

PRESSURE POINT

BY PETITMAUDITE



QOS COMIX
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IT WAS JUST ANOTHER DAY AT THE GYM FOR **SASHA**. SHOOTING SOME WEDNESDAY EVENING **HOOPS** WITH THE BOYS. AS USUAL HE WAS SENSATIONAL. THE **BEST PLAYER** ON THE COURT ON MOST NIGHTS.

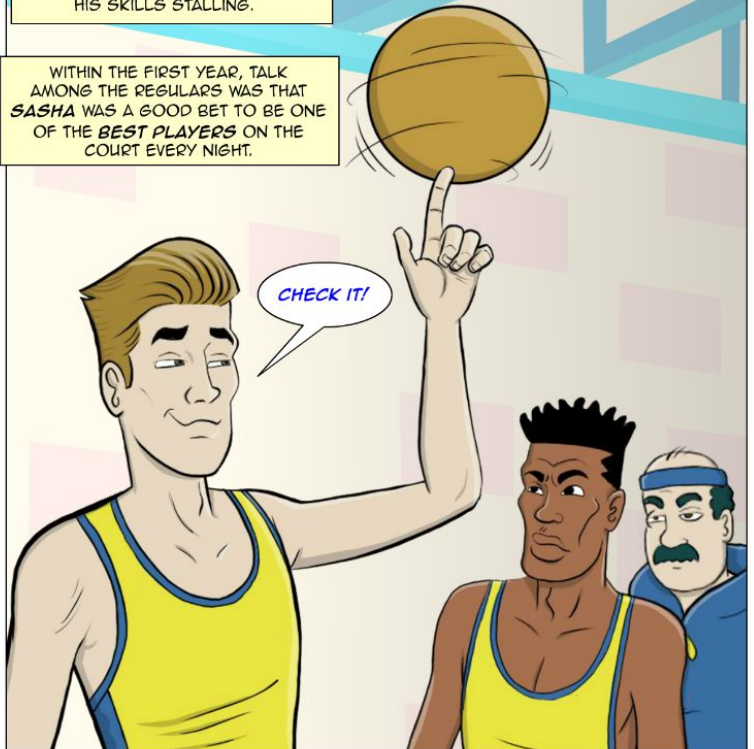
SASHA HAD BEEN PLAYING BASKETBALL AT THIS COMMUNITY GYM FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS. HE KNEW EVERYONE AND ALL THE REGULARS KNEW HIM.



WHEN HE FIRST STARTED COMING TO THIS GYM, THE **COMPETITION** WAS A WELCOME CHANGE OF PACE FOR **SASHA**. HE'D BEEN SEARCHING FOR A PLACE TO PLAY THAT **CHALLENGED** HIM AS HIS PREVIOUS SPOT HAD BECOME FULL OF YOUNGER TEENS WHO WERE JUST LEARNING AND OLDER FOLKS WHO COULDN'T COMPETE WITH HIM.

HE WAS A CUT ABOVE EVERYONE AT HIS PREVIOUS GYM AND FOUND HIMSELF LOSING INTEREST AND HIS SKILLS STALLING.

WITHIN THE FIRST YEAR, TALK AMONG THE REGULARS WAS THAT **SASHA** WAS A GOOD BET TO BE ONE OF THE **BEST PLAYERS** ON THE COURT EVERY NIGHT.

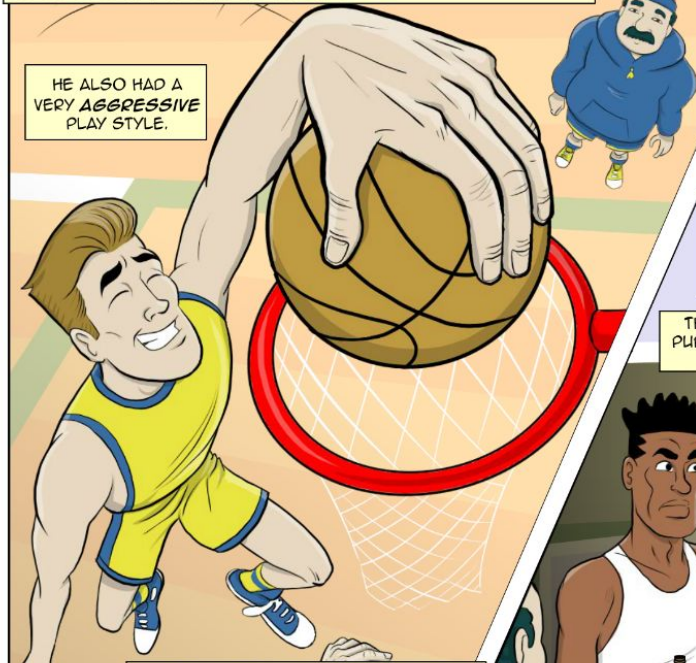


NOW TO PUT THINGS INTO CONTEXT, NO, THESE AREN'T **NBA LEVEL** PLAYERS THAT WENT TO THIS GYM. JUST **REGULAR GUYS** WHO WORKED REGULAR JOBS AND LIVED REGULAR LIVES WHO HAPPENED TO ENJOY PLAYING BALL AND WORKING OUT IN THEIR DOWN TIME.

HE MADE UP FOR THIS **LACK OF SIZE** AND STRENGTH BY BEING ONE OF THE QUICKER AND CRAFTIER PLAYERS.

THE FOLLOWING SEASON HE KNEW HE WANTED TO PLAY AGAIN AND QUICKLY SIGNED UP TO PLAY WITH SOME OF THE OTHER REGULARS FROM THE DROP IN SESSIONS.

HE ALSO HAD A VERY **AGGRESSIVE** PLAY STYLE.



HE HAD BECOME PRETTY **GOOD FRIENDS** WITH SOME OF THEM AND THOUGHT HE'D HAVE MORE FUN PLAYING WITH PLAYERS THAT HE HAS A PROVEN CHEMISTRY WITH ESPECIALLY SINCE THEY'D SPEND THE LAST TWO YEARS PLAYING TOGETHER.

THE NEW TEAM WENT ON TO WIN THE **CHAMPIONSHIP** IN **SASHA'S** SECOND SEASON IN THE LEAGUE AND HE WAS RECOGNIZED AS THE **MVP** OF THE FINAL GAME.

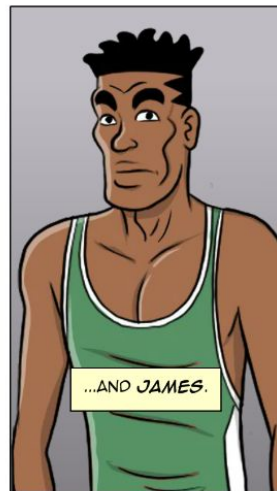
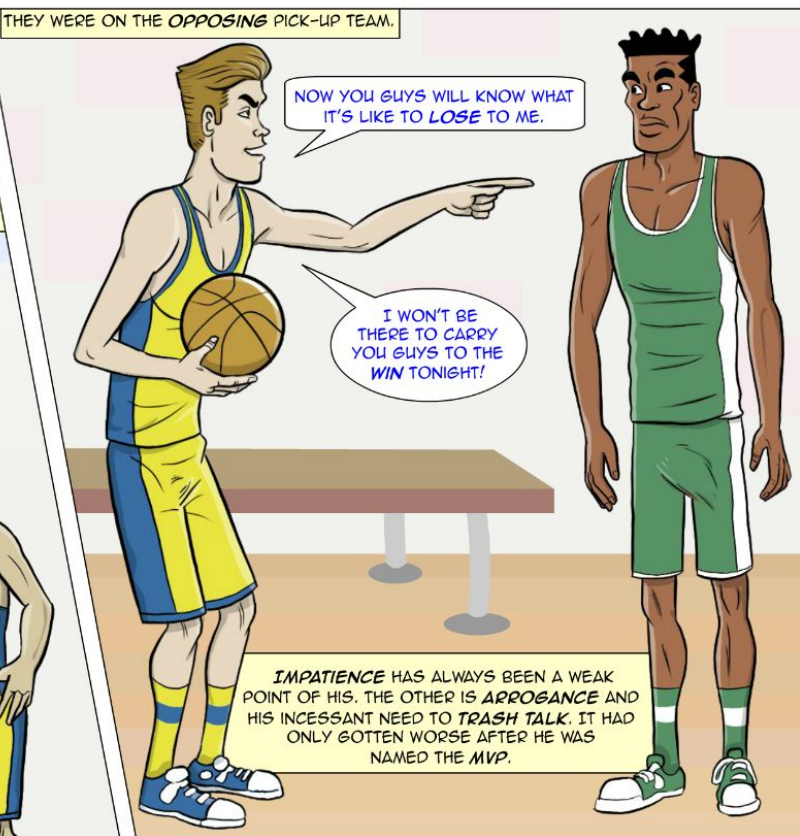
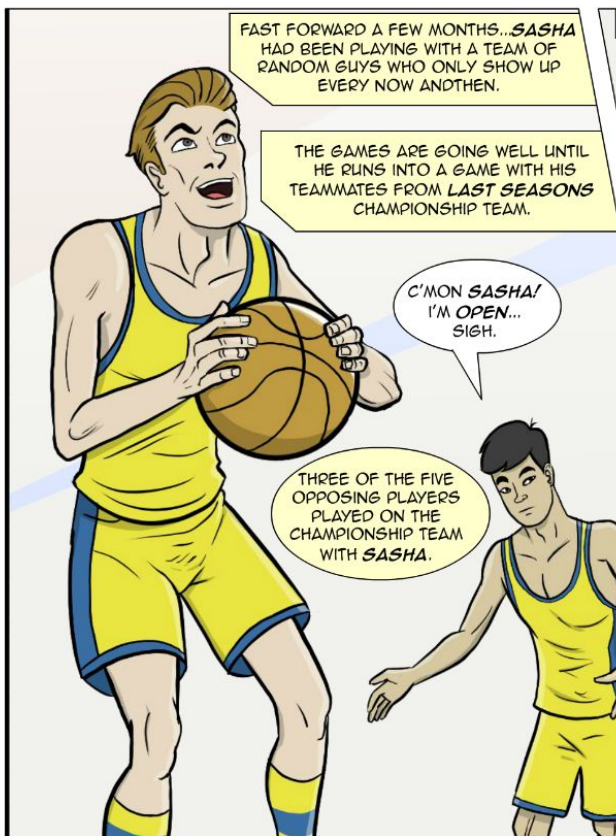
THEY SPENT THE NIGHT AT A NEARBY PUB GETTING ABSOLUTELY PLASTERED. IT WAS A GREAT TIME.

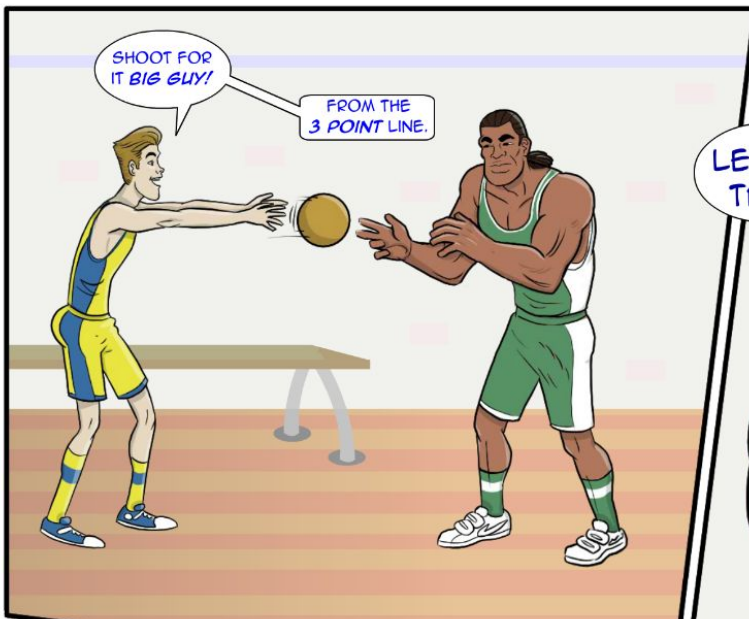
NOT AFRAID TO COME BARRELING DOWN THE LANE AND INITIATE CONTACT TO MAKE DEFENDERS UNCOMFORTABLE AND KEEP THEM ON THEIR TOES.



HE WAS ALSO A PRETTY GOOD **SHOOTER** WHICH MADE HIM HARD TO DEFEND. IT'S THESE SKILLS AND PLAY STYLE THAT EARNED HIM ROOKIE OF THE YEAR HONORS AT THE END OF HIS FIRST SEASON IN THE REC LEAGUE AT THE GYM.



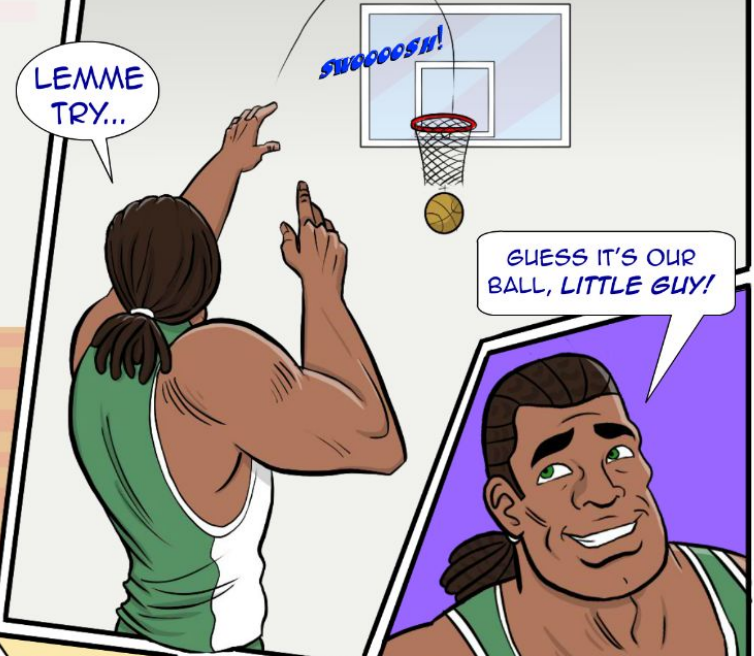




SHOOT FOR IT **BIG GUY!**

FROM THE 3 POINT LINE.

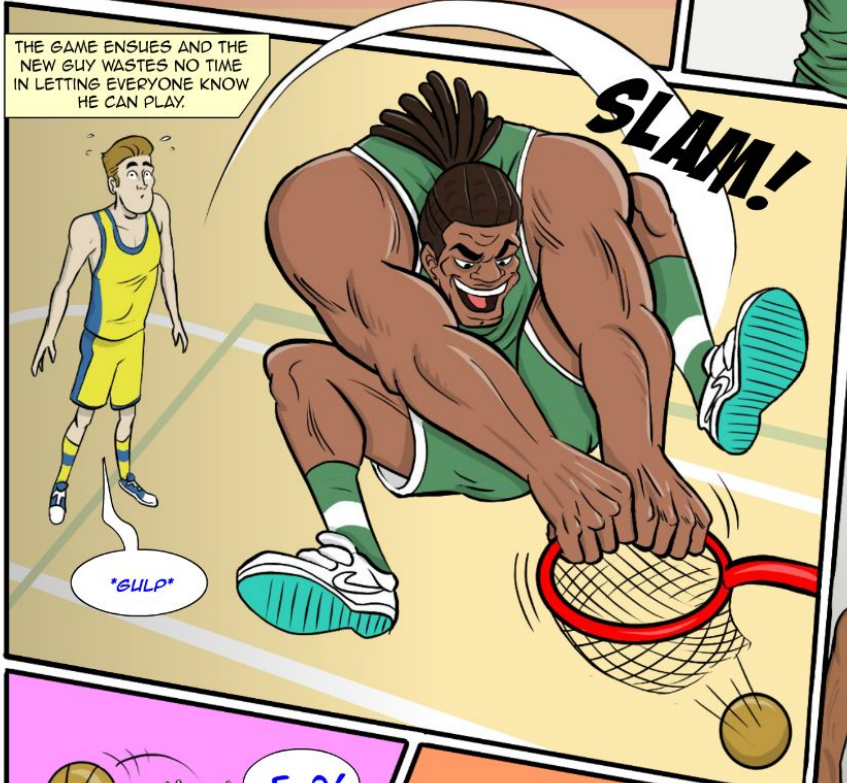
STANDING AT THE TOP OF THE KEY, THE FURTHEST PART OF THE 3 POINT LINE AND TAKES THE SHOT. IT'S OBVIOUS FROM HIS *SHOOTING FORM* THAT HE'S DONE THIS BEFORE.



LEMME TRY...

SWOOSH!

GUESS IT'S OUR BALL, **LITTLE GUY!**



SLAM!

GULP

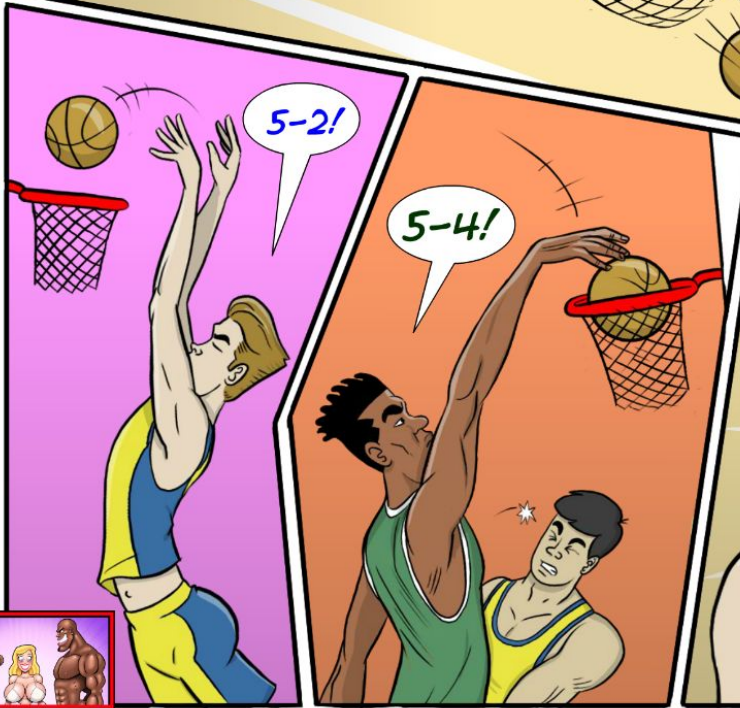
THE GAME ENSUES AND THE NEW GUY WASTES NO TIME IN LETTING EVERYONE KNOW HE CAN PLAY.



2-0, FIRST TO 2!

HMMMPH!

SASHA WAS NOT HAVING IT. THERE WAS NO WAY HE WAS GOING TO LET THIS **NEWBIE** WALK ON AND ACT LIKE THIS IS HIS GYM.



5-2!

5-4!

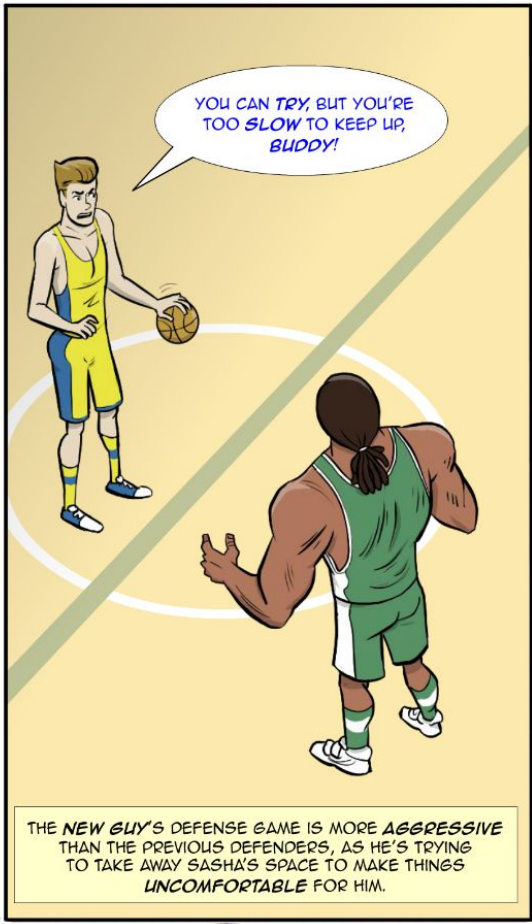
SASHA CONTINUED TO TRADE BASKETS WITH THE OPPOSING TEAM UNTIL THE SCORE WAS 15-12 FOR HIS TEAM. 12 OF THE 15 POINTS SCORED BY SASHA HIMSELF.



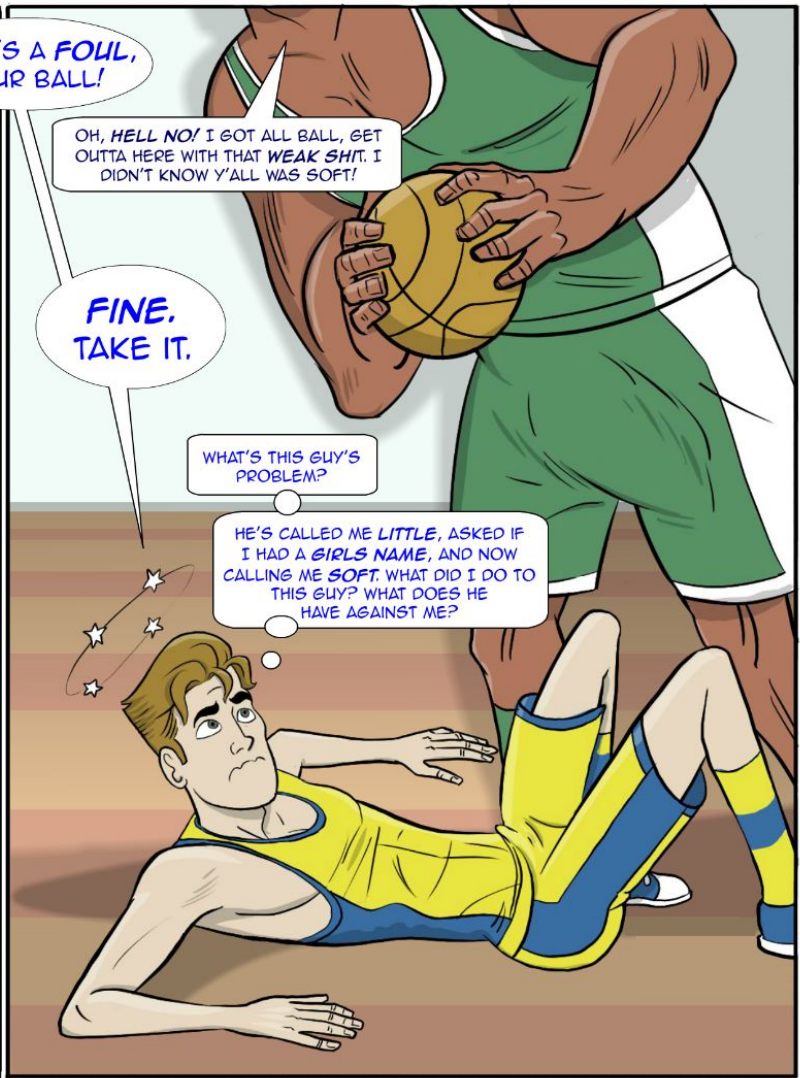
I GOT **LITTLE GUY!**

HE AIN'T SCORING ANY MORE BUCKETS, I'M BOLT TO LOCK THAT ASS UP!





THE NEW GUY'S DEFENSE GAME IS MORE AGGRESSIVE THAN THE PREVIOUS DEFENDERS, AS HE'S TRYING TO TAKE AWAY SASHA'S SPACE TO MAKE THINGS UNCOMFORTABLE FOR HIM.



IT'S NOW 18-15 FOR LAMONTE'S TEAM AND SASHA HASN'T SCORED SINCE LAMONTE STARTED TO DEFEND HIM. ON THE POSSESSION, SASHA CATCHES THE BALL WITH HIS BACK TO LAMONTE.



YOU PLAYING AGAINST A MAN NOW, BABY!

YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE, JUST GIVE IN. LET ME SHOW YOU HOW MEN HANDLE THINGS!

GAME!

SASHA JUST DIDN'T STACK UP TONIGHT I GUESS!

SASHA CAN'T WIN 'EM ALL!

21-15!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HEY, SASHA. WE'RE GONNA GO DOWN THE STREET FOR SOME DRINKS, WANNA JOIN US?

NAH, KIND OF TIRED AND I GOTTA GET TO WORK EARLY TOMORROW TOO. MAYBE THIS WEEKEND INSTEAD?



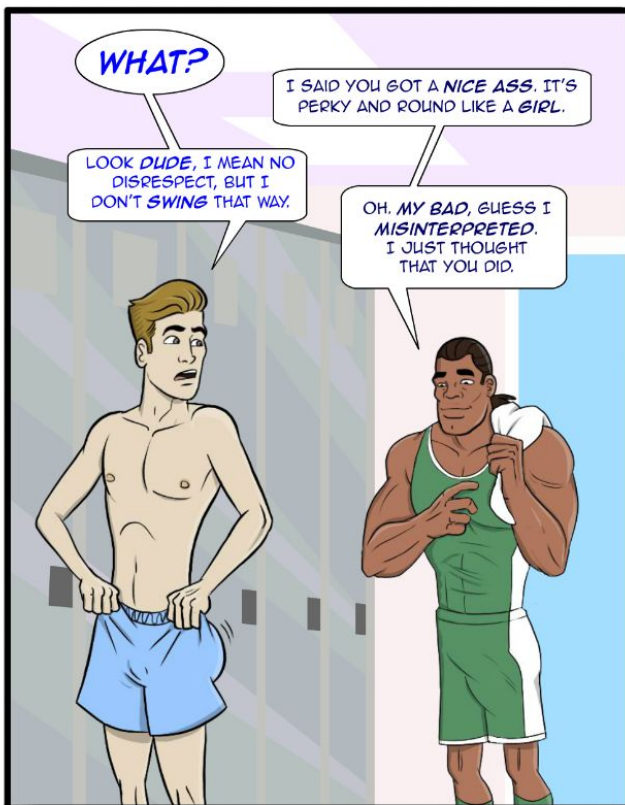
SURE THING, I'LL LET THE GUYS KNOW.

AS SASHA IS CHANGING, HE HEARS SOMEONE COME INTO THE LOCKER ROOM, BUT DOESN'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION.



HE'S FOCUSED ON GETTING DRESSED BECAUSE HE WAS CURRENTLY STANDING IN JUST HIS BRIEFS.

NICE ASS!



WHAT?

I SAID YOU GOT A NICE ASS. IT'S PERKY AND ROUND LIKE A GIRL.

LOOK DUDE, I MEAN NO DISRESPECT, BUT I DON'T SWING THAT WAY.

OH. MY BAD, GUESS I MISINTERPRETED. I JUST THOUGHT THAT YOU DID.



WHAT? WHY WOULD YOU THINK THAT?



WELL, IT DIDN'T TAKE MUCH FOR YOU TO *SUBMIT* AND HAND ME THE BALL ON THE LAST PLAY. OH, AND HOW MANY POINTS DID YOU *SCORE* ON ME?



WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN? YOU WERE SAYING WEIRD SHIT AND I GOT DISTRACTED. I WAS JUST TIRED FROM PLAYING BEFORE YOU!

IF YOU SO SAY SO...

WITHIN THE BLINK OF AN EYE, *SASHA* FOUND HIMSELF WITH HIS BACK *PRESSED UP* AGAINST THE LOCKER, *LAMONTE'S* RIGHT FOREARM ON HIS CHEST AND HIS LEFT HAND PINNING *SASHA'S* RIGHT WRIST TO THE WALL. EVEN WITH ONE HAND FREE, *SASHA DIDN'T* FIGHT BACK. IT HAPPENED SO QUICKLY, HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY TIME TO THINK. THERE WAS *NO TIME* TO REACT. HE WAS STILL TRYING TO PROCESS WHAT JUST HAPPENED WHEN *LAMONTE* STARTED TO SPEAK. HIS TONE ALMOST AS IF HE WAS A *TEACHER* SPEAKING TO A STUDENT.



I SEE YOU THINK YOU GOT A LITTLE BIT OF *FIGHT* IN YOU. THAT'S *CUTE*. WHERE WAS THIS ON THE COURT?

YOU WEREN'T ACTING TOUGH AND COCKY WHEN I STARTED GUARDING YOU.

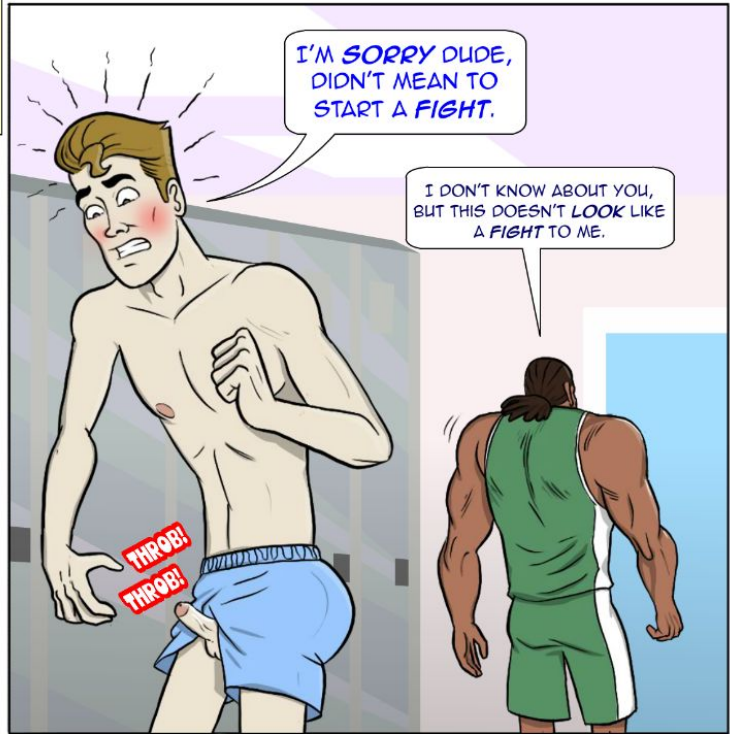
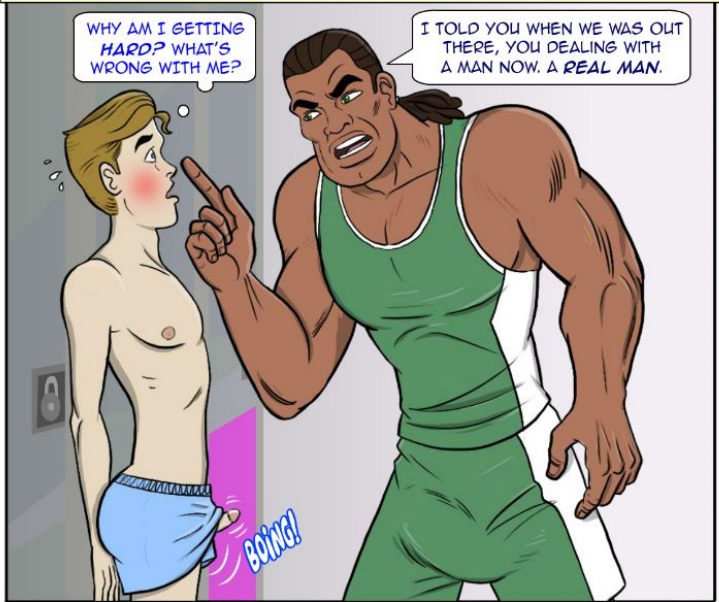
NOW IN HERE, YOU WANNA START ACTING LIKE A *BIG SHOT*. LIKE YOU THE MAN.



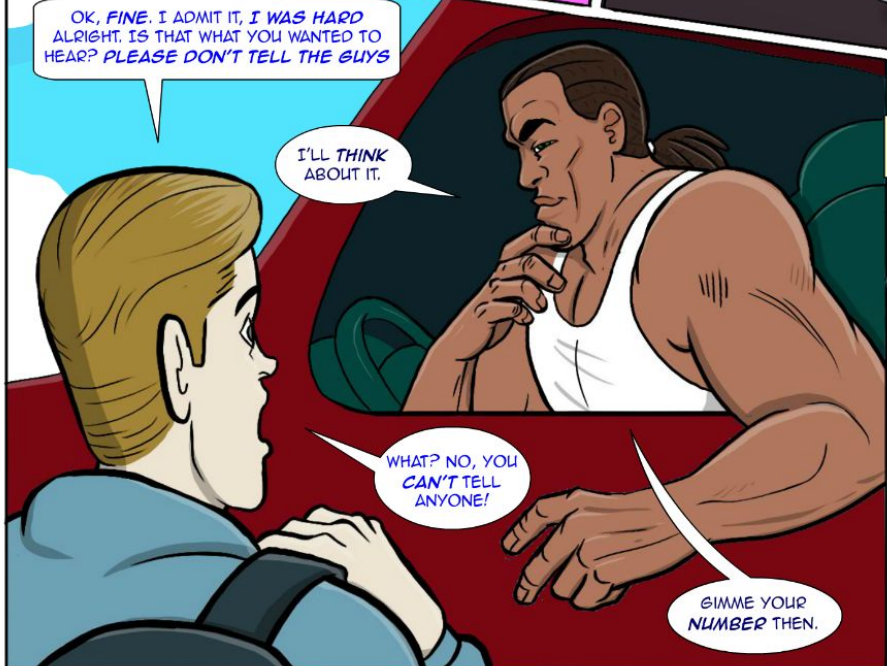
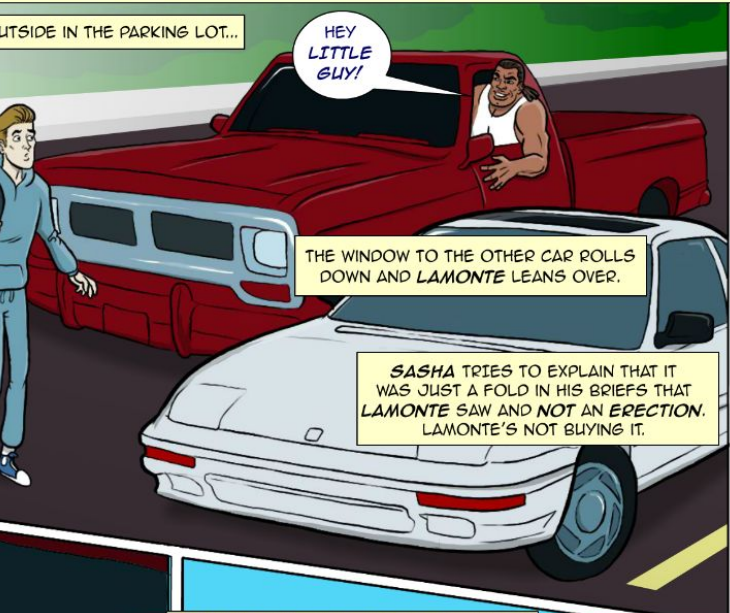
GET OUT OF MY FACE!



SASHA WAS BEGINNING TO GET AN ERECTION. THE SHOW OF FORCE HE HAD JUST EXPERIENCED WAS TURNING HIM ON. HE WAS ALWAYS USED TO BEING THE AGGRESSOR. THE DOMINANT IN HIS WORK, HE WAS A TOP PERFORMER IN HIS ROLE, AND ON THE COURT HE WAS ALWAYS ONE OF THE BEST. HE WAS NOT USED TO BEING CHALLENGED LIKE THIS BY ANYONE! HE DIDN'T LIKE THE THOUGHT OF IT, BUT HIS BODY WAS BETRAYING THAT THOUGHT.



SASHA WAS MORTIFIED. HE GOT DRESSED AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE BEFORE LEAVING THE LOCKER ROOM HOPING TO CATCH UP TO LAMONTE. HE HAD TO EXPLAIN THAT HE WASN'T GAY AND THAT THE BONER WASN'T FOR LAMONTE. HE HAD TO SAY SOMETHING, ANYTHING. HE COULDN'T HAVE THE OTHERS FIND OUT ABOUT THIS.



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SASHA WAS INCREDIBLY ANXIOUS THE ENTIRE NEXT TWO DAYS AT WORK. HE HAD SPENT A LOT OF TIME WONDERING WHAT LAMONTE WANTED HIS NUMBER FOR. DID HE WANT TO USE IT TO SIGN UP FOR RANDOM SHIT?

MAYBE HE WANTED TO JUST CHAT? IT WAS SO STRANGE. SUFFICE IT TO SAY, HE GOT NO WORK DONE.



HE WAS ALSO THINKING ABOUT WHY HE GOT AN ERECTION IN THAT MOMENT? HE WASN'T SAY HE'D ONLY EVER BEEN ATTRACTED TO WOMEN. HE ONLY DATED WOMEN. HE HAD HAD A COUPLE OF ONE NIGHT STANDS SINCE THE ENCOUNTER WITH LAMONTE.

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

UHH, NOTHING.

BABE, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. TONIGHT IS JUST NOT YOUR NIGHT!

ON SATURDAY, LAMONTE FINALLY TEXTED SASHA AND THEY HAD A BRIEF BACK AND FORTH.



If you want me to keep your secret, you'll take my underwear advice seriously and prove it tonight at the drop in session.

I don't get it.

You know what I mean. Don't disappoint me.

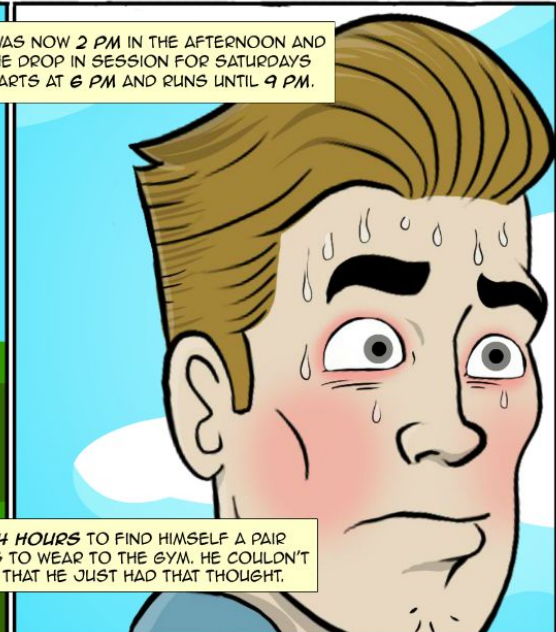
DING-DING!

DING-DING!

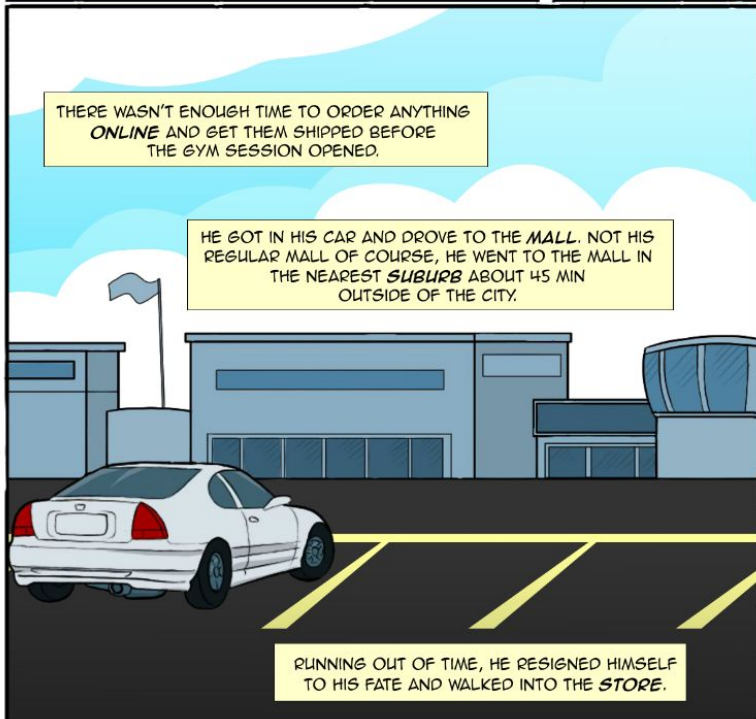
LAMONTE WAS NOT RESPONDING TO ANY OF HIS OTHER TEXTS. HE WOULDN'T ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS FOR CLARIFICATION AND HE DIDN'T EVEN PICK UP WHEN SASHA DECIDED TO CALL.



IT WAS NOW 2 PM IN THE AFTERNOON AND THE DROP IN SESSION FOR SATURDAYS STARTS AT 6 PM AND RUNS UNTIL 9 PM.



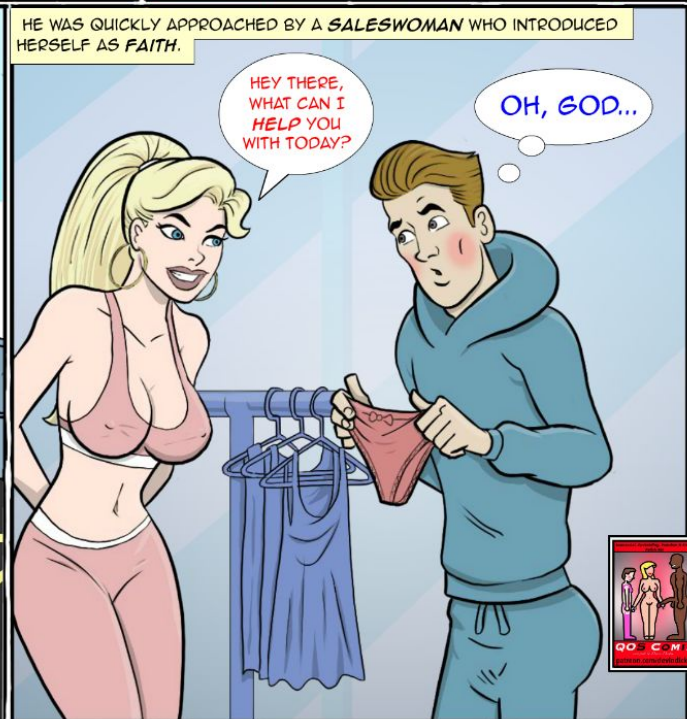
HE HAD 4 HOURS TO FIND HIMSELF A PAIR OF PANTIES TO WEAR TO THE GYM. HE COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT HE JUST HAD THAT THOUGHT.



THERE WASN'T ENOUGH TIME TO ORDER ANYTHING ONLINE AND GET THEM SHIPPED BEFORE THE GYM SESSION OPENED.

HE GOT IN HIS CAR AND DROVE TO THE MALL. NOT HIS REGULAR MALL OF COURSE, HE WENT TO THE MALL IN THE NEAREST SUBURB ABOUT 45 MIN OUTSIDE OF THE CITY.

RUNNING OUT OF TIME, HE RESIGNED HIMSELF TO HIS FATE AND WALKED INTO THE STORE.



HE WAS QUICKLY APPROACHED BY A SALESWOMAN WHO INTRODUCED HERSELF AS FAITH.

HEY THERE, WHAT CAN I HELP YOU WITH TODAY?

OH, GOD...

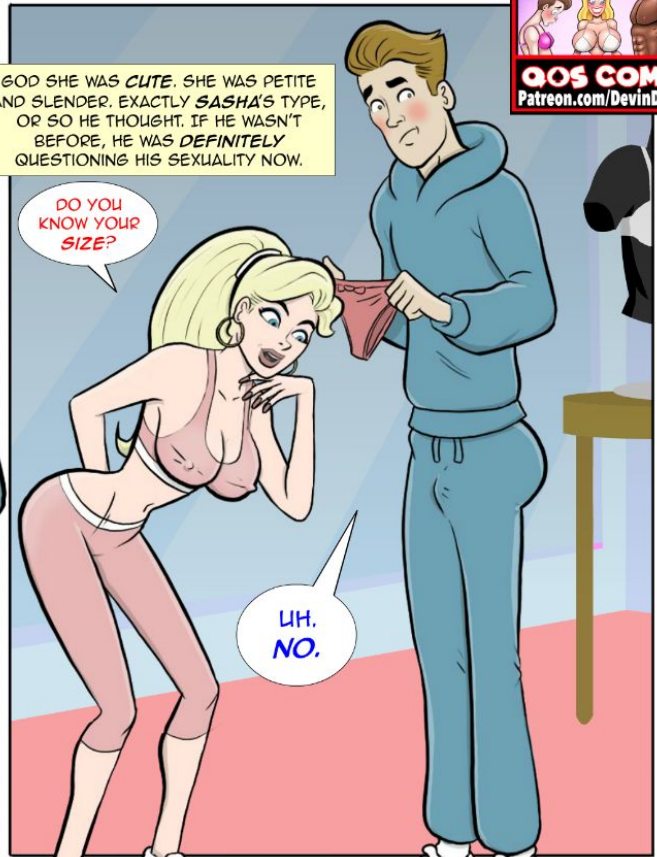




HE DIDN'T THINK THIS THROUGH. HE DIDN'T ANTICIPATE HAVING TO DEAL WITH A LIVE PERSON.

UM, YOU DON'T NEED TO WORRY, THERE'S NOBODY HERE.

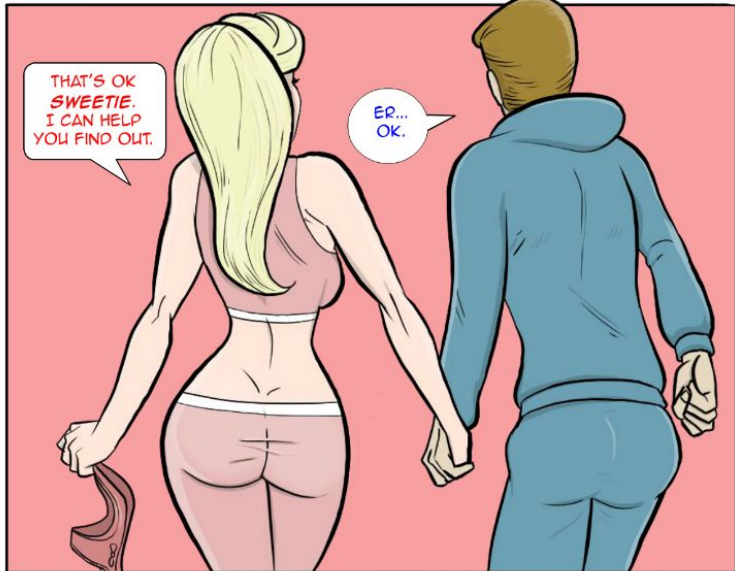
I CAN HELP YOU FIND WHAT YOU NEED.



GOD SHE WAS CUTE. SHE WAS PETITE AND SLENDER. EXACTLY SASHA'S TYPE, OR SO HE THOUGHT. IF HE WASN'T BEFORE, HE WAS DEFINITELY QUESTIONING HIS SEXUALITY NOW.

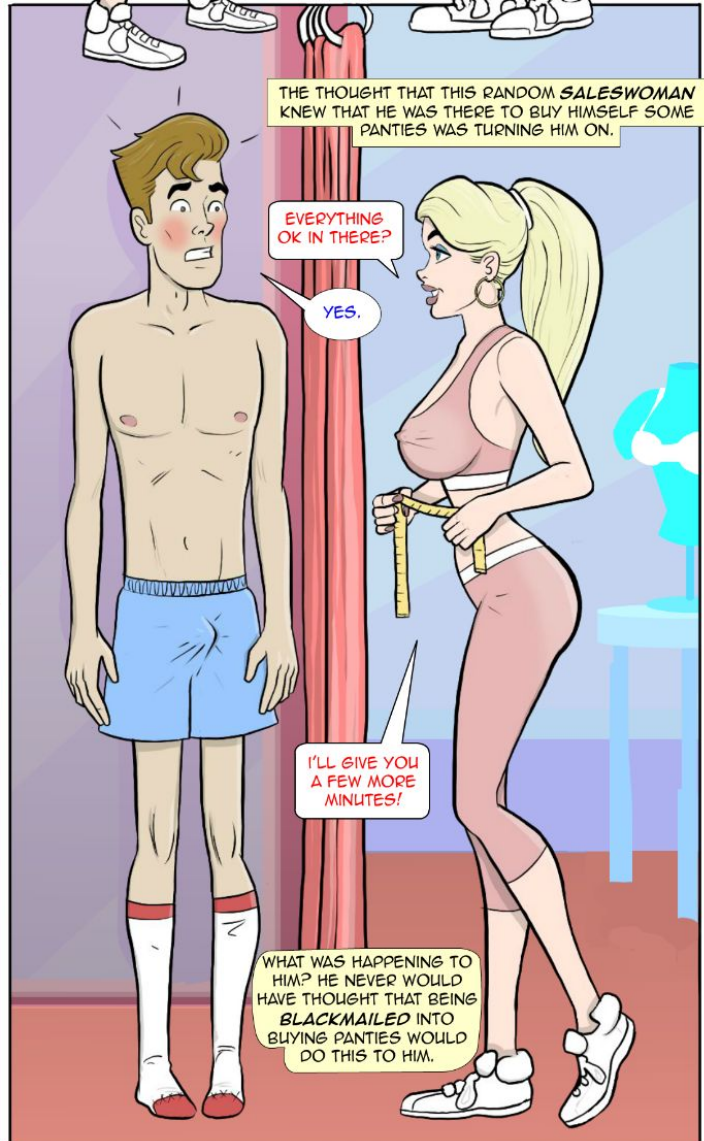
DO YOU KNOW YOUR SIZE?

UH. NO.



THAT'S OK SWEETIE. I CAN HELP YOU FIND OUT.

ER... OK.



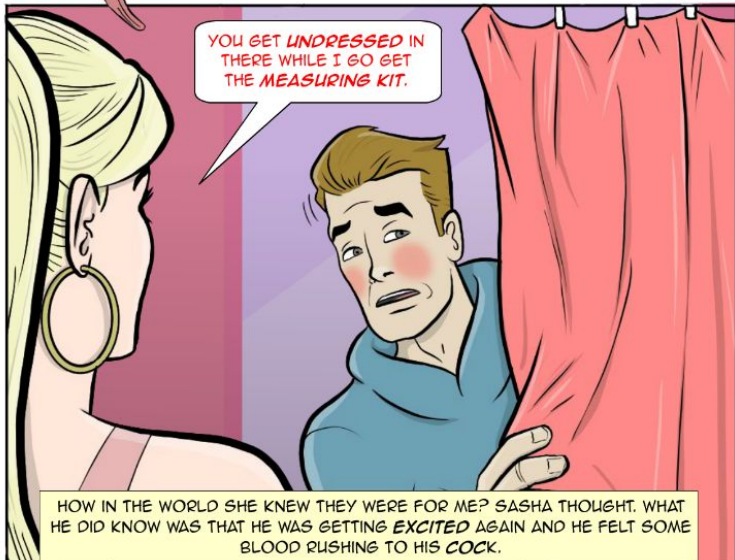
THE THOUGHT THAT THIS RANDOM SALESWOMAN KNEW THAT HE WAS THERE TO BUY HIMSELF SOME PANTIES WAS TURNING HIM ON.

EVERYTHING OK IN THERE?

YES.

I'LL GIVE YOU A FEW MORE MINUTES!

WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO HIM? HE NEVER WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT BEING BLACKMAILED INTO BUYING PANTIES WOULD DO THIS TO HIM.



YOU GET LINDRESSED IN THERE WHILE I GO GET THE MEASURING KIT.

HOW IN THE WORLD SHE KNEW THEY WERE FOR ME? SASHA THOUGHT. WHAT HE DID KNOW WAS THAT HE WAS GETTING EXCITED AGAIN AND HE FELT SOME BLOOD RUSHING TO HIS COCK.



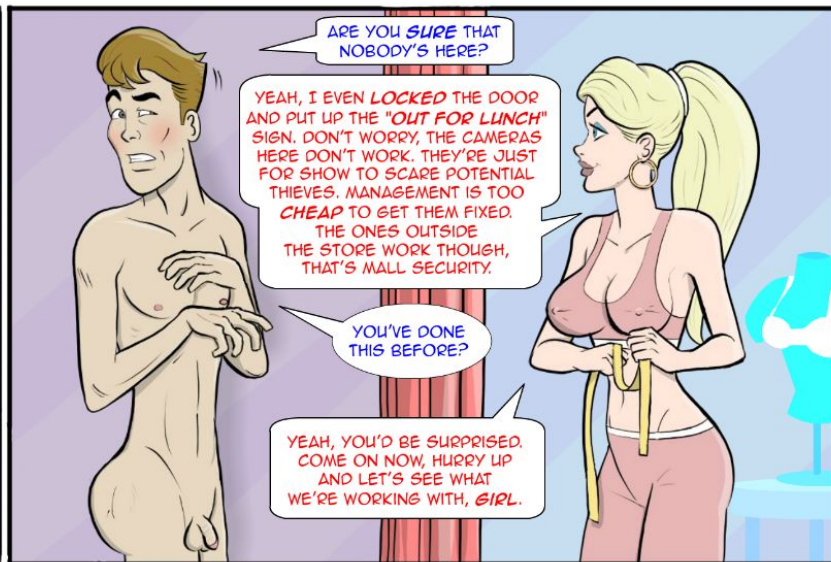
HEY, ARE YOU **READY**? WANNA COME OUT?

NOT YET, I'M NOT READY YET. DO YOU NEED ME **NAKED**?

UH, NO.

OH..

BUT, IF YOU WANT TO, I THINK IT WOULD HELP. YOU KNOW WITH THE WHOLE **PENIS** THING, WE SHOULD PROBABLY GET THE **SIZE** RIGHT SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO EXCHANGE ANYTHING.



ARE YOU **SURE** THAT NOBODY'S HERE?

YEAH, I EVEN **LOCKED** THE DOOR AND PUT UP THE "**OUT FOR LUNCH**" SIGN. DON'T WORRY, THE CAMERAS HERE DON'T WORK. THEY'RE JUST FOR SHOW TO SCARE POTENTIAL THIEVES. MANAGEMENT IS TOO **CHEAP** TO GET THEM FIXED. THE ONES OUTSIDE THE STORE WORK THOUGH, THAT'S MALL SECURITY.

YOU'VE DONE THIS BEFORE?

YEAH, YOU'D BE SURPRISED. COME ON NOW, HURRY UP AND LET'S SEE WHAT WE'RE WORKING WITH, **GIRL**.



OH, I'M NOT GOING FOR ANY LOOK.

REALLY? THEN WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

SIGH WELL... IT'S SORT OF LIKE...



2.5 INCHES. STANDARD BETA SIZE!



MAYBE YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE THAT LIKES TO BE **DOMINATED**.



UH, NO. I DON'T **THINK** SO. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN THE **DOMINANT** ONE WITH WOMEN!

MHMM, WHATEVER YOU SAY!

HE'S CUTE. KINDA **DELUDED** THOUGH!

ALL I'M SAYING IS, *SOME GUYS* LIKE WHAT THEY CAN'T HAVE. YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY USED TO BEING AT THE *TOP* OF THE FOOD CHAIN IN YOUR LIFE FROM WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME.

NOW YOU'RE EXPERIENCING WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE AT THE *BOTTOM*.

NO *PLAY* INTENDED... YET.

IN HER ABSENCE, HE HEARD HIS PHONE BEEP. IT WAS A MESSAGE FROM LAMONTE.

LAMONTE

It's 4:30. Hope you're not thinking of bailing on me. I need some reassurance that you're going to do as you're told or I'm going to tell your homies that you liked it when I put my hands on you

Please. No. I'm getting the panties right now. I'll have them for tonight. You'll see

"PROVE IT. RIGHT NOW" WAS LAMONTE'S REPLY.

JUST AS HE FINISHED READING IT, FAITH CAME BACK WITH SOME DIFFERENT STYLE PANTIES FOR HIM TO TRY ON.

"YOU'VE GOT 2 MINUTES. I'M ABOUT TO START MY WORKOUT AND IF I DON'T HAVE PROOF BEFORE I START, I'M GOING TO TELL YOUR HOMIES AS SOON AS I SEE THEM" REPLIED LAMONTE...

STILL UNSURE OF HOW TO PROCEED, SASHA TURNED HIS PHONE OVER TO FAITH TO GET HER THOUGHTS. HE WAS IN NO CONDITION TO FIGURE THIS OUT ON HIS OWN. THERE WAS JUST *TOO MUCH* WEIGHING ON HIS MIND. WAS FAITH RIGHT? DID HE ENJOY BEING *DOMINATED*? DOES THAT MAKE HIM *GAY*? WHAT WAS HAPPENING? IT WAS *TOO OVERWHELMING*.

WHAT'S WRONG? YOU LOOK WORRIED.

PUT *THIS* ON AND LET'S GET A LOOK.

IT MIGHT NOT BE THE BEST FOR SPORTS THOUGH!

"*SIGH*" IF YOU DON'T MIND. COULD YOU *PLEASE* HAVE A LOOK AT THIS.

I-I-I'M NOT SURE WHAT TO DO ABOUT *THIS*.

THAT'S HOT!
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AS SHE SLID THE PANTIES UP HIS LEGS, IT STARTED AGAIN. HIS COCK TWITCHED AND HE COULD FEEL ANOTHER ERECTION RISING.

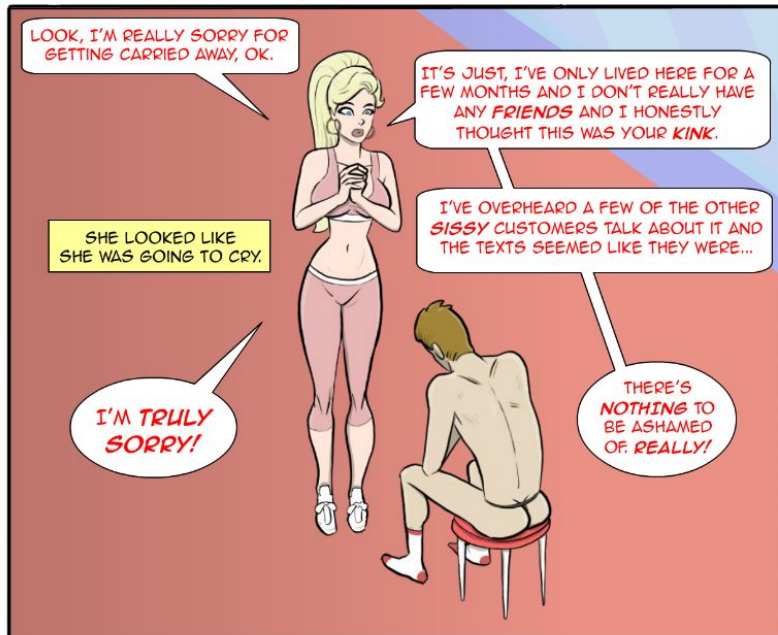
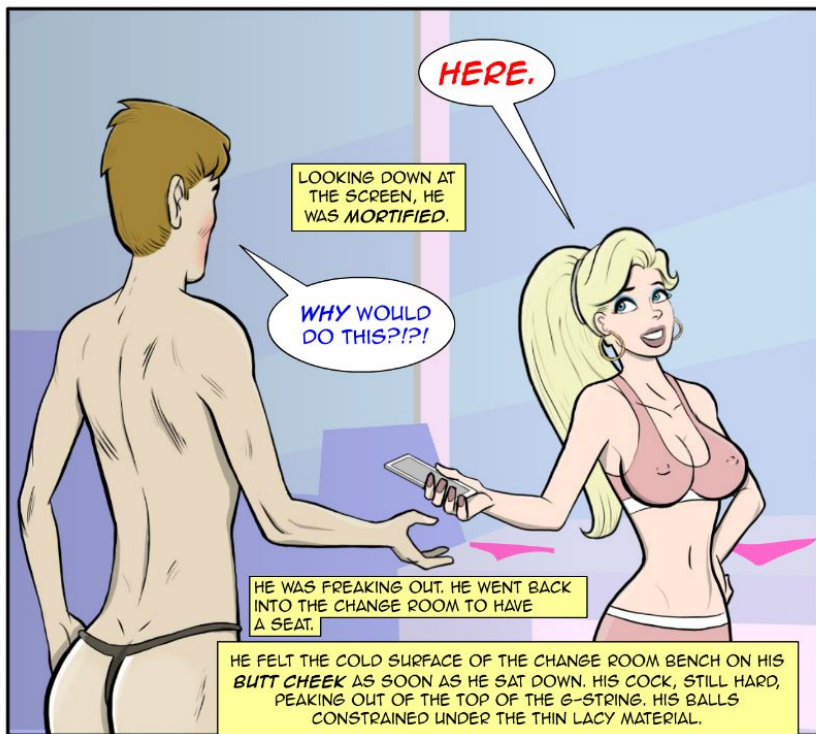
BEFORE HE COULD REACT, HE HEARD THE UNMISTAKABLE SOUND OF A PHOTO BEING TAKEN.

HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? *STOP!* PLEASE DON'T!

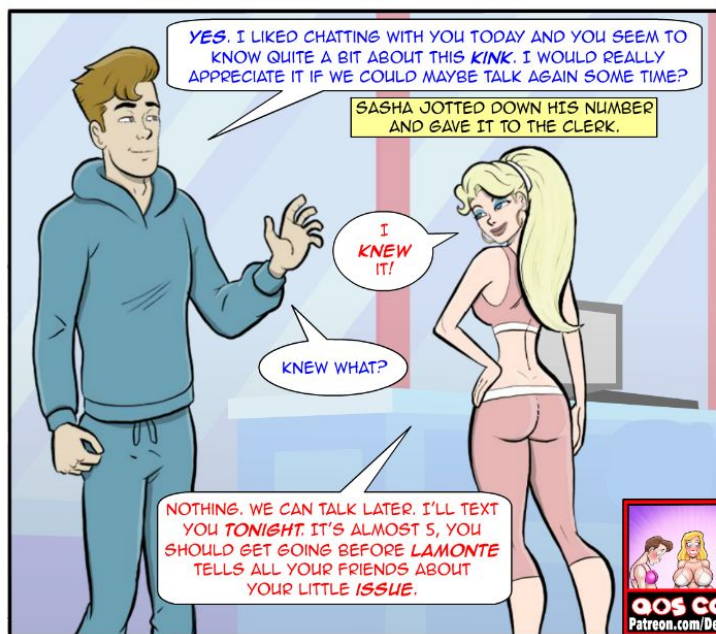
CLICK!  
CLICK!  
CLICK!

OH, MY, YOU *CAN'T* TELL ME YOU DON'T LIKE THIS HONEY!

I DON'T THINK SO, YOU'RE CLEARLY ENJOYING THIS!



ULTIMATELY, **SASHA** ENDED UP GOING WITH THE **NUDE THONG** TO WEAR TO THE GYM. HE ALSO PURCHASED **BOYSHORTS** BECAUSE THEY HAD A BUY ONE, GET ONE SALE GOING ON IN THE STORE. FAITH EVEN THREW IN THE **G-STRING** FOR FREE BECAUSE SHE FELT BAD.

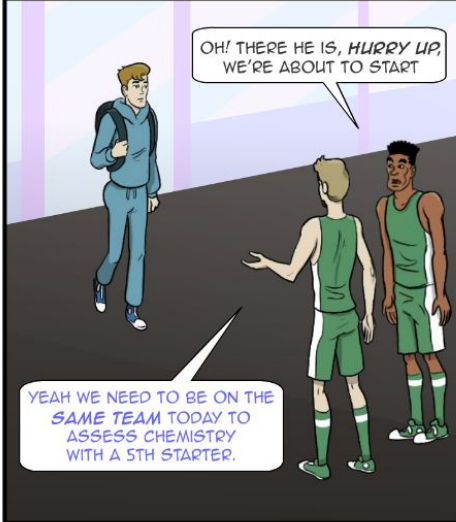


THE THOUGHT OF FAITH CONSIDERING HIS COCK TO BE ON THE SMALLER SIDE TURNED HIM ON. HE WAS HALF ERECT INSIDE HIS THONG DRIVING TO THE GYM. HE GOT THERE JUST BEFORE 6, PARKED HIS CAR, GRABBED HIS GYM BAG AND WALKED INTO THE GYM.

SASHA DIDN'T BOTHER TO REPLY, HE JUST HEADED TO THE LOCKER ROOM TO QUICKLY GET CHANGED.

INSIDE, HE WAS ALONE. OR SO HE THOUGHT.

"YOU BETTER BE READY TO MODEL FOR ME" READ A TEXT HE GOT FROM LAMONTE.



OH! THERE HE IS, HURRY UP, WE'RE ABOUT TO START

YEAH WE NEED TO BE ON THE SAME TEAM TODAY TO ASSESS CHEMISTRY WITH A 5TH STARTER.



I'M COMING IN NOW!

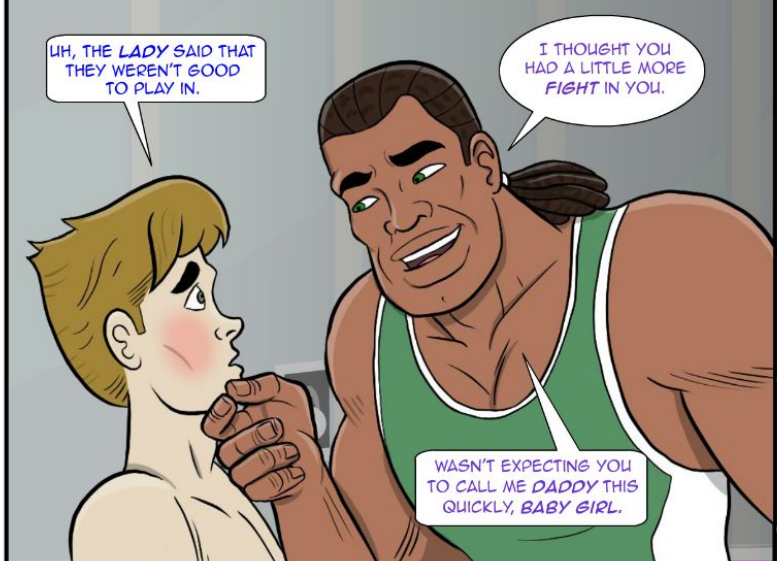
PANICKING, SASHA QUICKLY UNDRESSED DOWN TO THE THONG AND STOOD AWAITING LAMONTE.

BLOOD BEGAN TO RUSH TO HIS COCK AGAIN AS LAMONTE CLOSED THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM.



AS LAMONTE TURNED THE CORNER AND FOUND SASHA STANDING THERE, IT WAS CLEAR HE WAS DISAPPOINTED.

THOSE AREN'T THE PAIR YOU SENT IN THAT PIC.



UH, THE LADY SAID THAT THEY WEREN'T GOOD TO PLAY IN.

I THOUGHT YOU HAD A LITTLE MORE FIGHT IN YOU.

WASN'T EXPECTING YOU TO CALL ME DADDY THIS QUICKLY, BABY GIRL.



BEFORE SASHA COULD REPLY, LAMONTE GRABBED HIM BY THE BALLS.

YOUR SECRET'S SAFE FOR NOW.

LET'S GO OUT THERE AND MAKE SURE IT STAYS THAT WAY.

UHHNN!

WTF!



IT WOULD BE ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES BEFORE SASHA WAS OUT ON THE COURT WITH THE GUYS.

HE HAD TO LET HIS BONER SUBSIDE BEFORE HE RISKED GOING OUT THERE.

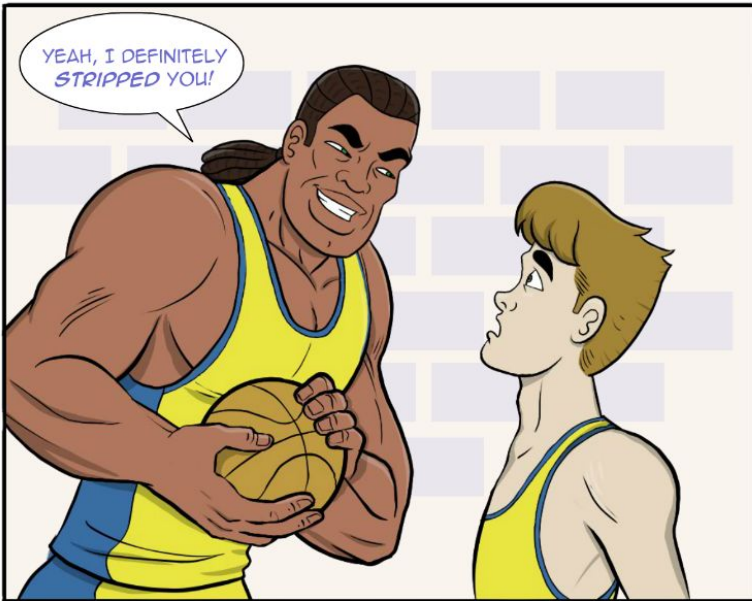


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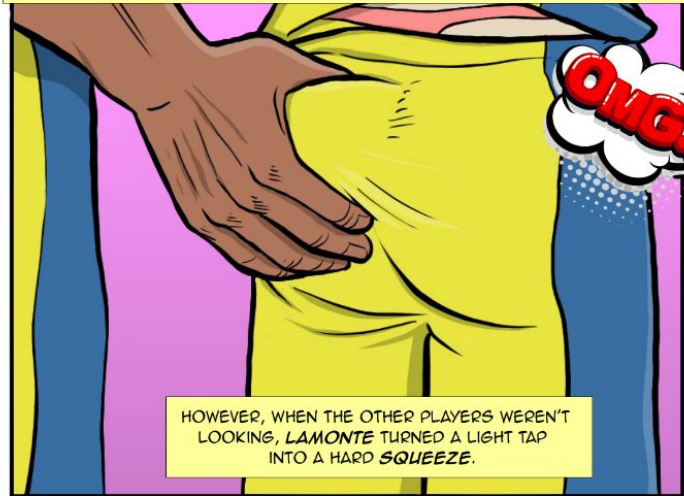
AS YOU CAN EXPECT, THE GAMES DID NOT GO WELL FOR **SASHA**. HE WAS NOT USED TO HAVING THE FABRIC FROM THE **THONG** BETWEEN HIS CHEEKS AS HE RAN. HE WAS ALSO DISTRACTED BY THOUGHTS ABOUT HIS **SEXUALITY** AND NONE OF THIS WAS HELPING HIS GAME.



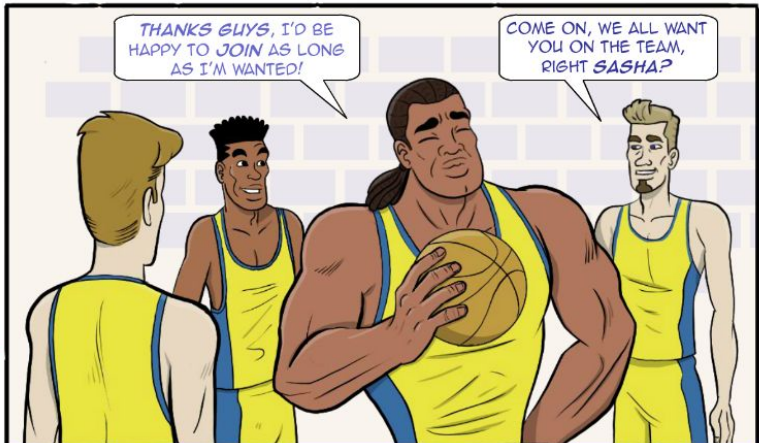
AFTER THE FIRST COUPLE OF GAMES THAT THEY LOST, THE GUYS ASKED **LAMONTE** TO JOIN THE TEAM TO SEE IF HE HAD ANY CHEMISTRY WITH **SASHA**.



AS HE GOT TO THEM, HE STOOD BESIDE **SASHA** AND GAVE HIM A LIGHT TAP ON THE **BUM**. IN THE CONTEXT OF THE GYM, THIS ISN'T ABNORMAL. ATHLETES ARE FREQUENTLY SEEN **PATTING** ONE ANOTHER ON THE **BUM** AS A FORM OF ENCOURAGEMENT AND CAMARADERIE.



HOWEVER, WHEN THE OTHER PLAYERS WEREN'T LOOKING, **LAMONTE** TURNED A LIGHT TAP INTO A HARD **SQUEEZE**.



**JAMES** NUDGED **SASHA** ON THE SHOULDER, PROMPTING HIM TO SPEAK UP AND SAY SOMETHING TO SEAL THE DEAL. THEY ALL KNEW THAT **LAMONTE** WOULD BE AN EXCELLENT EDITION TO THE TEAM. HE ADDED **SIZE** AND **STRENGTH** UP FRONT AND COULD TAKE SOME **PRESSURE** OFF OF **KYLE**. HE COULD **SHOOT** AND **HANDLE** THE **BALL** MEANING THAT TEAMS WOULD **STRUGGLE** TO DEFEND BOTH **SASHA** AND **LAMONTE**. AS TALENTED AS **SASHA** WAS, IT APPEARED THAT **LAMONTE** WOULD NOW ECLIPSE HIM AS THE **NUMBER ONE**. THE WHOLE TEAM WANTED THIS PARAGON OF ALPHA ON THE TEAM, EXCEPT FOR **SASHA**. IT WAS NOW ON HIM TO DECIDE.



YEAH, WE'D LOVE FOR YOU TO JOIN THE TEAM LAMONTE.

SO, YOU WANT TO PLAY WITH ME?

UH, YEAH. I GUESS SO.

YOU GUESS SO?

YES. I WOULD LIKE TO PLAY WITH YOU, HAPPY?



SASHA CRINGED AFTER HEARING HIMSELF SAY THAT. IT SOUNDED SO DIRTY. IT REMINDED HIM OF HOW FAITH HAD TEASED HIM EARLIER THAT DAY ABOUT "PLAYING WITH OTHER TYPES OF BALLS."

IT TOOK EVERY LITTLE BIT OF SASHA'S WILLPOWER NOT TO START HAVING AN ERECTION RIGHT THERE AS LAMONTE WAS HAVING HIS WAY WITH HIM VERBALLY, GETTING HIM TO SAY OUT LOUD THAT HE WANTED TO PLAY WITH HIM.



SASHA DIDN'T SEE LAMONTE AGAIN UNTIL THE LAST GAME OF THE NIGHT. THEY WERE ON OPPOSING TEAMS AGAIN, BUT THIS TIME LAMONTE WASTED NO TIME IN ASSIGNING HIMSELF TO DEFEND SASHA.

I GOT THIS ONE!

IS IT JUST ME OR DOES SASHA LOOK MORE LIKE A "KATY"?? LIKE "TEENAGE DREAM" KATY PERRY! LOOK AT THAT GIRLY FACE!



THAT'S A STUPID JOKE!

SLAM!

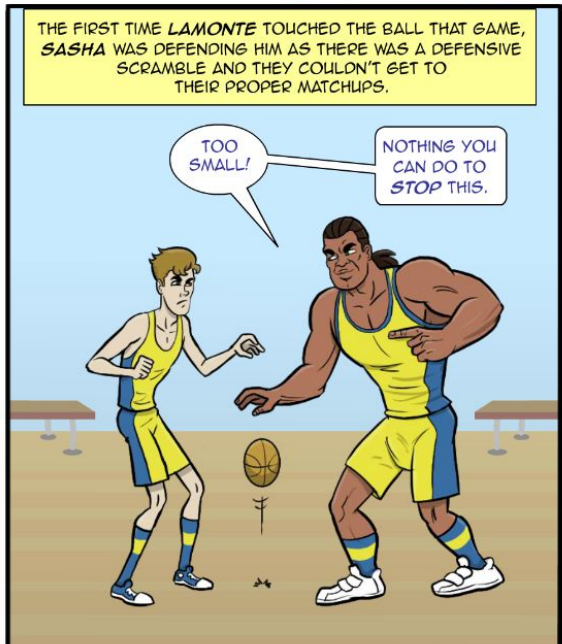


I'MMA CALL YOU 'KATY' FROM NOW ON!! >HEH-HEH<

HUH HUH HUH! GOOD ONE, LAMONTE!

HE HE HE

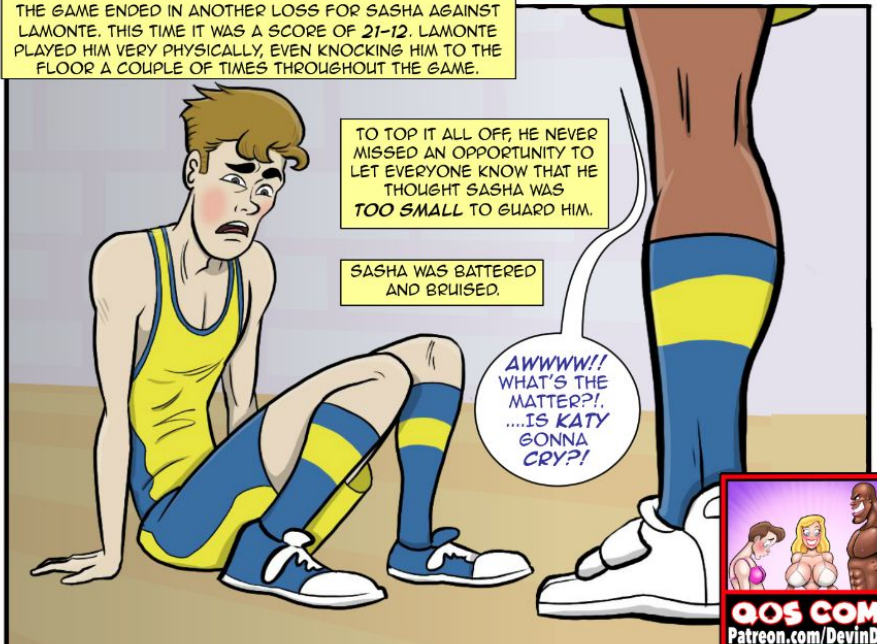
YEAH OLDE, YER KATY!



THE FIRST TIME LAMONTE TOUCHED THE BALL THAT GAME, SASHA WAS DEFENDING HIM AS THERE WAS A DEFENSIVE SCRAMBLE AND THEY COULDN'T GET TO THEIR PROPER MATCHUPS.

TOO SMALL!

NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO STOP THIS.



THE GAME ENDED IN ANOTHER LOSS FOR SASHA AGAINST LAMONTE. THIS TIME IT WAS A SCORE OF 21-12. LAMONTE PLAYED HIM VERY PHYSICALLY, EVEN KNOCKING HIM TO THE FLOOR A COUPLE OF TIMES THROUGHOUT THE GAME.

TO TOP IT ALL OFF, HE NEVER MISSED AN OPPORTUNITY TO LET EVERYONE KNOW THAT HE THOUGHT SASHA WAS TOO SMALL TO GUARD HIM.

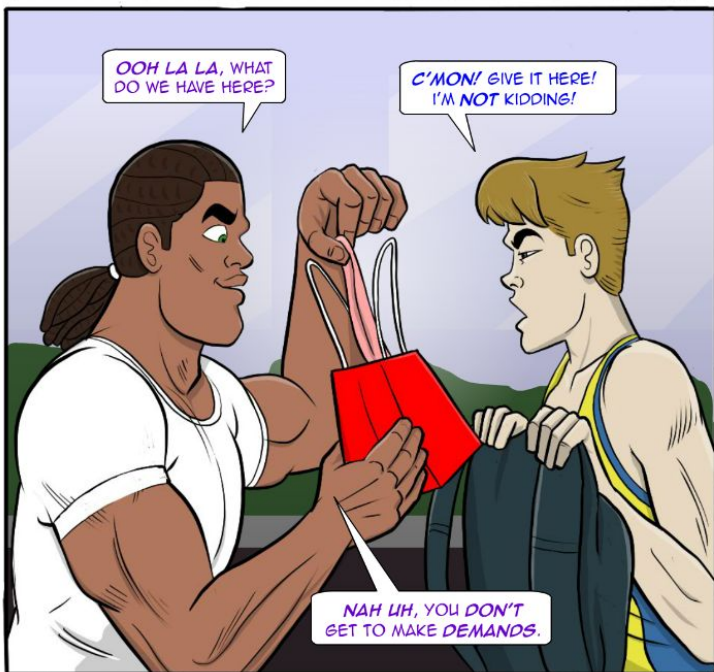
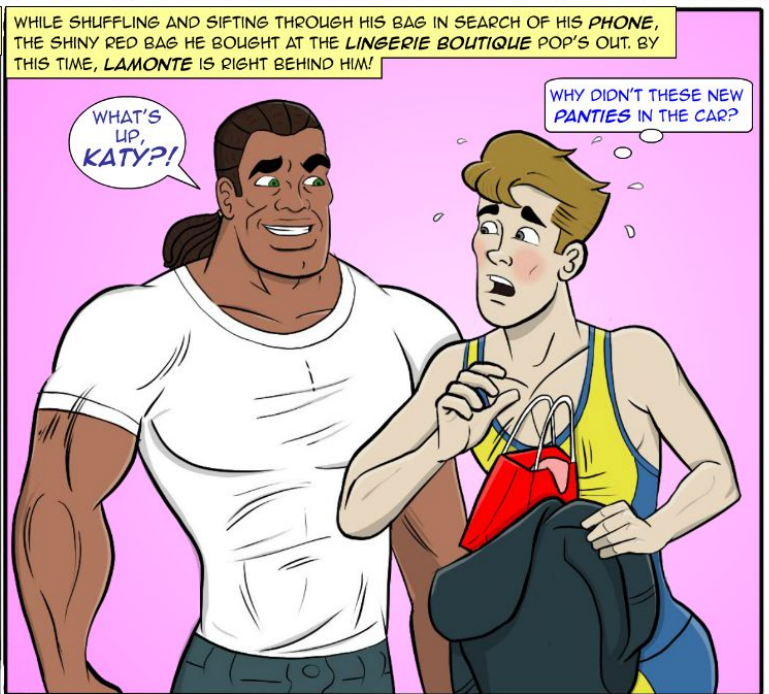
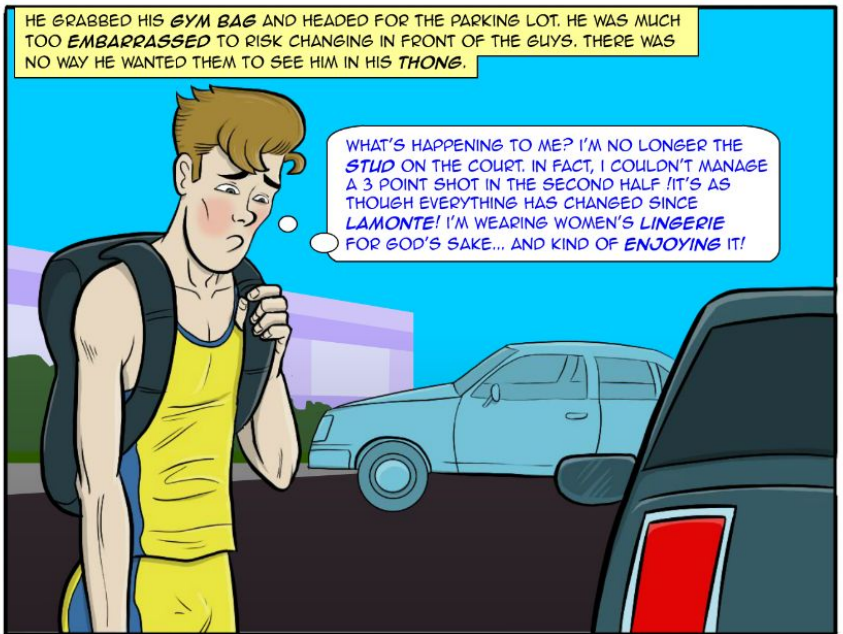
SASHA WAS BATTERED AND BRUISED.

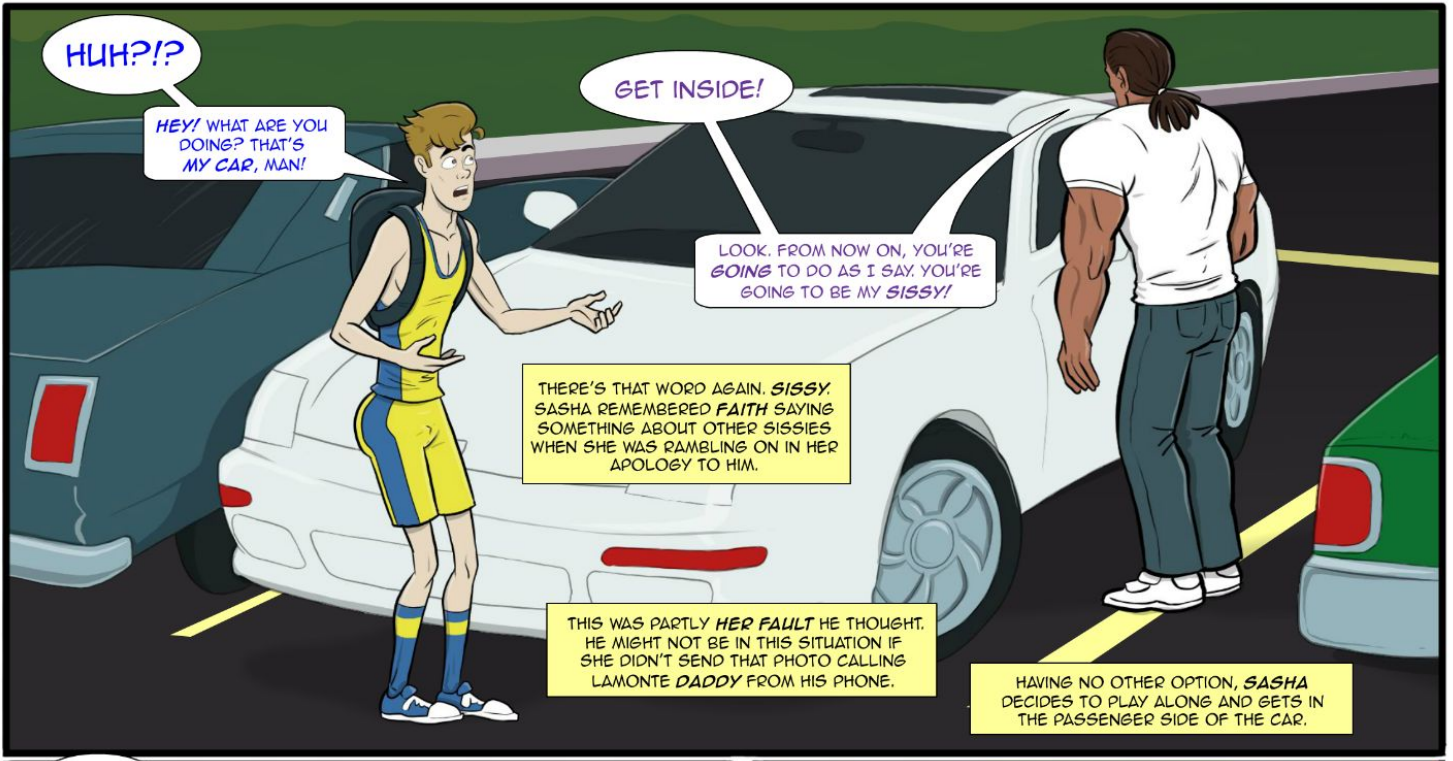
AWWWW!! WHAT'S THE MATTER?!. ...IS KATY GONNA CRY?!



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HUH?!?

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THAT'S MY CAR, MAN!

GET INSIDE!

LOOK. FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE GOING TO DO AS I SAY. YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY *SISSY*!

THERE'S THAT WORD AGAIN. *SISSY*. SASHA REMEMBERED FAITH SAYING SOMETHING ABOUT OTHER *SISSIES* WHEN SHE WAS RAMBLING ON IN HER APOLOGY TO HIM.

THIS WAS PARTLY *HER FAULT* HE THOUGHT. HE MIGHT NOT BE IN THIS SITUATION IF SHE DIDN'T SEND THAT PHOTO CALLING LAMONTE *DADDY* FROM HIS PHONE.

HAVING NO OTHER OPTION, *SASHA* DECIDES TO PLAY ALONG AND GETS IN THE PASSENGER SIDE OF THE CAR.



I'M NOT A *SISSY*!

I KNOW A *SISSY* WHEN I SEE ONE!



YOUR FRAME IS NICE AND *THIN*, YOU DON'T WEIGH MUCH, AND YOU'RE PRACTICALLY *HAIRLESS*. YOUR BODY WAS MADE TO BE A *SISSY*.

ALL YOU NEED IS FOR A *MAN* TO PUSH YOU IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION. A *DADDY*.

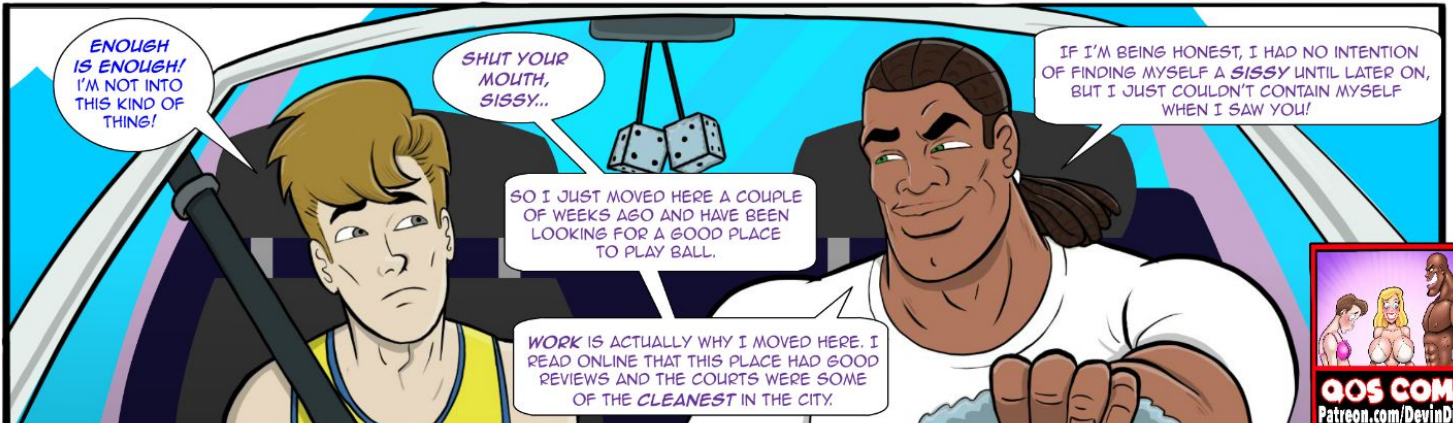
NOW. TELL ME WHICH WAY TO YOUR PLACE?



THE DRIVE TO SASHA'S WAS EXCRUCIATINGLY AWKWARD.

SASHA DID NOT WANT TO GIVE LAMONTE HIS ADDRESS. THIS WAS TAKING IT TOO FAR.

HE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS *SICK GAME* AND DECIDED TO STAND UP FOR HIMSELF...



ENOUGH IS ENOUGH! I'M NOT INTO THIS KIND OF THING!

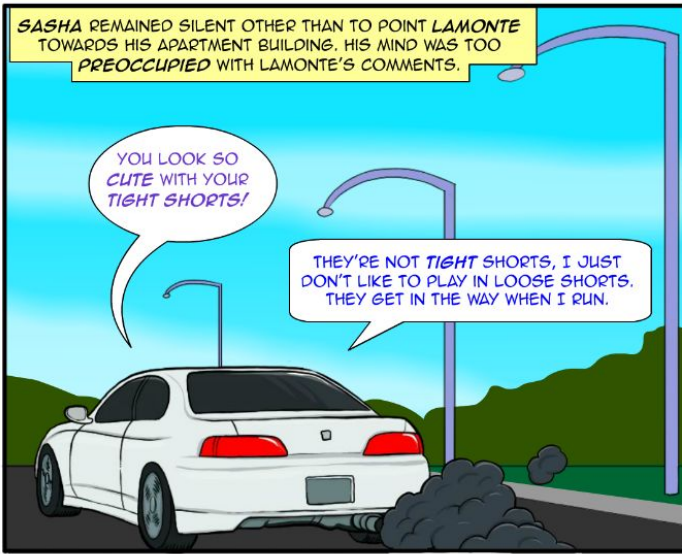
SHUT YOUR MOUTH, *SISSY*...

SO I JUST MOVED HERE A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO AND HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR A GOOD PLACE TO PLAY BALL.

WORK IS ACTUALLY WHY I MOVED HERE. I READ ONLINE THAT THIS PLACE HAD GOOD REVIEWS AND THE COURTS WERE SOME OF THE *CLEANEST* IN THE CITY.

IF I'M BEING HONEST, I HAD NO INTENTION OF FINDING MYSELF A *SISSY* UNTIL LATER ON, BUT I JUST COULDN'T CONTAIN MYSELF WHEN I SAW YOU!





NOW, MORE THAN EVER, HE WAS QUESTIONING HIMSELF, HIS SEXUALITY, HIS WHOLE LIFE.

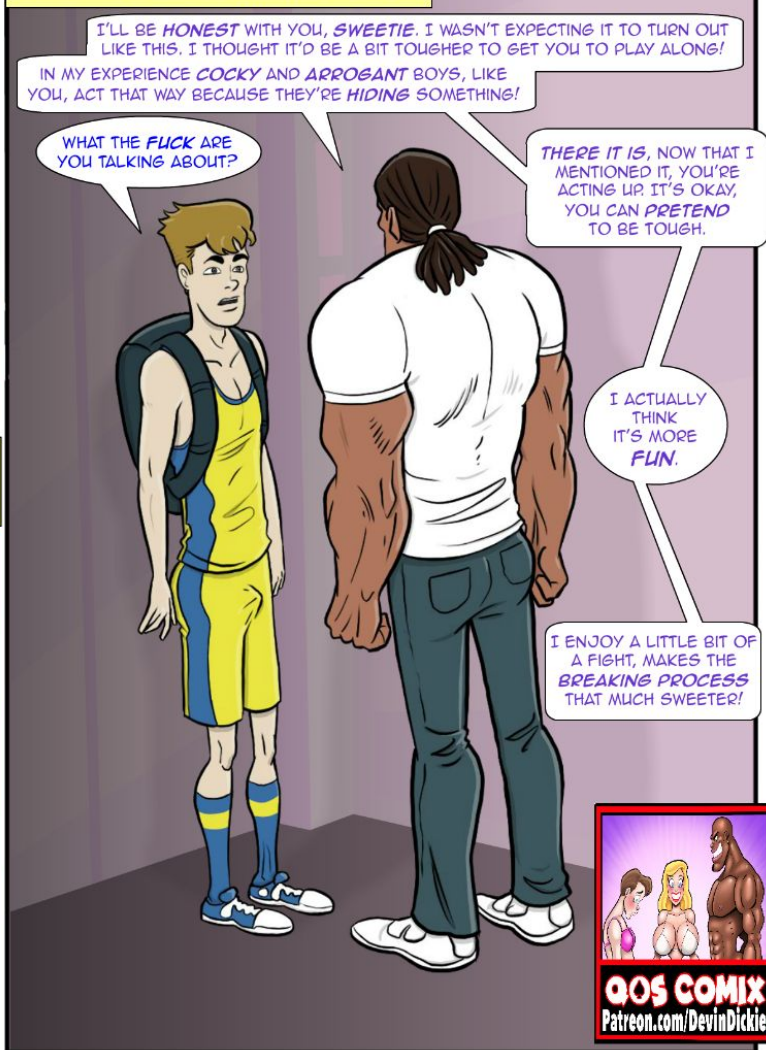


THE REST OF THE RIDE WAS SHORT. LAMONTE FOUND THE GUEST PARKING AREA EASILY ENOUGH, AND SASHA WAS TOO BUSY BEING LOST IN HIS THOUGHTS TO TELL HIM THAT HE ACTUALLY HAD A PARKING SPACE FOR HIMSELF.

WITHOUT EVEN THINKING, SASHA GOT OUT OF THE CAR AND STARTED TO WALK TOWARDS HIS APARTMENT. HE DIDN'T EVEN SEEM TO CARE ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE.



ONCE ON THE ELEVATOR ON THEIR WAY UP TO HIS APARTMENT, LAMONTE BEGAN TO REVEAL MORE OF HIS INTENTIONS FOR SASHA.

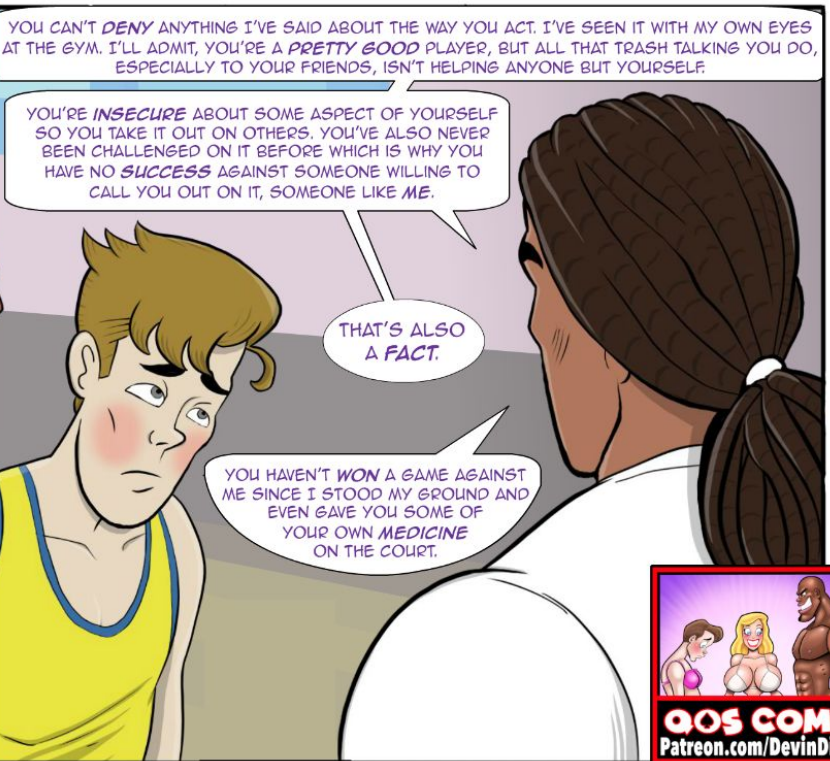
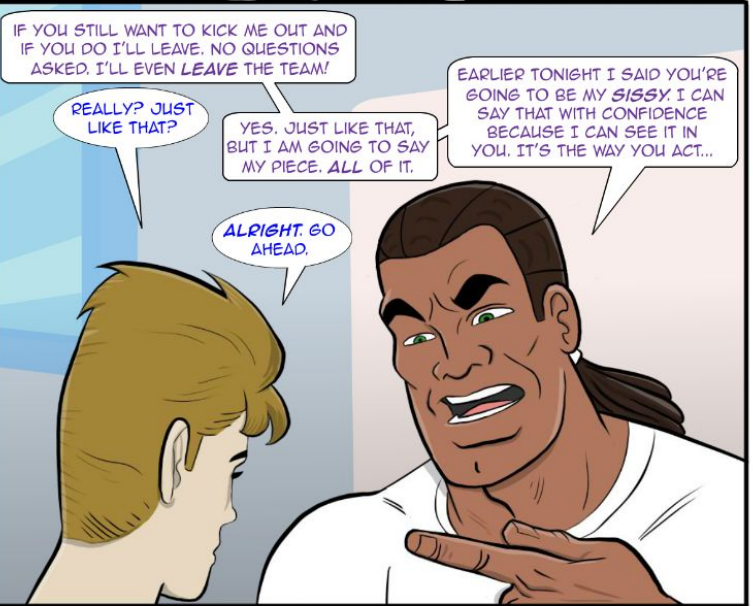


SASHA WAS ABOUT TO EXPLODE WITH ANGER, BUT THE ELEVATOR DOOR OPENED TO THE FLOOR OF HIS APARTMENT. HE RESIGNED HIMSELF TO WHAT WAS TO TRANSPIRE. PART OF HIM WAS FULL OF DREAD WHILE ANOTHER PART OF HIM WAS NERVOUS AND EXCITED.

SASHA WAS TREMBLING TRYING TO GET THE KEY INTO HIS APARTMENT DOOR.



FINALLY INSIDE THE CONFINES OF HIS OWN APARTMENT, HE TRIED TO RELAX HIMSELF BY GRABBING A BEER FOR LAMONTE AND POURING HIMSELF A DOUBLE SHOT OF WHISKEY.



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SASHA'S BODY LANGUAGE WAS STARTING TO BECOME LESS DEFENSIVE AS THE REALITY BEGAN TO SINK IN. HE REALIZED HE HADN'T WON A SINGLE GAME AGAINST LAMONTE YET. OF COURSE, IT WAS A SMALL SAMPLE SIZE, BUT EVEN THEN, HIS PERFORMANCES IN THOSE GAMES WAS NOTHING LIKE HOW HE PLAYED AGAINST OTHERS.

WHEN I PUT MY HANDS ON YOU. SHOVED YOU. PINNED YOU AGAINST THAT LOCKER. HOW DID YOU REACT? YOUR LITTLE DICK GOT HARD AND YOU GOT SCARED. THAT'S WHY YOU DIDN'T FIGHT BACK.

I'M SURE YOU WANTED TO FIGHT, BUT DEEP DOWN INSIDE, YOU KNEW THAT YOU'VE FINALLY MET YOUR MATCH.

AGAIN, WHEN I STOOD MY GROUND IN THE CHANGE ROOM AFTER YOU CHALLENGED ME PHYSICALLY. YOU SURRENDERED TO ME EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE THE ONE WHO INITIATED THE SHOVING!

???

"YOU'VE FINALLY FOUND SOMEONE SUPERIOR TO YOU!"

"YOU WERE SO SCARED ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS FINDING OUT ABOUT YOUR LITTLE DICK GETTING HARD FOR ME THAT YOU WENT OUT AND BOUGHT PANTIES LIKE A LITTLE GIRL. YOU KNOW WHY?!"

"IT'S BECAUSE YOU'VE WORKED SO HARD TO BUILD YOUR IMAGE AS AN ALPHA MALE AND YOU'RE TERRIFIED THAT YOUR FRIENDS WILL FIND OUT IT WAS ALL JUST A SHOW. SO, YOU RAN OFF AND DID JUST AS I SAID TO KEEP YOUR LITTLE SECRET!"

"IT EXCITES YOU KNOWING THAT YOU'VE FINALLY MET SOMEONE THAT SEES THROUGH IT ALL!"

I'LL SHOW THEM. I'LL SHOW THEM ALL WHO'S ALPHA!

GOT SAME, BRO?

OH OH YEAH...

THAT LITTLE THING BETWEEN YOUR LEGS DOESN'T COMPARE TO A REAL MAN."

I BET YOU'RE HARD RIGHT NOW, SISSY!

YOU KNOW EVERYTHING I JUST SAID IS TRUE. EVEN IF YOU DON'T KNOW IT YET, THAT LITTLE THING BETWEEN YOUR LEGS KNOWS AND IT'S RESPONDING ACCORDINGLY. YOU DON'T HAVE TO PRETEND TO BE THE MAN AROUND ME!

PSSHK!

"YOU'RE SECRETLY LOVING THIS. BEING TOLD WHAT YOU ARE BY A REAL MAN"

BOING!



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NOW, WHAT'LL IT BE? SHOULD I *LEAVE* LIKE YOU WANTED BEFORE? IF I DO LEAVE, JUST KNOW YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO FINALLY SUBMIT TO SOMEONE WHO *KNOWS* WHAT YOU ARE.

YOU'LL NEVER GET TO EXPERIENCE THE *PLEASURES* I CAN GIVE YOU. THAT LITTLE BONER OF YOURS IS JUST THE TIP OF THE *ICEBERG!*

I'M NOT STAYING UNLESS YOU LOOK ME IN THE EYE AND TELL ME THAT YOU'RE *MY SISSY.*

...WELL?

MAYBE YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE THAT LIKES BE TO *DOMINATED?*

SASHA WAS SILENT. THINKING TO HIMSELF ABOUT EVERYTHING THAT WAS JUST SAID. HE COULDN'T HELP BUT REMEMBER WHAT *FAITH* HAD SAID TO HIM IN THE *LINGERIE STORE.*

IT *EMBARRASSED* AND *HUMILIATED* HIM BEYOND BELIEF HAVING THAT THOUGHT CROSS HIS MIND.

SASHA COULDN'T THINK STRAIGHT. SOMEHOW, IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS SELF-REFLECTION SESSION, *LAMONTE* HAD UNZIPPED HIS PANTS AND TAKEN OUT HIS *COCK*. IT WAS JUST HANGING OUT AS *LAMONTE* STOOD THERE ENJOYING HIS BEER! *SASHA* WAS FIXATED ON IT!

ANSWER MY QUESTION.

W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WHAT REALLY FRIGHTENED SASHA ABOUT THE SITUATION WAS THE OTHER THOUGHTS AND QUESTIONS THAT BEGAN TO FILL HIS MIND.

I WONDER HOW MANY *INCHES* IT IS?

IT LOOKS REALLY *THICK.*

IT HANGS *LOWER* THAN MINE.

LI-LIHM

LOOK AT YOU. YOU CAN'T EVEN THINK STRAIGHT. YOU LOOK *MESMERIZED.*

HYPNOTIZED EVEN.

YEAH. I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOT OF FUN *BREAKING* YOU!



YOU CAN'T RESIST!

GET UP, COME OVER HERE AND TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO HEAR SO WE CAN START YOUR INITIATION!

SASHA GULPED.

HE COULD FEEL HIS MOUTH STARTING TO GET DRY.

HIS COCK STRAINING AGAINST THE FABRIC OF THE THONG HE HAD ON.

FWUMP!



ALMOST AS IF HIS CONSCIOUSNESS HAD SEPARATED FROM HIS BODY, HE WATCHED HIMSELF GET ONTO THE FLOOR.

ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES HE CRAWLED TOWARD LAMONTE.

LEAD THERE NOT BY HIS HEAD, BUT SOMETHING ELSE.



WELL, I WAS NOT EXPECTING THIS!

SASHA DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING OR HOW HE FOUND HIMSELF ON HIS KNEES LOOKING UP AT LAMONTE LIKE THIS.

IT'S LIKE HIS BODY WAS BEING CONTROLLED BY SOMEONE ELSE.

HIS MIND WAS TELLING HIM TO GET UP AND TELL LAMONTE TO LEAVE AND STICK TO THE AGREEMENT THEY MADE BEFORE HIS SPEECH, BUT HE COULDN'T FIND HIS VOICE ALL OF A SUDDEN.



I GUESS I DID SAY TO LOOK ME IN THE EYE! I LIKE YOUR INTERPRETATION OF THIS SITUATION. NOW SAY IT!



SAY IT!





THAT'LL HAPPEN LATER, BITCH. RIGHT NOW, I WANT TO HEAR YOU SAY THE MAGIC WORDS.

SASHA IMMEDIATELY CLOSED HIS MOUTH, BUT ONLY AFTER THE THOUGHT OF HIMSELF SUCKING ON LAMONTE'S MANHOOD POPPED INTO HIS MIND. HIS OWN COCK TWITCHED.



UHMM...

YOU CAN STAY IF YOU WANT.



THANKS, BUT THAT'S NOT QUITE WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR.

HE THEN TUCKED HIS COCK BACK INTO HIS PANTS AND PROCEEDED TO WALK TOWARDS THE DOOR.

WAIT!



AS MUCH AS I LOVE SEEING YOU ON YOUR KNEES LIKE THAT, I ALREADY TOLD YOU WHAT YOU NEED TO DO FOR ME TO STAY.

OK...

I'LL BE YOUR SISSY.

HIS HEART WAS RACING NOW. THE ADRENALINE WAS FLOWING. PART OF HIM TRIED HIS HARDEST TO KEEP QUIET AND LET LAMONTE LEAVE. THAT'S WHAT HE THOUGHT HE WANTED. INSTEAD, HE WAS NOW TRYING TO RATIONALIZE WHY HE GAVE IN AND SAID WHAT LAMONTE HAD ASKED HIM TO SAY.

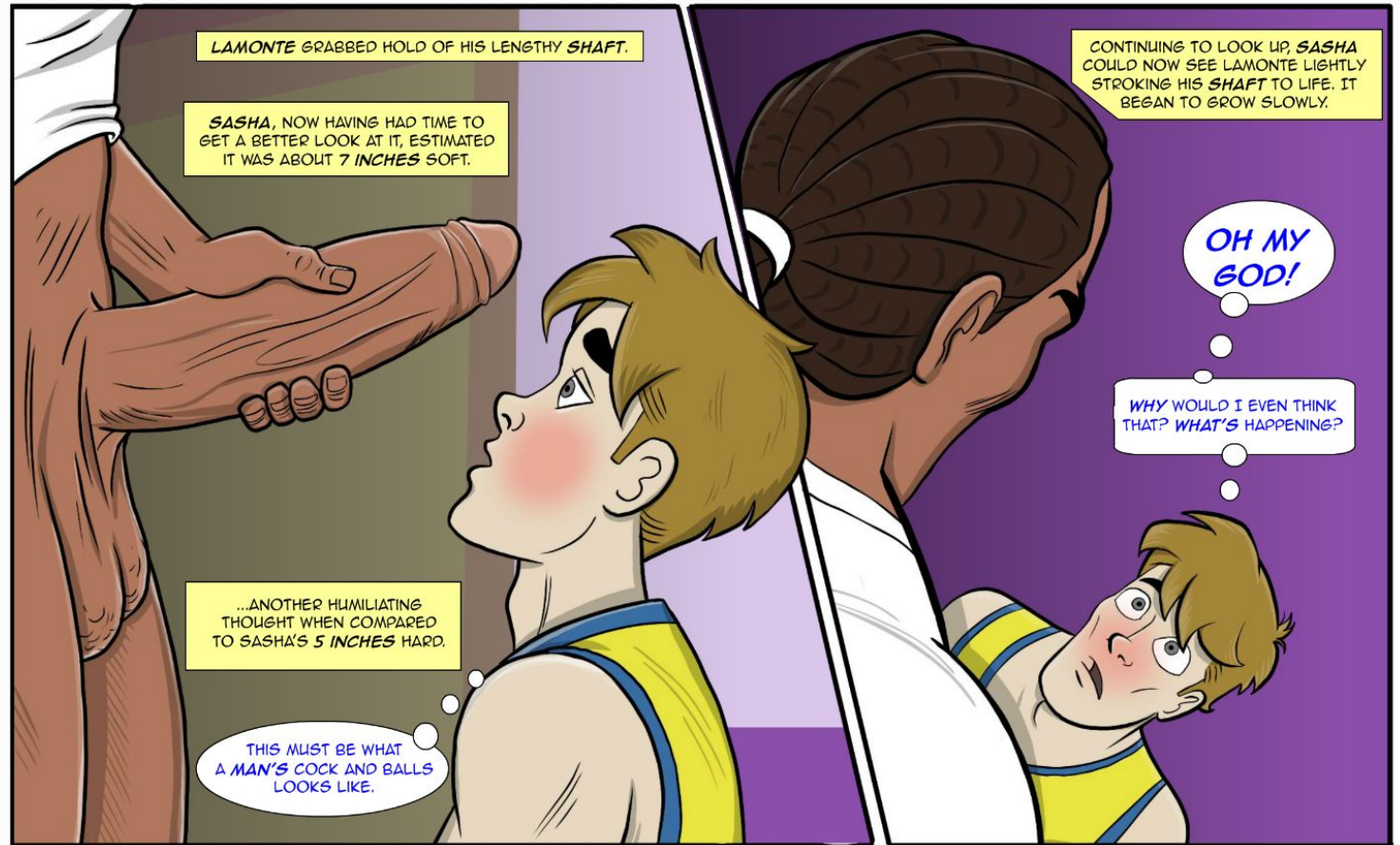
HE SLOWLY TURNED AROUND AND MADE HIS WAY BACK TO WHERE SASHA WAS STILL KNEELING. HE THEN PULLED HIS COCK BACK OUT, BUT THIS TIME HE LET HIS PANTS FALL TO THE GROUND.



SASHA REMAINED SILENT. WAITING IN ANTICIPATION FOR LAMONTE'S NEXT MOVE.







LAMONTE GRABBED HOLD OF HIS LENGTHY SHAFT.

SASHA, NOW HAVING HAD TIME TO GET A BETTER LOOK AT IT, ESTIMATED IT WAS ABOUT 7 INCHES SOFT.

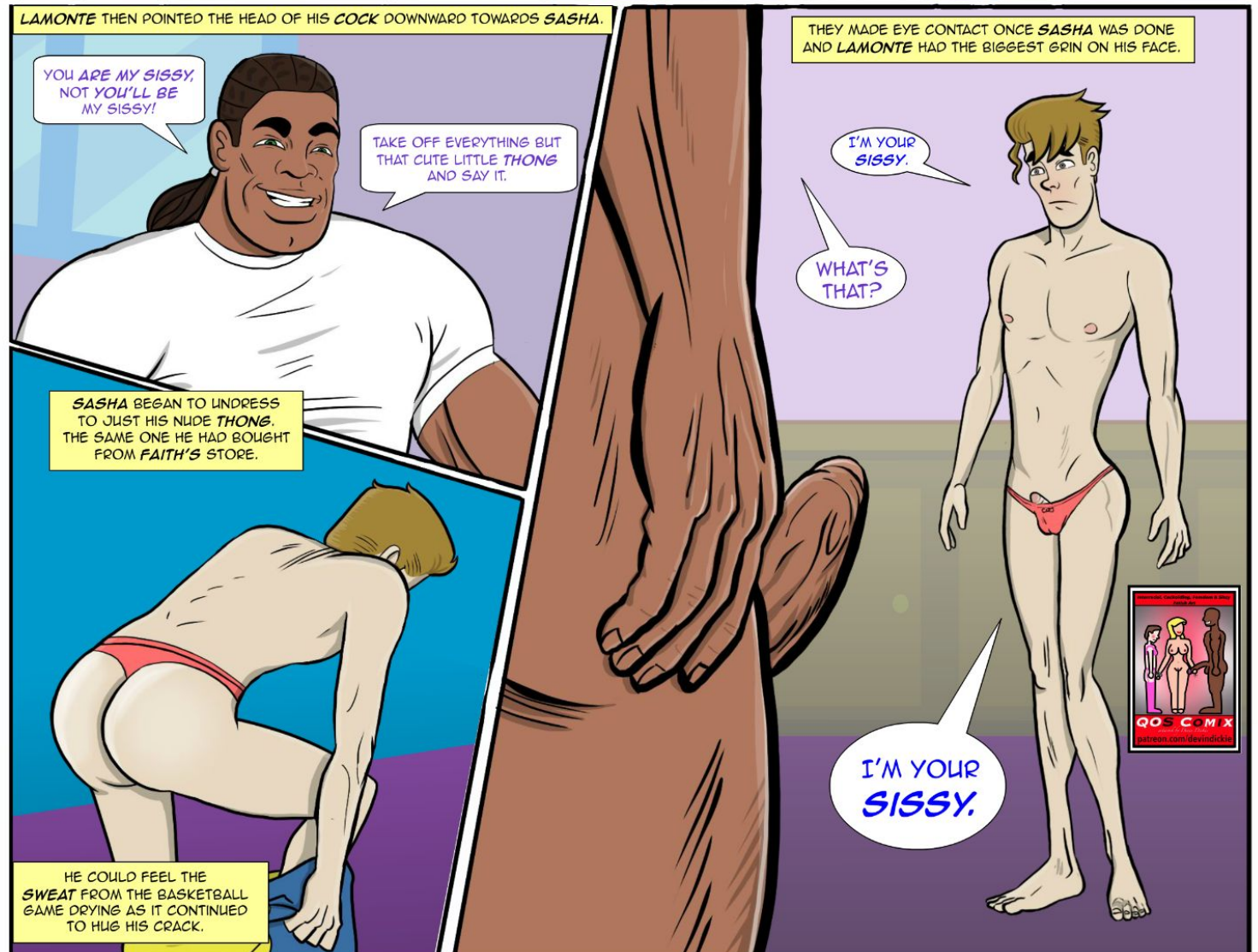
CONTINUING TO LOOK UP, SASHA COULD NOW SEE LAMONTE LIGHTLY STROKING HIS SHAFT TO LIFE. IT BEGAN TO GROW SLOWLY.

OH MY GOD!

WHY WOULD I EVEN THINK THAT? WHAT'S HAPPENING?

...ANOTHER HUMILIATING THOUGHT WHEN COMPARED TO SASHA'S 5 INCHES HARD.

THIS MUST BE WHAT A MAN'S COCK AND BALLS LOOKS LIKE.



LAMONTE THEN POINTED THE HEAD OF HIS COCK DOWNWARD TOWARDS SASHA.

YOU ARE MY SISSY, NOT YOU'LL BE MY SISSY!

TAKE OFF EVERYTHING BUT THAT CUTE LITTLE THONG AND SAY IT.

THEY MADE EYE CONTACT ONCE SASHA WAS DONE AND LAMONTE HAD THE BIGGEST GRIN ON HIS FACE.

SASHA BEGAN TO UNDRRESS TO JUST HIS NUDE THONG, THE SAME ONE HE HAD BOUGHT FROM FAITH'S STORE.

I'M YOUR SISSY.

WHAT'S THAT?

I'M YOUR SISSY.

HE COULD FEEL THE SWEAT FROM THE BASKETBALL GAME DRYING AS IT CONTINUED TO HUG HIS CRACK.

