

## 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 1<sup>st</sup>," 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?