

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.

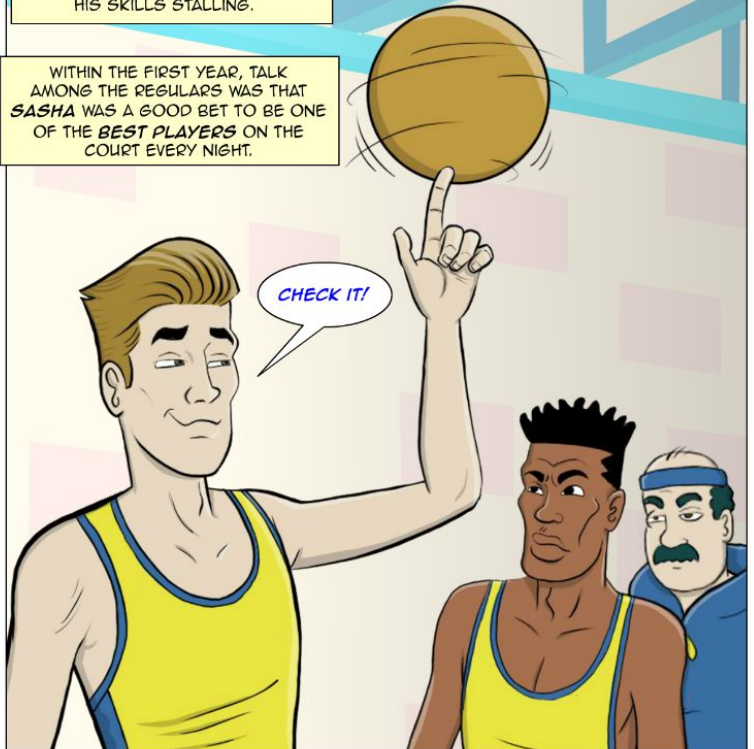
SASHA HAD BEEN PLAYING BASKETBALL AT THIS COMMUNITY GYM FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS. HE KNEW EVERYONE AND ALL THE REGULARS KNEW HIM.



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.

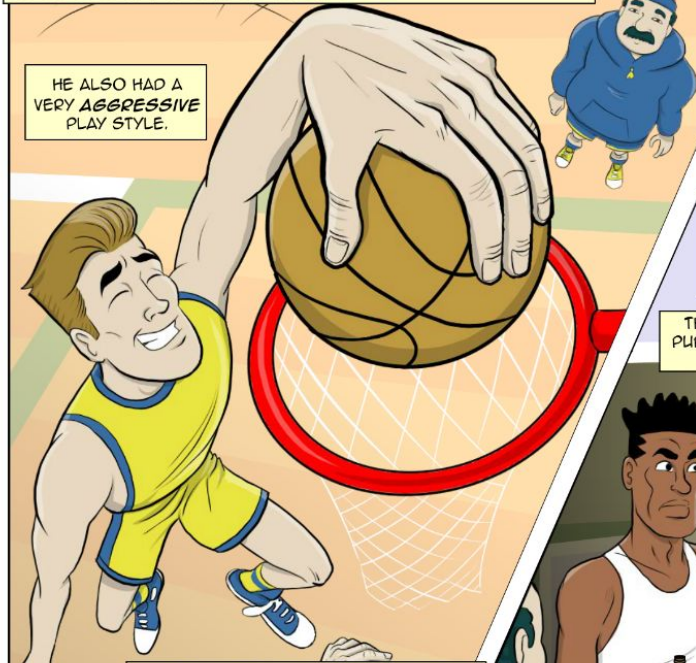


NOW TO PUT THINGS INTO CONTEXT, NO, THESE AREN'T **NBA LEVEL** PLAYERS THAT WENT TO THIS GYM. JUST **REGULAR GUYS** WHO WORKED REGULAR JOBS AND LIVED REGULAR LIVES WHO HAPPENED TO ENJOY PLAYING BALL AND WORKING OUT IN THEIR DOWN TIME.

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.

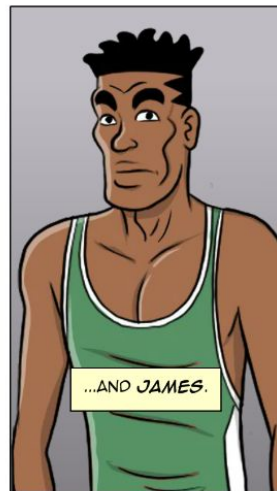
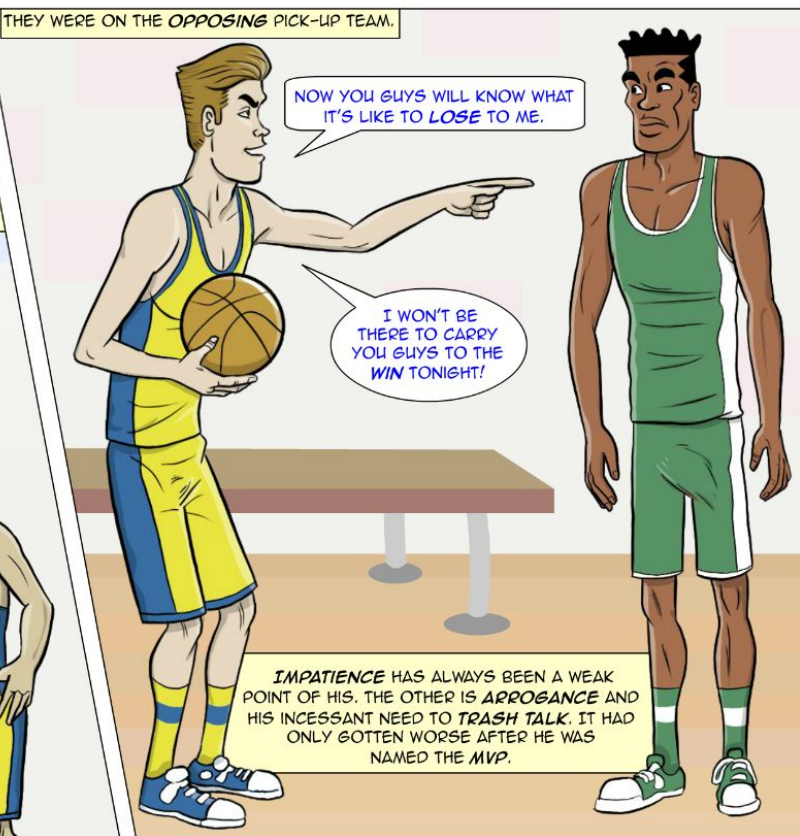
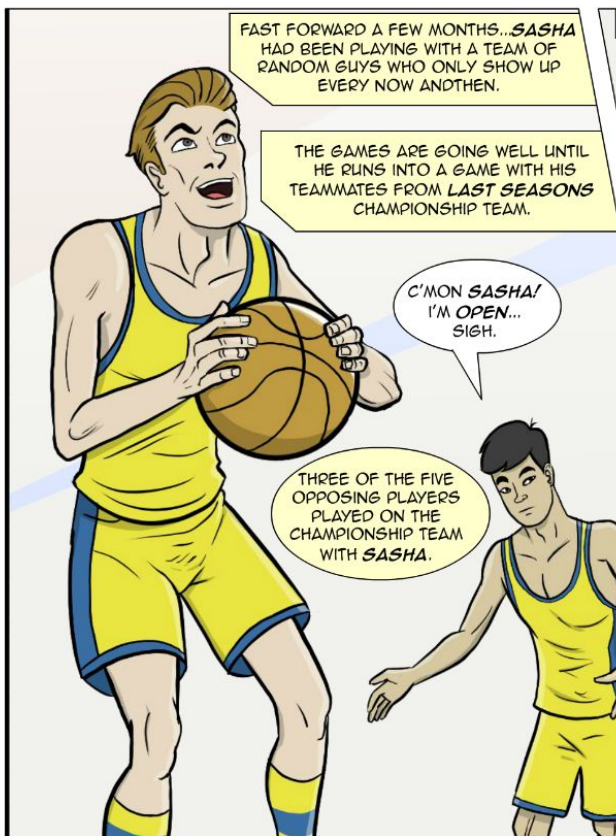
THEY SPENT THE NIGHT AT A NEARBY PUB GETTING ABSOLUTELY PLASTERED. IT WAS A GREAT TIME.

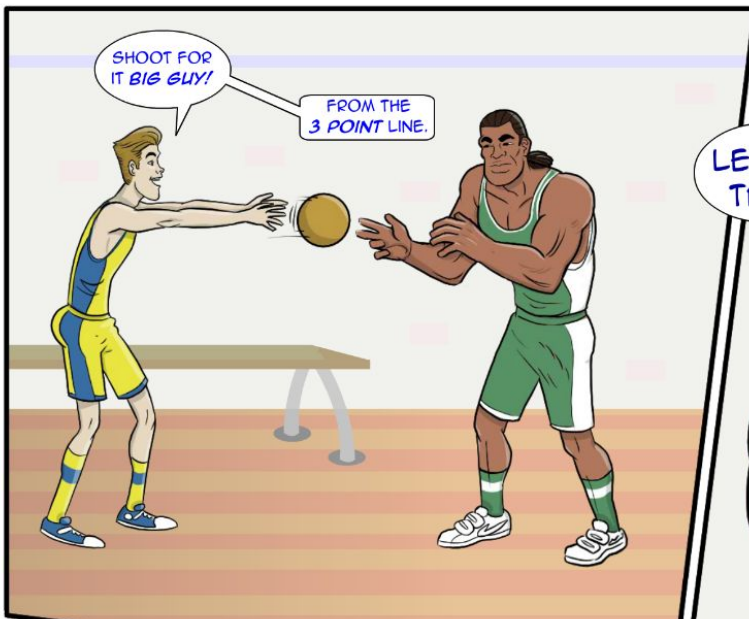
NOT AFRAID TO COME BARRELING DOWN THE LANE AND INITIATE CONTACT TO MAKE DEFENDERS UNCOMFORTABLE AND KEEP THEM ON THEIR TOES.



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.



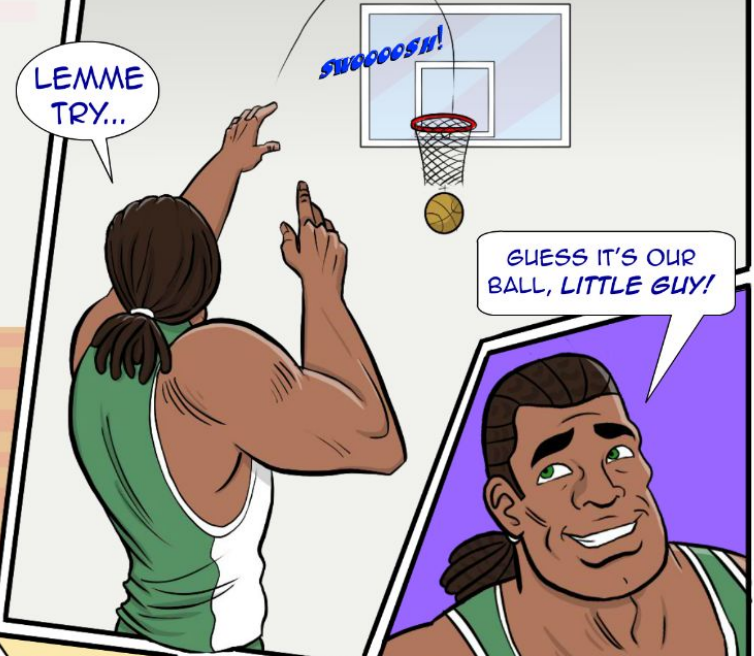




SHOOT FOR IT **BIG GUY!**

FROM THE **3 POINT LINE.**

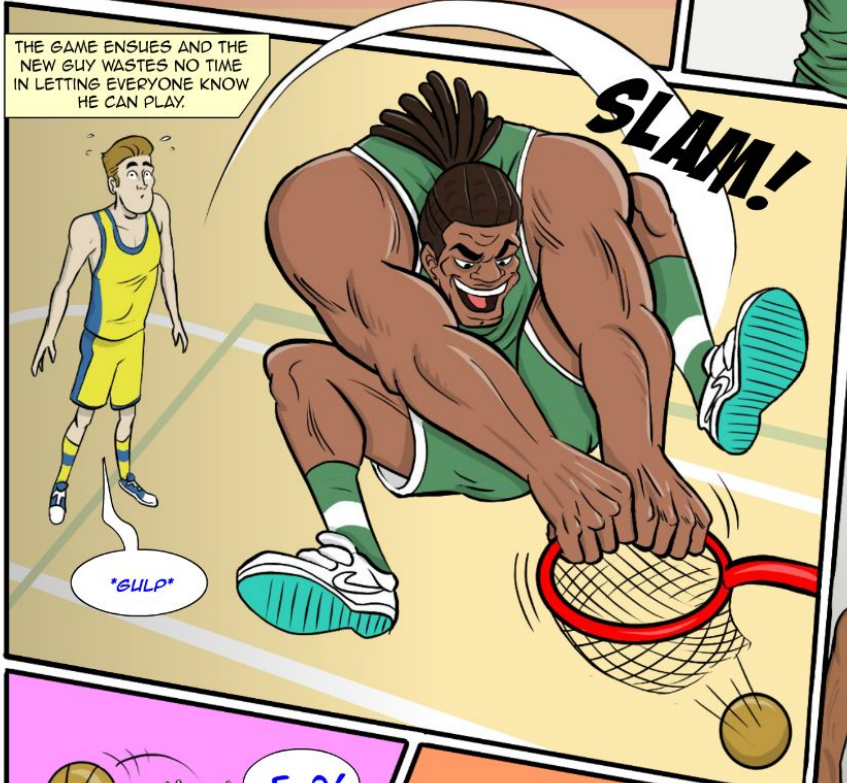
STANDING AT THE TOP OF THE KEY, THE FURTHEST PART OF THE 3 POINT LINE AND TAKES THE SHOT. IT'S OBVIOUS FROM HIS **SHOOTING FORM** THAT HE'S DONE THIS BEFORE.



LEMME TRY...

SWOOSH!

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



SLAM!



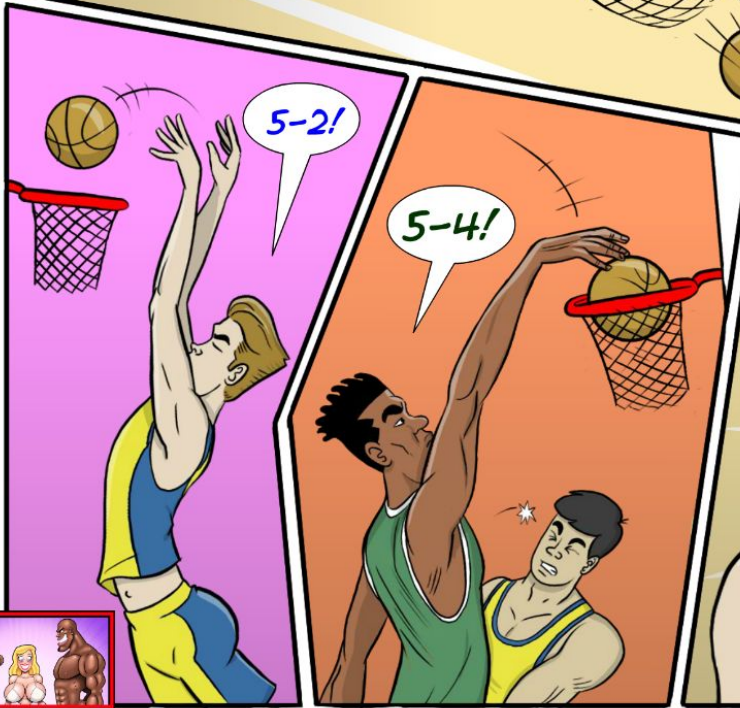
GULP



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!

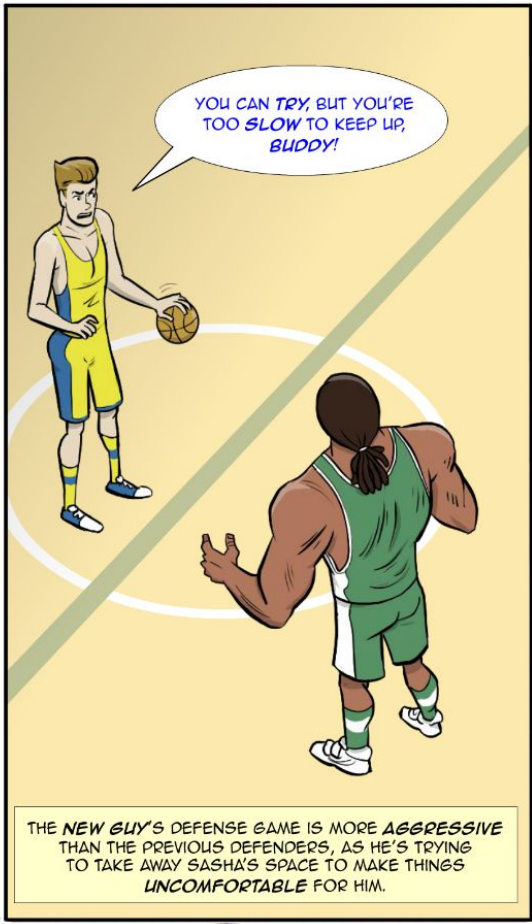
5-4!



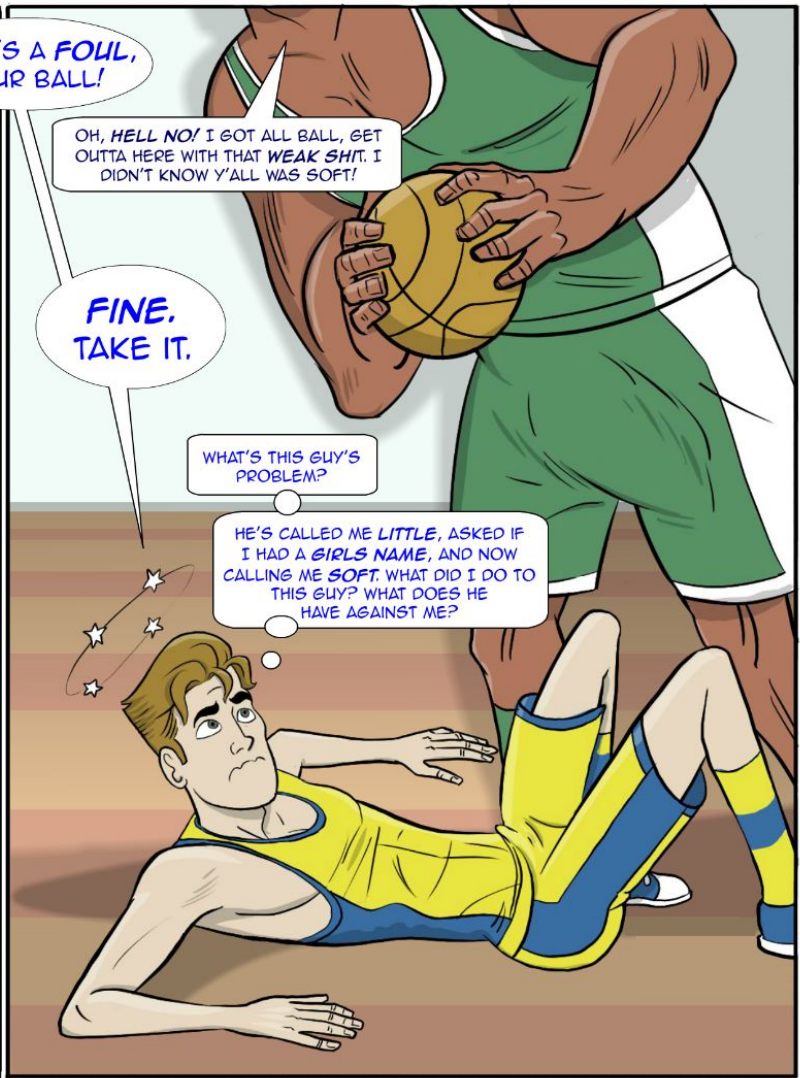
I GOT **LITTLE GUY!**

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. LETME 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...

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

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



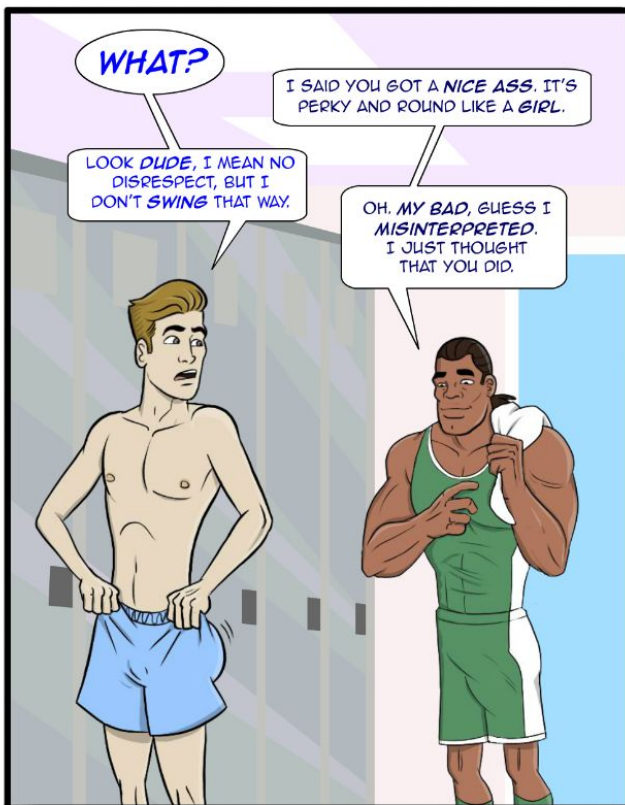
SURE THING, I'LL LET THE GUYS KNOW.

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.

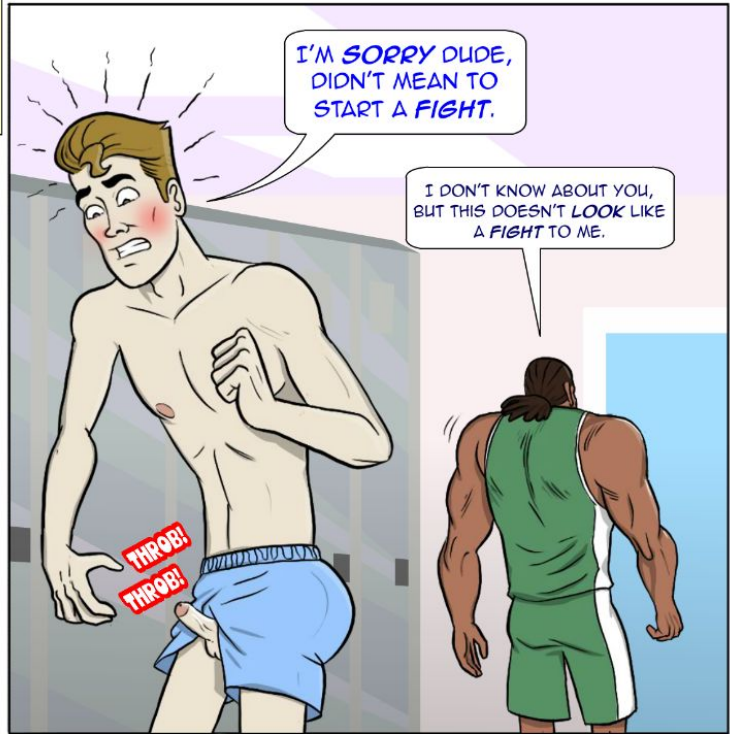
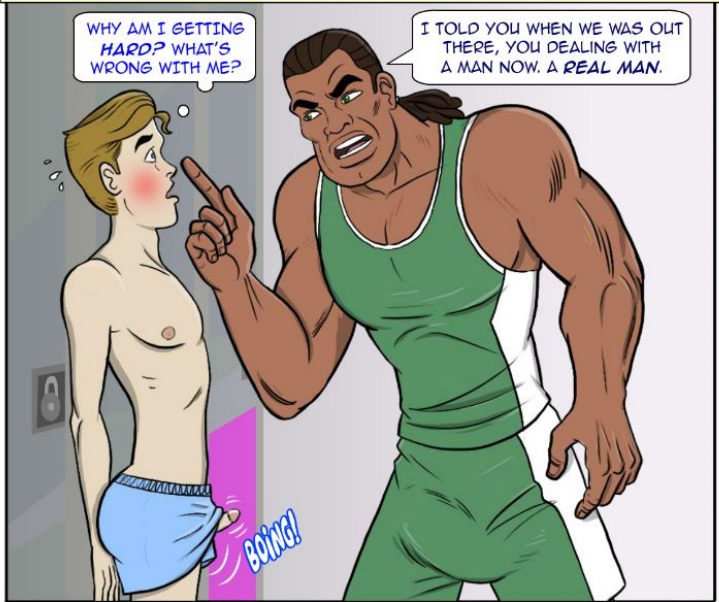
NOW IN HERE, YOU WANNA START ACTING LIKE A BIG SHOT, LIKE YOU THE MAN.



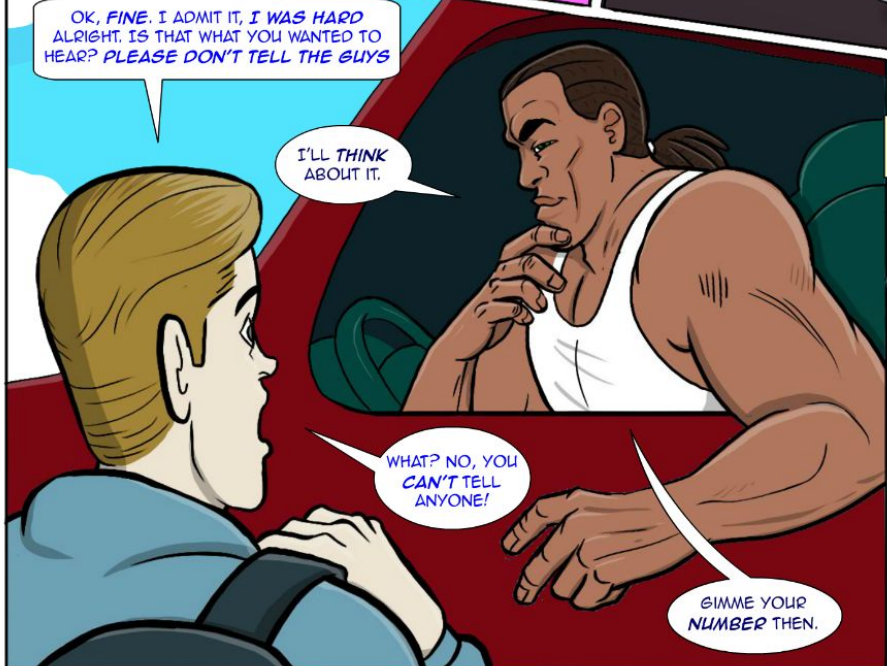
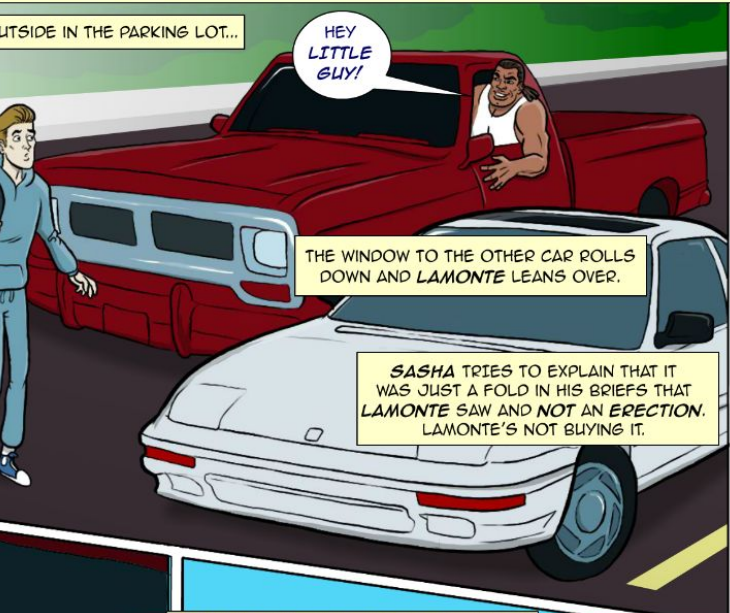
GET OUT OF MY FACE!



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.

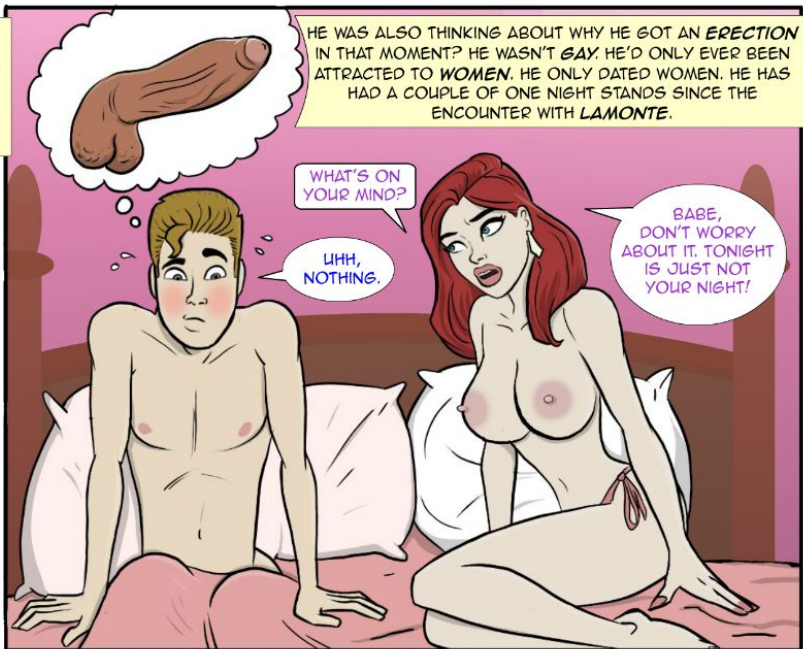


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SASHA WAS INCREDIBLY ANXIOUS THE ENTIRE NEXT TWO DAYS AT WORK. HE HAD SPENT A LOT OF TIME WONDERING WHAT LAMONTE WANTED HIS NUMBER FOR. DID HE WANT TO USE IT TO SIGN UP FOR RANDOM SHIT?

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.

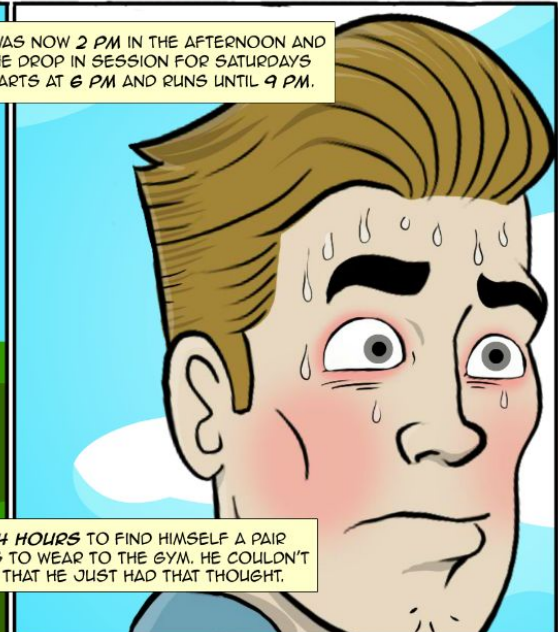
DING-DING!

DING-DING!

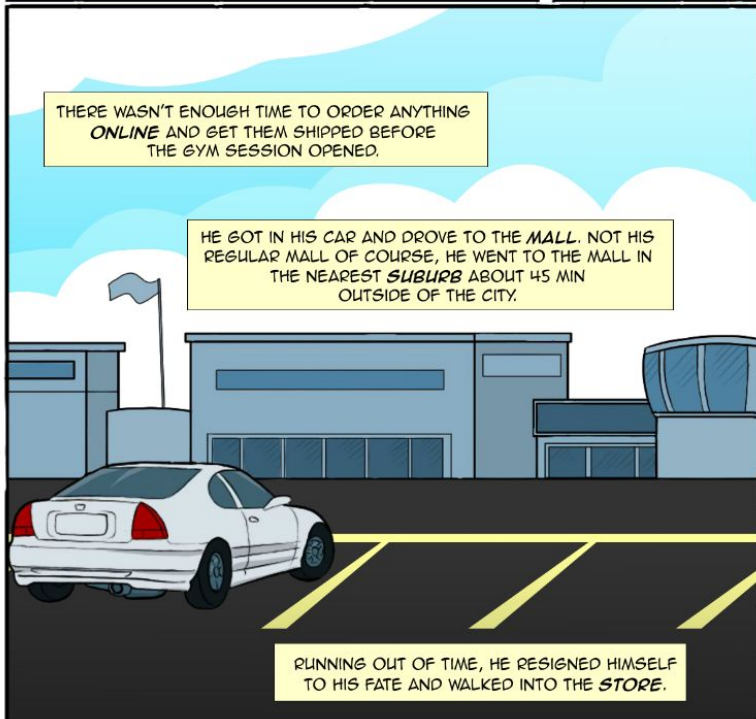
LAMONTE WAS NOT RESPONDING TO ANY OF HIS OTHER TEXTS. HE WOULDN'T ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS FOR CLARIFICATION AND HE DIDN'T EVEN PICK UP WHEN SASHA DECIDED TO CALL.



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...

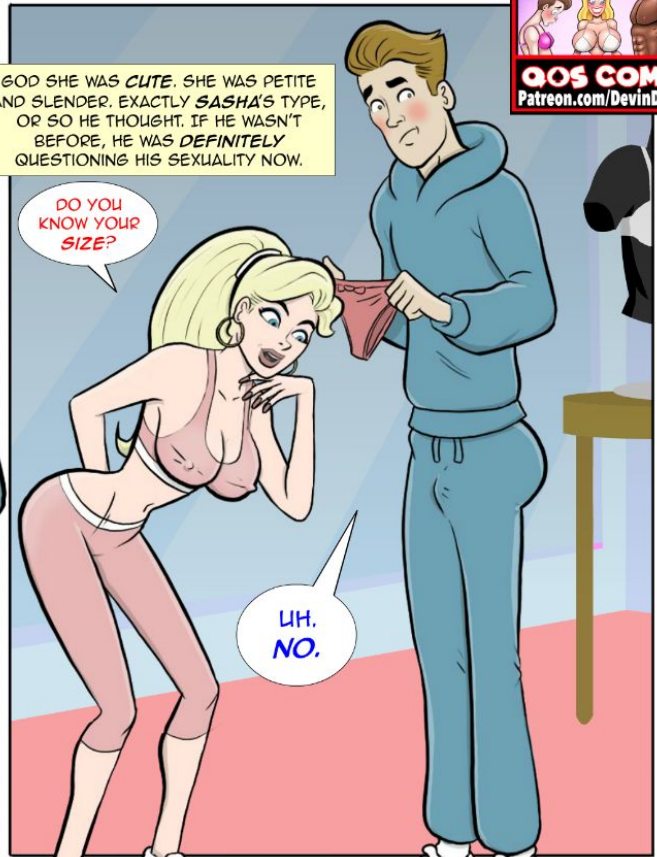




HE DIDN'T THINK THIS THROUGH. HE DIDN'T ANTICIPATE HAVING TO DEAL WITH A LIVE PERSON.

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

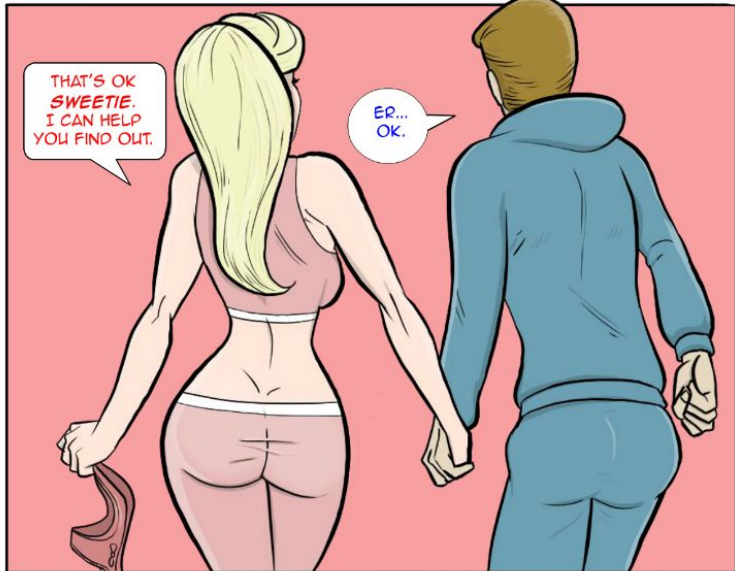
I CAN HELP YOU FIND WHAT YOU NEED.



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.

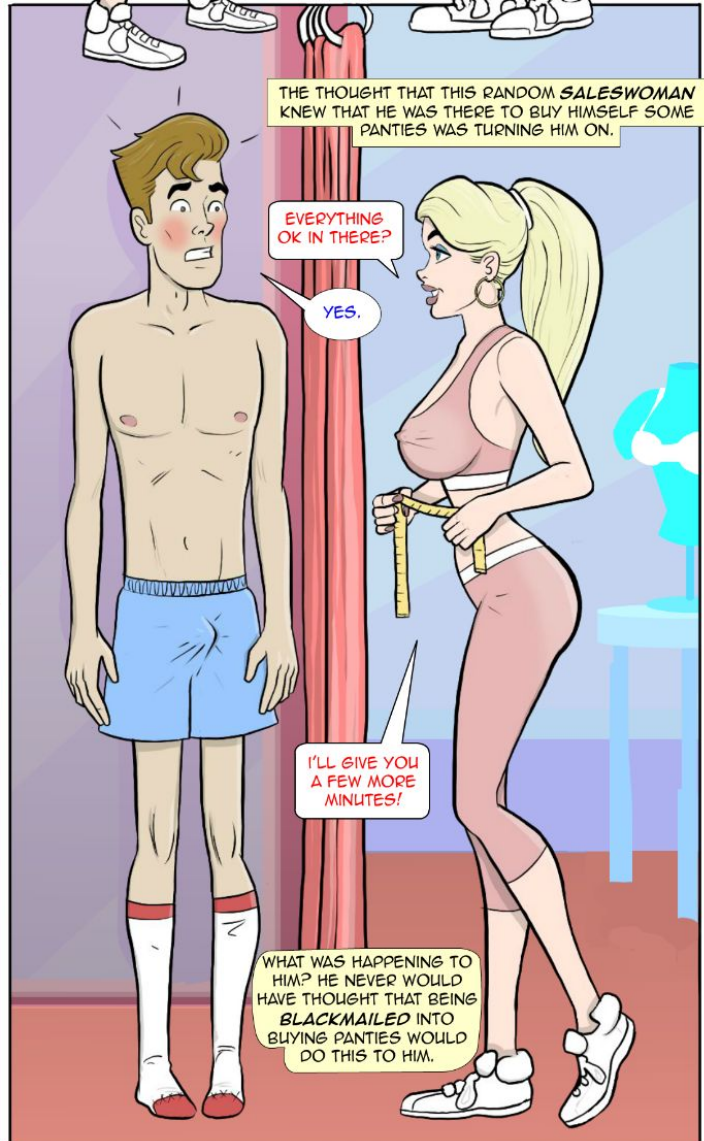
DO YOU KNOW YOUR SIZE?

UH. NO.



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

ER... OK.



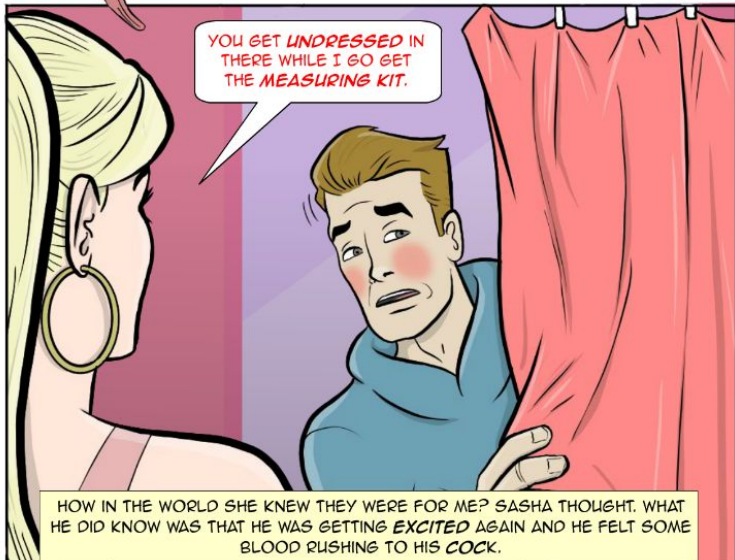
THE THOUGHT THAT THIS RANDOM SALESWOMAN KNEW THAT HE WAS THERE TO BUY HIMSELF SOME PANTIES WAS TURNING HIM ON.

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 UNDRESSED 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.



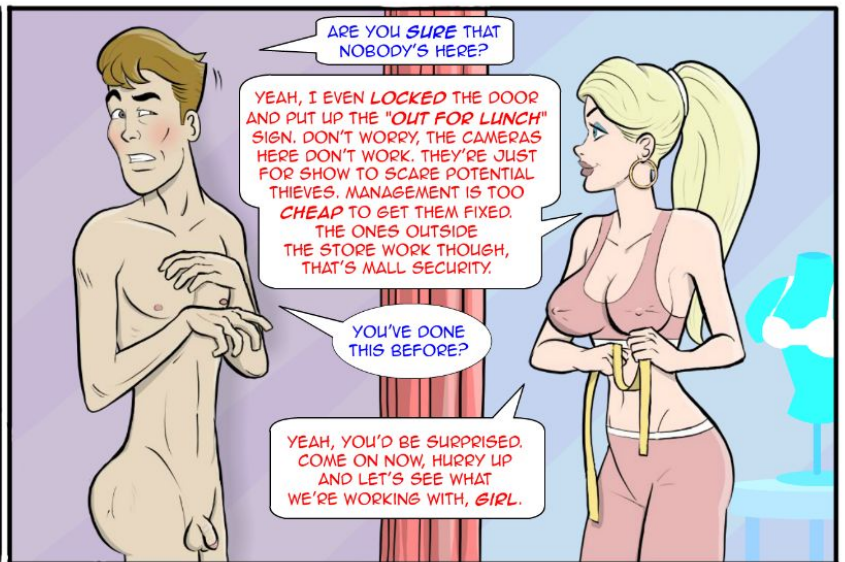
HEY, ARE YOU *READY*? WANNA COME OUT?

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*.

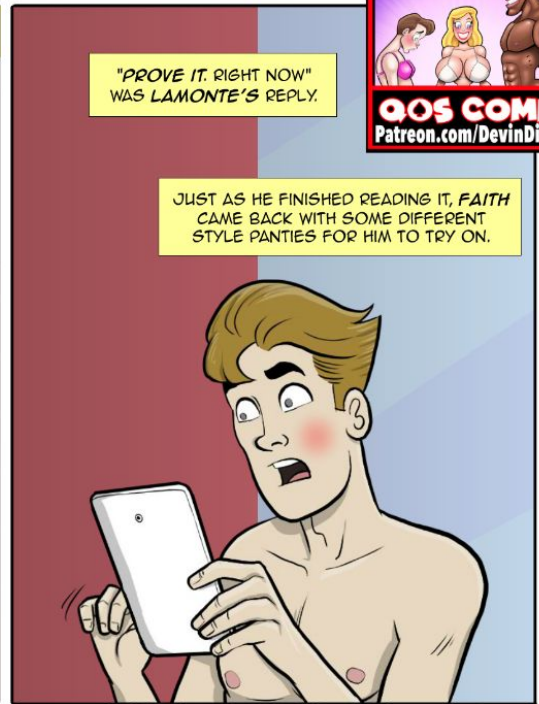
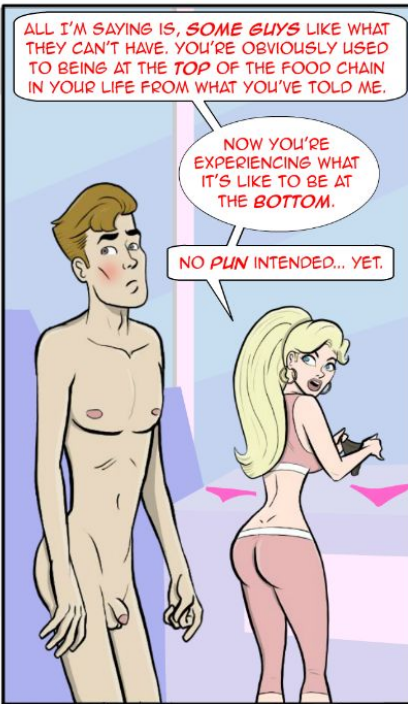


UH, NO. I DON'T *THINK* SO. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN THE *DOMINANT* ONE WITH WOMEN!

MHMM, WHATEVER YOU SAY!

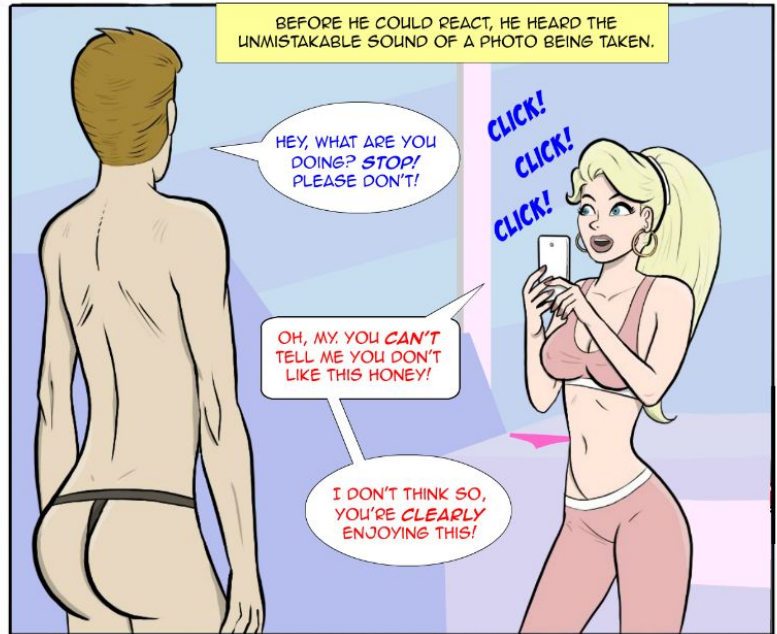
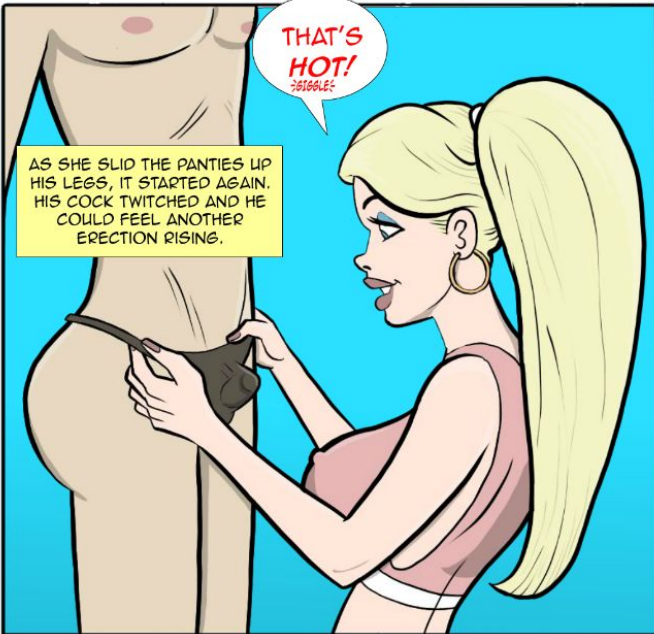
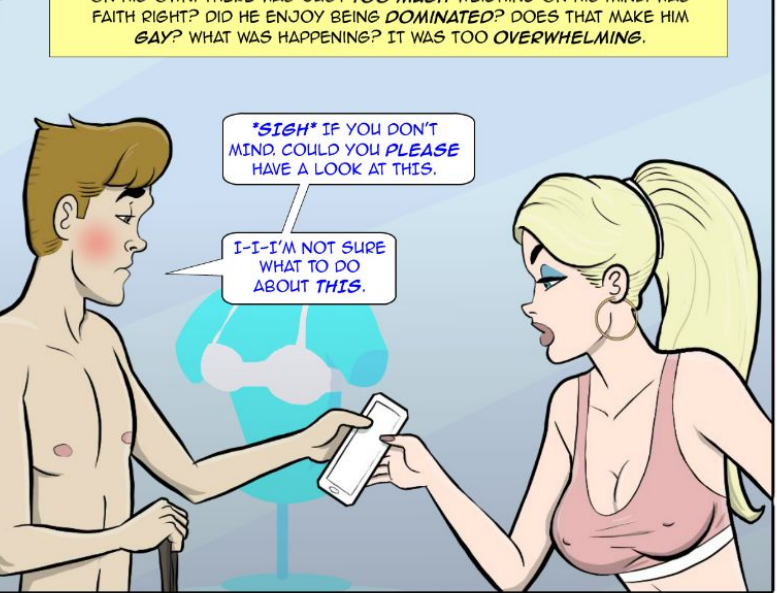
HE'S CUTE. KINDA *DELUDED* THOUGH!

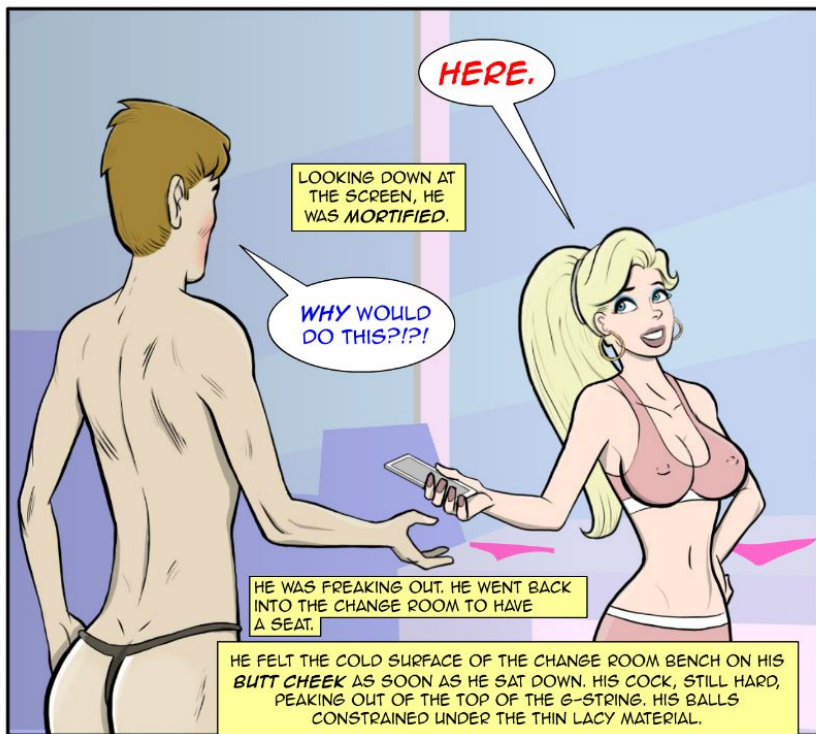
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"YOU'VE GOT 2 MINUTES. I'M ABOUT TO START MY WORKOUT AND IF I DON'T HAVE PROOF BEFORE I START, I'M GOING TO TELL YOUR HOMIES AS SOON AS I SEE THEM" REPLIED **LAMONTE**...

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**.





HERE.

LOOKING DOWN AT THE SCREEN, HE WAS MORTIFIED.

WHY WOULD DO THIS?!!

HE WAS FREAKING OUT, HE WENT BACK INTO THE CHANGE ROOM TO HAVE A SEAT.

HE FELT THE COLD SURFACE OF THE CHANGE ROOM BENCH ON HIS BUTT CHEEK AS SOON AS HE SAT DOWN. HIS COCK, STILL HARD, PEAKING OUT OF THE TOP OF THE G-STRING, HIS BALLS CONSTRAINED UNDER THE THIN LACY MATERIAL.



HE LOOKED AT HIS PHONE AGAIN TO MAKE SURE HE WASN'T HALLUCINATING.

HERE YOU GO, DADDY!

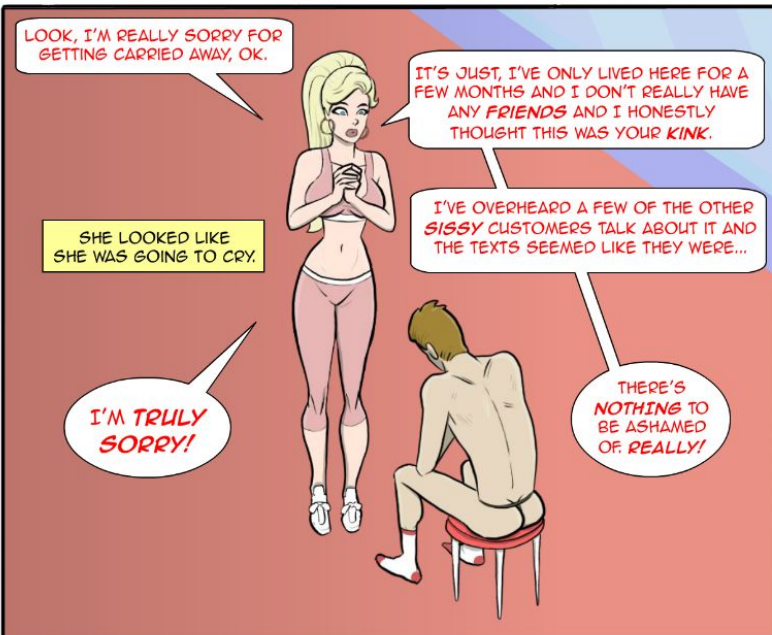
GOOD GIRL!



SASHA DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY OR DO. HE JUST SAT THERE IN SILENCE.

MY GOSH! WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME?

AND WHY IS MY COCK ROCK HARD?



LOOK, I'M REALLY SORRY FOR GETTING CARRIED AWAY, OK.

IT'S JUST, I'VE ONLY LIVED HERE FOR A FEW MONTHS AND I DON'T REALLY HAVE ANY FRIENDS AND I HONESTLY THOUGHT THIS WAS YOUR KINK.

SHE LOOKED LIKE SHE WAS GOING TO CRY.

I'VE OVERHEARD A FEW OF THE OTHER SISSY CUSTOMERS TALK ABOUT IT AND THE TEXTS SEEMED LIKE THEY WERE...

I'M TRULY SORRY!

THERE'S NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF. REALLY!

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.

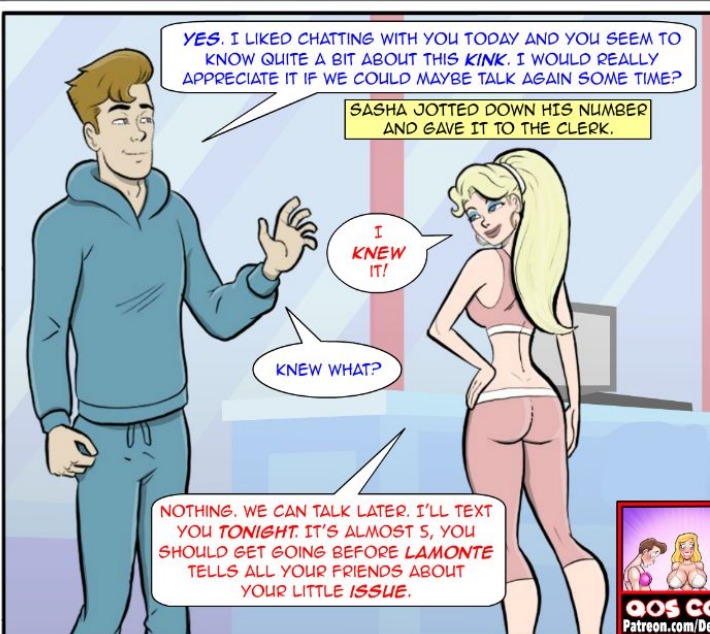


I'M SORRY FOR HOW I REACTED, BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT. WE LITERALLY JUST MET!

I KNOW, I'M SORRY..."

I'M VERY CONFUSED RIGHT NOW, BUT YOU DID MAKE THIS AFTERNOON A LITTLE BETTER BEFORE YOUR STUNT. DON'T EVER DO THAT TO ME AGAIN ALRIGHT?

AGAIN?



YES. I LIKED CHATTING WITH YOU TODAY AND YOU SEEM TO KNOW QUITE A BIT ABOUT THIS KINK. I WOULD REALLY APPRECIATE IT IF WE COULD MAYBE TALK AGAIN SOME TIME?

SASHA JOTTED DOWN HIS NUMBER AND GAVE IT TO THE CLERK.

I KNEW IT!

KNEW WHAT?

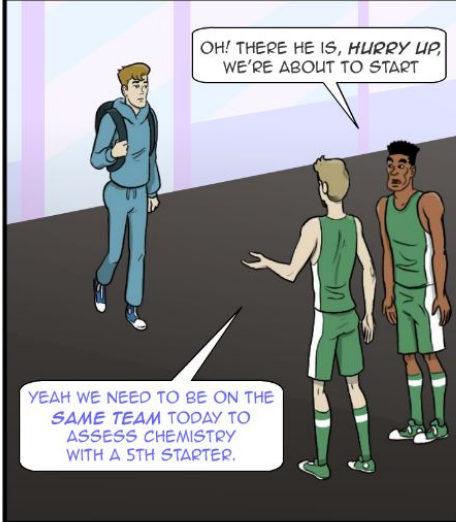
NOTHING. WE CAN TALK LATER. I'LL TEXT YOU TONIGHT IT'S ALMOST 5, YOU SHOULD GET GOING BEFORE LAMONTE TELLS ALL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT YOUR LITTLE ISSUE.



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.



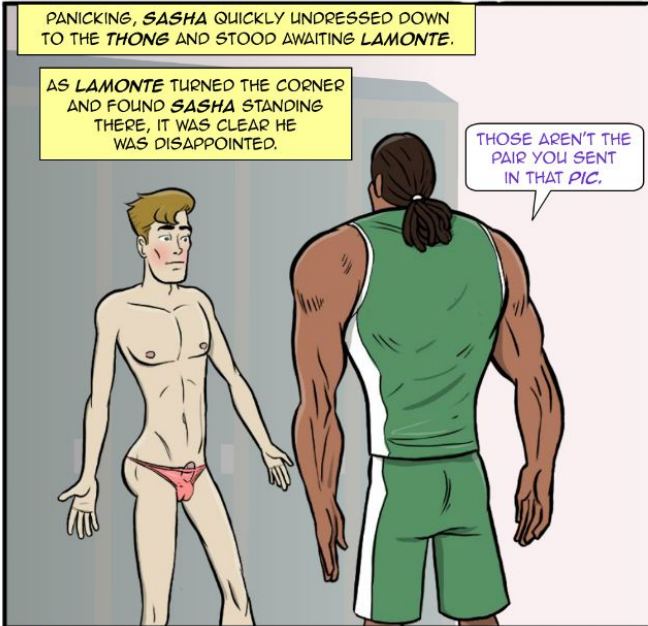
OH! THERE HE IS, **HURRY UP**, WE'RE ABOUT TO START

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



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

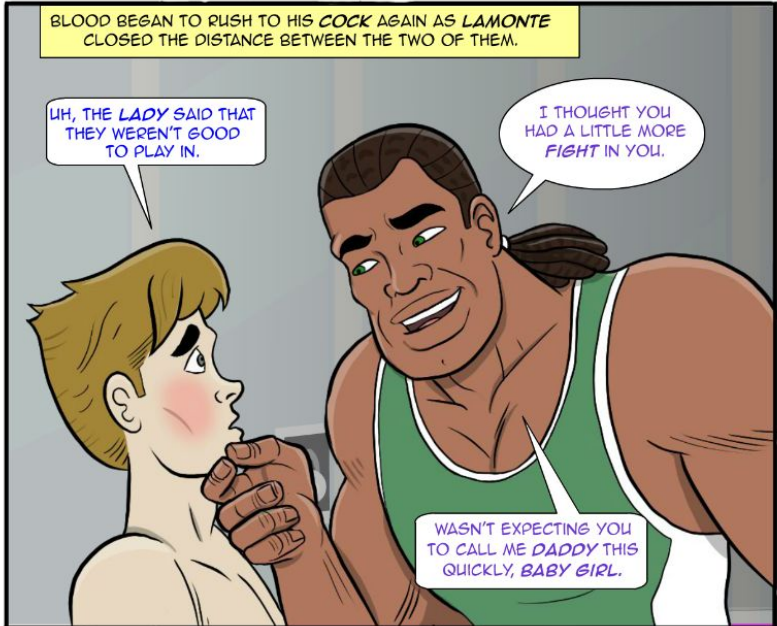
I'M COMING IN NOW!



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

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.



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

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!



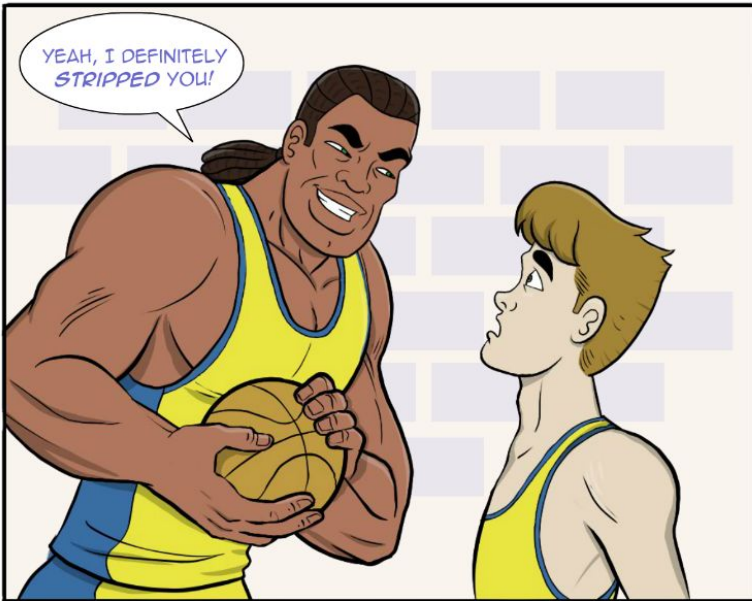
IT WOULD BE ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES BEFORE SASHA WAS OUT ON THE COURT WITH THE GUYS.

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

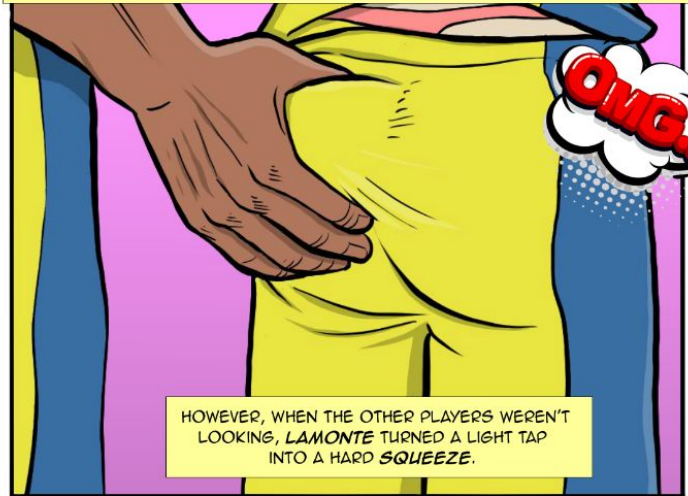
AS YOU CAN EXPECT, THE GAMES DID NOT GO WELL FOR **SASHA**. HE WAS NOT USED TO HAVING THE FABRIC FROM THE **THONG** BETWEEN HIS CHEEKS AS HE RAN. HE WAS ALSO DISTRACTED BY THOUGHTS ABOUT HIS **SEXUALITY** AND NONE OF THIS WAS HELPING HIS GAME.



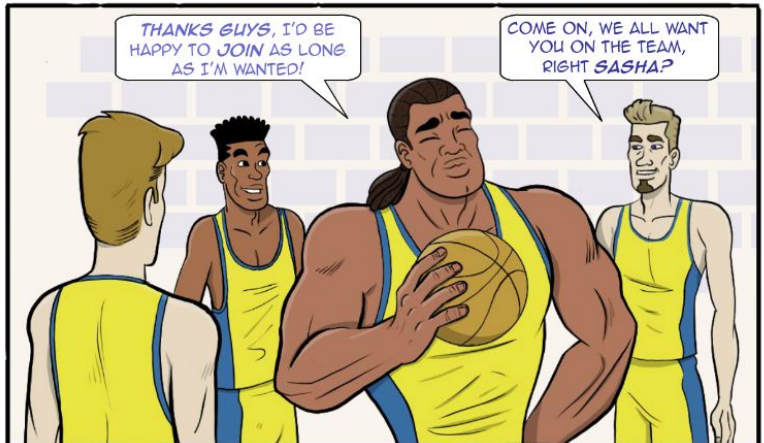
AFTER THE FIRST COUPLE OF GAMES THAT THEY LOST, THE GUYS ASKED **LAMONTE** TO JOIN THE TEAM TO SEE IF HE HAD ANY CHEMISTRY WITH **SASHA**.



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!



SLAM!

THAT'S A STUPID JOKE!



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.



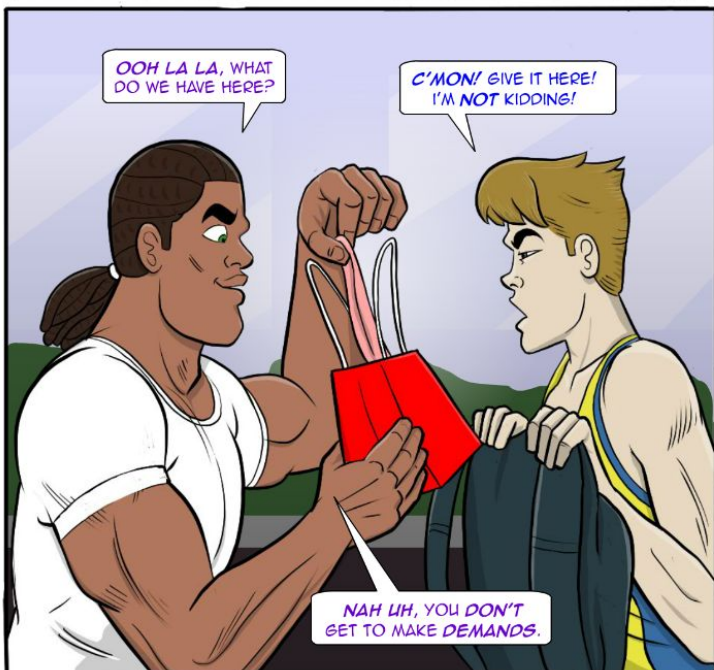
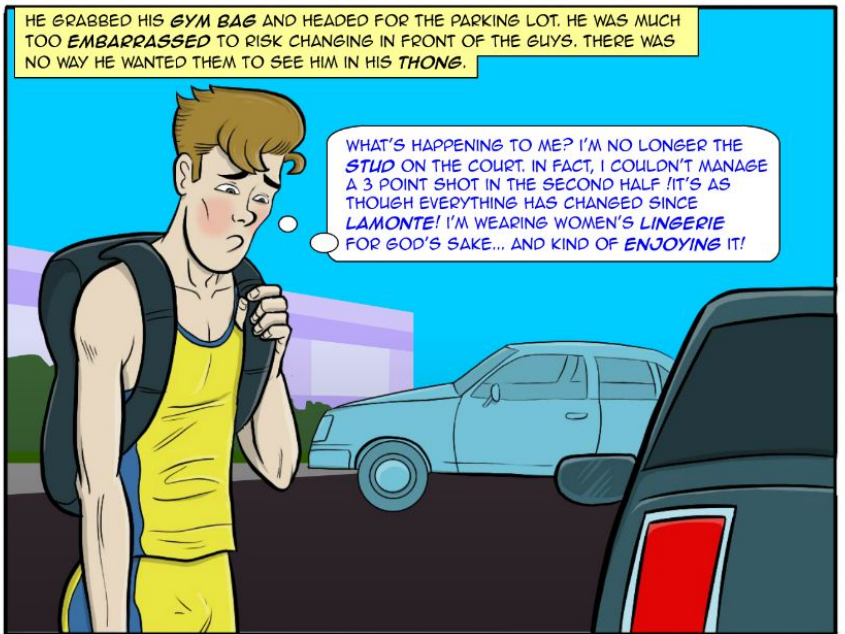
TO TOP IT ALL OFF, HE NEVER MISSED AN OPPORTUNITY TO LET EVERYONE KNOW THAT HE THOUGHT SASHA WAS TOO SMALL TO GUARD HIM.

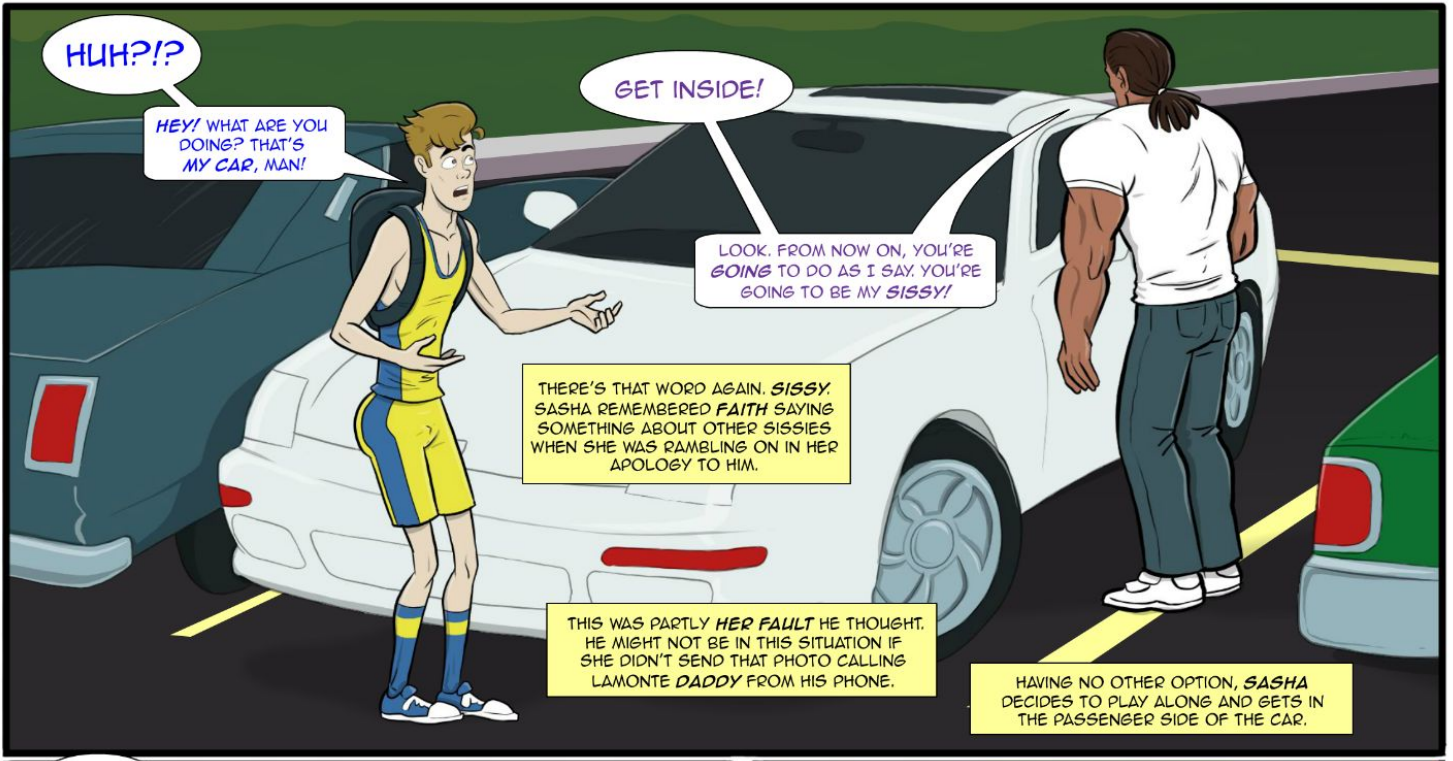
SASHA WAS BATTERED AND BRUISED.

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*.

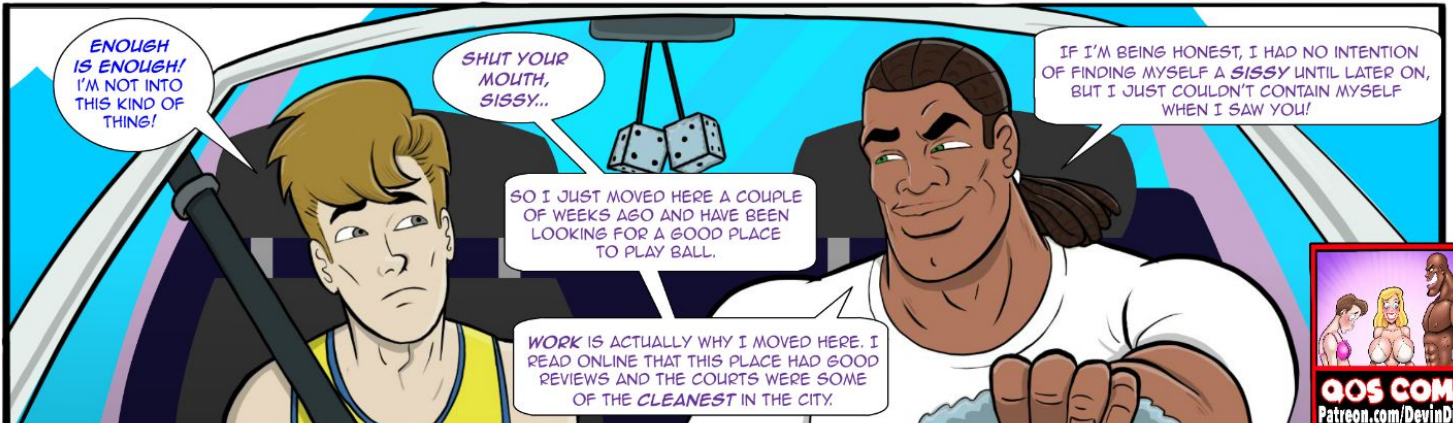
NOW. TELL ME WHICH WAY TO YOUR PLACE?



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!

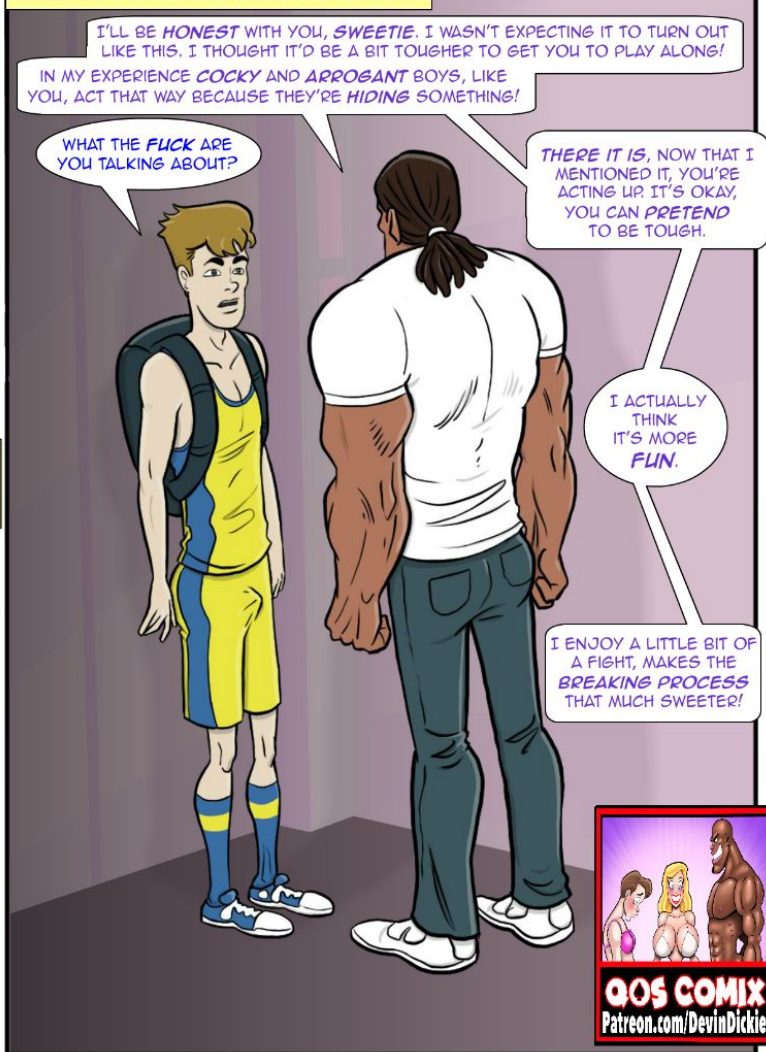
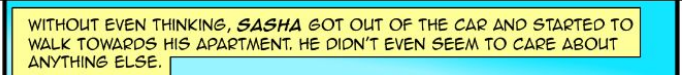
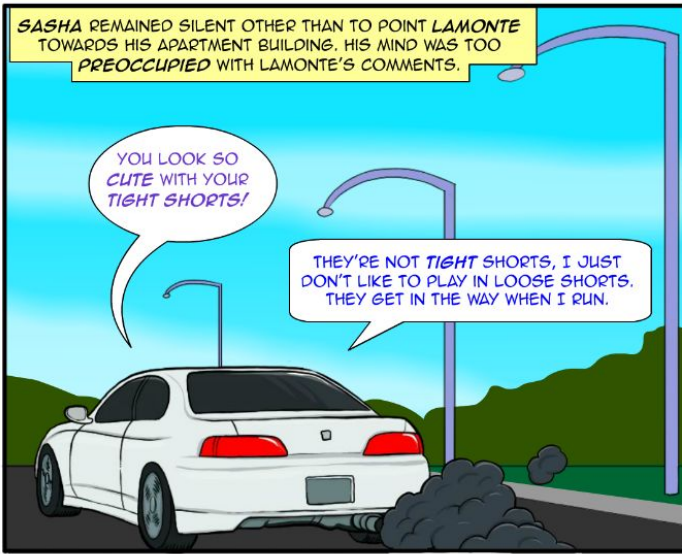
SHUT YOUR MOUTH, *SISSY*...

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!



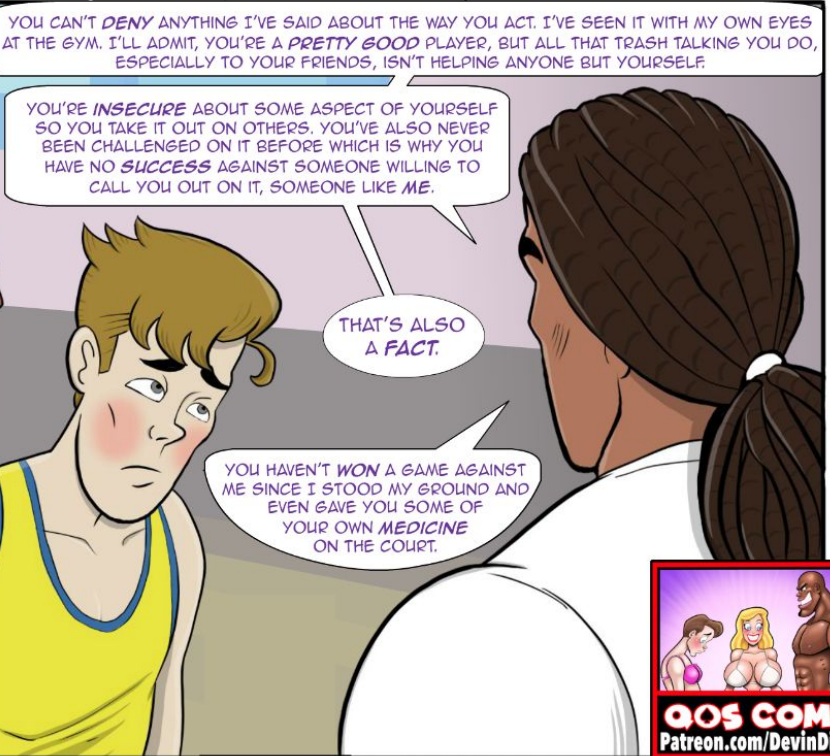
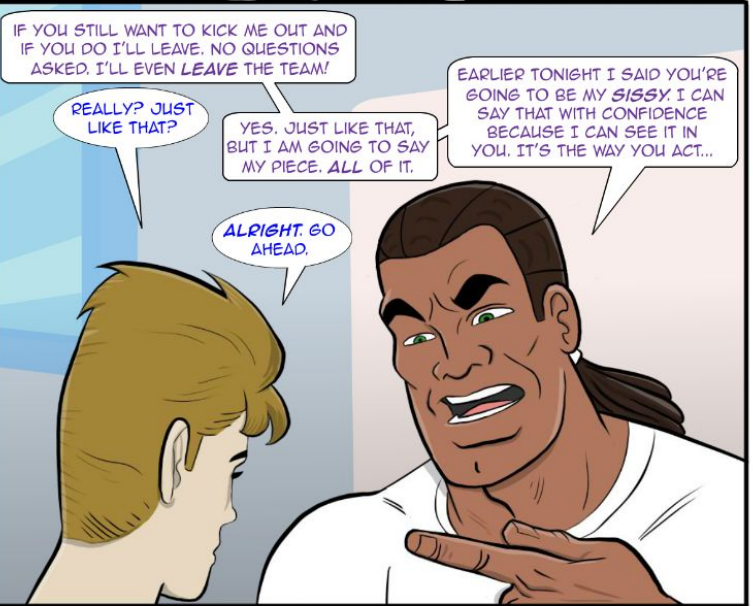


SASHA WAS ABOUT TO EXPLODE WITH ANGER, BUT THE ELEVATOR DOOR OPENED TO THE FLOOR OF HIS APARTMENT. HE RESIGNED HIMSELF TO WHAT WAS TO TRANSPIRE. PART OF HIM WAS FULL OF DREAD WHILE ANOTHER PART OF HIM WAS NERVOUS AND EXCITED.

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.



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.

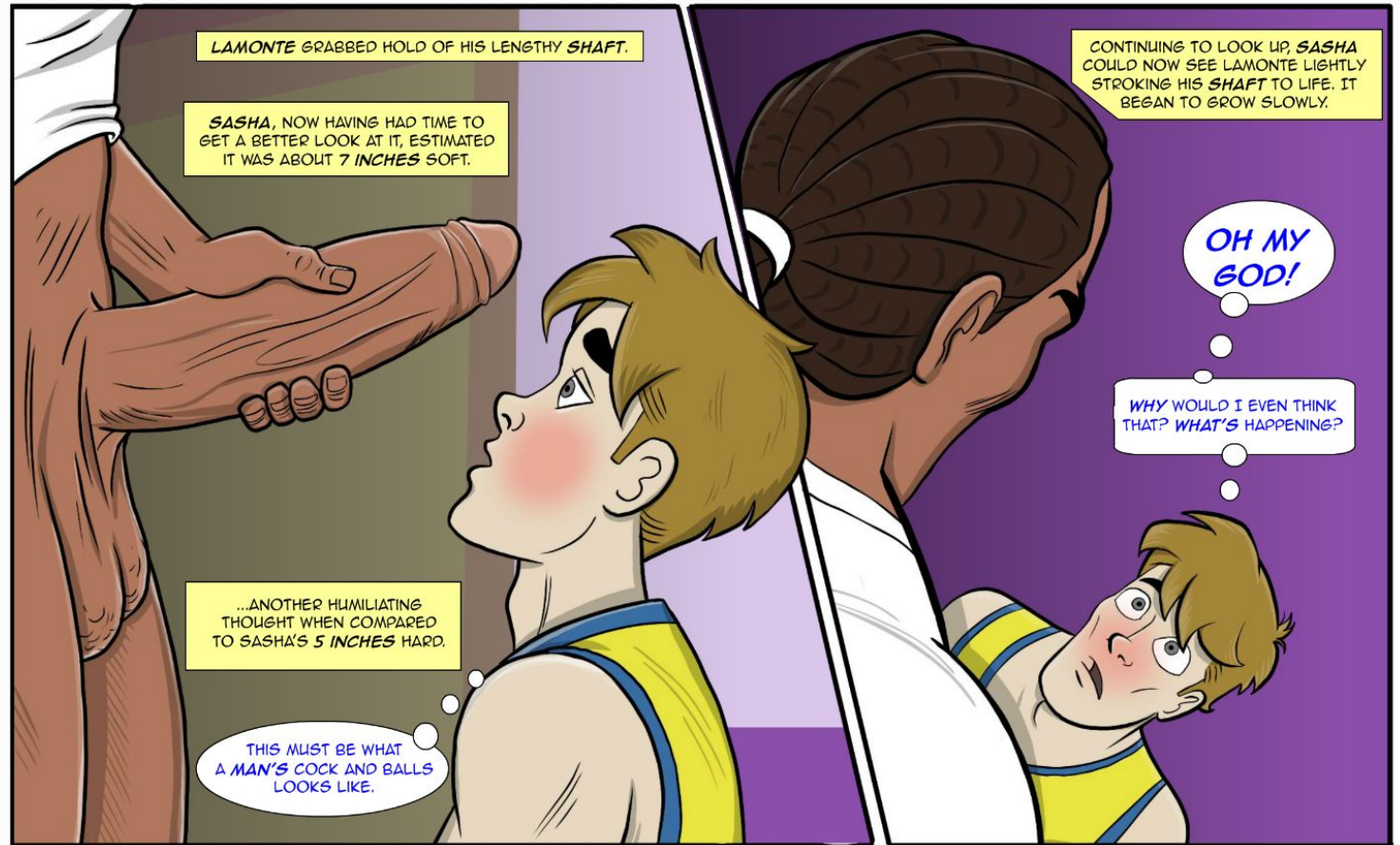
HIS HEART WAS RACING NOW. THE ADRENALINE WAS FLOWING. PART OF HIM TRIED HIS HARDEST TO KEEP QUIET AND LET LAMONTE LEAVE. THAT'S WHAT HE THOUGHT HE WANTED. INSTEAD, HE WAS NOW TRYING TO RATIONALIZE WHY HE GAVE IN AND SAID WHAT LAMONTE HAD ASKED HIM TO SAY.

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.

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



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

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



I'M YOUR SISSY.

WHAT'S THAT?

I'M YOUR SISSY.





OH YEAH!
C'MERE!

LOOKING UP HE WAS GREETED BY AN UP CLOSE VIEW OF LAMONTE'S COCK HEAD. IT WAS BEING HELD FIRMLY AND POINTED DIRECTLY AT SASHA'S MOUTH BY LAMONTE'S OTHER HAND.

NOW, TIME TO START YOUR INITIATION. TO SEAL THE DEAL, I'D LIKE FOR YOU TO KISS THE TIP ON MY COCK TO SHOW YOUR APPRECIATION FOR ME!

OH MY GOD,
HE'S RECORDING THIS!

THROB!
THROB!



I WANT YOUR EYES OPEN FOR THIS!

YOU'RE GOING TO WATCH SO YOU CAN REMEMBER THIS MOMENT.

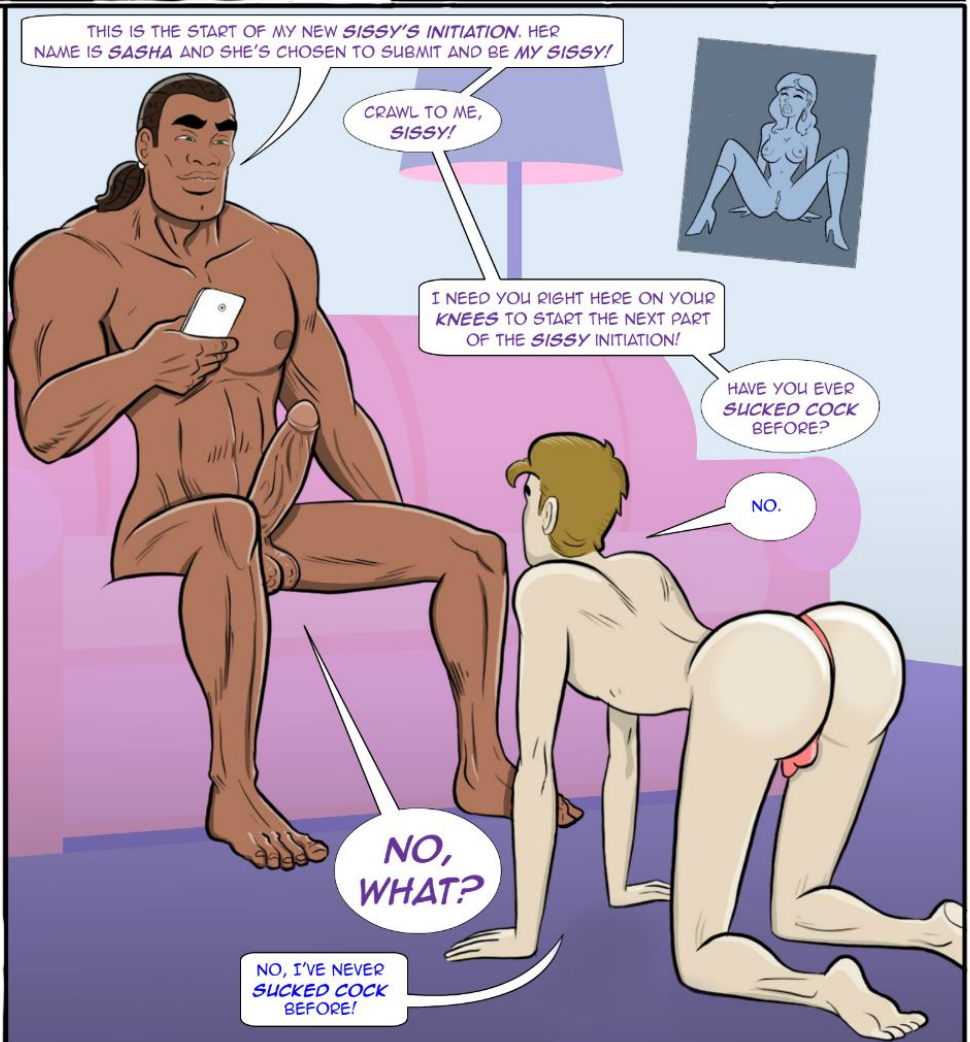
SNOOGH!!

I WANT YOU TO REMEMBER THE LOOK ON MY FACE FROM DOWN THERE AS YOU KISS THIS DICK



GOOOOD GIRL!!

GURK
GURK
GURK



THIS IS THE START OF MY NEW SISSY'S INITIATION. HER NAME IS SASHA AND SHE'S CHOSEN TO SUBMIT AND BE MY SISSY!

CRAWL TO ME, SISSY!



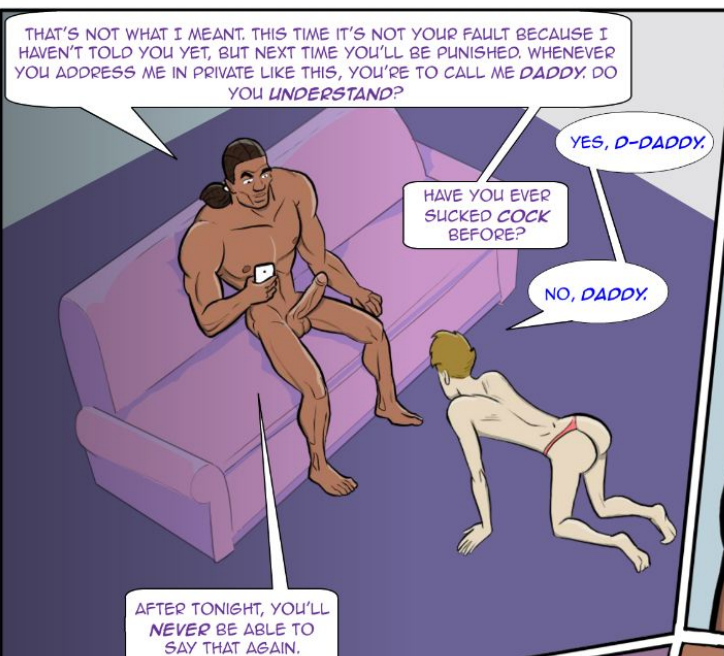
I NEED YOU RIGHT HERE ON YOUR KNEES TO START THE NEXT PART OF THE SISSY INITIATION!

HAVE YOU EVER SUCKED COCK BEFORE?

NO.

NO, WHAT?

NO, I'VE NEVER SUCKED COCK BEFORE!



THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT. THIS TIME IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT BECAUSE I HAVEN'T TOLD YOU YET, BUT NEXT TIME YOU'LL BE PUNISHED. WHENEVER YOU ADDRESS ME IN PRIVATE LIKE THIS, YOU'RE TO CALL ME DADDY. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

YES, D-DADDY.

HAVE YOU EVER SUCKED COCK BEFORE?

NO, DADDY.

AFTER TONIGHT, YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SAY THAT AGAIN.



NOW CLOSE YOUR LIPS AROUND THE HEAD AND MAKE A SEAL WITH YOUR MOUTH. NICE AND TIGHT ON MY COCK. NO TEETH.

I HAVE VIDEO EVIDENCE OF YOUR CONVERSION TO A *SISSY* NOW. I THINK IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING THAT YOU ARE TO OBEY MY EVERY COMMAND UNLESS YOU WANT THE GUYS TO SEE THIS FOOTAGE.

IT'S THAT SIMPLE.



RULE NUMBER 2 IS THAT WHEN YOU'RE PLEASURING MY DICK, YOU ARE NOT TO STOP UNLESS I SPECIFICALLY TELL YOU TO. NOD YOUR HEAD IF YOU UNDERSTAND.

YOU WILL NEVER LET A DROP OF MY CUM GO TO WASTE. SO, ONCE YOU'RE DONE GIVING ME YOUR FIRST EVER BLOWJOB, YOU'RE GOING TO SWALLOW. LOTS OF FIRSTS FOR YOU TONIGHT.

GLUCK! GLUCK! GLUCK!

MMHMMM

AS MY *SISSY*, YOU'RE MINE TO USE AS I PLEASE.

YOU CAN DO BETTER, *SISSY*!

GLUCK! GURK!

IT WAS AS IF *SASHA'S* BODY WAS ON AUTOPILOT.

HIS BRAIN WAS NO LONGER IN CONTROL. IT WAS THE HEAD DOWN BELOW THAT HAD TAKEN OVER. HE'D NEVER FELT ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE. HE WAS COMPLETELY DISREGARDING HIS EMOTIONS AND WAS ACTING ON INSTINCT ALONE.



I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO DEEPTHROAT TONIGHT, BUT YOU WILL WORK YOUR WAY UP TO IT.

WE'RE ALSO GOING TO GET YOU SOME TOYS SO YOU CAN START TRAINING THAT *PUSSY* OF YOURS.

THE LAST THING I WANT YOU TO DO LATER TONIGHT IS SHAVE OFF ALL THE HAIR BELOW YOUR NECK. I KNOW YOU DON'T HAVE MUCH, BUT I WANT ALL OF IT GONE.

HIS EMOTIONS WERE ACTUALLY ALL OVER THE PLACE. HE WAS FEELING...

- ...SHAME FOR THE POSITION HE FOUND HIMSELF IN.
- ...HUMILIATION FROM SUBMITTING HIMSELF TO LAMONTE.
- ...EMASCULATED BY KNEELING BEFORE ANOTHER MAN.
- ...DEFEATED WITH LAMONTE'S LEFT NUT INSIDE HIS MOUTH.



YET, FOR SOME REASON, HIS BODY FELT BETTER THAN IT'S EVER FELT BEFORE.

IT FELT FREE. FREE TO DO AS IT WANTED WITHOUT ANY CONSTRAINTS.



HE CONTINUED TO *SLURP*, BUT NOW IT WAS ON *LAMONTE'S* RIGHT NUT. HE BATHED IT WITH HIS *TONGUE* AS HE TOOK IN THE SWEATY SCENT OF *LAMONTE'S* SHAFT. NO DOUBT THE AFTERMATH OF THE *BASKETBALL* GAMES. JUST EARLIER THAT NIGHT. ALTHOUGH, THOSE GAMES SEEMED TO HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN A WHOLE DIFFERENT TIME PERIOD NOW.

HE TRIED TO TAKE *BOTH* IN HIS MOUTH AT ONCE, BUT WAS STRUGGLING TO FIND A WAY TO COMFORTABLY FIT THEM BOTH. IF ONE NUT BROUGHT HIM TO SUCH A *SEXUAL HIGH*, HE FELT LIKE *BOTH* WOULD PUT HIM OVER THE TOP.



HIS FACE TURNED A PINKISH-RED AND HE COULD FEEL HIS TEMPERATURE RISING. HE WANTED TO *SHRINK AWAY* INTO A BLACK HOLE. THIS IS NOT WHO HE WAS.

SENSING THE DREAD BEGINNING TO SINK IN TO HIS *SISSY*, *LAMONTE* QUICKLY INTERVENED.

LAMONTE'S *COCK* WAS BACK ON HIS LIPS. THE *PRELUM* BEING SPREAD BACK AND FORTH SLOPPILY BY *LAMONTE* AS HE CONTINUED TO RECORD.

FOR A MOMENT THE ONLY NOISE THAT COULD BE HEARD IN HIS APARTMENT WAS HIS *SLURPING*. *LAMONTE* HAD INTENTIONALLY KEPT QUIET SO THAT *SASHA* WOULD BE LEFT ALONE WITH THE SOUND OF HIS SUBMISSION.



ONCE SATISFIED WITH *SASHA'S* PACE AND RHYTHM, *LAMONTE* BEGAN THE NEXT PART OF HIS PLAN TO BREAK DOWN *SASHA'S* INNER DEFENSES AND REINFORCE HIS POSITION AS HIS NEW DADDY.

JUST IMAGINE WHAT THE GUYS WOULD THINK IF THEY COULD SEE YOU NOW!

THEY'RE PROBABLY AT THE BAR RIGHT NOW SIPPING ON SOME NICE COLD *BEER*. YOU COULD BE OUT WITH THEM AS I SPEAK, BUT INSTEAD, HERE YOU ARE...

...ENJOYING MY *BIG BLACK COCK* INSTEAD!

DUE TO THE DISRUPTION, *LAMONTE* WAS ANNOYED THAT HE DIDN'T GET THE CHANCE TO MAKE *SASHA* SWALLOW A *FULL LOAD* TONIGHT, BUT DECIDED TO TAKE IT EASY ON HIS NEW *SISSY* JUST THIS ONCE. THE ACT OF SUCKING DICK AND GETTING A FACIAL WOULD SUFFICE FOR THE PURPOSES OF THE INITIATION.



IT WOULD'VE BEEN THE *PERFECT* MOMENT IF IT WASN'T FOR *SASHA'S* PHONE RINGING JUST AS HE BEGAN TO ERUPT.



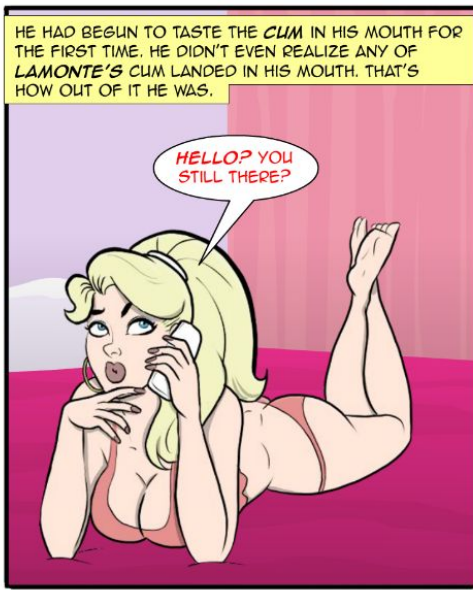


SASHA DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO RESPOND TO FAITH.

HELLO?

WOAH, ARE YOU OKAY? YOU SOUND LIKE SOMEONE JUST DIED OR SOMETHING.

UNBEKNOWNST TO FAITH, SASHA WAS VERY MUCH FEELING AS IF PART OF HIM HAD DIED. IT WAS HIS MASCULINE IMAGE.



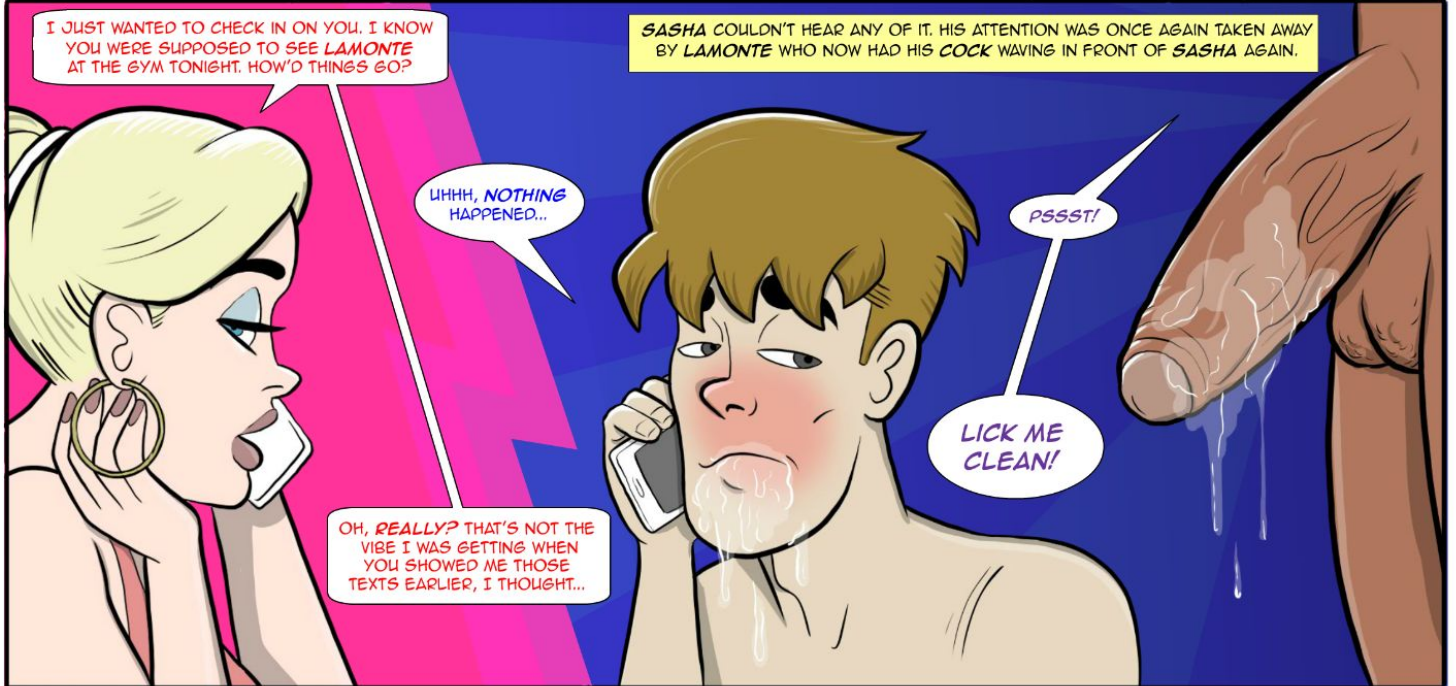
HELLO? YOU STILL THERE?

HE HAD BEGUN TO TASTE THE CUM IN HIS MOUTH FOR THE FIRST TIME. HE DIDN'T EVEN REALIZE ANY OF LAMONTE'S CUM LANDED IN HIS MOUTH. THAT'S HOW OUT OF IT HE WAS.



UH... YEAH.

HE COULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT JUST HAPPENED TO HIMSELF. HE WAS STILL PROCESSING IT. HE WAS STILL ROCK HARD.



I JUST WANTED TO CHECK IN ON YOU. I KNOW YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO SEE LAMONTE AT THE GYM TONIGHT. HOW'D THINGS GO?

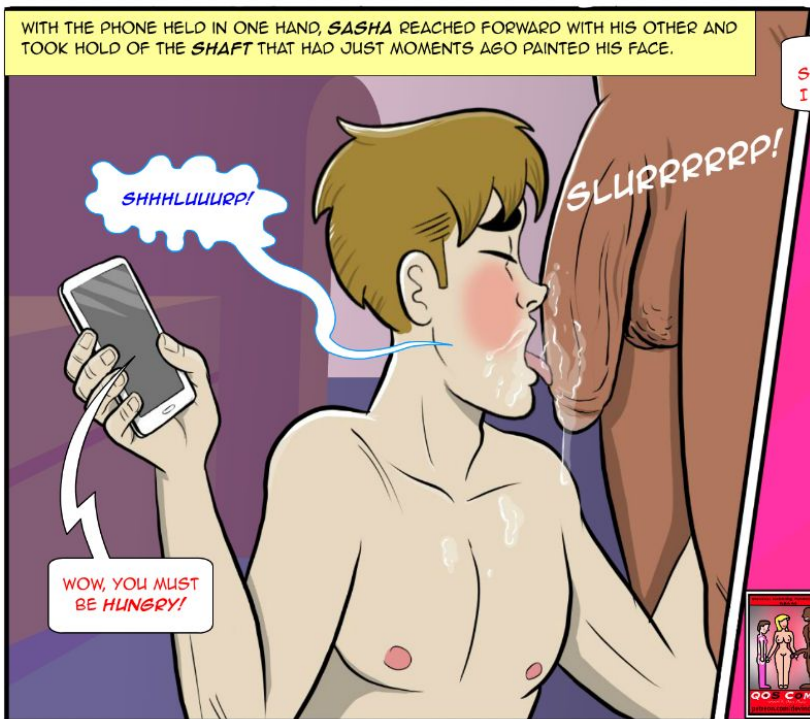
SASHA COULDN'T HEAR ANY OF IT. HIS ATTENTION WAS ONCE AGAIN TAKEN AWAY BY LAMONTE WHO NOW HAD HIS COCK WAVING IN FRONT OF SASHA AGAIN.

UHHH, NOTHING HAPPENED...

PSSST!

LICK ME CLEAN!

OH, REALLY? THAT'S NOT THE VIBE I WAS GETTING WHEN YOU SHOWED ME THOSE TEXTS EARLIER, I THOUGHT...



SHHHLUUURP!

SLURRRRRP!

WOW, YOU MUST BE HUNGRY!



I CAN HEAR YOU EATING SOMETHING. NOODLES? SOUP? I DON'T KNOW SOMETHING WET!

SLURRRRRP!
SLURRRRRP!
SLURRRRRP!
SLURRRRRP!





OH, UM, SURE. ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ALRIGHT? I KNOW WE JUST MET, BUT I WANT YOU TO KNOW YOU CAN TRUST ME. UM, ER, ENJOY YOUR WET NOODLES. THEY SURE SOUND TASTY!

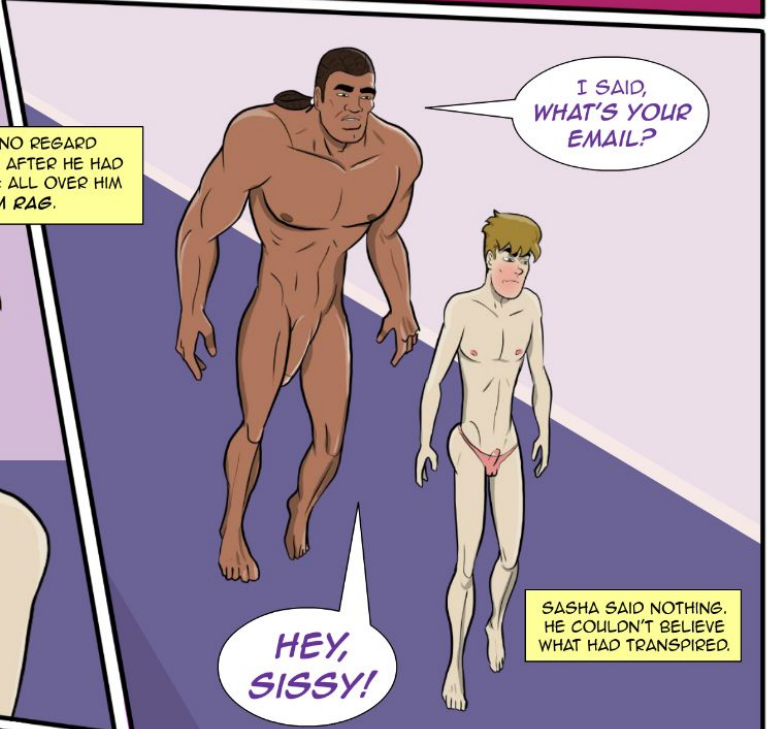
UH, YEAH. I'LL CALL YOU BACK LATER.

HMMMM. I WONDER.



WHAT'S YOUR EMAIL?

OBVIOUSLY, LAMONTE HAD NO REGARD FOR HOW SASHA WAS FEELING AFTER HE HAD VIOLATED HIS MOUTH AND CAME ALL OVER HIM LIKE HE WAS SOME CUM RAG.



I SAID, WHAT'S YOUR EMAIL?

HEY, SISSY!

SASHA SAID NOTHING. HE COULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT HAD TRANSPIRED.



LAMONTE WAVED HIS PHONE IN FRONT OF SASHA, SHOWING HIM A SCREENSHOT FROM THE VIDEO.

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU, YOU'RE TO DO AS I WISH.

I ASKED YOU A QUESTION AND I EXPECT AN ANSWER OR ELSE!



IT WAS THE MOMENT THAT *SASHA* KISSED HIS *COCK* HEAD.

ON HIS KNEES, HEAD LEANING FORWARD, LIPS FIRMLY PLANTED ON *LAMONTE'S* PISS SLIT, EYES LOOKING UP WANTONLY.

SASHA'S RIGID, DEFENSIVE STANCE LOOSENED UP. HIS SHOULDERS SLOUCHED SLIGHTLY AND HE ONCE AGAIN HUNG HIS HEAD AS HE RELUCTANTLY GAVE *LAMONTE* HIS *EMAIL* ADDRESS.

LAMONTE LET HIM GO WASH HIS FACE, BUT NOT BEFORE HE GOT A PICTURE OF HIS DRYING *CUM* ON IT.

HE EVEN MADE *SASHA* SMILE FOR THE PHOTO.

CLICK!

YEAH, CLEAN IT GOOD!

THANKS FOR THE BEER, *SISSY!*

LATER!

A SENSATION OF RELIEF FELL OVER *SASHA*.

DID THIS *REALLY* HAPPEN? SO MANY CONFLICTING EMOTIONS... IS THIS A FOREVER THING?

...COULD I REALLY BE...

...A *SISSY*?

IT WAS *FINALLY* OVER.

