

## 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.*