

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?