

Blackmail

Brock stared at the Polaroid as it floated to the ground as it fell from his locker, seeing the dark black letters scrawled across the backside of the image as it fell.

“What the fuck?” Brock queried as he reached for the image, reading the crudely written letters. “I know what you did?” Brock was unsure of what the message meant until he flipped the image over, revealing the picture on the front side. “How the . . .,” he gasped as he stared at an image of him shooting up steroids in the locker room. How did someone get this? How did he not see them take the picture? He was always so careful, double checking that nobody was in the locker room. Even though his face was turned away from the camera he knew it was him in the image; his last, his muscles, and his round butt cheeks that he was plunging a needle into.

Brock’s eye darted from side to side as he looked around the hall as the rest of the students moved in between class. He tried to see if anyone was watching him, but everyone seemed absorbed in their own lives. He looked into his locker looking for any other clue as to what this person would want from him and found another small handwritten note left for him. Brock lifted the note from his locker, fearful of any of his other secrets being found out.

Go to the locker room after school unless you want people finding out.

It was a simple letter, but he reread the note multiple times as the hallways began to clear of students; all of them returning to their respective classes. Brock looked in his locker one more time, but found nothing. Was he being blackmailed? Brock quickly shoved the Polaroid and letter into his backpack and ran to his classroom, walking in late.

The teacher shot him an angry glare as he filtered to the back of the classroom. The class continued without further interruption from Brock, but his mind still returned to the picture and letter left in his locker.

“Who would do this?” Brock asked himself as he tapped the pen on a black sheet of notebook paper. It wasn’t like people didn’t like him. Brock was nice to everyone at school—well most people. He was the class president so he had to speak for the bulk of the students when it came to student matters, so everyone didn’t always get what they want. But he tried his hardest. He thought about his teammates, maybe they would be the ones who would turn on him?

“But that wouldn’t make sense,” he mumbled to himself. If Brock was kicked off the team then there goes the team’s chance of winning States. So if he couldn’t play then all of them would probably

lose their scholarships. Brock rapped his pen against the pad of paper as the teacher talked in front of him. He could see her lips moving but it was like he was watching Charlie Brown, but his gaze flowed past his teacher and onto the clock. Should he go to the locker room after class? He tried weighing the pros and cons of meeting the blackmailer.

The rest of the class flew by as he jotted down names of ex-girlfriends who he cheated on and old rivals he bested on the field. The list was small, but nobody on the list seemed like the kind of person who would turn to blackmailing. By the end of class, he had scratched off and rewritten each of the names at least a dozen times.

DING DING DING

“Okay, that’s the bell. I will see everyone on Monday. I will not be attending the big game tonight, because I see enough of you all during the daytime already,” Brock’s teacher said as he packed her bag and left the classroom before any of the students even gathered their books.

“Damn she’s quick for a big girl,” one of Brock’s teammates mocked as he walked over to Brock’s seat. “Did you wanna go grab some burgers before practice?” His teammate asked. Brock began to say yes, but he felt the Polaroid burning in his pocket. He didn’t wanna tempt fate.

“I gotta hang back for a bit. I will just meet up with you before practice,” Brock said as he gathered his belongings. He shoved his notebook into his backpack and began to walk to the door. “I will see you later Eric,” he said as he turned away from his friend and began to run to the locker room.

Brock pushed passed students as he walked in the opposite direction of the traffic of students. The closer he got to the locker room the more nervous he began. As he reached for the handle he felt his hands grow wet with anticipation. He rubbed his hands on his jeans, drying the sweat from his palms, and swung open the door.

The room was empty.

“Hello?” Brock asked as he walked into the desolate locker room. He walked down the center of the room looking down the empty rows of lockers expecting. He didn’t know what he was looking for, or who he was looking to find. He got to the end of the lockers and nobody was in the room. “Hello?!” Brock shouted a second time before letting out a sigh of relief.

“It was all a joke.” Brock sauntered to his locker, spinning the dial of the lock until it gave a soft pop. He pulled open his locker and a small black box slid from the locker and onto the floor. “No.” The threat wasn’t hollow. He reached out his hand, tapping on the box before lifting it from the ground. It was a small gift box with a tag reading open me. He pulled the tab on the side and the box opened.

“Oh fuck me,” Brock groaned as he pulled the plastic toy from within the box also revealing a folded note on the bottom of the box. He had seen them before online on the side of the porn he watched and even seen some girls use them in the videos he watched. It was a vibrator. It was made of hard plastic but he could feel a hard object lodged in the middle of the vibrator. As Brock continued to look at the toy he pulled the letter from the bottom, dropping the box onto the floor in the process. He unfolded the paper seeing yet another handwritten note.

Hey Brock,

We're gonna play a little game. All you have to do is follow everything I say and nobody will know your little secret. I know you are wondering who I am, but that will be disclosed in due time. First, why don't you go ahead and push that toy up between that hot ass of yours? Snap a picture and send it to this phone number. Don't worry about searching it. It's a burner. And don't think you can just take it out whenever you want. I will be messaging you going forward through that same number, and if you don't follow orders that picture is going out to every college in the state that has scouted you. Good luck Brock, and have fun with that new toy.

“No. No. No. No. No!” Brock shouted as he threw the vibrator into his locker. “I’m not a fucking faggot,” he yelled at himself. He could do this, he wouldn’t do this. He ran his hands through his thick head of hair. Brock couldn’t believe he was in the situation. He looked at the vibrator sitting atop his gym bag. It didn’t look that big, he thought. He weighed the options in his head; was the little bit of pain worth keeping his life as is, or should he roll the dice and call the bluff of his blackmailer?

Brock swallowed a big lump that was growing in his throat, he took the vibrator in hand and walked into the bathroom. He was going to do it.

He walked into the first stall and locked the door behind him. He looked at the slick black silicon; the toy seemed to be the size of a traffic cone. He unbuttoned

Blackmail Part 2

It had only been 12 hours since Brock first received the letter of blackmail from the unknown individual, but it had felt like an eternity to him. The first hour when the toy was lodged between his tight butt cheeks was the most nerve wracking hour of his life. But his nerves only got worse during practice. Every time he bent over to hike the football, he was fearful that the toy would pop free from his asshole. With every quick movement he could feel the buttplug rub against his prostate which made his cock continuously hard the entire practice. Which became increasingly difficult to hide, especially when everyone finished practice and returned to the showers.

While all his friends snapped towels at one another and joked on their way into the group showers Brock stayed back. He tried to act normal, he tried to make it seem like it was every other day but what he realized was the longer the toy sat within his hole the harder it was to hold within himself. By the time he had his clothes gathered together, Brock had to clench his cheeks together in order to keep the toy from popping free of his underwear. He could only imagine what would happen if his teammates saw a buttplug fall from his pant leg. He clenched his butt cheeks together and almost pranced his way out to his car. As he exited the locker room he heard someone jokingly shout, take the stick out your ass Brock. He had never felt so afraid in his entire life. He turned around and gave a halfhearted smile and ran out of the locker room – he ran to the best of his ability.

Throughout his ride home, the bumpy road pushed the toy repeatedly in and out of his loosened asshole. No matter how much he cheeks burned every time the toy became lodged within his hole he could feel his jock By the time he arrived home later that night he could feel the toy slide in and out of his hole as his pickup truck bounced into his driveway. As Brock walked to his doorway he held his hand against the base of the hole as he attempted to keep it from falling out. When Brock fell into his bed he heard the toy pop out of his hole with a soft plop as it fell into his underwear.

“Ugh,” Brock moaned slightly as he pulled the toy from his underwear and placed it within his bedside table along with the burner phone given to him by his blackmailer. Brock looked at the clock that sat beside his bed and saw that it was barely ten o’clock. Usually, on a Friday night, Brock would be hanging with his friends as they played XBOX but tonight he was exhausted and wanted to sleep away the anxiety that came with his continual fear that someone would find what had been nestled between his ass cheeks for the last 5 hours. Or worse, receive another message from his blackmailer.

Brock awoke the next morning to the sound that came from a phone's vibration. Brock blindly reached for his phone but when he brought it to his face Brock found no notifications. It wasn't until he sat his phone on the floor that he realized that the vibrations were coming from his "other" phone. The thought of what was hidden within the message made Brock's stomach turn as well as instantly cast away all sleepiness from his eyes.

Good Morning Hotstuff!

Seems like you had a lot of fun at practice last night. From what I could see you had a boner the entire time. ;). Hope none of your other teammates noticed. It was pretty hard to not see that thick black base sticking out of your hole when you bent over. But enough about last night. Now it is the time to think about the future. I was thinking about your current predicament. If I am going to make you a little bitch I think it is time that you start dressing like one. I have sent you a few stores in the mall that I want you to stop by along with some clothes to pick up. I expect pictures with each of these selections. Pictures are due by 2 pm. And remember to listen or your secret gets out.

And there it was, the threat that Brock stared at the message as additional messages continued to illuminate the screen, messages listing out the different stores that Brock was being forced into going too. Brock's heart continued to fall as he read through the messages. He recognized many of the places but he had never dared step foot into any of the stores. They had a reputation to be rather, well gay. Brock looked at the clock and realized that he had already slept half of the day away and had only two hours to get to the mall.

Brock launched himself out of his twin sized bed and grabbed the nearest pair of jeans and a loose fitting tank top. Brock checked himself out in the mirror, but as he was about to exit his bedroom the phone buzzed once again.

Hey Big boy,

Don't forget about your toy either. I will be checking later on.

The hot jock looked back to his bedside table and shuffled his feet back to his bed as he dropped his pants and underwear to the floor. Brock didn't know whether he hoped his asshole had tightened up overnight or if it was still loose. Both options had its positives and negatives. Brock fell onto his bed as he fished the buttplug from his drawer and pressed it against the hole. He took one deep breath and pushed.

"Oh," Brock groaned as the tip was pushed into his asshole. His hands grabbed a handful of his duvet and pushed his ass back against the toy. Brock could feel the toy push further into his tight asshole. After it was pushed halfway into his hole Brock felt the slick plastic rub against his prostate

which caused his dick to grow hard underneath his stomach and already begin to leak. Brock realized that he had not come at all the night before, but as the base of the toy became nestled in between his cheeks he considered quickly jerking off. But after he looked at the clock once more he knew there would be no time to jerk.

Brock begrudgingly pulled himself from his bed, but not without a few grunts of pleasure as he tucked his hardening cock into his underwear and then into his jeans. Brock's staggered his footsteps as he felt the buttplug continuously rub against his prostate and slide in and out of his hole. As he sat in his truck he let loose another uncontrollable moan as the toy pushed deeper into his hole. Brock squeezed the steering wheel as he attempted to allow his body to adjust. He moved his hard cock to the slide before he pulled his phone from his pocket and looked at the list of places that the unknown individual had sent him.

Brock drove for about thirty minutes before he parked his car outside of the largest strip mall in the city. He took one final deep breath before he exited his car and made his way for the store located on the end; Jackson's Athletic Emporium. It wouldn't be the first time that Brock had been to this store. Most of his gear and the team's gear was purchased from this store as well as most of the athletes in the tri-state area. Brock pushed those the large entrance and was welcomed by the clean smell of rubber and cotton as it wafted through the air.

"Welcome to Jackson's Athletic Emporium," an unknown individual said from behind the counter as Brock walked further into the store. "Here for anything in particular?" The cashier asked. Brock opened his mouth to say no but remembered the additional texts that came with instructions of what he was supposed to do at the stores. He had no idea how his blackmailer would actually know if he followed his instructions to the T, but didn't really want to change it.

"I'm looking for a speedo, singlet, and short shorts," Brock mumbled as the cashier stepped from behind the counter and walked towards him. Brock recognized the short dark hair of the cashier and the tall broad build of the male. He had thought this couldn't get worse, but once he realized he knew the cashier his stomach fell even further. "Oh hey Josh," Brock said as he pulled himself back up into a more relaxed position. "I didn't know you worked here," Brock said in surprise.

"Yeah man just started on the 1st," Josh said as he shrugged his overdeveloped shoulders. "But what can I help you with? Need new cleets?" Josh asked. Brock took another breath of confidence and opened his mouth to speak again.

"I need a speedo, singlet, and new short shorts for the gym. The shorter the better," Brock mumbled as he stomach turned and churned within him.

“Oh trying out for something new?” Josh asked. His face revealed that he was taken slightly aback by Brock’s request but kept a confident smile on his face.

“Yea just needed to get some new stuff for the gym,” Brock said, lying about the real reason why he needed the gym.

“Yea I can get you a few options if you want to head to the dressing room. You look like a large?” Josh said as he guessed at Brock’s size. Normally Brock would actually need an extra large when it came to his gear, always preferring a little looser fit. But his blackmailer had a different idea.

“Small,” Brock said barely audible but Josh heard his needed size.

“Really small? A big guy like you really wears a small?” Josh said slightly shocked.

“Yup,” Brock said quickly before he walked away from the front of the store and towards the back to the dressing rooms, which he had used multiple times before.

“Okay I will bring some sections,” Josh shouted as Brock locked himself in the nearest dressing room. Brock fell back against the wall and slide onto a bench. A small yelp of pleasure escaped his lips, forgotten about sex toy plugged between his ample cheeks. Brock wiggled back and forth slightly as he adjusted the toy back into a more comfortable position before a loud knock echoed in the small room. Brock looked up and saw a slew of clothes thrown over the top of the door and into the small dressing room. Brock was assaulted by the bright colors and the shine of the spandex in the clothes.

“Thanks,” Brock said as he gathered the clothes and hung them on the wall. Brock stared at the bright blue singlet, the deep red speedo, and the two pairs of shorts; both pairs of shorts shorter than anything he would have ever worn. “Can you hang out there for a few minutes encase I need anything else?” Brock asked, following the second set of instructions given.

“Yea sure man.” Brock could hear the unease in the man’s voice at Brock’s request. Brock pulled off his white shirt and shrugged off his jeans until he stood in only his boxers. Guess the shorts are first, Brock thought to himself. He stepped both of his large thighs into the stretchy shorts and pulled them over his legs until the thin material snapped swiftly around his waist. Brock looked at himself in the mirror and felt like a faggot. The way his dick was lewdly pushed outward in the underwear. He could make out the outline of his cock; specifically the head of his cock. Brock turned around and looked at his ass’ reflection. Both of his cheeks could barely fit into the tiny pair of shorts. The article of clothing could barely encase both of his cheeks; his crack was hanging out for all to see. “Still out there?” Brock asked, calling out to the sales associate.

“Yeah man. Everything okay in there?” The cashier asked. Brock rolled his eyes and sucked his teeth before he opened the door to the dressing room. Brock slid a smile onto his face and looked around the open area until he found the eyes of the cashier.

“I just wanted to see what you thought about these shorts?” Brock asked as he strut towards Josh. He watched as Josh looked up and down Brock’s exposed body. Brock could see his eyes widen when they got to his plastered cock. Josh’s smile faltered slightly when Brock stopped just a few feet away from him. With Brock’s quick movement he could feel the front of the shorts bounce obscenely in front of him.

“Um, you look good man. I think you could use a larger size though. I can go get it for you,” Josh said as he rubbed the back of his head uncomfortably. Brock could see that Josh was having a difficult time looking away from his crotch but the longer the two stared at one another he could see Josh’s eyes continue to drift towards his dick. Great another fag, Brock thought. “Can you turn around?” Brock slowly moved around, and as soon as his ass was presented to Josh his mind immediately went towards what was hidden between his cheeks. Could Josh see what was in his hole right now?

“Damn,” Josh whispered as he looked at Brock’s beautiful set of cheeks; the curve, the heft, the size of them both made Josh want to take a bite. Brock quickly turned around, wanting to keep his secret from Josh at any cost.

“I’m not sure if they fit properly,” Brock said as he bent over. He could feel the fabric wedge deeper in between his butt cheeks which revealed even more of his ass to the sales associate. “Oh fuck, sorry.” Brock fakely apologized, following the instructions that were set for him.

“Oh let me help!” Josh said quickly as he hands began to fondle Brock’s gorgeous butt. Brock’s cheeks burned red with humiliation and anger. But he ground his teeth in submission as Josh “helped” pick the pair of shorts from his crack. Even after the shorts were no longer wedged between his cheeks, Josh continued to straighten out the shorts as well as grope and touch Brock’s glutes. But as Josh’s hands drifted closer towards his crack, Brock swiftly pulled away.

“Okay, I am going to go ahead and try on the other pieces. Do you mind staying and giving me your –” Brock began to ask but was quickly interrupted by Josh eagerly answering.

“Yeah, no problem!” Josh said quickly before pulling himself back. “I mean, yeah that’s fine,” Josh said as he attempted to sound a little less eager and more nonchalant. Brock rolled his eyes at the thought of this faggot getting off to the idea of his parading around in revealing clothes. But who could blame him, Brock said as he posed in the mirror. Brock flexed his baseball like biceps and pulsed his

pectorals. He was a beast. He could do this, he thought to himself. But his confidence was quickly broken when he heard the very distinct buzz emanating from his jeans.

“Fuck,” Brock whispered to himself. He withdrew the burner phone from his jeans and saw multiple new messages blinking on the screen.

Looking sexy

Fuck! That ass can barely fit into those shorts

Bet you liked Josh touching you didn't you?

Oh, I thought of an even better idea of what we can do with the singlet.

Brock could see the tell-tale sign of the blackmailer typing away at the other end of the phone. What fresh hell did he have planned for Brock?

Blackmail

Part 3

Brock's face fell when the message flashed against the screen of the burner phone given to him by his blackmailer. He could already feel his stomach begin to knot at the thought of parading around in a singlet let alone what he was being asked – no ordered, to do. Brock peeled off the skintight shorts off his rounded buttocks with great difficulty. He dug his fingers into his butt crack and pulled the wedged material from the depths of his butt cheeks. His sweaty cheeks clung to the cotton material as he pulled them off his body and dropped to the floor. The entire backside was covered in sweat from the moments spent plastered against his skin. He looked to the piece of clothing that hung from the hook in the dressing room. The light blue material was almost translucent it was so sheer. Brock rubbed the fabric between his fingers, it felt like a cross between spandex and rubber. For what reason would someone ever wear something like this, Brock thought.

"Everything okay in there?" Josh asked. Brock could hear the excitement in his voice and rolled his eyes in response. The fag was probably as excited about seeing him in it as his blackmailer, Brock mused.

"Everything is fine! Just give me a minute and I will be right out!" Brock shouted back to the employee. Brock took the stretchy outfit from the hook and stepped both of his legs into the holes and stretched the tight fabric over his shoulders and let both straps snap into place. Brock stared at himself in the mirror and saw the lewd clothing that barely covered his body. The deep V of the neck hole hit below his pectorals which allowed both of his pecs and nipples to be exposed. The short leg holes extended barely two inches beneath his groin giving him an even more obscene appearance than he could even have imagined. As Brock's eyes focused on the way the singlet clung to his lower body, especially his crotch, Brock remembered his last order from his blackmailer.

"Ugh," Brock groaned as his hand slithered inside of his tight outfit and grasped onto his cock. He closed his eyes and attempted to fantasize about his past experiences. He could feel his dick begin to thicken and lengthen with every passing second. Brock's free hand gripped onto one of his exposed nipples and lightly pulled on the pointed tip. He knew exactly what the blackmailer wanted to happen and couldn't disobey. He could hear Josh's footsteps as he anxiously walked back and forth outside of the dressing room. After bringing his cock to full mass he pulled his hand from within his suit and watched it snap into place around his hard dick, leaving little to the imagination. He turned around and

saw the seam of the singlet run deep between his cheeks and create an emphasis around the toy nestled within his hole. Brock attempted to pull the wedgie out of his ass or at least adjust the toy to make it less noticeable but the only thing he did was make his dick begin to leak precum into the singlet. Brock took one final deep breath, slapped a smile on his obviously uncomfortable face, and opened the door to the store.

“I was wondering if you got lost- mother of god,” Josh said to himself as he took in Josh’s full appearance. Brock’s cheeks burned red as he felt Josh’s eyes burrow into the thin suit looking at every muscle and curve of his body. Josh knew he had to stay oblivious to the obvious elephant in the room and continued to walk out of the dressing room and towards the large mirror. Brock could feel his butt cheeks as they jiggled, bounced, and rubbed together as he moved through the store.

“I’m not sure if this is tight enough,” Brock said to the mirror as he turned and feigned interest in the outfit. He pulled his arms into the air and did a double bicep pose and smiled widely into the mirror. Brock could hear Josh’s soft moans of appreciation as he posed and showed off his hard-earned muscles in the mirror. Brock could see Josh’s eyes move quickly over his body moving towards his privates and saw the wet spot had grown even larger. He grabbed Brock’s crotch feeling it stiffen up once more under his physical touch. He knew openly grabbing his crotch was not unordinary for a male to do, but right now it just made him feel dirty. “What do you think?” Brock asked as he turned around and presented his front to Josh once more. Josh’s mouth hung open, unable to know what to say in response to Brock’s overtly sexual façade. Josh shook his head, briefly bringing himself back to reality as he walked towards Brock.

“It doesn’t look like its sitting properly on your shoulders. Here, let me help you,” Josh stuttered as he extended his hand to one of the straps that sat on his body. “Turn around,” he instructed to Brock and he begrudgingly followed. Brock faced the mirror once more as he wrapped his long willowy arms around his body and grabbed ahold of both straps and lifted both up. Brock watched as his large pectorals bounced moved in response to Josh’s quick movements. He grit his teeth as he felt the straps rub against his nipples; the smooth latex-like material rubbed back and forth and caused Brock’s own grunts of enjoyment. Brock watched as Josh’s eyes grew wider and more adventurous. “I think we may need to adjust some other – um areas,” Josh said. There was a lull of silence between the two of them as if he were asking for an invitation to go further. Brock’s eyes turned away from the mirror and towards the dressing room. Even from this distance, he could still see the burner phone sitting on the bench. It was a beacon that reminded him of his need for unyielding obedience.

“Sure whatever you think is best,” he said submissively to Josh, giving him the freedom to do whatever he wished. Josh’s eyebrows narrowed in a seductive manner as his fingers ran across the seams of the outfit. His hands trickled down the side of Brock’s torso until they were hooked in between his thighs and the skintight singlet.

“This seems to be running up a little high,” Josh advised as he dug his fingers deeper underneath the singlet. His body pulled closer to Brock as he became more adventurous with his hands. Josh and Brock locked eyes as Josh tentatively laid his hand on top of the mound that was Brock’s cock. Brock ground his teeth as he felt Josh’s hand tighten around his cock. Brock glared into Josh’s eyes, and by the look on Josh’s face he was waiting for Brock to pull away but he knew that he was powerless to do so. As instructed by his blackmailer Brock was, “...let the cashier jerk his cock through his singlet to near completion before stopping him.” Brock knew that if he didn’t play his role Josh would not continue and worse the blackmailer would have exactly what he needed in order to release Brock’s secrets.

“Ugh,” Brock moaned loudly; loud enough to tell Josh that he was “enjoying” his suggestive touching. Brock fell back into Josh’s body, feeling his hard cock press against his hard buttock and push the butt plug a little further into his hole. Brock’s eyes shot open in response as his cock burped up a glob of cum into the singlet and Josh’s hand.

“Oh you like that,” Josh said seductively. His hand moved up and down the shaft of Brock’s cock, milking more cum from Brock’s hefty ballsack. Even through the unwanted touching, Brock could not deny the pleasure he was feeling. The overly assertive rubbing by Josh’s hand was better than any handjob he had received from any female. Combined with the constant pressure on his prostate Brock didn’t think he would last much longer. “Fucking jock boy likes having his cock rubbed?” Josh teased, his polite innocent demeanor began to drop.

“A huh,” Brock responded mindlessly.

“Big muscle boy just a big closet faggot aren’t you.” Josh punctuated his sentence with a hard thrust into Brock’s ass, lodging the plug deeper into Brock’s asshole. Brock fell forward into the mirror, catching himself before he was slammed into the mirror. Brock’s hot breath fogged the mirror as he looked at himself. Brock’s mind wheeled in response to the seeing him bent over being railed like a bitch in heat. “So fucking hot!” Josh cried as he ground his hard cock between his crack and from the look on Josh’s face he realized what was nestled deep between Brock’s butt cheeks. The face of the innocent cashier had been replaced with one full of sexual depravity and authority, and for the first time in Brock’s life, he felt truly powerless.

“Guess someone has a big secret,” Josh grunted as he moved his hand in between Brock’s robust ass cheeks. His thumb pressed against the base of the plug and pushed it deeper into Brock’s hole. Brock moaned in pleasure as he was unwillingly assaulted by the store clerk. Brock tightened his fists as he felt Josh grip the base through the singlet and pull.

“Ugh!” Brock moaned; he could feel his dick jolt in excitement as the plug was pushed back into his body. Brock squeezed his eyes shut and wished for the moment to be over, but with every thrust of the toy, he felt a large spurt of precum push from his tip. He could feel his balls begin to pull up into him as his orgasm began to grow near. “Please, stop,” Brock said breathily, unable to form a complete sentence without pausing for air. He attempted to pull himself away from Josh’s large hands but was quickly brought back to his bent over position. “No.” Brock cried as he once again pulled away, and once more his efforts were for not.

“You aren’t going anywhere jock boy until those balls are empty,” Josh ordered as his free hand squeezed aggressively on Brock’s cock. Josh could feel his own cock growing rigid within his pants. He was surprised being so close to cumming, but as he looked at the muscular hunk sprawled in front of him he knew every reason why he would be cumming so quickly. Brock’s brawny shoulders and thick neck as he was pressed against the mirror. His compact but full ass that felt better than any other he had ever felt before. Every inch of his hairless body was perfect and he was under his control.

“No...I...fuck...here it comes!” Brock shouted as his dick began to unload into his suit. He could feel his balls pushing out every drop of cum into the lining of the singlet and onto the front of his stomach. Josh let out a loud yelp of pleasure as his cock exploded inside of his boxers. Josh continued to grind his dick into Brock’s bubble butt until his balls were finally empty. Josh withdrew his hands from Brock’s body and licked the excess cum that had seeped through the singlet and moaned in enjoyment.

“Tasty,” Josh said as he walked away from the dressing room while Brock attempted to collect himself. “Also your paying for that,” Josh yelled back from the front of the store. Brock looked over and saw him dabbing the front of his pants. Brock pulled himself from the mirror and wiped the sweat from his brow as he stared at the singlet. The entire crotch of the singlet was soaked through with cum. Even though his balls were spent his cock still stood rigid against the now translucent fabric. Brock stumbled back to his dressing room and tore off the singlet and tossed it into the corner of the small room. And as he began to look for his clothes he heard the sound of the burner phone vibrating. Brock moved the singlet aside and flipped his phone open.

Hey muscles

Doesn't look like someone know's how to listen

Go ahead and buy the singlet and the shorts and get ready for the second stop of the day. I will send you the location when I see you back in your car.

Blackmail

Part 4

Brock quietly pulled his original outfit back onto his body as he stared at the pile of clothes that he was forced to parade around in front of Josh. He could still feel Josh's hands on his body as he stared at his body. He turned around and saw the base of the the butt plug sticking halfway out of his hole. The toy almost falling free of his hole. Brock gripped onto the mirror and pushed the butt plug fully back into his hole with a deep grunt of pleasure. He felt disgusting. He felt dirty. He needed to get the hell out of this store, and hope that wherever his blackmailer had in mind next would be better.

Brock looked at the tags of his "new" gym clothes, and knew his wallet was about to feel the pain of his new purchases. He bunched the singlet and the short shorts into a ball and exited the dressing room. He could see Josh standing behind the counter as if he hadn't just recently assaulted Brock in the most humiliating way possible.

"That going to be all today?" Josh asked as he raised his eyebrow. "Anything else around here look like something that you would want?" Josh nodded his face down to his bulging cock that was sitting atop the counter. Brock could see the outline of his cock through his thin pair of pants. Brock's face flushed red at the forwardness of Josh. Brock took a deep meaningful gulp and nodded no.

"I think I am good. I just need these, please. With a receipt." Josh responded with a pout, pushing out his bottom lip. Josh begrudgingly took the items and scanned them in silence as Brock watched. He pushed the items into a plastic bag. Brock gave him his card and watched his account slowly drain. Josh took the receipt from the machine and scrawled something atop the store's name and handed it to Brock.

"Just in case you change your mind," Josh said with a wink. "Hope to hear from you."

"Thank you," Brock stuttered as he quickly took the bag and the receipt from Josh and ushered out of the store and directly into his car. He looked at the receipt and saw it was Josh's Instagram and his phone number. A phone number he would assured himself, he would never be calling. Not a moment after he shut the door to his car did his burner phone buzz, indicating that he had a message from his unknown assailant. The heavy stone in his stomach just grew larger when he saw the address. He knew the location and the reputation that came with the store. Brock sent a simple message to his blackmailer that he was leaving the clothing store now.

Fifteen minutes later and a full combo meal from McDonald's Brock pulled in front of Lacey's Nook. The only sex store that was within their small town. Brock and his friends had always joked about going to the store and getting some items for their girls, or buying something as a gag gift for the guys on the team. But none of them ever had the balls to actually go through with the act. Rumors of the place had always floated around town; not what was sold in the front, but what was sold in the back of the establishment. Brock felt the knowing buzz from his pocket and wished he didn't have to read whatever horrible task that his blackmailer had in store for him, but he knew he did not have a choice.

You made great time! Here are a few items you should go ahead and pick out. Don't forget to ask for some help! ;) Remember to be nice to the sales associate.

Brock tabbed through the rest of the message seeing the images of items that he was being forced to purchase. Items that he would rather die than be seen with, but much like the rest of this day; he was just a puppet to some unknown master. So he begrudgingly pulled himself from behind the steering wheel and walked towards the front of the store; the doors slide open in response to his movement. The cool air from within the store assaulted his face with the scent of incense and floor wax. Brock wrinkled his nose as he entered the store, attempting to push the intense smells from his senses.

"Welcome to Lacey's nook," a less than enthused voice said from behind the counter as Brock entered the room. Brock gave a gentle nod in the man's direction as he walked further into the store. His eyes already searched the walls of the store looking for the items that were being ordered of him. Every inch of the store was filled with toys of every shape he could have imagined. Dildos, butt plugs, chastity cages, leather harnesses, rubber shorts, and some items he didn't even recognize. But what he did find was the exact toy that was lodged between his muscular cheeks. He knew his steps were slightly staggered to the constant pressure against his prostate. He wondered if the store clerk could tell that he was walking awkwardly, or if he could see the base of the toy as it pressed against the backside of his pants.

Brock slowly walked around the circumference of the store looking at all the different items looking for the specific toys that his blackmailer wanted, and to his dismay, the items were nowhere to be found. With a deep, regretful breath Brock walked towards the front counter to ask for help from the store clerk. The much older, thicker man he found was leaning over the glass counter flipping through a magazine. He was exactly what Brock assumed a man who worked in this type of store would look like; a

graying mustache, short cropped hair, and a leather vest. The man perked up slightly when Brock walked up to the counter, obviously not assuming a teen jock would be in his store.

“How can I help you?” He asked, his voice just as deep as Brock had imagined.

“Hi how are you?” Brock asked nervously as the older man raised an eyebrow in response to his question.

“I’m good. How can I help you?” the man asked a second time, his voice slightly agitated from having to ask a second time.

“Yes I was looking for a few items that I couldn’t find walking around. I was seeing if you could help me.” Brock slide his phone onto the counter, which the man immediately picked up. Brock watched as the man scrolled through the list of names. Brock watched as the man’s eyes widened as he read the names and let out a soft chuckle as he continued to read.

“Interesting. Wouldn’t take you as the kind of kid who was into this kind of stuff, but I guess the best surprises are always in the nicest boxes. Follow me. The stuff you are looking for is in the back room, most people don’t ask for this type of toys. Well only the kinky ones.” The man gave a very open wink as he stepped from behind the counter and began to walk to a closed off area. Brock followed behind him at a distance unsure of what was hidden behind a thick curtain, besides the odd names that were listed on his phone. The man pulled back the curtain and motioned for Brock to enter first. Brock took a deep breath and entered the unknown.

“Holy fuck,” Brock gasped as he looked at the monstrosities that lined the walls of the back room. Brock’s eyes searched the room seeing toys shaped like long beefy arms, toys larger than traffic bones, even inflatable toys; both men and woman.

“Like the Wonka Factory of toys, am I right?” The man said as he laid his heavy arm across Brock’s shoulders. “Now there’s the first thing on your list.” The man nodded towards the large cone like toy that reminded Brock of one of those children’s toys that had the multiple levels of rings, but it was obviously used for a different type of playtime. “This one is called Rings,” he said as he lifted the toy from the shelf and placed it in Brock’s hands. Brock felt his arms fall slightly, surprised by the weight of the rubber toy. “And here’s the second one,” the man said as he walked over to another shelf and pulled a large thin dildo from the shelf, a dildo that had a head on either end. “This one the Two For One,” he said, piling the toy on top of the first. “And now where is. . .here,” he exclaimed as he pulled a large plastic jug from the bottom shelf. “The best of the best, Gun Oil. Need anything up your bum. This will do it for you,” he said as he placed the jug on the top of the rest of the toys. “Anything else?”

“No I think – Oh shit,” Brock said as he lost his handle on all the items and they all came tumbling down onto the floor. “Shit,” Brock shouted as he attempted to catch the items, but only lost his balance and ended up falling face forward, into the floor. Brock felt pain radiate from his face as he pulled himself onto all fours. He rubbed his face as he attempted to pull himself from the floor, but as he moved he could feel something dislodge. Brock’s eyes flew open with fear as he felt the butt plug fall from his hole and out of his pant leg. Brock looked up to the man in complete shock. The man looked to Brock and then to the wayward butt plug and then back to Brock. Brock watched as the man walked around his body and bent down and picked up the toy.

“Nice, the Grenade. I think I sold one of these a few days to a kid around your age.” Brock’s humiliation was immediately replaced with hope; hope for finding out his blackmailers identity.

“Who was it?” Brock blurted out while still on his knees. By the way, the clerk’s face changed, Brock knew his over-exuberant response showed his hand and put all the power in the stranger’s hand.

“I would be inclined to help you out. If you don’t mind me helping you get plugged back up,” Brock said lifting the butt plug into the air. Brock weighed the options; he had already had the toy in him so it wouldn’t be so bad, and it couldn’t be any worse than being felt up by Josh. Brock nodded, and that was all the man needed.

“Ass up boy,” the store clerk instructed. Brock begrudgingly placed all of his weight onto his forearms as he felt the man encircle his body. He felt the rough hands graze his backside before grabbing a handful of his cheek. Brock let out a grunt of surprise at the already aggressive touching. “Firm. Nice,” He said simply. The man continued to squeeze and grow Brock’s cheeks causing his dick to grow hard in response to the unwanted touching, once more. Brock could feel the man hook his fingers inside his shorts and underwear, swiftly pulling both down and revealing his large peachy cheeks. “Damn even nicer uncovered,” he grunted. “You workout this ass or is it genetics?” The man punctuated his sentence with a hard slap against Brock’s rump.

“Genetics!” He squealed. The man’s large rough hands rubbed up and down both of his ass cheeks, grabbing ahold of both cheeks, allowing his hairless hole to come into view.

“Fuck I bet that you’re naturally hairless too.”

“Yes sir,” Brock cooed as he felt the man’s large thumb push past the outer rim of his hole and into his body. Brock could swear that his thumb was the same size as the butt plug that was already in his body, and then it happens. “Oh fuck!” Brock moaned as he felt the man’s finger rub against something inside his hole. Not only did he rub against this overly sensitive area, but he pressed and tapped against the spot within his asshole. “God, what are you doing?”

“Someone likes their prostate milked,” the sales associate said as he slide another finger into Brock’s already loosened hole. Brock grabbed ahold of the carpet floor as his subconscious took control and pushed his asshole against the older man’s hungry fingers. “Here comes another one,” the man warned before slipping in a third finger.

“God!” Brock screamed as his eyes rolled into the back of his head. He could already feel his dick leaking into the pouch of his underwear, pooling such a large amount that it began to bleed into the front side of his shorts.

Brock had never felt such pleasure before; sure he couldn’t admit it to himself about the enjoyment he could out of the butt plug in his hole, but this was a whole new level! This was explosive, this was orgasmic, this was transcendent. Brock’s body seemed to move on its own accord, slowly thrusting himself onto the man’s fingers as if he were trying to fuck himself.

“Someone’s an eager beaver,” the older man said. “Time for the real fun to begin.” Brock felt the man’s fingers slide from his greased hole, much to his sadness and displeasure. The brief moments where his hole gaped open were agonizing to him. He clenched his hole wishing to feel full once more, cleansing as if it were winking at the men to continue his finger fucking. “Oh don’t worry baby,” he said as he rubbed one of his burly hands against the soft underside of Brock’s ass. “Take a deep breath.” Brock did as he was instructed and felt the knowing feeling fo the plastic rub between his cheeks, and he pushed back his ass hoping to swallow the toy whole. But as he moved he realized that only part of the toy was plunged into his hole. Brock looked over his shoulder and found his plug, discarded on the floor and the Rings being pushed against his hole. Brock’s eyes widened in fear at the huge plug as the man slowly rotated the toy before pushing in another layer.

“Oh fuck!” Brock screeched feeling his tight hole begin to stretch over the monstrous toy that was pushing to his hole. His hole clasped tightly around the silicon rings as the man slowly pulled out the first two levels, and then after a brief moment, it’s as pushed back into his hole. The second time was just as painful as the first, but this time he began to feel the same pressure within his hole that was brought about by the man’s feeling. “Ohhh,” he said softly as the toy was slowly pulled from his hole and pushed back inside of him. The constant friction of his anal cavity stretching around the toy added to the pleasure that was already being forced onto himself.

“Good boy. Two levels down and only 4 to go,” the store clerk said mischievously. Brock let out a groan of ecstasy as the third level was pushed inside of his body. Could he take all six rings of this toy, he thought to himself? Only time would tell.

Blackmail

Part 5

Brock continued to moan and groaned as the multileveled dildo was worked into his loosened anus. The older shopkeeper had pushed the entire toy into his hole and pulled it out at different intervals. At some moments he allowed Brock to enjoy the fullness before it was quickly ripped from his hole and plunged deeply back into his pussy, as the older man quiet aptly named it. But after the third load that was squeezed from Brock's balls, he fell exhausted to the floor, unsure if he would be able to take any more. Even though his body continued to enjoy the feeling of the toy that stretched his pussy.

"Jock boy all tired? He told me you would have been able to last longer than this," the old man said as he slapped the bottom of the dildo, sending a shockwave through the rubber and into Brock's body.

"Who's he?" Brock said, feeling renewed at the possibility of finding out the identity of his blackmailer.

"The guy who told me you were coming to the store. You don't think I sexually harass every hot guy who comes in here?" The older man paused briefly. "Well I do, but definitely not to this extent," he laughed, obviously remembering the prior times he had spent with his patrons.

"Tell me who it is!" Brock commanded as he stood up with the toy still deeply lodged within his hole. Brock winced slightly as the dildo rubbed against his prostate which caused his dick to chub up once more. He took his shorts and brought them back around his waist, sealing the plug into his asshole.

"I think I could be persuaded to tell you, or at least give you a hint." The older store owner raised an eyebrow suggestively.

"You literally just fucked me with the biggest toy -."

"Third biggest," the man interrupted. Brock rolled his eyes in annoyance.

"What the fuck ever! What else could you want from me?" Brock questioned. The older man began to walk away from Brock towards the curtained-off doorway. "I'm fucking talking to you!"

"You curious as to what's behind this curtain," the man asked as he dragged his hand along the deep red fabric.

"What the hell does that have to do with me?" Brock cursed. "Tell me who the person is!"

"Do you think this store stays open selling toys to perverts like you? I would be lucky if I have two, maybe three serious customers every day. Let alone if they purchase more than a cheap pair of

handcuffs or a gag gift for your partner.” The man’s eyes began to light up with intensity as he turned his attention from the curtain and back towards Brock. “It’s behind here where the real money is made.” Brock grew hesitant about why the older man was explaining the curtain to him. He had heard rumors of a back room within the sex shop where men would come and get blowjobs or how people would fuck prostitutes in the back.

“I want to make a deal with you Brock,” the man offered. “You go back there. Do a little work for me, and I will give you your blackmailers name. How does that sound?”

“I’m not getting fucked by random-.” Brock countered.

“Oh. Woo. Who do you take me for? A pimp?” The older man said, taking on a tone of feigning hurt. “Just suck a few cocks and you will get the name. It’s that easy. Not like you haven’t already been through worse today.” Brock stared at the old man as he smirked at Brock. It took everything in his body to not punch his face in with every ounce of strength he had in his body. But the thought of ending all this nonsense was invaluable to Brock. “All of the men have been tested and are safe so no worries about getting anything either. Scout’s honor.”

Brock wondered, could he actually figure out who it is without the shopkeeper’s help. Would it truly be worth it? He could feel himself falling deeper into this homoerotic nightmare. Even as the dildo was firmly pressed against the insides of his body he still claimed to hate everything that was happening, but he couldn’t deny a part of him was enjoying the worship and attention and the anal stimulation he was receiving. Maybe he could just give handjobs? Maybe nobody would even show up? He had high hopes for a very boring result, but the shopkeeper had a very different idea in mind.

“One hour,” Brock offered, holding up a single finger.

“Two hours,” the shopkeeper countered.

“Hour and a half.”

“Three hours.”

“That’s not how you bargain!”

“I’m not bargaining,” the older man said dauntingly. With a heavy stomach, Brock agreed to two. The shopkeeper’s grin grew wide as he ordered Brock to stand against the wall. Brock walked over to the clean wall, mincing his footsteps. Brock was unsure of what the shopkeeper had in mind for him, but it couldn’t be any more humiliating than getting his hole reamed out. “Okay now smile!” The shopkeeper announces as he brought his phone to his face.

“What?” Brock asked as the light flashed on the phone, indicating a picture was being taken.

“Perfect. The dumb jock look. The guys are gonna love this!” He chorused as he began furiously typing away on his phone.

“What is that for?” Brock asked feeling even more uneasy at the thought of his picture being taken and used for some sort of nefarious reason.

“That’s on a need to know basis hot stuff. Now go ahead and head through the curtain and go into the center stall. The clock starts as soon as I see you sit down on the bench.” And with that, the man turned away from Brock, walking back to his counter while he continued to type.

“Okay,” Brock said to himself as he stepped behind the curtain and down a long bare hallway. Brock passed the obvious storage room as he took a turn down a second extremely bare hallway until he came to a small selection of stalls. They looked very similar to bathroom stalls except the stalls and doors were completely enclosed, hiding whatever or whoever was inside the room. Brock took the center room, as were his orders, and sat upon the cushioned bench.

“Two hours starting now!” An intercom shouted into the small stall. “Remember to be nice to my men. They are gonna be paying top dollar for those lips.” Brock could feel his heart begin to pump intensely as he sat in the small stall as if he was sitting in timeout for disobeying one of his parents’ rules. He twiddled his thumbs and begin to list off the possible blackmail suspects once more, attempting to pass the time. He gently pushed his hand into the back of his pants and felt the base of dildo. It had become a welcome intruder, weirdly. Brock clenched his asshole feeling some tightness of his anal cavity but knew it would be gaping whenever the toy was pulled from inside him.

Hopefully, nobody would be able to come, Brock thought to himself. But his hopes were quickly dashed when he heard the heavy footsteps of a stranger echo down the long hall.

Brock sat silently within the room, holding his breath as if he was hiding from a serial killer. He could hear the door to the left side of him open and close. Brock looked through one of the holes that were drilled into the wooden wall and saw the crotch of another man’s. Brock watched as the man’s dark, burly hands unzipped his jeans and lowered his jeans.

“You suck dick before jock boy?” The deep gruff voice asked. Brock sucked down a breath of air and courage.

“No sir,” Brock said. His voice barely audible.

“Sir?” The stranger asked in surprise. Brock heard a chuckle from behind the wall as the flopped out his massive cock through the hole. Brock’s eyes grew wide, never before seen a cock so huge, so dark, and so veiny. “Seems like your in exactly the place you’re supposed to be,” he said matter-of-

factly. "Get to licking," the man ordered. Brock continued to watch as the black cock grew larger and thicker in front of his eyes like some obscene balloon that never seemed to stop inflating.

"It's just a penis," Brock repeated to himself multiple times as he slowly leaned into the stranger's cock, opened his mouth, and stuck out his tongue. He didn't know he could do this, but before he was allowed the opportunity at a second thought; two large hands grabbed through the open area and onto Brock's closely cut hair and pushed his cock into Brock's mouth. His immediate reaction was to pull away but his face was only pushed further into the cock.

"Fuck, virgin's mouths are always the best. No, you better watch those teeth boy. I can be very nice or very rough. It's all up to you." Brock's eyes were already beginning to water from the intruder that was lodged within his throat. "Just breath through your nose baby and it will be much easier. Or act like your swallowing. That's what I always tell my bitches." Brock swallowed obediently feeling the man's cock move further into his mouth and down his throat. He could feel the cock bulge out of his throat as it was fed further into his mouth. Brock held his breath, knowing that with every gagging sound he made it was a higher chance of the blowjob ending horribly.

"Fuck you're a natural," the stranger groaned as he loosened his hold on Brock's hair. One hand gently rubbing his short hair while the other one kept ahold of his face. Brock couldn't believe the length of this man's cock. His eyes were going cross as he attempted to see how much more he had to ingest before he bottomed out. Happily, Brock's nose was greeted with the dense musky scent of the man's pubes. The man's cock was so long Brock felt that it had to be lodged within his stomach by now. "And now the fun begins."

Slowly, the stranger removed his cock from Brock's lips as he felt the boy's lungs gasp for air. He could feel a long string of cum connect from his dick to Brock's lips. But before Brock could have a moment of reprieve the stranger pushed his cock all the way to the base inside of Brock's throat feeling it begin to widen with every thrust of his cock.

"Fuck you were made for this boy," the black man grunted. The man's movements were at first slow, and gentle but every time the man pulled his cock from Brock's mouth he pushed it back with a renewed vigor.

While the man moaned and groaned in pleasure Brock continued to feel violated but in a way he seemed to be entranced by. Never before would he had thought he would be in a back room of a sex shop and giving a blowjob to a man and with a huge dildo plugged in his asshole none the less.

Brock couldn't say if it was fifteen minutes or if it were fifty but when the man gave a rather high pitched grunt of enjoyment Brock knew he was getting close to cumming. Brock placed his hands

against the wooden divider, attempting to push away from the stranger but he pulled him close and began to unload deep in his throat giving him no other option but to swallow. Brock felt disgusted feeling himself begin to bloat with another man's load.

"Good boy, suck down daddies juice. Fuck!" He shouted as his balls continued to fill Brock's stomach until it fell from Brock's lips. "Wouldn't ever think that boy next door was a secret cocksucker," he laughed as he pulled his cock from the glory hole and zipped his pants back up. Brock fell onto his ass feeling the dildo push inside his body again, sending a thrill up his body. The last thing he saw of the stranger was his hand tossing a wad of bills onto the floor. And for the first time in Brock's life, he felt like a hooker, and the cash on the floor to prove it.

Brock curled up on the floor and held himself for a few brief moments trying to collect himself. He couldn't believe that he had sucked another guy off and swallowed, but what scared him the most was that he enjoyed it.

"Okay hot stuff twenty minutes down, only an hour forty to go. And looks like your next client has just shown up. Head on to the back Eugene. You know the place." Almost immediately after the intercoms cut off did Brock hear the footsteps down the hallway much like his other "client". The side door opened once more and a deep scent of earth filtered into the room. The males dirty khakis came into view. He hooked his thumbs and revealed a much thicker, shorter cock. Its head was covered by a thick foreskin which was being stretched back the harder his cock became.

"Suck." Were the only orders given to him by the stranger. Brock, obediently opened his mouth and took the cock into his well-loosened throat. His tongue instantly went to the head, licking it as it went further into his mouth. It dug inside the foreskin and licked the head, precum immediately began to lick onto Brock's tongue; it becoming a taste he was already begrudgingly enjoyed.

With the name of his blackmailer in the back of his head, urging him to push through the next hour and a half to be one step closer to figuring out who was really pulling the strings.