

Steamed!

By Throne

(Concept by Devin Dickie)

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*****DEVIN DICKIE NOTE*****

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******SPOILER ALERT!! for upcoming comic... if you don't want to know what is happening with this comic, PLEASE DON'T READ! SPOILER ALERT!!**

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I was given a free gym membership by Sonny but was reluctant to use it because he was the big Black guy who had bullied me all through school. By then I was self employed and in a relationship with a sexy girl, Nova, who was short, busty and blond. She would appreciate it if I toned my soft body. Sonny owned the gym, so I figured he wouldn't pull any of his old stunts on me. I had so many bad memories of being ridiculed in the showers about my below-average genitals, getting stuffed into lockers, and even being shoved naked into the girls' locker room. I showed up with my gym bag and hurried into the changing area. Sonny must have spotted me entering the building and strode into the room where I had just gotten undressed. I wanted to cover back up before anyone saw my undersized male parts and the almost total lack of body hair on my slender physique. There I stood, completely naked, with him towering over me, his muscular body shown off by the tank top and shorts that were all he wore.

"Yo, little buddy," he said, standing very close to me. "How's it hanging, Rob?"

"Oh, hi, Sonny. Err, thanks for the free sample membership."

"Anything for my old friend." He backed me up against the lockers, still smiling and acting genial. But he had put himself

between me and my exercise togs. "So," he wanted to know, "how's your love life?"

"It's... okay," I said cautiously. One of his entertainments back in school had been coming between me and any girl I tried to get close to.

"You married or what?"

Without thinking it through, probably because I wanted to show him I had done well for myself, I said, "I'm dating a very attractive girl."

"Whoa. Good for you, my mini-man. I bet you got a picture of her on your phone."

"Sure, but..."

"Let's have a look-see."

"Well, I kind of wanted to get out into the gym and..."

"Hey, this'll only take a sec. Don't bust my bang, boy."

I didn't even know what that meant. Reluctantly, I opened my phone and found a shot of Nova. It was one of her in a low-cut top with no bra underneath.

"Here she is. Her name is Nova."

"Holy crap. You been working above your level. Know what I mean? Day-am."

"Um... thank you."

He gave me a playful punch against my upper arm, but there was a bit too much force behind it and I winced. Sonny said, "Hey, remember back in school, how we used to fool around? Like this?"

The big man caught me off guard as he thrust himself forward, mashing his body against mine, pinning me to the lockers. There was a handle digging into the small of my back.

"Yes, Sonny." I grunted in discomfort. "I remember."

He laughed, humped his hips against me a few times, with his long thick penis pressing into my midsection through his thin shorts, before he stepped back. "Now you have a good time out there on the floor. Don't hit on those fine girls, not when you got one of your own. We'll get together before you leave. Reconnect."

I finally finished dressing and left the changing room. I had been distracted on my way in, with the hope of getting changed quickly so no one would see me naked. That sure hadn't worked out well. Now I took a good look around and was impressed by all the sophisticated equipment and several very fit trainers who were working with members. Everyone there was in much better shape

than me. I saw Black guys with weightlifter builds like Sonny's, and lots of hot white girls in brief tops and skintight bottoms. There was a pulley device vacant so I went to that. I wasn't sure exactly how to use it or even if it had a special name. While I stood there facing the wall and tugging tentatively on the handles attached to cables, struggling against too much resistance, one of the employees approached me from the side. She was a stunning Black girl, with her hair shaved on the sides and an inch long on top. She wore a sports bra and tiny shorts. Her bust was full, waist narrow, and her hips and thighs wide.

"Hey, sugar," she said with a toothy grin. "I'm Keisha. How about I give you a hand there?"

"Oh, okay."

She grabbed my shoulders and turned me around so I was facing the room. Because I hadn't let go of the handles, my arms were now crisscrossed. She took the grips out of my hands and moved them to the opposite sides, where they belonged. Keisha was so close, I could smell her perspiration. She had me pull down on the handles, which moved the cables only slightly. After she adjusted them I was able to do better but not much. Then she stepped a lot closer, so that her breasts were half-flattened against my narrow chest. She guided me through a dozen repetitions, adjusting my posture and finding other excuses to put her hands on me in several places. Against my will, I got an erection. It pressed out against my shorts so that, when she at last retreated

to study my position and movement, the small protrusion was impossible to miss.

"Hey, honey," she said, staring right at the bump my dick made. "Did I make that happen? Heh. Maybe we ought to be trying a different kind of workout, you and me."

She put herself against me more firmly and gave a few suggestive twitches of her hips. I was suddenly breathing hard and sweating. She ground her pelvis against mine, making my arousal even more extreme.

"Uh, Kiesha," I said, panting, "maybe you should go and help someone else while I... err... take it easy."

"Yo, boy, we started something and it feels like it needs to get finished. Hell, I don't want to leave you halfway there. That wouldn't be nice, now would it?"

"Well, no." I nervously licked my lips. "But I have a girlfriend and..."

"She here now?"

"No but..."

"And ain't you licking your chops like you're hungry for something?"

"I suppose I am but it's not because..."

"Hey now, it's not like we're doing the dirty. This is just a little fun." She pressed hard against my dick, which was pointing upward. I was getting close to finishing. Premature endings are sort of a problem of mine. I wanted to speak up but was too flustered. All I could manage was more of, "But I'm... You don't... I might..." And then it wasn't 'I might'. It was 'I did', as I moaned loudly and squirted into my shorts. "Ohhhh no."

Keisha stepped back and put her hands up to her face. "What did you do?" she said, suddenly sounding alarmed, with enough volume for everyone to hear. "I was just trying to help you and... EWWW."

There were stares and, as I glanced down and saw the dark wet spot on my powder-blue shorts, laughter. I stood there blushing. A cute white girl produced her phone and took a picture. I wanted to ask her to delete it but the stallion of a Black trainer who was working with her gave me a steely stare that told me not to. All I could do was stand there, overcome by shame.

When I tried to step away, Keisha said, "Hey, short stuff. Nobody walks away from one of my sessions."

"But I... My shorts got..."

She held up her hand. "Don't want to hear it. Now get a grip on those grips and let's see some action. And this time don't make it the cum-in-your-pants kind."

Utterly humiliated, too intimidated to escape, I had to work the pulleys. The more I perspired, the stronger the scent of semen grew. Guys sneered at me. Girls tittered. One tall leggy blond in some kind of one-piece outfit that was cut high in the crotch and had only a thong in back, came over to make a sour face at me. She turned and wagged her mostly uncovered, taut buttocks at me.

The blond said, "I hope you weren't looking over Keisha's shoulder at my buns while you were getting your sick kicks."

I sniffled and shook my head, but she was already walking away. The Black instructress had me use a stair-stepper next and then a stationary bike. After I dismounted from the latter piece of equipment she gave me a spray bottle and rag to clean the seat.

"And since you were such a perv, on my watch, how about if you clean ALL the bikes and the rowing machines too, so I won't have to do it?"

"Y... yes, Ma'am," I responded meekly.

It was like being a public display as I did that menial job. There was a buxom gal on the last rowing machine, who told me to wait until she was done so I could clean it. I had to stand there while

she did three sets, working her arms and legs. I could see right down the front of her scoop-neck top and watch her big boobs move. I didn't want to ogle her but couldn't help myself. After she left I got down on my knees to do an extra thorough job of cleaning the seat. I hadn't started before Keisha came up behind me.

"Seems like you're a seat sniffer, too." She put a hand on the back of my head and forced it down until my face was against the recently vacated spot. The smell of sweat and the user's vaginal secretions filled my head, dizzying me. Keisha rubbed my nose and mouth against the padded surface. "There you go," she declared when she at last let me up for a breath. "Now it's half-cleaned already. Make sure you do the rest of the job good."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"You like the scent of a woman so much, maybe I should have you go down on my pussy."

I gagged and said, "No thank you. That's not very... macho."

"Are you saying real men don't eat Keisha?"

"No. I'm sorry."

Everyone was gaping at me. The sight of that capable Black girl dominating me obviously tickled them. I cringed and finished my job. Then I hurried to the changing room, promising myself that I

would never return to the gym. As I tried to exit the facility, however, that plan was changed. There stood Sonny, by the front desk, powerful arms crossed, giving me a smug look.

"So, snowdrop, how'd you like my place?"

"Everything was... fine," I said without enthusiasm.

"You don't sound too excited. Was Keisha rough on you? That girl sure gets into her job. I'm sure you'll like it better next time."

"You know, I was thinking, I might let this be just the one time."

"No way. I won't let you chicken out. Don't make me come to your place and pick you up. Remember, I got your address from when I tracked you down to send the free membership."

"Well. All right. One more time."

"Good boy." He held up another membership card. "And you said your girlfriend's name is Nova. Right? Here's a free pass for her, too. No expiration date on this one," he added meaningfully.

"Make sure she gets it." His final words held a thinly veiled threat.

"Yes, Sir," came out of my mouth unbidden.

As I passed him he slapped me hard on the back, making me stumble forward toward the glass doors, catching myself on the

push bar. I got outside and tried not to run to my car. That had been a nightmare. Horrible memories of how he had mistreated me in school flooded into my mind. I had to sit behind the wheel for a minute to steady myself. A whiff of my ejaculate issued from the damp shorts in my partly unzipped gym bag. I hurriedly closed it the rest of the way, telling myself that there had to be some way to make this situation come out all right. I would bring Nova one time only and then tell Sonny it was her decision not to return. Yes, that would fix it. And I could claim an injury to keep myself from every having to see the inside of his gym again after that. It would be fine.

When I gave Nova the card she was thrilled. Her impressive chest rose and fell dramatically under the belly shirt she wore. She smoothed down the sides of her micro-mini shorts, even though they were so snug that there was no smoothing possible. I sighed, my former upset melting away. Even though I had orgasmed involuntarily hours ago, I was ready to do it again, under much happier circumstances. But all she wanted to do was hear about the gym. And Sonny. I told her sarcastically that she could just look it up online and then, to my disappointment, she did exactly that. She approved the layout and equipment. When she saw a picture of Sonny in nothing but gym shorts, ones made out of Lycra or whatever they use, she fell silent for long moments. The bulge between his muscular thighs put my nubbin-bump to shame. She rapidly recovered and buried her reaction under sly smiles. When she led me to the bedroom I thought I would finally get what I wanted. Instead, she just stripped off her top, so that

her desirable boobs popped out and took an elastic bounce before returning to their usual high and firm state.

She had me undress completely and, once we were in bed I felt like her shorts meant I wasn't going to get to go all the way. Sure enough, she pulled my head in to her chest and got me to suck her nipples. Though I love to do that, I wanted some penetration. She kept me there and, when I tried to get her out of those clinging shorts, rolled me onto my back. Nova straddled me and bent forward so I could do some more tit-sucking. She reached back to give my stiff dick some teasing. Then she began to play with my nipples, both at the same time. That makes me crazy and gets my sexual motor racing, but I sort of don't like it because it seems unmanly to get off on that.

She grinned down at me and announced, "My hands are busy. Why don't you get a grip on your little joystick and give it some finger-loving?"

Wait. Where was that coming from? Why was she was calling me 'little' down there? And expecting me to -- what? -- jerk myself off while she teased me? It all seemed wrong but what she was doing felt right. I resisted until she wet her fingers in her mouth and used them on my chest. I gasped and got my hand on my rigid tool. Then I started stroking. It was humiliating but also strangely erotic. She wet her fingers again and, as I had at the gym, I started to show telltale signs that I was about to cum. Nova slowed down.

She said, "I'll make you pop your cork if you'll eat my pussy."

Between ragged breaths I reminded her, "You know I don't do that. It's too... messy."

"And smelly, like you slipped up and said one time. Some guys are happy to do that for a girl."

Of course, she was referring to the many guys she had dated before me. Nova had an extensive history and, I now understood, had settled into living with me because I gave her an alternative to the series of commanding and capable, but sometimes reckless boyfriends who she had been getting addicted to. My girlfriend had exchanged wanton adventures for sedate security. I mumbled something else about how cunnilingus didn't appeal to me. She gave my nipples a final pinch -- OW! -- and got off me. Nova wasn't angry, or else was and hid it well. Either way she went back to talking about the gym.

The next day she insisted on going. Sonny paid special attention to her. Then he handed her over to Keisha for individual instruction. That was when the gym owner took me to a room I hadn't seen before. There were three steam boxes along one wall, the type that closes and leaves only the user's head protruding. Sonny grabbed me and tossed me against one of them.

He said, "Here's what's going to happen, Robbie. You and me are going to strip naked and take a little steam. Except we'll be in the

same box. I'll be on the chair and you'll be kneeling in front of me."

"What? No. You can't make me do that."

His long arm lashed out and he slapped me hard across the face, one side and then the other. I reeled back but he grabbed me by the arm and walked me to a nearby chair. Sonny sat and dragged me across his sturdy thighs. Then he yanked down my shorts to bare my backside. This couldn't be happening. But the reality of it became exceedingly clear as he began to viciously spank me. His strength made the slaps terribly painful. I howled and kicked my legs but he held me there effortlessly with one hand on the back of my neck. I began to cry. He laughed. Then he rolled me off his lap and onto the tile floor.

He asked, "You ready to listen now?"

"Y... yes, Sir," I said, sobbing.

"That's better, boy. Start to stripping and pay attention." As I pulled off my top he went on, "You're going to be in that box with me, right where I said. And after I close the doors and the top, you're going to start petting my big old Black cock. If you get it hard, you might have to do a lot more."

"I... I can't do that. I'm not gay."

This time he delivered a half dozen punches, to spots where they would hurt terribly without doing any damage. I collapsed in front of him with my upper body bare and the shorts still partway down my thighs.

"You are one slow learner. I can't figure what Nova sees in you, especially with your pintsized dick."

"Sh... she loves me."

"Yeah. Sure. We'll check up on that. But for right now, finish getting naked while I set the temperature on that cabinet."

After the slapping, spanking, and those blows, I was in no condition to resist. I got fully undressed and entered the cabinet, having to crouch down to put myself where he wanted me. I saw him take my discarded clothes and toss them into the far corner. Then he removed everything he was wearing, giving me an eyeful of his sculpted physique and, more importantly, what he had between his legs. Sonny's cock and balls were even larger than I remembered them from school. His thick member had raised veins all along its considerable length. The dark head was like an inverted bell. He turned on the pressure, got in, and sat on the chair. Then he pulled the doors closed as the steam began to appear. Next he brought the two halves of the top down so that they fitted neatly around his thick neck. I would have been entirely in the dark except that there was a small light inside, providing enough illumination that I could see his enviable cock in front of me. With the doors closed and his brawny legs on

either side of me, I could neither retreat or move left or right. My face still stung, my bottom blazed, and the six places where he had landed punches all throbbed.

"Go on," he told me, his voice slightly muffled but still clear. "Get your small white hands on my stick, boy. Give it some caressing."

Feeling absolutely helpless and fearful of more physical violence, I did as I was told. In less than a minute his already above average cock had expanded a lot more. He laughed and told me to kiss the end of it. Hating what he was making me do, and having flashbacks to the abuse he had heaped on me years ago, I pressed my lips to the soft tip. There was clear fluid leaking from his urethra and he made me gather it on the end of my tongue and take it into my mouth. That was disgusting.

Sonny informed me, "I'm expecting someone in here any minute. I'd suggest you keep damn quiet if you don't want anyone to know that I turned you into my cock-tender. Understood?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Anything I want you to do, I'll say it like I was talking about a different situation, and you WILL do it. Or else."

"I... will."

Just then I heard the door to the room open. A moment later I was shocked to hear Nova's voice.

"Hi, Sonny," she said softly. "Keisha told me I should come in here because something had happened between her and Rob, that you wanted to make sure I was all right with.."

"Yeah. There was a kind of an incident, with your guy getting fresh with her. From the way you acted when you came in with him, I guess you took it okay after he told you."

"Told me what? Rob didn't say anything."

"Damn. I'm sorry, girl. I didn't figure he would lie about it."

"But what happened?"

"You see my laptop on the ledge across from me? It's turned on. Just hit the red button. I think the video from my security camera is still set up to play."

NO. I didn't know he had a tape of what had gone on before. I heard a faint click and suddenly the background sounds of the gym, equipment creaking and muffled voices, came to me. I heard Keisha's loud reaction after she had rubbed up against me. If the recording started there it would appear that I was the aggressor. Nova was silent until the end, when she murmured something about not being able to believe what she'd just witnessed.

"I'm real sorry to have to be the one to show you that. But the truth is the truth. And for him to keep it a secret, to lie by not saying anything, that's terrible."

"Rob was never dishonest with me before," she marveled. "I always trusted him."

"That's nasty for him to do. Once somebody betrays your trust, you can't ever get it back again."

"That's true," she agreed. "I don't know why he would do it."

"You know, I hate to say even more..."

"What?"

"It's just that sort of came on to a couple of the guys, too."

"To men?"

"Sorry, but yeah. I haven't seen him around for the last little while. I hope he isn't stroking somebody's rod."

I understood what he was indirectly telling me. Rather than risk exposure, I got both hands on his wide sausage and pumped it slowly.

"Do you think that's possible?" she wanted to know.

"He acted like he had a craving for the Black dudes. He said something to a few of them about how he could lick their Johnsons all over."

I got my tongue out at once and lapped dutifully. He mentioned me getting my mouth over the entire head, so I had to do that too, though it was a lot to accommodate.

Sonny told Nova, "I guess you two were very close."

Of course we were. How could he be uncertain about it?

"Well," she surprised me by saying, "not really."

"No? I mean you were hitting the sheets together. Right?"

"We were," she said without conviction. "But Rob, though I hate to say it, could never get me off."

"You didn't finish when he was doing to deed?"

"No. The only orgasms I had with him were fake ones."

Sonny chuckled and she upset me by laughing out loud. There I was on my knees with his fat knob stretching my jaws, and she was demeaning my sexual abilities.

Without being prompted she continued, "Plus he always came too soon. I mean a lot too early."

The Black man sounded concerned as he asked, "But was the foreplay at least good?"

"Not for me. All he wanted to do was suck my tits. It was like having a hungry baby nursing on me."

"Whoa. Did he at least go down south and use his mouth where it could do the most good?"

"What? Eat my pussy?" She had become relaxed talking about our love life. "No way. If I even hinted at it he would make a sad face and act insulted."

"So, pretty much a dud in bed?"

"You said it."

"That's harsh. You deserve better. Especially when right now he might be trying to get a Black mamba down his throat."

Oh no. Not that. I strained to swallow several inches of his girthy meat without gagging and making sounds that would expose my presence.

"I feel bad that this shit went down at my place, Nova," he told her. "Him getting dirty with Keisha and creaming in his shorts, and then coming on to some of the brothers. It's hard to think that Rob maybe gets off on licking balls."

"EWW," she said, repelled by the thought. "I haven't got anything against gay guys, or bi ones, but they can't keep it secret the way he did."

As I heard those damning words I was busily lapping Sonny's oversized scrotum, with one hand squeezing and relaxing on the root of his shaft. The interior of the cabinet was full of steam and I was perspiring profusely. Worse, he was streaming with sweat. The odor of his male musk was overwhelming. The tang of his plentiful perspiration was bitter in my mouth as I slurped it up.

"I understand," my old bully told her sympathetically. "And like I'm saying, I want to make it up to you that he pulled this crap in my place of business. You know what? How about I take you out for a drink a little later. I know a real quiet place. You can try to get over what Rob did to you and we can talk."

"Oh." There was a pause. Naturally she wouldn't want to spend time with him. Nova would insist on hearing my side of the story. "All right. That would be nice." Her tone softened, until it bordered on seductive. "You're an interesting man. I like to get to know you better, Sonny."

"Likewise, pretty lady. You're due for a change of pace."

"I try not to mention it to Rob because he's the jealous type, but I did date a lot of guys before him. Football players and a few from the basketball team."

"Hey, I can tell you about my sports days. And some funny stories about Rob and the teams."

"He was on the teams?"

"No, babe. I helped him get the position when he wanted to volunteer as our towel boy. He had to gather up the dirty ones, when the boys weren't busy snapping his ass with them. Now that I know he has his gay thing going, I figure he might have wanted the job so he could eyeball us in the showers and all. But why don't you go tell Keisha that I caught you up on Robbie's lying and his cock-chasing. I hope he isn't trying right now to get some stud to bust a nut."

"To do what?"

"To blast a load of cream down his throat."

"From what you've been saying, that's probably exactly what he's up to right this minute."

With my lips wrapped around Sonny's salami I jerked him off with both hands. I sucked hard and ran my tongue around the widest part of the head.

"Nova had to go," he informed me in my steamy prison. "And I'm about to cum."

With tears running down my overheated cheeks, I kept rubbing him off and using my mouth like a slutty male whore. Sonny clapped his big hands on the sides of my head, grunted loudly, and emptied his testicles against the roof of my mouth and all over my tongue. There was so much spunk that I had trouble gagging it all down. I was left with the inside of my mouth coated and the sickening knowledge that there was a generous helping in my stomach. I was nauseated. My humiliation couldn't have been any worse.

"Good job, boy," Sonny congratulated me. "Now that I shot one load, I'll be able to hang on longer before I fire the next one into that sexy Nova's puss. Thanks for the assist."

"You can't. I have to get out of here so I can explain what really happened with Keisha."

"No can do, Mr. Peanut Dick. Because you'll be doing a lot more with that Black girl. For instance, licking her pussy on demand. She'll teach you every way there is to do it. But right now you'll be busy because I'm going to offer your talented hands and mouth to some of my homies. I figure there'll be at least four or five who want to take advantage of the deal. So you just stay where you are while I get a refreshing shower and put on my street clothes for that date with your girlfriend. I mean EX-girlfriend. Hey, maybe I'll let ou keep taking her out, but with no sex. Just so you can spend money on her and do a shitload of apologizing. Yeah, that'd work."

"You can't. That's... it's... unfair."

"Hey, things ain't fair sometimes. But I won't make you exercise here anymore, the way you can barely handle any weight."

"Thank you, Sonny," I forced myself to say. "You'll never see me around this place again."

"Sure I will. Starting tomorrow night you're going to be our one and only towel boy. With all the experience you have from when I got you that job back in school, you'll be perfect. I remember how much you enjoyed it, so this'll be my gift to you... with no pay. And having you in the locker room will mean you're handy for other duties. Hell, you won't even need to buy any special clothes. Just wear what you have on now."

"But I'm naked."

"I know, Vanilla Icing. I know."

"You can't... I mean... I'm not gay."

"Give it time, boy. You'll be surprised how much a few months can change you."