

Useless sissy substitutes footballing fail.

Description



Of course it had come to penalties.

Tuchel's hand clamped on my shoulder.

• You. • His German accent clipped the word short. • You take the fifth. •

My stomach dropped through the grass. “Me?” His pale eyes held mine without blinking. “You are fresh. No fatigue in those legs. But first!” He reached into the kit bag beside the bench and pulled out something pink. Bright, electric pink. A training bib. “Put this on.”

The pink bib slipped over my head. It barely covered my torso. Beneath it, my tight-fitted tiny England crop top and the briefest hot pants I’d ever worn suddenly looked ridiculous.

My thighs were bare. My midriff, bare. The curve of my hips, bare. The split in my tight England football top, tailored into a neat crop top clung, seductively to my bulky pink wonder bra.

The crowd noticed.

It started as a ripple. A few laughs in the lower tier. Then a wolf whistle cut through the stadium noise like a blade, high and sharp, and suddenly everyone was looking.

My image filled the massive screen. Pink bib like a beacon. Little crop top riding up to reveal the pink bra underneath. Hot pants so tiny they might as well have been underwear. I looked exactly like what I was—a sissy. A delicate, soft-bodied thing sent to do a man’s job.

The laughter swelled.

Whistles everywhere now. Catcalls in Spanish and English. A chant started up in the Argentine end, something about la muñequita—the little doll. My cheeks burned. My hands trembled.

And something else happened. The humiliation— I began to feel excited.

Heat pooled low in my belly. My cock stirred against the tight fabric of the hot pants, an involuntary twitch that made me gasp. No! I thought, not here. But my body didn’t care about the cameras or the crowd or the sheer obscene impossibility of the moment. In fact, it made me more excited. The humiliation washed over me and my clitty responded to every drop of it.

The walk to the penalty spot was the longest of my life as my clitty leaked a little patch on the tight cotton of my shorts

Each step made the hot pants ride a little higher. Each step drew fresh whistles, fresh hooting laughter. I could hear a group of fans near the corner flag making kissy noises.

The Argentine keeper, Martinez, bounced on his line. He was grinning. Not a competitive sneer—a genuine, delighted grin. “You are serious?” he called out, his voice carrying in the sudden hush. “This is your penalty taker?”

My pink bib fluttered in the slight breeze. Behind me, I could hear the low hum of anticipation, punctuated by occasional whistles that hadn’t died down at all. The referee asked if I was ready. I nodded without looking at him.

Ten steps back.

up. I began my run up

Three steps in, my right thumb caught the waistband of the hot pants. I don't know how. The bib. The sweat. The fabric had ridden so high. A moment's snag and then everything slipped.

The hot pants slid down my thighs.

Cool air hit my arse exposing my little pink panties. A sheer pink pair

Eighty thousand people saw them.

The jumbotron saw them.

My foot caught in the crumpled fabric around my ankles. I lurched forward. The penalty run-up collapsed into a stumbling, flailing trip. My planted left foot slipped on the grass. I went down hard, face-first, legs tangled, hot pants at my ankles, arse in the air and my panties were exposed ; on display for the entire stadium.

The stadium exploded.

Not with laughter this time, though there was plenty of that. The roar was a wall of noise that flattened me against the turf. Cameras clicked. Phones recorded. The jumbotron, merciless, showed a close-up of my prone body, the pink panties, the exposed curve of my bottom, the pink bra straps that had twisted sideways under my revealing England crop jersey

My cock throbbed against the grass. Fully hard now and thankfully obscured from view. It pushed against the damp fabric of the panties. Oh god, oh god, oh god.

I couldn't move. My legs wouldn't cooperate. The hot pants were binding my ankles together. The bib had flipped up over my back. Every inch of my humiliation was being broadcast live to billions.

Then the whistle blew. Three sharp blasts.

The stadium announcer's voice boomed through the speakers, tinny and distorted: "The penalty has been missed."

The announcer clearly stifled a laugh

"Argentina!"

Wins.

Argentina wins.

I pressed my forehead into the cool grass and tried to become one with it. My hips twitched. My cock leaked against the panties, a spreading damp spot I could feel against my skin. Around me, the Argentine bench had burst onto the pitch, a wave of white and blue stripes. Celebrating. Screaming.

And then the noise changed.

It quieted. Gradually. The celebration didn't stop, but it shifted. Moved. I felt the vibrations of footsteps through the turf before I saw them. A semicircle of cleats. Albicelste socks. The hem of white

shorts.

“Máralo.”

Lionel Messi stood above me.

“La muñequita,” he murmured. The little doll.

He crouched beside me. The rest of the Argentine team had formed a loose circle, from the stands, it looked like a huddle. From the grass, it felt like the walls of a room closing in.

Messi’s fingers found the bib. He tugged it gently, straightening it over my back.

Messi’s hand moved lower. Palm flat against the small of my back, pressing me down against the grass. My cock surged. My lips parted in a sound that wasn’t a protest.

“We won,” he said. “And in Argentina, this is how we celebrate.”

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Category

1. Uncategorized

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