bodybuilders-- right on top of me-- were too much. I emptied my sticky semen into the void between John's abs and my own.

This seemed to turn John on all the more, and soon he had slid off me and onto the teenage superman, kissing him hard and bucking his hips, moving his hard, thick cock over Clark's, burying his own balls in Clark's pubes. I turned on my side and squeezed the last bit of milk out of my cock, then began touching bottom Clark's muscles, then top John's. It was a feast for my hands.

The two men began breathing hard. Their huge arms bulged as they held each other. Clark pushed the covers totally off so he could move his hands all over John's muscular, wide back and his small, tight butt without distraction. Now it was a feast for my eyes.

Surely, Clark was not used to being in this position. It was foreign territory for the muscleteen to be on the receiving end-- he was always the dominator, calling the shots. But now-- now he was on the bottom, submitting himself to the bigger, stronger black man. Although a little unaccustomed to this, he was enjoying it. Yet, I could sense that the newness, and the uncertainty was maybe a little unsettling.

John, however, was definitely in his element. The consummate dominant, he took control of the situation like he always does. And yet, as I watched him get lost in his lust for this superteen, I wondered if he would be able to control HIMSELF as easily as he seemed to control Clark.

The kissing and petting continued, and then John pulled up squatting on his knees. His cock-- that intimidating instrument of power-- rose tall in the air, next to his ripped abs. He took Clark's thick calves in his strong hands and spread them apart.

Clark's eyes opened wider.

With the kid's legs splayed before him, John leaned forward and position his cock head at the moist, red sphincter of Clark's rectum. The black stallion leaned all the way forward and his ass stuck up into the air, forced there by the generous length of his pole which hadn't yet penetrated.

Instinctively, Clark pushed back. "Shit. No," he said. He grabbed John's wrists and tightened his body, arching his back.

"Don't make this worse than it has to be, man," John said.

Clark knew it was hopeless to resist. John leaned into him and began kissing him. Clark released his hands from John's wrists and the black stallion put his weight on his elbows, slowly adding pressure to superkid's ass with his penis.

As John's ass lowered and his cock began to part the warm, dark tunnel, Clark broke the kiss and began panting. He turned his head and eyes upward in obvious pain. "Shiiiiiiit!" he gulped. He was apparently used to this. "Shhhhhh! Shhhhhh!" he repeated. "Shhhhhiiiiiiit!" John's driver piled inside, his lowering ass giving a fine indication of the progress being made. He entered his victim slowly, but forcefully, demonstrating a consistent, almost effortless pace. He breathed heavily, frequently echoing the pants of his younger bedpartner. At last, full insertion.

Clark's face tightened and he winced, then cried out, "Ouuuuuhh-- Oh-- fuuuuuuck!" His obvious pain seemed only to throw John into more uncontrollable bursts of domination.

"Shit, you have-- such-- a tight body!" John panted. He slowly pulled his rod out, and then rammed it back in quickly.

"Aaaaaaaaagh!" Clark panted. "Oh SHIT!" he sprayed.

John repeated the pullout and hard ram. Clark's response mimicked his first.

John started bucking a little faster, and soon he established a strong methodical rhythm. With each push, Clark whimpered aloud.

And then, John pushed and didn't come up. He arched his back and lifted his head back. His whole muscular body tightened, his ass became hard. He closed his eyes and the veins on his neck protruded.

Clark was in agony.

Then, as John's penis opened with a vengeance, his arms straightened and pushed himself up off Clark. John's tight torso muscles rippled, exposing his abs.

Clark yelped again, and John fell on top of him, embracing him HARD. The boss's huge black body tightened and I could see the uncontrollable pulse of his ejaculations reflected in each striation of his back and arms.

Clark, his legs up in the air and spread wide, mumbled unintelligible words. John held him tightly. It was long; it was powerful; it was too much for me to witness. Unbelievably, I began to ejaculate again, and as I did Clark did as well. All three of us enjoyed simultaneous

orgasm. The air was thick with expletives and the dank smell of the warm, moist cum of three men.

John stayed on top of Clark, and the two bodybuilders kissed and caressed each other long after the last jizz had squirted from their loins.

--- THE END. Thank you for reading!

– SRS

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