

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 ones 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 your 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 of the butt plug that was already in his body, and then it happen. "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 frontside 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.