

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.

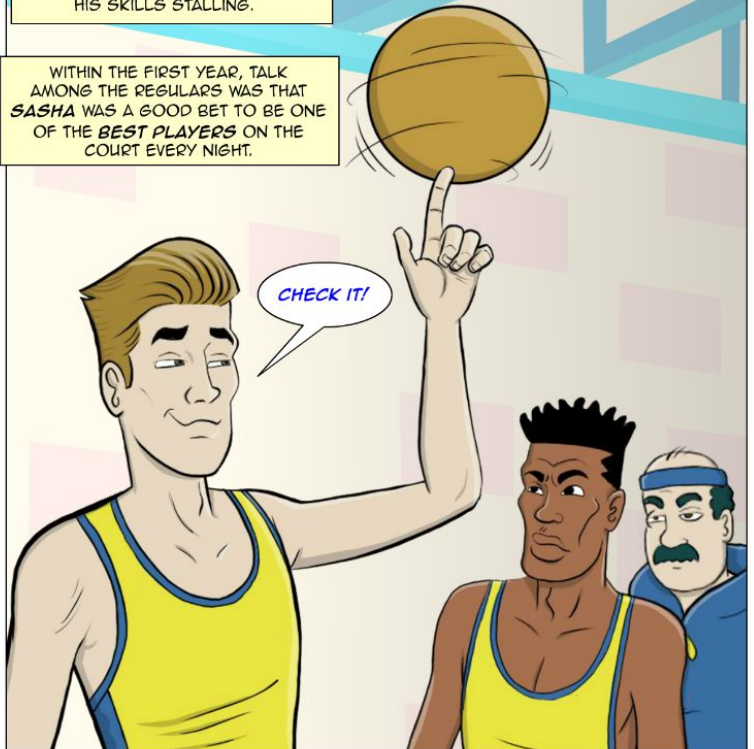
SASHA HAD BEEN PLAYING BASKETBALL AT THIS COMMUNITY GYM FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS. HE KNEW EVERYONE AND ALL THE REGULARS KNEW HIM.



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.

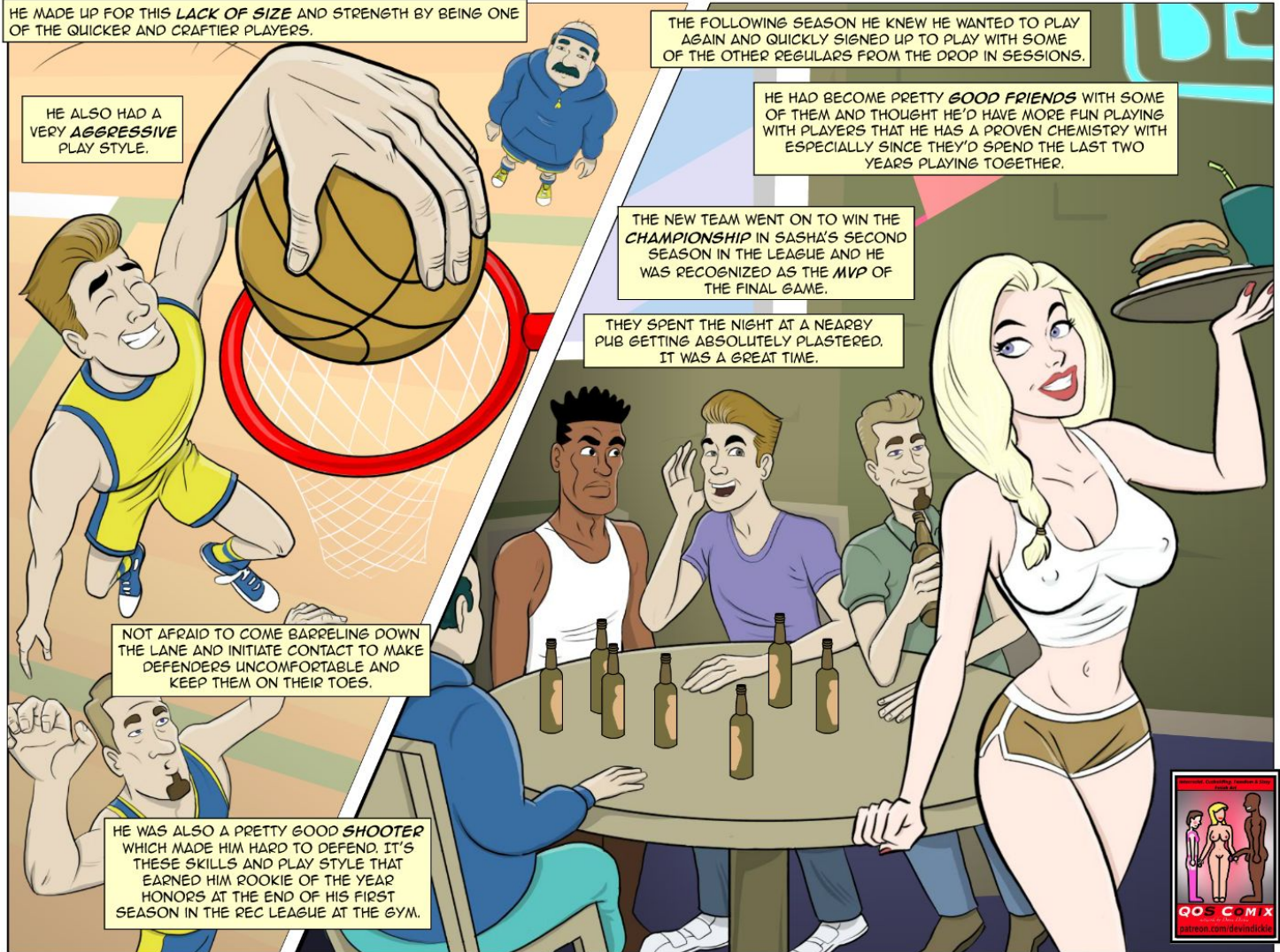
HE ALSO HAD A VERY **AGGRESSIVE** PLAY STYLE.

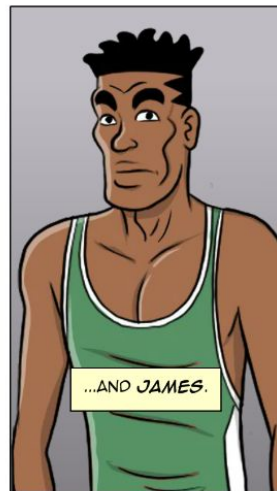
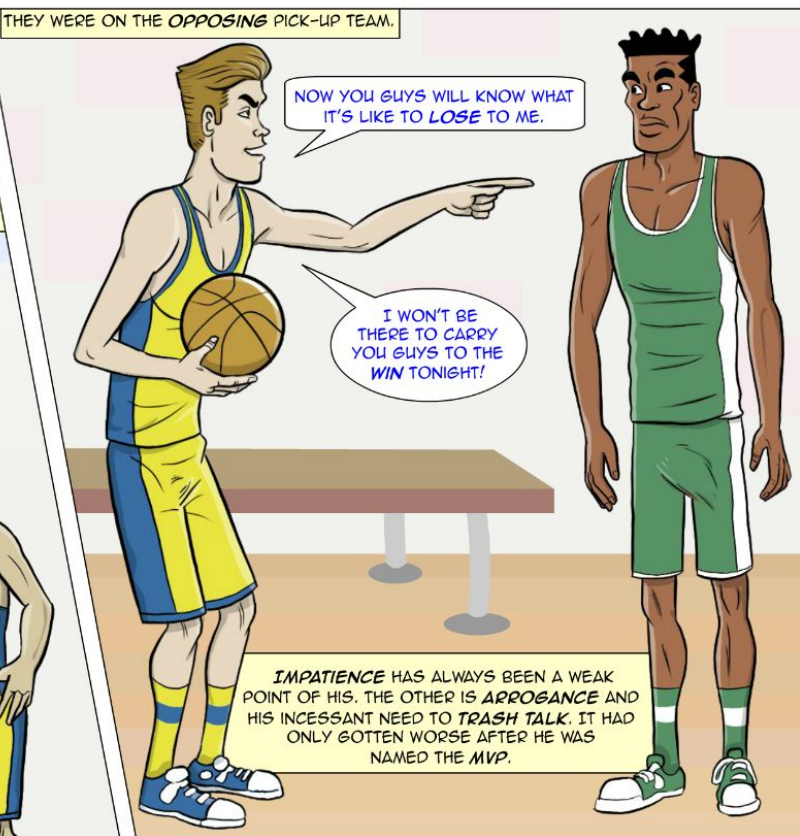
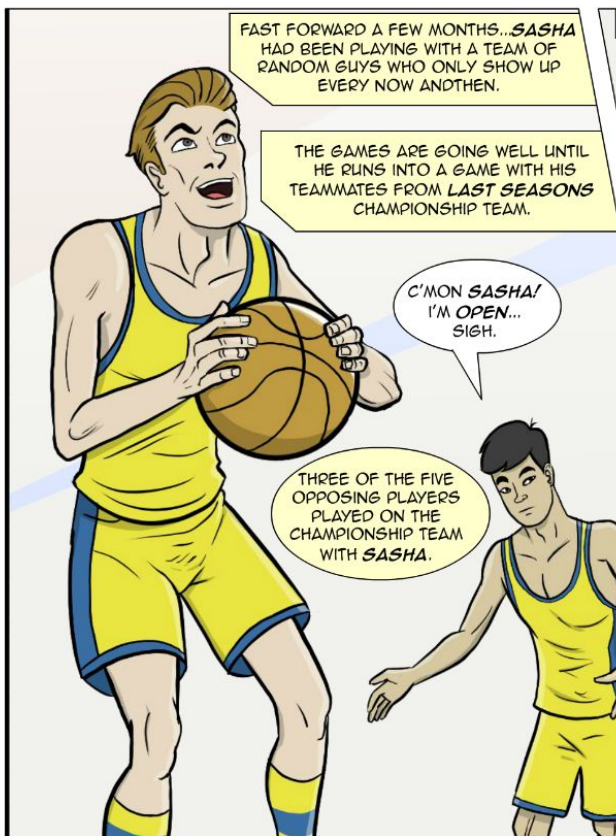


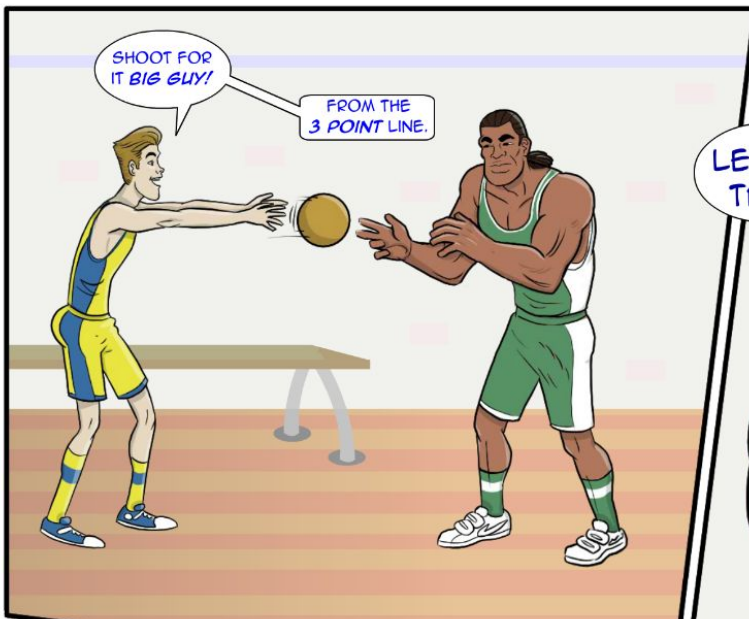
HE HAD BECOME PRETTY **GOOD FRIENDS** WITH SOME OF THEM AND THOUGHT HE'D HAVE MORE FUN PLAYING WITH PLAYERS THAT HE HAS A PROVEN CHEMISTRY WITH ESPECIALLY SINCE THEY'D SPEND THE LAST TWO YEARS PLAYING TOGETHER.

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.







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.

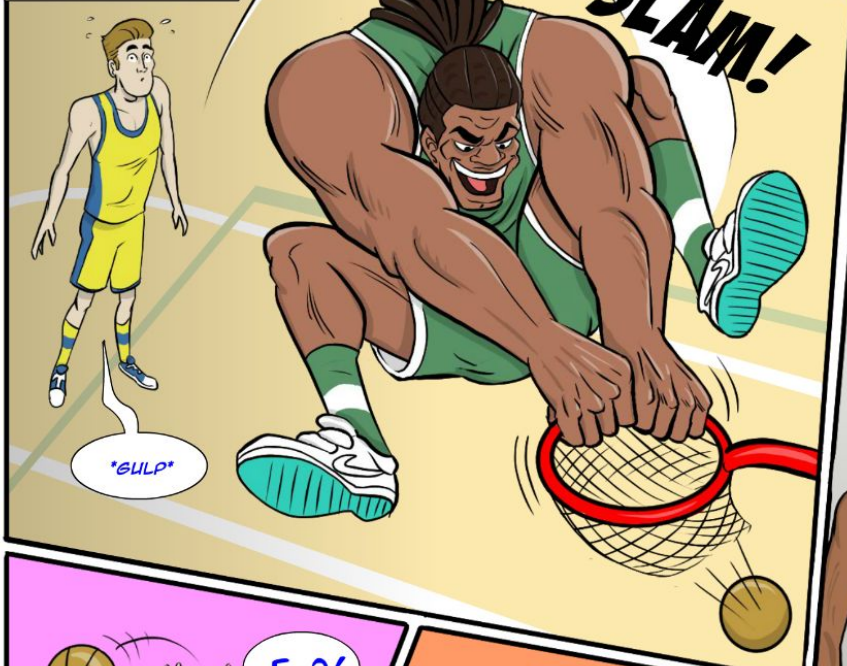
LEMME TRY...

SWOOSH!

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



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



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!

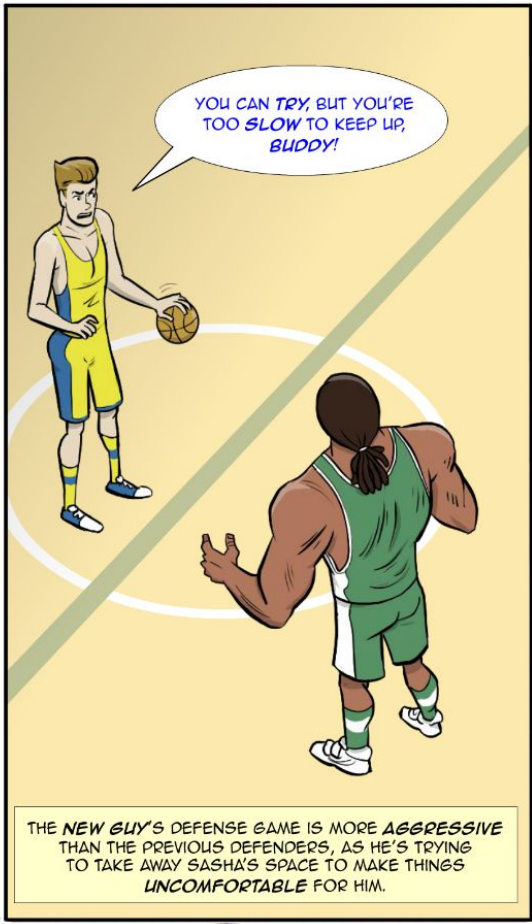
SASHA CONTINUED TO TRADE BASKETS WITH THE OPPOSING TEAM UNTIL THE SCORE WAS 15-12 FOR HIS TEAM. 12 OF THE 15 POINTS SCORED BY SASHA HIMSELF.



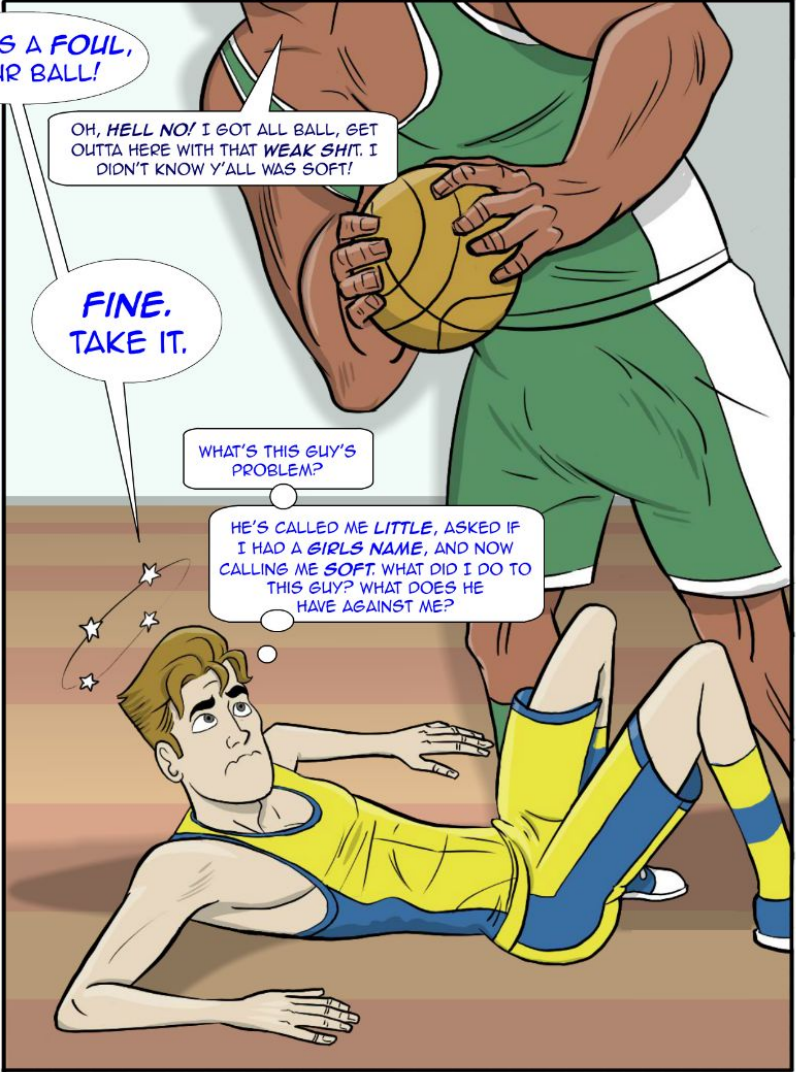
I GOT LITTLE GUY...

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.

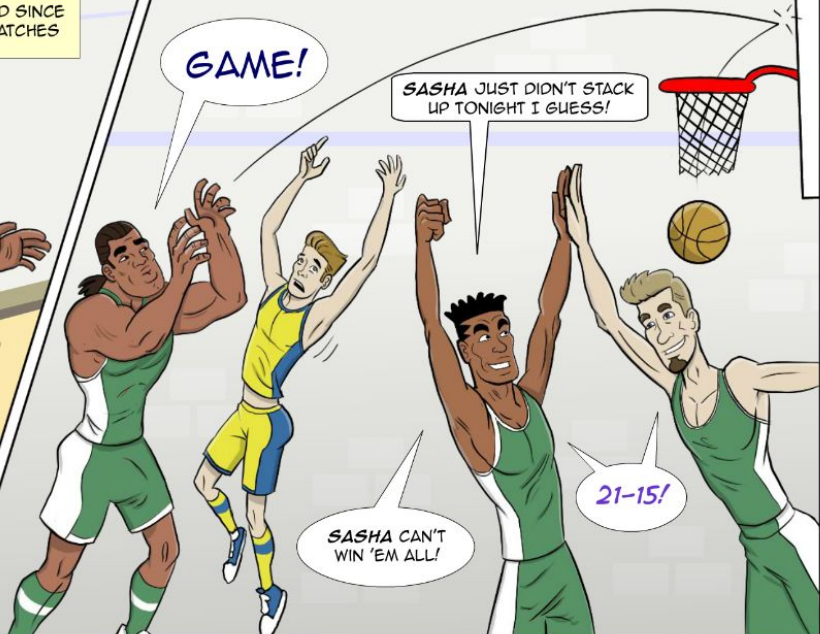


YOU PLAYING AGAINST A MAN NOW, BABY!

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.



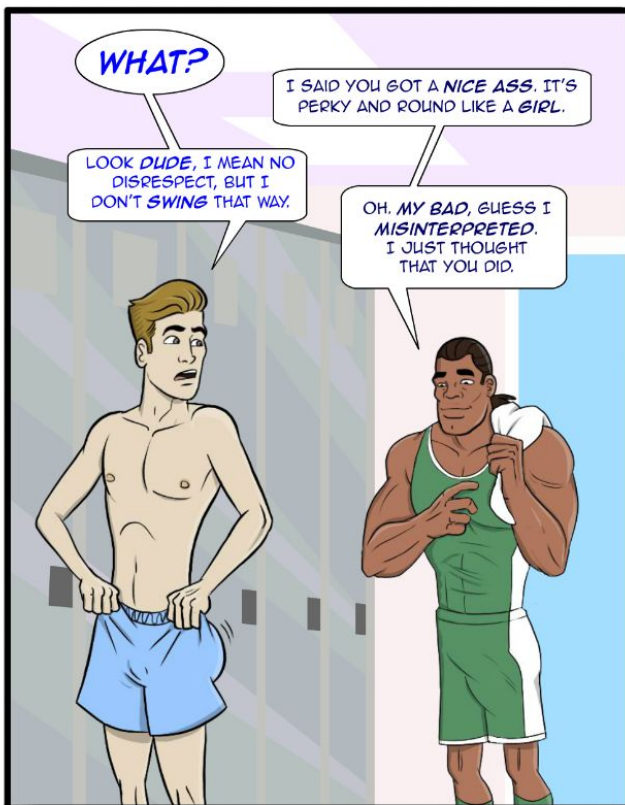
AS SASHA IS CHANGING, HE HEARS SOMEONE COME INTO THE LOCKER ROOM, BUT DOESN'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION.



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

NICE ASS!

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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.

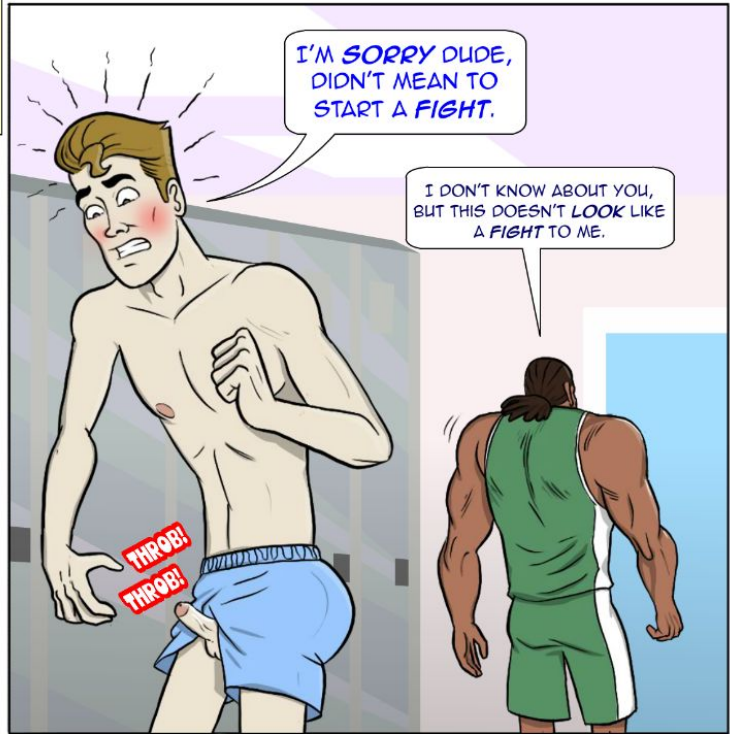
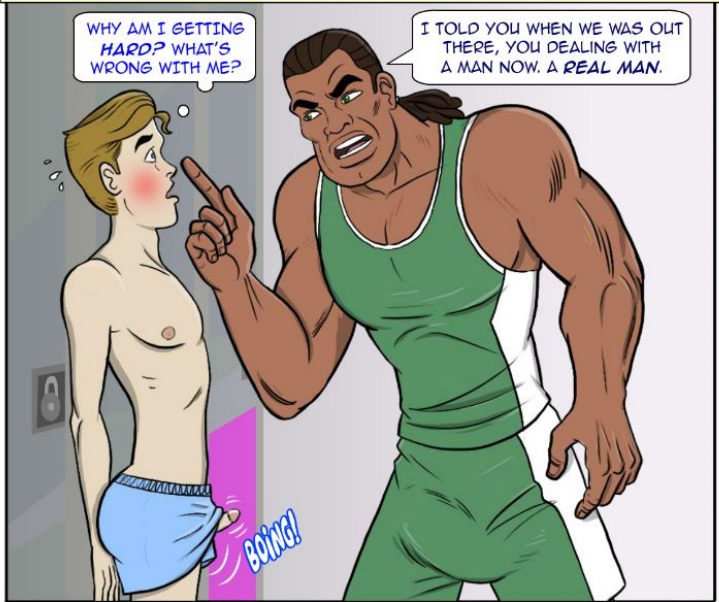
NOW IN HERE, YOU WANNA START ACTING LIKE A BIG SHOT, LIKE YOU THE MAN.



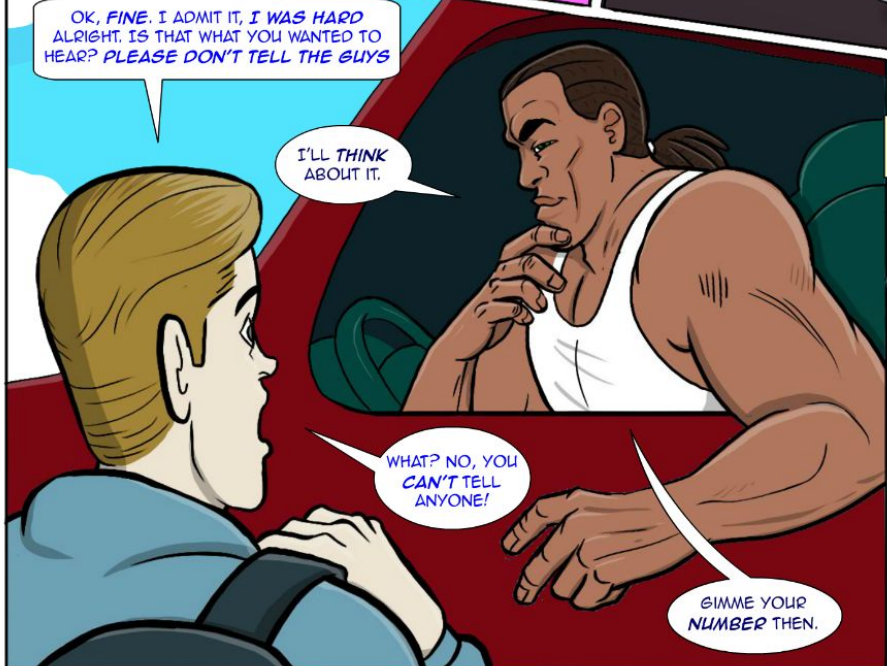
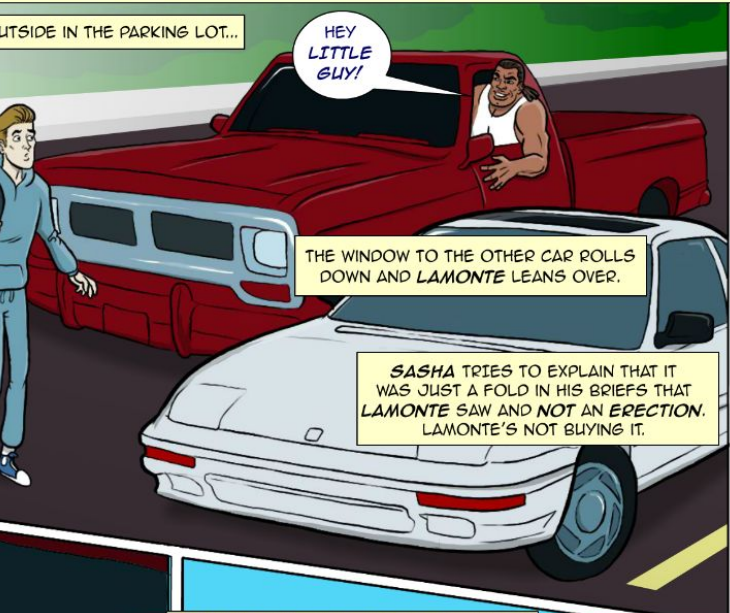
GET OUT OF MY FACE!



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.

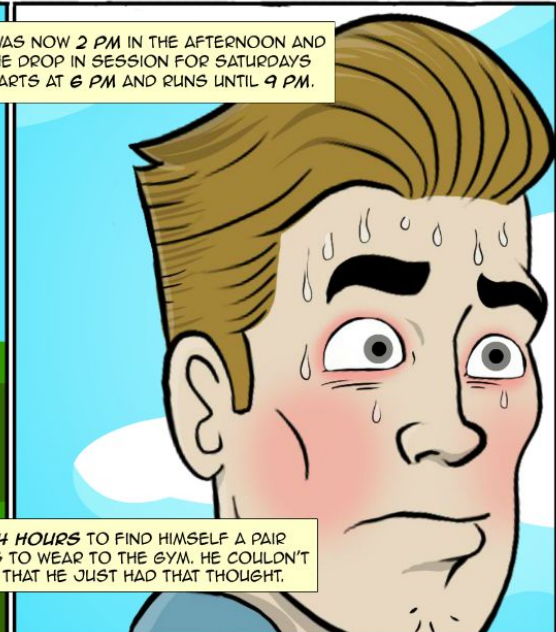
DING-DING!

DING-DING!

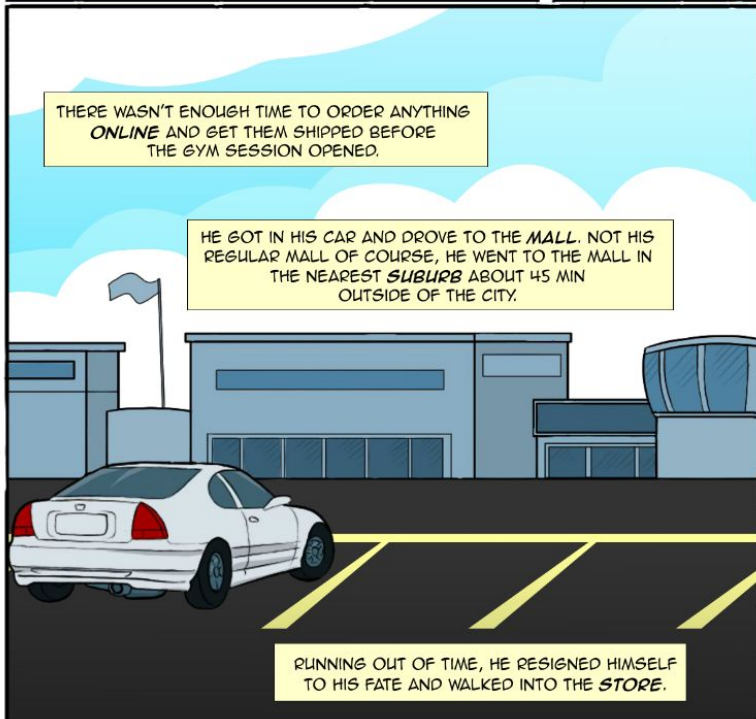
LAMONTE WAS NOT RESPONDING TO ANY OF HIS OTHER TEXTS. HE WOULDN'T ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS FOR CLARIFICATION AND HE DIDN'T EVEN PICK UP WHEN SASHA DECIDED TO CALL.



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



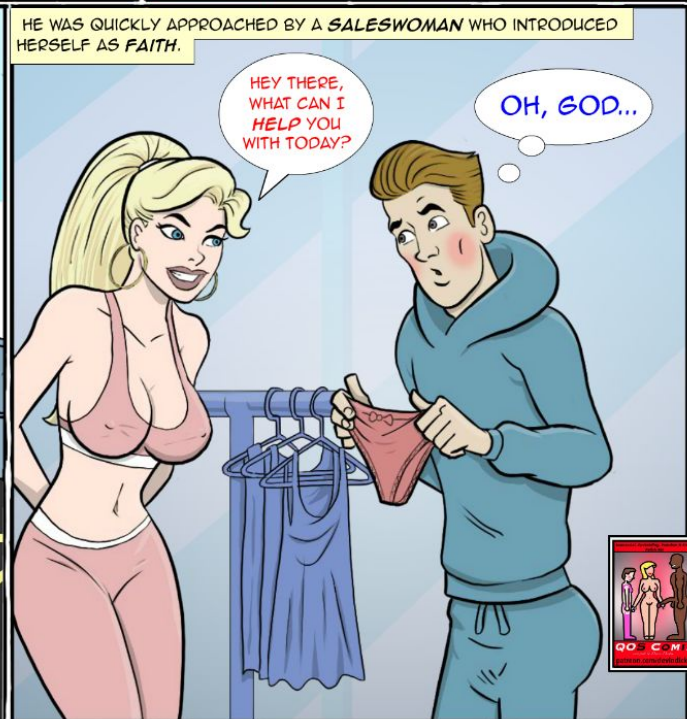
HE HAD 4 HOURS TO FIND HIMSELF A PAIR OF PANTIES TO WEAR TO THE GYM. HE COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT HE JUST HAD THAT THOUGHT.



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.

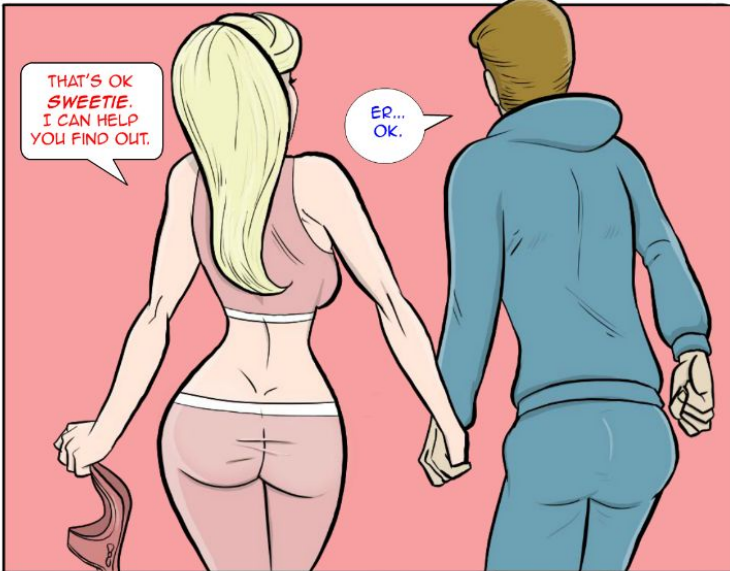
I CAN HELP YOU FIND WHAT YOU NEED.

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?

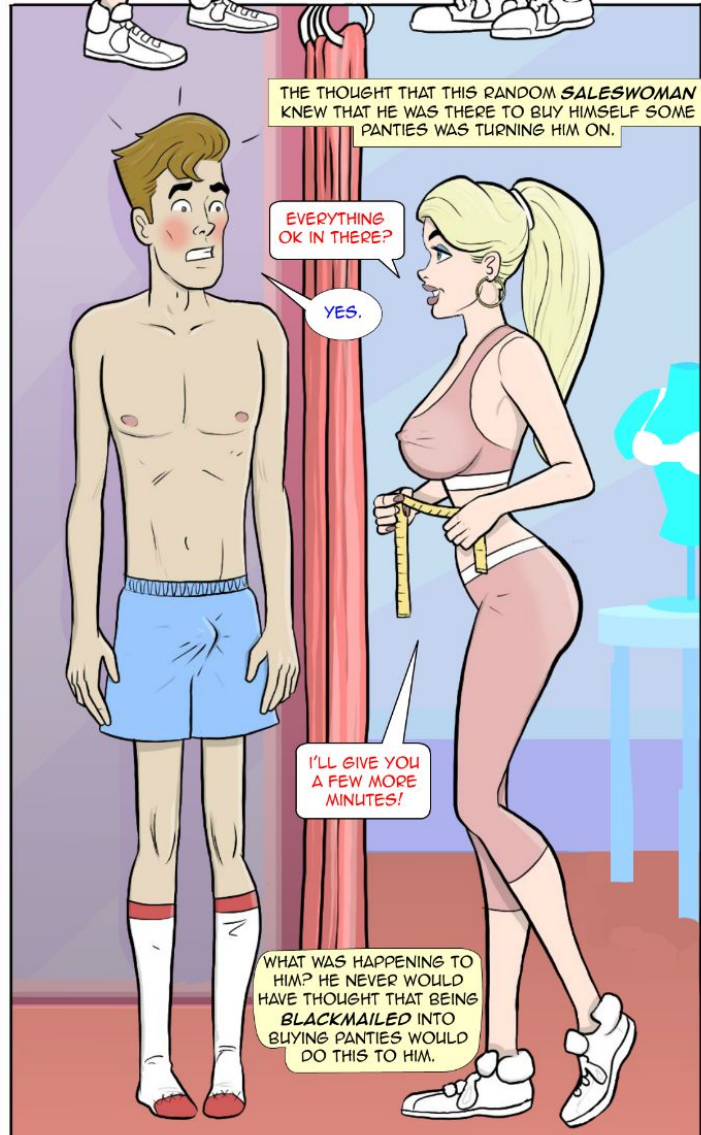
UH. NO.



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.

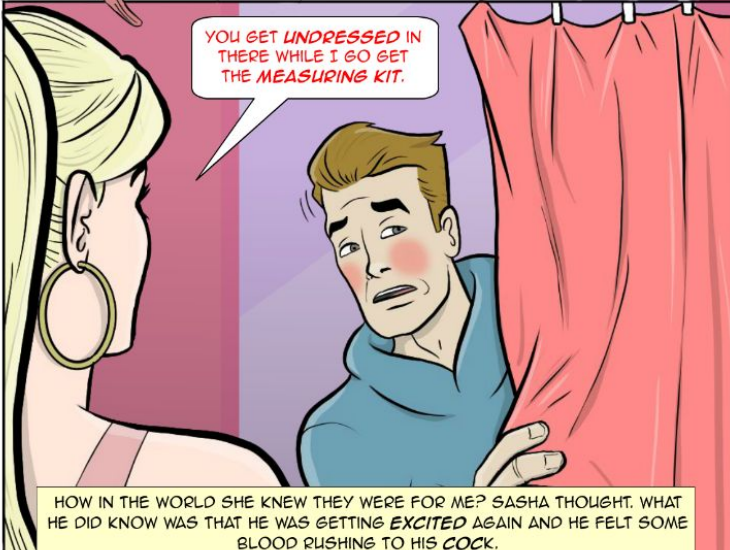


EVERYTHING OK IN THERE?

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.



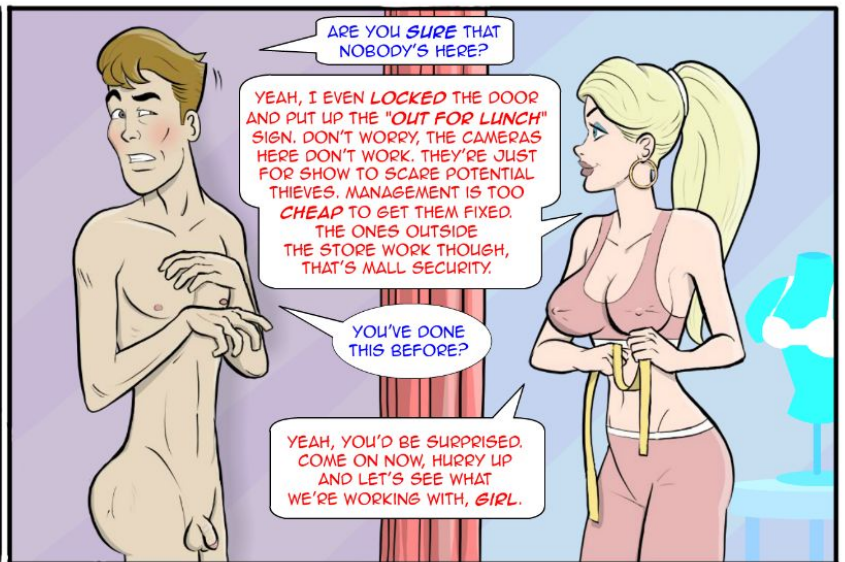
HEY, ARE YOU **READY?** WANNA COME OUT?

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!



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

MHMM, WHATEVER YOU SAY!

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

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