

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.