

The Ball's in “HER” COURT!

By Brian Masters

(Concept by Devin Dickie)

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

All characters are OVER 18 years of AGE! This is a bullying fantasy and not real. The acts in the following written work are only consensual sexual choices and fantasy humiliation scenarios.

Bullying is NOT OKAY and If you or someone you know is being bullied, please alert the authorities.

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Part One

Jessie and Sasha were roommates at Ball State University both in the second semester of their freshman year. They'd been assigned as roommates and hit it off so well that they now

considered each other to be their best friend. They both thought it was funny that they each had rather feminine names, Jessie being named after a song from the 80's and Sasha earning the name of his Russian grandfather. The two boys shared a common past as they'd both been social outcasts in their respective highschools, neither was very athletic, they both loved video games and SciFi, and neither had ever been with a girl sexually. While separately they each felt bad about their lack of popularity, together they formed a close bond commiserating in their shared misery.

Aside from their hair color you would be hard pressed to tell the two boys apart. They were both small in weight and height, both mostly hairless below the eyebrows, and both lacking in the penis department. It was on a drunken night their first semester that the boys had reluctantly shared their deepest secrets and had shown each other their tiny pricks. Jessie the blonde of the duo measured in at just under 4 inches when fully hard and his roommate, Sasha, the brunette, topped out at exactly 4 inches. Both boys had tiny testicles that looked like robin's eggs tucked up against their crotches like they were hiding from some hidden danger. If you saw either boy naked you'd swear you were looking at a tweenage girl. Years of staying inside playing video games had left them both with very light skin that was a cute shade of pink and only added to their feminine looks. Needless to say, the other boys in the dorm teased them relentlessly making Jessie and Sasha stick together even more. The two were inseparable which is what led them down a very dark and dangerous path one sunny day.

As they walked back to campus after having lunch in town the boys took a shortcut through a nearby park as they always did when venturing away from the safety of the university's walls. On this particular day they noticed a pickup game of basketball being played by some local men and decided it would be best if they stayed away from the court as they made their way home. As luck would have it, just as they made their way around the basketball courts a stray ball rolled right up to Sasha and bumped into his leg. As he bent over to pick up the ball he heard a deep voice hollar out, "A little help?"

Sasha picked up the ball and looked toward the court seeing a large black man motioning for the ball. The man was huge. He stood at least six foot four and easily weighed 260 pounds of pure muscle. He wore loose fitting basketball shorts and a tight fitting wife beater that displayed his enormous muscles and hairy chest. The man's head was shaved clean but he wore a full beard and mustache on his face making him look even scarier.

If not for the fence separating them Sasha never would have done it. Never in a million years would he ever provoke such a tough and dangerous looking man. But that day the poor nerd was feeling indestructible since he'd beat the hell out of everyone at C.O.D. online this morning. Without even thinking Sasha picked up the ball and with a laugh tossed it into some nearby bushes before tapping Jessie on the shoulder and yelling, "Run!"

They both start running but Jessie was further away from the court and having turned his back to run never saw what happened to Sasha. What the white boy didn't know when he threw the ball was that the fence had several gates leading out of the court and as he was running away Sasha was caught by the large black man and his friends as they had an easy escape directly in the same direction Sasha was running.

Jessie never turned around so he didn't see his friend get caught. In fact Jessie didn't realize Sasha wasn't with him till he actually ran into their dorm room and saw that he was alone. He thought of going back to check on his friend but couldn't be certain where Sasha had gone. Maybe he'd run in a different direction. Jessie waited for hours before deciding to look for his friend. He searched back along the route he'd taken home but found no sign of Sasha. In worried defeat Jessie made his way back to the dorm and continued to call Sasha's cell, never receiving an answer. As the fearful white boy made his way back to the dorm it was long past dark and as he entered his room he was relieved to find Sasha in the room lying in his bed with the covers pulled up.

“Holy crap dude where did you go? I've been calling and looking for you everywhere.” Jessie said.

“I'm fine” Sasha replied, “Just really tired. If you don't mind I'm just going to sleep.”

Jessie said, “But what happened? Did you have to run far to get away? What took so long getting back here?”

Sasha took a long time to answer but finally he said in a low trembling voice, “I’m fine. I just stopped at the library on my way back. I’m really tired dude, I just need sleep.”

And that was that. Jessie tried several more times to get answers from his friend but Sasha didn’t say another word and before long the only sound coming from his bed was snoring. Jessie let it go and crawled into his own bed tired from all the walking today. He was soon fast asleep never knowing that Sasha lay awake all night feigning sleep so he wouldn’t have to talk to Jessie.

Part Two

Sasha was sullen the next day and could only be made to give one word answers to Jessie’s many questions. Eventually Jessie gave up and just hoped his friend would soon open up about his bad mood.

After their classes ended the boys walked into town as usual for a quick bite but on the way home Sasha insisted they walk past the courts again much to Jessie’s surprise. As the duo neared the park Sasha said in a soft whisper, “You go on ahead Jess, I have

something I need to do. Just a quick errand to run then I'll meet you back in our room."

Jessie said, "That's ok man, I'll wait for you. I don't mind."

Sasha looked sad and distant when he turned to Jessie and said, "No, just go ok? I have to do something private so just go on without me. Seriously dude, I'll be fine. Just go."

Jessie agreed and watched silently as his friend walked toward the fenced in courts. He noticed the same men playing ball and instantly worried about Sasha's safety so he decided to follow and see what happened.

Jessie hid behind a tree and watched Sasha walk right up to the group of sweaty men who stopped their game and began laughing as they crowded around the much smaller white boy. Jessie was shocked by how frail his friend looked while surrounded by these huge black men. Each of them was over six feet tall and were built like professional athletes, all muscle and not an inch of fat to be seen.

As Jessie watched in horror Sasha was led by the group away from the courts and into a secluded, wooded area near the back of the park. No one ever ventured into this section of the park as it was a known drug den and homeless hangout. Trash littered the ground and there was a constant stench of urine pervading the air.

But it was well hidden from prying eyes which made it popular for the undesirable crowd that usually found its way here.

Jessie was shaking with fear as he watched his friend willingly walk into the darkest part of this wooded area while the black men formed a circle around him. The men were all laughing and joking as poor Sasha wept. Jessie wanted to help his friend more than anything but his fear of the black thugs kept him hidden away like a sissy coward.

Jessie saw the man who had asked for the ball back yesterday step forward and say only one thing to Sasha, “Get to work bitch” the big man said and to the utter shock and horror of Jessie, Sasha dropped to his knees and reached out with shaking hands to pull down the terrifying black man’s shorts.

The angle Jessie watched from provided him full view of the horrible scene before him and he saw with crystal clarity the man’s enormous cock hanging from his crotch just inches from Sasha’s face. Jessie almost cried out in astonishment as he watched his friend lean forward and begin licking the shaft of the dark black cock.

The crowd of black men laughed louder and began shouting insults at Sasha, things like, “Yeah snowflake lick the sweat off that black snake” and “Get used to that flavor white boy, you got a lot of dick to lick today” or “Dis where a cracker looks natural, on his knees worshiping a black man’s cock.”

They continued to tease poor Sasha as Jessie watched him licking and sucking the scary man's cock like he'd been doing it all his life. Sasha was crying openly as he worked on the massive organ, his tears mixing with the drool coming from his mouth and soaking his shirt. From where he stood Jessie could hear the wet sucking and slobbering sounds coming from his friend's mouth as he worked feverishly on this horrid blowjob.

Jessie couldn't move as he watched his friend debase himself so horrifically. The white boy knew he should do something to help his friend but he was too scared to leave his hiding place for fear of winding up in a similar position as Sasha. So with fear in his heart and sympathy in his eyes Jessie stood there silently and took in the pornographic scene before him feeling sorrow for his friend's ordeal.

Sasha worked the massive cock into his mouth as far as he could and Jessie heard his roommate choke as it entered his throat. Jessie looked on in tortured awe as he watched Sasha swallow nearly a foot of black cock into his throat. He could see Sasha's neck bulge out as the cock which was as thick as Jessie's wrist filled the poor white boy completely. Jessie watched as the black man gripped Sasha's head between his thick hands and began fucking the boy's face in earnest. The loud sounds of 'glub glub glub' filled the air as Sasha knelt there and allowed himself to be used as little more than a masturbatory aid for this terrible black thug.

Jessie winced and nearly cried out again as he heard the black man roar as he obviously began shooting his cum into Sasha's throat. He watched his friend fight to swallow as best he could but still twin streams of viscous, white, fluid ran from the corners of the white boy's mouth. And the crowd went wild.

The black men all high fived each other and patted their leader on his back as poor Sasha fell to the ground in a mess of tears, snot, saliva, and cum; crying like a little sissy bitch.

Jessie got ready to run thinking the ordeal for his friend was over but froze in his place when he heard another man say, "I'm next".

There were eight black men in total and Jessie watched as each one used his friend's mouth as a cumdump. It took nearly two hours and left Sasha a wrung out mess by the end. Jessie wanted to feel sorry for his friend, he truly did. He wanted to run to Sasha and help him to his feet as the black men walked away laughing and joking about what would happen tomorrow but the white boy couldn't move. Not due to the fear he felt, not because of any disgust for his friend's condition, not even from any sense of sadness or empathy for Sasha. No, Jessie couldn't move because he had a hard on from watching his friend sucking Big Black Cock. Jessie knew if he moved at all his little dick would squirt its load and the embarrassment would be too much for him. He was angry and ashamed of himself for getting aroused at his

friend's expense and was having a difficult time figuring out what he found so arousing. In the back of his mind he knew the truth but denied it with all his might and eventually was able to begin the long walk home leaving his exhausted, beaten, and humiliated friend to fend for himself.

Part Three

Jessie didn't say a word to Sasha about the day's events when his friend finally returned to the dorm room. All he said was, "Wow you're a mess, must have been a hell of an errand you had to run, huh?"

Sasha looked at the floor as he said, "Yeah, hey look I'm beat. I'm gonna grab a shower and hit the sheets. If you want to play C.O.D. tonight that's fine but I'm gonna go to sleep early."

Jessie knew better than to embarrass his buddy so he simply said, "Ok dude, you look wiped anyway. I'll try to keep it down."

Sasha grabbed his sweats and a clean shirt, picked up his shower caddy and headed to the bathroom as Jessie picked up his game controller and logged in. Jessie put on his headphones and turned his back to the room not wanting to see Sasha for the rest of the night. He had a lot of thinking to do and didn't need the reminder. He was still stressed out about his reaction to his friend's ordeal.

The next day Sasha looked slightly better so Jessie tried to keep his spirits up by making jokes and keeping up a steady stream of nonsense conversation. Sasha seemed to appreciate the distraction but by the time the boys were walking back from dinner his mood quickly changed and he stopped walking to look at Jessie.

“Listen man, I have something to do again today so I’m going to take off. You go on ahead and I’ll see you back at the room.” Sasha said without making eye contact.

Jessie replied with. “Is your mysterious errand the reason you’re carrying that duffle bag? C’mon man tell me what’s going on. I mean you left dinner to run over to Target and came back with this mystery bag of who knows what, and now you’re off on another clandestine errand? What’s happening dude? You can talk to me.”

Sasha looked as though he might do just that but at the last second he turned away from Jessie and said in a soft voice, “You don’t need to get involved in this man. Just go back to the room and I’ll be there later. We’ll play some games tonight I promise. It’ll be fun. But for now I have to get going.”

And with that Sasha turned and walked toward the park. Jessie of course followed behind his friend keeping to the shadows so as not to be noticed. Just like the day before, Sasha met up with

the group of black men and was led into the dark depths of the 'bad part' of the park.

The men made Sasha strip completely naked and Jessie felt nothing but pity for his friend as he watched the poor white boy obey while crying the entire time. Sasha tried several times to stop the men from forcing him to strip but received a hard slap to his face or ass any time he slowed down the process.

Before long the white sissy was standing in the center of a ring of seriously jacked black men who all dwarfed the 18 year old college boy in size, age, and fierce temperament. Sasha looked like a small girl compared to his tormentors and they all treated him as such.

The men laughed heartily at Sasha when his miniature penis came into view making the white boy cry harder. Jessie felt his friend's shame as he too also sported a micropenis. Sasha tried to cover his shameful little nubbin but a quick slap from the main man and he stood with his arms to his sides, tears running down his cheeks as the men made rude comments about his body.

"What the fuck is that thing? Is it supposed to be a dick?" Said one "This bitch hardly got any hair at all on its body" another shouted "Are we sure this sissy is of age cause it looks like a little girl" joked a third, "Hey Mack is this bitch really in college?" one of the men asked their leader.

Mack said, “Hell yes, I checked the sissy’s ID to make sure. Bitch’s name is Sasha, can you believe that? This sissy bitch has a chick’s name. No fucking wonder he looks so much like a little cock slut, hell even his parents knew he’d grow up to look like this.”

All the guys got a good laugh at this last statement but Jessie’s blood ran cold as he realized he too fit that description to a tee.

“Let’s get going bitch we ain’t got all day.” Mack said to Sasha spurring the miserable white boy into action.

Sasha dug into the duffle he’d brought and began pulling out items that made Jessie very curious.

First there was a bottle that looked like shampoo from a distance but Jessie was certain that couldn’t be right. Next several bottles of water were laid down next to the bag and finally a bright pink cloth of some kind. Before Jessie had time to figure it all out for himself his friend was forced to take the first bottle and begin squirting the white lotion it contained into his hand. He was then made to rub the lotion all over his body. Every inch of skin below his eyebrows was soon covered in a fine coating of this lotion and the men were laughing at Sasha’s discomfort once again.

The Black Men sat around joking, drinking from flasks they’d all pulled from their gym bags, and smoking weed while they

made Sasha stand there in the center of the circle naked and shivering from shame and humiliation.

After nearly 30 minutes Mack stood up and said, “That’s long enough sissy. Boys let’s clean our bitch off.”

With that the men all stood around Sasha and began pouring the bottles of water the white boy had brought all over his naked body. Jessie immediately realized what the lotion was as he saw his friend’s limited body hair run from him in rivers of water. It was a depilatory lotion, and a very powerful one at that as it quickly removed every single hair from Sasha’s body. The pink skinned sissy was now completely bereft of hair everywhere except his head and eyebrows. Sasha cried harder as he looked down at his silky smooth body.

Jessie felt shame for his friend and fear of what would come next from this group of ruffians. He didn’t have long to wait for that reveal as Mack pushed Sasha to his knees in the center of the group.

What happened next was a repeat of yesterday’s performance and Jessie watched in awe and horror as his friend and roomie sucked cock like a Mexican hooker on a Saturday night. He had to admit his buddy had skills as he watched Sasha depthroat the biggest cocks he’s ever seen even in porn.

Sasha choked down cock after cock and swallowed what seemed like a gallon of hot, thick, white cum. From his hiding place Jessie could actually smell the men as their hours of basketball had made them all quite sweaty. The air was thick with the smell of sweat, body odor, stale ball funk, and cum.

Jessie didn't even notice at first that his hand had ventured to his crotch and he was rubbing his tiny prick through his pants. As he watched his friend's humiliation the white boy couldn't help but play with his miniature dick rubbing it with two fingers like a woman would masturbate her clit.

The sloppy sounds of hot wet blowjobs echoed throughout the woods as Sasha sucked as if his life depended on it. The weak willed, sissy white boy moved from man to man licking and sucking their heavy balls and massive cocks moaning like a slut each time his mouth filled with salty cream.

Jessie had never experienced anything like this feeling as he watched his friend debase himself on his knees. The strange thing was his own little penis was growing stiff at the sight much to his own humiliation. Not that it stopped him from rubbing his clit sized penis though.

Sasha found himself in a similar kind of hell as he felt his tiny prick grow to it's full four inch length. He was getting hard from sucking cock! What the fuck? He tried to hide his erection with his

hands but Mack was too clever and caught the white sissy forcing him to leave his hands at his side.

Mack said, “Look at our sissy boys. It’s little clitty is stiff from sucking our cocks. I told you guys I knew how to pick em. I can always tell when a white boy is ready to turn sissy. This one fell quick though didn’t he? I guess this bitch just instinctively knows the black man is superior in every way.”

As Sasha finished the last of the blowjobs and forced his final mouthful of cum down into his stomach, the men all gathered in a circle again and took their cocks in hand, pointing them at the defeated, slime covered, humiliated sissy on the ground before them. Jessie watched in shock as on a silent command from Mack the men all started pissing on poor Sasha.

Sasha was too tired to move so he simply hung his head and let it happen. The men moved their streams around making sure to soak every inch of the white sissy’s body before Mack said, “Eyes up here bitch!”

Sasha raised his tired face up to his new master and was baptised by his golden nectar. The stinking, hot, oily piss splashed into Sasha’s face getting in his eyes and up his nose. When he opened his lips to breathe his mouth quickly filled with the salty liquid and he swallowed more by instinct than desire making the men laugh at this ultimate submission.

As the last man finished and shook off the final drops of piss onto the faggot white boy they all high fived each other and began walking away. Mack looked down at his new toy and said, “Same time tomorrow slut. Oh and you know what to bring right? I said right?”

Sasha stopped sobbing long enough to whisper out, “Yes Sir,” before hanging his head and crying hard.

Mack walked away laughing as Jessie slowly crept from his hiding place and made his way down the path and out of the park. He wanted desperately to help his friend but his fear and shame won out in the end. His little dick was still hard as he made his way back to the room and wanked off in the bathroom.

Sasha didn't return for hours and when he did he was clean and fully clothed. Jessie assumed his friend had cleaned himself in the park's restroom as he smelled like industrial soap with just the faintest hint of piss.

After Sasha took a shower the two friends played video games long into the night before dropping off to sleep. Tomorrow was Saturday so no classes but Jessie still wondered what fresh hell the new day would bring for his poor roomie.

Part Four

The next morning Jessie and Sasha had breakfast together and Jessie tried to bring his friend out of his sullen mood but nothing he said seemed to get through to Sasha. The poor boy seemed depressed and anxious all morning and by lunchtime he made some lame excuse and told Jessie he had some errands to run. Jessie offered to go with him but Sasha was adamant that he be left alone.

Jessie waited several minutes then followed his friend out of the dorm and into town. Sasha made his way into the local Target where he spent nearly 20 minutes shopping. Jessie waited outside trying to stay hidden so his friend wouldn't know he was being watched. When Sasha emerged from the store Jessie followed him into the park and watched sadly as the poor boy met up with the same group of rough black men as before. It hurt Jessie to see his friend being abused but instead of stepping in to help he once again stayed in the shadows to watch Sasha's humiliation.

Jessie watched the men stop their game and crowd around poor little Sasha as they led him into the dark wooded area in the back of the park. From his vantage point Jessie could see how the men were all soaked with sweat from their game and imagined how powerful the smell of body odor must be for his friend as the men pressed in and surrounded the smaller white boy. Sasha looked so tiny and frail in the center of these massive black men.

They towered above him and the white boy was soon lost from his friend's sight behind these hulking brutes.

Jessie's nervousness grew with each passing minute as he tried in vain to see his friend in the center of the group but to no avail. He was worried about what his friend was being made to do by those animals but was too terrified to step forward so he remained hidden and waited in dreadful anticipation.

He heard hearty laughter coming from the group of black men and after what seemed like hours but was in fact only 20 minutes, the group finally parted and Jessie caught his first glimpse of Sasha. As the black men moved away and took up seats on the rocks and logs around them a lonely and shame filled Sasha stood alone in the small clearing. The men took out their flasks of alcohol and began passing around a pipe filled with weed as they joked and laughed at Sasha's expense.

Jessie could hardly believe what he saw. Sasha was dressed like a girl! That had to be what he'd purchased at Target! Girl's clothing! Jessie was in shock and frozen in place as he watched his friend being humiliated beyond reckoning.

Sasha stood before his tormentors in an outfit straight out of one of those sissy humiliation, cuckold comic sites you'd find online. Jessie was ashamed to admit that he'd perused the comics of people like John Persons, Inkstain, NiteQ, Smudge, and Devin Dickie so he knew he was looking at the type of sissy bitch he'd

seen on those pages. He just never expected to know someone who was being turned into a feminized, sissy whore for BBC. Jessie absentmindedly started rubbing his fingertips in small circles around the head of his tiny penis not even realizing that he was masturbating like a woman, using two fingers to rub his little clitty.

Jessie eyed his friend up and down as poor Sasha stood there on display for his black audience. The poor white boy was shaking and shifting from one foot to the other as he awaited his fate. The black men were relaxing, drinking, and smoking while making rude comments about their captured prey.

Sasha and Jessie heard comments like, “Now he looks more comfortable, just like the sissy bitch we know he is” and “Observe the white boy in his natural state everyone, you don’t get to see them out in the wild like this too often” or “This sissy white boy is making my dick hard, I need to bust a nut soon cause damn my nuts is swollen yo!” and the most frightening of them all, “I wonder what that sissy ass feels like? I bet it’s tighter than a nun’s vag!”

Jessie was terrified for his friend but still couldn’t look away from poor Sasha. He stood there in the woods wearing the most degrading outfit imaginable. Jessie looked him over from his feet to his head in a slow motion pan upward.

A pair of black, platform, Mary Janes covered Sasha's stockinged feet. The stockings themselves were lacy, white, knee highs with a frilly pink band of lace around the tops. Next came a tight fitting, pink, microskirt that hugged Sasha's waist and bubble butt as tight as a condom on a hard cock. When the white sissy turned slightly Jessie could see the whale's tail of a pink thong sticking out above the tight fitting skirt. The top Sasha wore was a loose, flowing, white half shirt tied in a knot in front just below the boy's chest. A lacy, pink bra was visible under the wide open front of the shirt and Jessie could see it had been stuffed with something soft yet firm as it gave Sasha the illusion of having huge bouncy tits. To look at Sasha's face was difficult for Jessie as he was distracted by the bright, whorish makeup that adorned his buddy's visage. A hot red lip gloss that's color that had to be named something like "Slutty Red" or "Whore Rouge" or "Ruby Red Cocksucker" or the like covered the sissy's lips while a dark black eyeliner traced around his tear filled eyes as bright blue eyeshadow completed the streetwalker vibe. On Sasha's head was a cheap looking blonde wig with shoulder length curls.

While Jessie was of course distressed over his friend's condition he nonetheless found himself rubbing his clit sized penis faster and harder as he examined poor Sasha's shameful state.

Before long the men became anxious to get off and Sasha was brought into service. "Get your sissy ass over here," Mack yelled. Sasha looked as if he would disobey but the stern look in Mack's eyes quickly quashed his rebellion. The white boy slowly walked

over to Mack and Jessie could swear he saw his friend sway his ass back and forth as if he were sashaying to his lover instead of submitting to his captor.

As ordered, Sasha dropped to his knees in the grass between Mack's legs and waited for his next command.

Mack said to his friends, "Now you guys see what I've been telling you all along. White boys are inferior to us in every way. We are superior genetically to these miserable sissies. We are smarter, stronger, faster, more agile, and we have the biggest dicks by far. It's no wonder so many white women are turning to black dudes. Why do you think cuckold porn is such a big thing? White boys know their place by nature. Allow me to show you what I mean. Bitch, take my dick out!"

Sasha obeyed without hesitation as he reached out and grasped Mack's shorts by the waistband and began to pull them down. Mack lifted his ass up off the tree stump to allow his sissy to pull his pants down.

"Yeah bitch, look at that dick. I know you've already tasted it boy but look at it for a minute. Take it in. That's your god now. The black cock is your only focus in life. You will learn to worship it every day. Now get your tongue to work and wake up your god." Mack said to Sasha.

Jessie could clearly see Mack's huge cock and was shocked to find it only half erect. Even in its flaccid state it was still twice the size of the white boy's. As Jessie looked on from his hiding place he watched his friend lick up and down the shaft of the mighty black cock between Mack's legs.

He saw Sasha grimace at the task and heard Mack say through his laughter, "Yeah bitch I bet that has some flavor today doesn't it? I been balling with my boys for hours so I know that dick stinks! You just lick up all that sweat and get me nice and clean boy. Don't forget my balls, they're extra sweaty today. Damn I can smell them from here! You must be in white boy heaven getting to taste and smell the funk from a real man's junk."

Sasha whimpered in shame and disgust as he began licking and suckling Mack's egg sized balls. He was shocked at how silky smooth the skin covering the black man's nuts was but also repulsed by the sour taste of sweat and stale piss. He took each testicle into his mouth one at a time and swirled his tongue around to clean the entire surface of the salty sweat before moving back up to engulf the plum sized head of Mack's cock between his lips. The white sissy worked his mouth up and down Mack's cock, his head bobbing in the black man's lap like a two dollar whore in an alley while Jessie watched in silent awe.

As the sounds of Sasha's sloppy blowjob echoed throughout the clearing Jessie found himself becoming more turned on by the second and without thinking reached down and released his own

miniature penis from his shorts and began stroking it between two fingers. His own shame fueled his lust as he watched his best friend humiliate himself beyond measure.

Sasha sucked and licked all over the black man's cock and balls for more than half an hour while the other black men talked and laughed as they drank and smoked the time away. Jessie knew what was about to happen as he heard Mack's breathing change and saw the big man grab Sasha's head between his huge hands and begin jacking himself off with the white boy's mouth.

Mack practically bounced his sissy's head in his lap like a basketball as he grunted and moaned out his pleasure over the sloppy hummer he was receiving. Sasha fought to breathe as his throat was jammed full of hard, black, cock over and over in a rapid thrusting motion. The poor white boy was crying, his makeup smearing, as he choked on the foot long dick in his throat. His neck bulged out obscenely as it struggled to accommodate the massive cock. And then it happened. Mack yelled out, "Oh Fuck Yes!" as he began to shoot thick ropes of hot, salty, creamy cum into Sasha's waiting mouth and throat. The white boy struggled to swallow the unrelenting load as Mack held his head in place with his nose firmly planted in the thick bush of black pubic hair all the while grunting in time with each pulsating spurt of cum.

Jessie moaned out loud and quickly covered his mouth so as not to be heard as he started to dribble out his weak, watery, squirts of white boy cummies. In two weak spurts it was over and

a tiny puddle of his mess soaked into the ground between Jessie's knees as he knelt there watching his friend's torment. Jessie was ashamed of himself and embarrassed at how quickly he'd cum. His pathetic little nubbin seemed to mock him as it shrunk down to the size of a button. He knew he'd never be able to cum like Mack had in Sasha's mouth. Never cum like a real man.

One of the other black men who Jessie heard called 'Tiny' said, "Yo bitch, I'm next. Get your slutty ass over here and swallow this dick."

Jessie watched as Sasha crawled toward the heavysset black man and took his cock into his mouth. Tiny was anything but his nickname as he was easily the biggest of the group standing easily six foot five and weighing in at a good 280 pounds. But it was the tree trunk between his legs that gave him his ironic name. His cock was as long as Mack's at nearly a foot in length but it was as thick as a coke can with a head like a tennis ball. Jessie watched in horror as Sasha struggled to wrap his lips around the monster.

For the next 45 minutes Jessie watched Sasha use both hands to masturbate Tiny's massive cock into his mouth. The white boy was only able to get the head of the cock into his mouth so he had to use his hands on the shaft and his tongue around the huge head to get the black thug off. The amount of cum was ridiculous and Sasha moaned in discomfort as he swallowed a pint of the black man's spend.

The poor white boy was exhausted as he crawled to the next black man and Jessie could stand no more. He silently crept away from the spectacle and ran from the park back to the comfort of his dorm room to wait for Sasha to return. In his haste to escape he failed to notice Mack looking directly at him as he stood up and slipped away. If he had his blood would have frozen solid in his veins from the amused sneer on Mack's face. Mack began plotting as he chuckled and sat back with a drink to watch his sissy perform its duties.

Part Five

Sasha was unusually quiet when he finally returned to the dorm room many hours after Jessie. The poor boy looked beaten down and defeated as he walked into the room, and after changing into his sweats, went straight to bed. Jessie wasn't certain but he swore he heard Sasha crying softly for a while. For his part, Jessie had trouble going to sleep and lay awake most of the night concerned for his friend, disturbed by his own behavior, and excited about the best orgasm he'd ever enjoyed. How was watching his friend being abused so damn hot? Jessie hated the fact that he couldn't wait to follow his friend into the park again. He was extremely thankful it was Sasha suffering the abuse and not him and he was excited to see what happened next.

The next day Jessie and his friend had breakfast together and even found a few things to laugh about making it seem just like old times. Jessie was relieved to see his friend in a better mood

and wondered if maybe he'd found a way out of his problems with those black guys.

That afternoon however, Jessie followed Sasha right back to his same routine. Sasha made a stop at the store before slowly walking toward the park and the same group of men who'd been tormenting him. Jessie found himself excited and worried at the same time.

Just like before the men surrounded Sasha in that dark part of the park and helped the poor white boy get dressed and made up to look like the feminized sissy they'd made him into. As the men parted and took their seats beginning their ritual drinking and pot smoking, Jessie took a moment to look over his friend.

It was astonishing how much like a girl Sasha looked and Jessie had to admit his friend was actually pretty hot. Sasha wore a different outfit today for the most part. His shoes and wig were the same and his face was made up in the same fashion but the dress and stockings were new. He wore a white and blue checked dress that stopped well above his knees leaving little to the imagination when the white boy moved. You could clearly see his light blue panties any time he bent over too far and the white stockings he wore only came up to his thighs. He was wearing a bra again but Jessie couldn't tell the color only that it was stuffed like last time giving his friend the illusion of having huge tits. Sasha's wig was styled differently today, made up in pigtails on the sides of his head.

Jessie took in the entire look and realized his friend looked like a perverted version of that girl from the Wizard in Oz movie. It was as if he'd intentionally purchased a slutty Dorothy costume.

Jessie watched as Mack stood in front of Sasha and pulled out his huge cock. "Give me a kiss sissy, let me know you missed my dick." The big man said.

Sasha leaned down from the waist and bent over till his face was inches from Mack's cock then pursed his lips and kissed the head of his cock with a loud smacking sound.

Jessie found himself already aroused by what he saw and without even thinking pulled his shorts down and began stroking his tiny penis. The white boy was so distracted by his friend's antics that he never noticed the movement behind him till it was too late.

Suddenly two thick arms wrapped around Jessie and lifted him into the air. The white boy struggled and tried to call out but a huge hand covered his mouth and before he knew it he was being carried over to the group in the clearing. As Jessie struggled his shorts and underwear slipped off his legs and fell to the ground leaving him naked from the waist down and feeling completely helpless.

As they entered the clearing Mack pushed Sasha away and pulled up his sweats as he approached his newest toy.

“Well what do you know? Another faggot white boy creeping around our woods. And this one came ready for action with his little nub of a dicklet already out in the open. You must be one eager faggot huh boy?” Mack said laughing.

Jessie tried to answer but the big man who he now identified as Tiny still covered his mouth. Mack continued speaking. “Now I bet you thought you was gonna watch your little friend entertain us again today and you could spank your little pecker and run away, right? Well not today faggot. Today you gonna join your friend in our little club and help him entertain us.”

Jessie struggled and tried to break free of Tiny’s grip but to no avail. He was trapped here and terrified about what was about to happen.

Just then Sasha stepped in front of Jessie and said, “You knew! You knew what was happening to me and you didn’t help me! You jerked off watching me! What kind of friend does that?”

Jessie tried to apologize but still couldn’t speak, instead he just stared at his friend with fear in his eyes and tears welling up to fill them.

Mack stepped up and put his arm around Sasha's shoulders and said, "You see faggot, you really upset my little baby doll here and I don't like seeing my sissy upset. So I promised I'd give her a little present, a new friend to help her entertain us. Now I had to get pretty rough with my sissy doll to break it of the idea it was a man. I had to teach it to be the good little sissy we all know you white boys really are. I'm wondering if I'm gonna have to be rough with you too?"

At a signal from Mack, Tiny released Jessie's mouth and the poor white boy began to beg immediately. "Please just let me go! Please! I won't tell anyone, I promise! Please just let me leave here and you'll never see me again, I pro.." Just then Sasha slapped Jessie across the face hard enough to make the white boy fall limp in Tiny's hands and the big man let him fall to the ground. Jessie was equally hurt and embarrassed by his friend's assault. He was ashamed of his actions.

Sasha looked down at Jessie and said, "Fuck you! You left me here before and now you want to do it again? Just to save yourself? Fuck you Jessie! Daddy was right you are a faggot sissy just like me and now you're gonna become what you always should have been."

Jessie rubbed his cheek and looked up at Sasha with tears running down his face. With everything going on, strangely the

only thing that stuck out to him was, “Daddy? Did you just call him Daddy?” Jessie asked Sasha.

Sasha put both hands on his hips and defiantly said, “Yes, Mr. Mack is my Daddy. He knows how much a sissy like me loves his Big Black Cock. My Daddy takes care of me and feeds me yummy cum.”

The black men all laughed at this but Jessie sobbed harder realizing his friend would be no help and in fact was a full participant in his torment. While the men were all laughing Jessie made a break for it, first crawling a few feet then jumping up and sprinting toward an opening in the trees. He barely made it ten feet before a group of black women stepped in front of him from their hiding places behind those same trees. It was as if they expected him to run in that direction, which of course they did.

There were four big black women blocking the path and Jessie tried to scramble away from them but the biggest one reached out and grabbed him by his shoulder length hair. The white boy screamed in pain and fell to the ground at the feet of the big woman.

He heard Mack laughing as the women easily picked him up and carried him back to the center of the circle.

“Damn Mackie you was right, these are some sissy looking white boys. I’m glad you called us, we can definitely help you make them look more presentable.” The large black girl said.

“Thanks Dee, I knew we could count on you ladies. Now sissies I want to introduce my friend Dee and the girls from her shop. Dee here owns a boutique in town with all sorts of lingerie, dresses, wigs, shoes, hell anything a sissy like you two could ever dream of having. I asked the ladies here to come help us make you two look right for today’s party. You’re going to take a little trip with Dee and the girls and we’ll meet you all back at my house in a couple hours.”

Mack stepped up to Jessie and kicked him swiftly in his thigh making the poor boy yell out in pain. “I know my little doll will be a good girl so I’m only gonna warn you faggot. You obey every command from Dee like it was coming from me. Don’t forget we know everything about you, where you live, your parents address, hell we even know your dog’s name. So you be a good sissy, white boy or you’re gonna find out what we can do with all that information. You hear me boy?”

Jessie sniffed back tears and said in a whisper, “Yes”.

Mack kicked him again and said, “I can’t hear you snowflake!”

Jessie looked up and said, “Yes! Yes I hear you!” in a loud defiant voice.

Again Mack kicked the white boy this time harder before saying, “You better answer me with respect bitch. Now, do you hear me boy?”

The white boy knew he had no choice but to comply so he looked up one more time and said clearly, “Yes Sir, I hear you Sir” without a trace of defiance.

With a nod from Mack the ladies stepped in and picked Jessie off the ground. Three of them surrounded the sissy and held him tight as they made their way to the parking lot and into a van with the logo Dee’s Delights painted on the sides. Sasha needed no such guard as he walked along willingly obeying his Daddy’s orders. As the door to the van closed Jessie began sobbing again wondering what fresh hell awaited him.

Part Six

When the van pulled up in front of Dee’s shop Jessie was distressed to see it was in a part of town predominantly occupied by black people. In fact he’d been warned not to go into this neighborhood by several of his instructors. As he was led into the shop he noticed a number of people on the street pointing and

laughing at his tiny penis bobbing along as he walked and he knew he would find no help from anyone.

Upon entering the shop Jessie was taken in by the wide variety of clothing, makeup, shoes, wigs, and sexy lingerie on display. He was terrified of what came next as the women laughed and giggled as they led the two white boys deep into the shop.

The women divided up the chores and two of them led Sasha away commenting on how they didn't have much to do with this one since he was already a pretty little sissy slut.

Dee and the remaining women took Jessie into the back where he was told to strip down completely. He tried to argue but being nude from the waist down already, he found he didn't have any argument to make. So, he pulled off his shirt and shoes and stood there blushing from head to toe as the women commented on his body.

Dee said, "I swear I ain't never seen a dick so small before, hell I've seen babies with bigger packages. Are we sure this one is a boy? I mean that little thing could be a clit sticking out for all I know."

The other girls laughed and also made comments like, "Just look how smooth he is, we don't have much hair to remove on this one" and "It ain't got no muscles either, look at it! It looks like my

niece and she's in middle school" or "Yeah but look at the ass on this white bitch. The slut got a booty made for twerking. Now that's a bubble butt if I ever seen one."

Jessie was mortified and begged the ladies, "Please let me go. I promise I won't say anything to anyone. Please just stop humiliating me and let me go."

Dee laughed and said, "Now you hush up little sissy. Dee's gonna take care of you. Make you look real pretty for your men. You just trust ole Dee and be a good little sissy or Momma spank!"

She emphasized the last with a quick slap to Jessie's bare ass and laughed at the pink handprint it left behind. The ladies wasted no time in covering Jessie's body with a clear gel that burned his skin a little and made him very uncomfortable. They spread the gel on every inch of his body from his nose down telling him he'd never have to worry about shaving again. Dee told him this was a special mixture she'd invented herself that killed the root of the hair and made sure nothing ever grew there again. Jessie would now be hairless except for the hair on his head and his eyebrows.

The white boy started crying again as the ladies rinsed him off in a shower stall and he watched the small amount of body hair he did have run down the drain. Jessie was next sat down in a salon chair where he was given a mani-pedi complete with a set of long false nails that were painted hot pink. When the white boy looked at his hands he was shocked to see how feminine they looked. His

feet looked like a girl's feet with no hair on his legs and his toenails painted a matching color.

A thin layer of flowery smelling powder was applied to Jessie's entire body and he soon felt smooth and silky all over. Jessie was laid back over a sink and his hair was washed with a shampoo that smelled like fresh strawberries making him blush all over again at the feminine scent.

As the women worked on him Jessie began to notice something uncomfortable and he soon felt shame at the fact his little penis was beginning to stiffen. Of course the ladies noticed and they all began laughing as Dee flicked the tiny nub with her fingertip. They laughed harder at the way the tiny nubbin bounced back and forth as Dee continued to flick it. Jessie groaned in sheer humiliation as he squirted his watery cum in two short, weak bursts that made a small puddle on his groin.

“What the fuck!” Dee yelled. “You weak little sissy bitch! Who said you were allowed to squirt your sissy mess in my shop?”

Dee quickly pulled Jessie from the chair and sat herself down yanking the white boy over her thick thighs with his ass in the air. She began spanking his ass with her bare hand but after several swats her hand started to sting so she picked up a hairbrush and continued the punishment.

Jessie howled in pain as the large woman spanked him repeatedly and with ever increasing power turning his ass a bright shade of red.

Dee hollered, “You never cum without permission you little white bitch! No one ever wants to see a white boy shoot his load, that’s only for your superiors! Only for Black Men! You will always beg for a chance to have your cummies, you understand me snowflake?”

Jessie was crying and howling in pain as he said, “Yes Ma’am! Please stop! I understand! Please, I’ll never do it again! I’ll always beg for permission first!”

Dee stopped the paddling and pushed Jessie to the floor where he lay in the fetal position crying and rubbing his ass softly. Dee looked down at him and said, “Well I don’t trust you just yet bitch. I’m gonna have to add some insurance.”

One of the other girls was already handing Dee a small plastic cage which she quickly fitted over Jessie’s tiny penis. In seconds the deed was done and Jessie heard a metallic click which made him look down at his penis in shock. He had seen chastity cages in the porn he watched but never realised how effective they were. He was locked in tight and would have no access to his penis unless the cruel woman allowed it.

Dee said, “Now you’ll stay locked up till either Mack or I decide to let you loose. You belong to Mack now sissy so you better get used to it.”

Dee was nearly out of breath from the exertion of taming this sissy and she sat down heavily on one of the pedicure chairs. She reclined her thick legs and opened them wide before pulling off her soaking wet panties. From his place on the floor Jessie first smelled the woman’s pussy then looked up to see the hairy mess on display before him.

Dee was not a small woman with huge tits in the 48FF range and an ass you could show movies on it was so wide. Now here she was with her bare pussy on display and a hungry look in her eyes as she stared at her white prisoner.

Jessie stared into the gaping maw of the woman’s hairy pussy and saw the hairs glistening with the juices of Dee’s arousal. He knew before she even said it what was expected of him.

“Crawl up here and make Momma happy sissy. You know what I need.” Dee said with an evil smile.

Jessie hesitated for just a second and one of the other girls slapped his head from behind and yelled, “Get busy sissy, your Momma just gave you an order.”

With tears in his eyes Jessie climbed up between the massive, meaty thighs and moved his head up into Dee's crotch. He nearly gagged at the smell which was both sweet and sour at the same time. A heavy fishy odor clung to Dee's pussy and Jessie assumed correctly that the woman hadn't bathed in a couple of days. When he got close enough Dee grabbed him by the hair and pulled his face into her snatch soaking him from scalpline to chin instantly.

Jessie stuck out his tongue as expected but it didn't seem to matter as Dee took it upon herself to simply Jill off using Jessie's face. The large black woman pulled Jessie's face up and down along her slit rubbing herself off on the poor white boy's features. Jessie was in hell as the black woman's secretions leaked up his nose, into his mouth, and even in his eyes. He was absorbing her leaking pussy in every pore on his face and just knew the smell would never leave his mind.

After ten or fifteen minutes of rubbing Dee yelled out in ecstasy as she orgasmed all over Jessies face. She came so hard her juices squirted up Jessie's nose making the poor boy choke and cough.

When she finished with his face, Dee pushed Jessie away and told her girl's to, "Wash this bitch's face for me" as she leaned back and relaxed after her heavy cum.

Jessie was limp and weak in the girl's arms as they scrubbed him clean and reapplied the powder to his face. The white boy was then led into the main room where Dee had regained her composure and was looking at different outfits for Jessie to try on.

The next hour looked like a montage from an 80's highschool movie as Jessie was made to try on several different outfits and styles of lingerie.

It was all just a whirlwind to Jessie as he was lost in the submissive nature of what he was being made to do. Never far from his thoughts was the idea that he was being made over this way in order to be presented to a large black man. Yes he knew his fate was to kneel before Mack and submit to him as Sasha had done. His mind never far from escape, Jessie just never found a way out of this mess.

The final decision for the white sissy was made by Dee and Jessie found himself dressed like a complete slut. On his feet were a pair of four inch heels that he'd been forced to walk in till the girls felt his ass swayed just perfectly, just like a real whore. He wore a pair of black lace, thigh high stockings that were held up by a garter belt of the same style and color. His caged penis was tucked in a lacy black thong the girls all said was just cute as hell.

He'd been stuffed into a black corset with red lace trim that squeezed his stomach tightly and left him with an hourglass figure. A pair of silicone breast forms were glued to his chest and a

gel with makeup was used to fine tune the edges so that the new tits looked like a part of Jessie's body. The women had chosen a D cup for their sissy and the poor boy looked top heavy, as if he would fall forward with the slightest nudge. Over all of this was a short, black, summer dress that ended just under Jessie's ass leaving nothing to the imagination.

His face was made up professionally by the ladies so he actually could be mistaken for a girl, his look was so perfect. They all agreed if he walked into any bar in the city he'd be hit on constantly and completely mistaken for a girl.

Jessie's own shoulder length hair had been dyed a platinum blonde color and styled in a cute, face framing bob that curved inward at the bottom.

He was sexy as hell!

By then Sasha had rejoined the party and was commenting on his friend's new look telling Jessie how hot he was and how much Daddy would love him, much to Jessie's chagrin.

Just before they left Dee announced one more surprise for the sissies as she produced two pink leashes with diamond studs covering the handles. The boys thought they would be given collars to attach the leashes to but in yet another humiliating

twist, Dee fastened the clips to the sissy's chastity cages with a small ring under their thongs.

With their short dresses it was no mystery to anyone on the street what those leashes were connected to and as Dee and the girls led the white sissies away from the shop Jessie was mortified to find the street crowded with black people who stopped and laughed at the sight before them.

Dee walked proudly holding the leashes to her pets as her friends and neighbors congratulated her on a job well done. They loved to see white boys put in their proper places like this.

As they strolled down the street Jessie was horrified to hear one man yell out, "Old Mack and his boys are gonna love these white bitches. Ya'll are gonna be walking funny on the way back." The crowd of people laughed hysterically as the white boys were led to their future.

Part Seven

Dee led the way as she and her girls paraded the sissies down the street six blocks to Mack's place. As they walked up the sidewalk Jessie continued to attempt to get Sasha to speak with him but the betrayed white boy would not even look at his friend. Jessie could hear music pumping from the house as they approached and he felt butterflies in his stomach as his nerves

kicked into overdrive. He was terrified of what lay beyond the front door and before he could even collect his thoughts the door swung open and Mack bade the group to enter his domain.

Dee and her girls pushed the sissies in before them and watched with glee as the men crowded around to see the amazing work that had been done to the white boys. The two boys trembled as the large black men felt them up running their thick hands all over the white bodies. Mack let his buddies feel the sissies up for a few minutes before taking control of the proceedings.

“Damn Dee you really are an artist.” The black man said to his friend. “I could swear you went out and found me two white girls instead of my sissies. I mean damn these bitches are hot as fuck. I never seen finer whores than this.”

Dee answered, “Oh you know me Mack, I’m a pro through and through. I know what it takes to man a man’s dick hard so I just made these bitches look like the kinda skanks you and your boys be fucking down at the club.”

Mack took the handles of the leashes from Dee and led the sissies into the living room where all the men and Dee’s girls took seats on the couches and chairs leaving Mack and his pets standing in the center of the room.

“I see you already took care of their little clitties for me Dee, much appreciated.” Mack said pulling on the leashes and laughing as the sissies moaned in discomfort as their tiny sacks were tugged on.

“Oh I know you like your sissies to be locked up tight so they don’t get it into their empty white heads that they’re men any longer.” Dee said with a smile.

“Well you know how I like to make sure these white boys know their proper place in life. They are inferior in every way so we have to make them comfortable. They need to learn the only ones who get to fuck are Black Men. Black women, white women, and white sissy bitches get fucked, that’s the natural order of things.” Mack said to a chorus of ‘Hell Yes’ from the assembled black men and women.

Dee sat down on the couch to watch the show as Mack inspected his merchandise. Jessie saw this as an opportunity to speak up and possibly escape this situation.

“Um, please Sir, please let me go. I’m sorry for spying on you and your friends. Anything you want to do to Sasha is none of my business. He’s my best friend but I can see by his attitude that he’s ok with what’s going on. I’m not ok. This is not for me. I’m not gay. I tried to tell the ladies this but no one seems to listen to me. Please Sir, I’m not gay and I...”

Mack interrupted the white boy with a hard slap to his ass causing Jessie to cry out in pain as his ass was still sore from Dee's earlier spanking. The white boy began to sob quietly as he rubbed his sore ass cheeks.

Mack said, "Who the fuck you talking to bitch? I'm not gay. My boys here ain't gay. You're talking to your superiors right now you sissy faggot. Did you not hear what I just said? Black Men do the fucking. All white bitches get fucked. That's how the world works."

Jessie was in a panic but was also too afraid to contradict Mack in any way so he just stood there sobbing while Mack continued.

"Now the way I see it, we got ourselves a trained, obedient sissy and we got us a novice, untrained, sassy little bitch and we need to get them both on the same page. On your knees Sasha." The black man commanded.

Sasha dropped to his knees immediately, his gaze fixed on Mack's crotch. Mack said, "Show me respect sissy."

Sasha lowered his head and began kissing Mack's sneakered left foot, making sure to occasionally lick the rubber sides of the sole to clean off the dust from the courts.

As his friend kissed and licked the black man's foot Jessie stood in complete terror worried about what would happen to him. But Mack kept his attention on Sasha for the time being.

"That's a good sissy, you're coming along nicely." The black man said looking down at the groveling white boy. "Now take off my kicks."

Sasha gently untied Mack's sneakers then slowly slid them from his master's feet one by one.

"Good bitch, now the socks." Mack said as the gathered crowd looked on with pride at the way their friend treated these white boys.

Sasha had removed Mack's socks and knelt on the floor between the man's feet holding the sweat filled socks to his face and inhaling deeply through his nose. The other black men all laughed at this sign of devotion and humility while the girls all gasped and faked gagging at the thought of doing something so disgusting.

Mack looked at Jessie for the first time and said, "Now you're starting to see what I expect from my sissies. You will show your inferiority at all times in my presence. You will always defer to me

as the superior, Alpha male. Now drop to your knees beside your sissy sister.”

Jessie tried to protest, he wanted to tell this man to go to hell, he wanted to scream and run from the house, but he did none of those things. Instead he slowly lowered himself to his knees, his face level with another man’s crotch.

Mack said one word, “Share” and Sasha quickly handed one of the black man’s stinking, wet from sweat socks before going back to sniffing the one he held onto.

Jessie apparently wasn’t fast enough for Mack so he received a sharp slap to the back of his head. The white boy was red faced and crying as he brought the filthy sock to his face, held it against his nose, and began sniffing the fetid air.

The white boy gagged several times as the pungent odor of sweaty feet pervaded his senses. He swore he could actually taste the socks because the odor was so strong.

Jessie and Sasha knelt side by side, two college students whose parents had been so proud to send them away to school, now subjugated themselves to a far superior black man. As the white boys sniffed away at their gifts Mack slipped off the remainder of his clothing and his friends all followed his lead. Even Dee and her girls got in on the act as they removed their

clothing and sat back in comfort to watch the show, each one knowing there would be more than enough black dick to go around.

Mack stood naked before his pets with his semi-erect cock swinging inches from their faces. Sasha's eyes were focused on that huge black dick while Jessie tried to look anywhere else.

“It's time you learned your first lesson Jessie girl” Mack said. “Sasha, show your girlfriend how you suck a black dick.”

Sasha dropped his owner's sock and moved in closer to the man gently lifting the thick cock with his petite, white hand. The sissy leaned in and planted a wet kiss on the cock head before beginning to lick in slow swipes up the entire length of flesh.

Mack said, “Now Jessie girl, you get in there and just do what your sister is doing and everything will be alright. If you disappoint me in any way, well, I can't be held responsible for what happens to you.”

A terrified Jessie looked up and tried a last gasp plea, “Sir please don't make me. I'm not gay. I've never su..suck..sucked a co..co..cock before. Please Sir.”

Mack didn't say a word, he just looked down at the white boy with a look on his face the likes of which Jessie had never seen before. This was a real man. A fierce man. A dangerous man. A man you didn't disobey under any circumstances. So the white boy obediently leaned forward, choking back a sob, and joined his friend in licking the massive black tool.

Jessie was surprised by the texture of the foreskin as he licked up and down the shaft. He was shocked to find it softer and more silky in texture than he ever imagined. The taste was salty but not overwhelming. The smell of the man's ball sweat was like you'd find in a locker room but Jessie found himself drawn to it in an almost feral way, as if he had no control over his actions.

The white boys licked Mack's cock for several minutes till it reached its impressive full length of nearly eleven inches. Jessie had only seen it from far away in his peeping adventures but now that he was up close and personal with this man's cock it was even more magnificent than he imagined.

How could this man walk around with such a huge cock in his pants? The white boy wondered as he planted a kiss on the plum sized head. Jessie was shocked at his own actions, what had made him kiss this cock? What was happening to him?

“Ok Sasha, show your friend how to swallow that black snake.” Mack said.

Sasha moved in front of Mack pushing Jessie out of the way and took the massive cock head into his mouth. Jessie was surprised it fit and even more surprised when Sasha began taking more and more of the length into his throat.

The only sounds in the room were the sloppy, wet sounds of a heartfelt blowjob being given by a dedicated sissy to his Daddy. Sasha worked that cock like he'd been taught, taking the entire length down his gullet in an impressive act of sword swallowing Jessie had never seen before, not even in porn.

Mack allowed the blowjob to go on for a few minutes before saying, "Alright Sasha my little slut, give your sister a turn."

Sasha pulled off the massive cock with a loud popping sound and sat back on his heels pouting as he watched his roommate take center stage.

Mack said to Sasha, "Go blow Tiny while I educate your slutty sister."

Sasha crawled over to Tiny and sucked in his entire cock with one gulp making the black man gasp in pleasure.

Mack glared down at Jessie and the white boy pleaded with his eyes before resigning himself to his fate. He opened his mouth wide and took the head of Mack's cock in deep choking on the thick member. Tears shot into the white sissy's eyes as he tried to accommodate the huge cock head but Mack gave him no time to adjust as he pushed his cock into the sissy's mouth up to the tight entrance to his throat.

“Now just relax bitch, I've trained a lot of white boys and girls to handle this monster so just relax your throat and swallow as I push forward. Breathe through your nose and just let this happen. If you fight it, it'll only hurt you. Oh, and you better watch those fucking teeth you little whore. If you so much as scrape my dick I'll pull all your teeth and you'll be known for your gummy hummers.”

The gang all laughed at Mack's joke and watched in fascination as another white boy fell to their leader. Dee had paired off with a tall man named James while her girls all found someone to play with. Tiny and Mack had the sissies so now everyone was enjoying themselves. Well, everyone but Jessie.

The poor white boy was struggling to fit Mack's cock into his throat as he reached out his painted hands and gripped the black man's ass to help steady himself. Mack smiled as the sissy pulled against him forcing more cock down his own throat. Mack was pleased with his new acquisition.

The leader of the gang needed to clear his pipe so he could settle in and enjoy the night so he gripped his sissy by the head and began fucking Jessie's mouth with a ferocity rarely seen. The sound of Jessie's "Glup, glup, glup" filled the room as his poor mouth was fucked hard and fast by a long, thick, hard black cock.

If only he could see the contrast of the black cock entering his white face he'd begin to feel like this was the natural way of the world. Few things are more erotic than a white body being used by a black man. That's why interracial porn is the most popular type of porn. All white people, men and women watch it as if they know the black world order is the true way.

Being inexperienced at giving head, Jessie didn't know the signs of impending climax so he was taken completely by surprise when the first jet of hot, thick, creamy cum entered his throat. He'd already been swallowing constantly to keep from choking so the first few ropes of cum went straight into his belly. Mack did have experience though and he knew how to tame a white boy so he pulled his cock out just far enough that the head lay on Jessie's tongue. Mack's cock continued to fire thick shots of cum all over the inside of Jessie's mouth forcing the white sissy to taste every drop.

Jessie's head swam from the heavy taste, smell, and texture of the cum and he swallowed by pure instinct, knowing it was how a good sissy behaved.

As Mack pushed Jessie away he was amused by the way the sissy's mouth kept sucking as if it missed being filled by a hard cock. Jessie lay panting on the floor while Mack looked down at him smiling.

“Looks I got me two new whores.” Mack said before continuing with, “But this one still has a long way to go to catch up with its sister. Who's next for this sissy's mouth?”

Dee was straddling James' lap and bouncing up and down on his cock as she fucked him hard and fast. James peeked around the big girl riding him and said to Mack, “The slut can lick my nuts while I pound Dee.”

Mack laughed and kicked gently at Jessie while saying, “You heard the man sissy. When a real man speaks, you obey, no questions asked. So get your slutty ass over there and lick my boy's balls.”

Jessie picked himself up and began crawling over to James but stopped short and yelled out in pain.

Mack looked down and laughed heartily as he noticed he was standing on the handle of Jessie's leash. When the sissy tried to crawl away it had pulled its tiny package back between its legs.

Mack said, “Oops, sorry faggot. Maybe we should consider neutering you so you won’t have to worry about that happening again.”

Jessie cried out in panic but Mack said, “I wouldn’t do that sissy. The johns like to fondle a sissy’s clitty when they fuck one.”

With that Mack threw the end of the leash to James who pulled hard on it causing Jessie to crawl forward despite the fact he wanted desperately to ask Mack what he’d meant by “the johns”.

Before he could think to speak, poor Jessie was forced to begin lapping at James’ balls as big Dee bounced on his lap. With each downstroke Dee’s ample ass engulfed the top part of Jessie’s face and the sweat combined with her juices leaked all over the sissy as he licked his superior’s ball sack.

Jessie knew he should be repulsed by the taste of James’ balls but the mixture of his sweat with Dee’s sweet juices only made the sissy more aroused. He felt his little penis straining against its plastic prison and squirmed his ass around trying to make himself more comfortable.

Mack watched the sissy’s ass sway back and forth and felt his own cock become rejuvenated. He walked over and dropped to his knees behind his sissy and began fondling the white boy’s ass.

Jessie tried to lift his head to see what was happening but James held him firmly in place. The white boy was scared as he felt his dress being lifted up over his ass and a pair of rough, calloused hands began exploring the soft, pink surface of Jessie's ass.

Mack reached over to the table near the couch and grabbed a tube of Asstrogel before squeezing out a huge glob onto his hand. He quickly lubed up his fully hard cock then began pushing a finger into the sissy's most private hole.

Jessie screamed into James' ballsack as he felt the tip of Mack's finger pressing against his tight little rosebud. Mack was saying softly, "Just relax little snowflake, Daddy's gonna make you feel real good."

Jessie tried to escape but by now Dee had switched to reverse cowgirl and was helping James hold the sissy in place as she slowly rode his thick cock. Jessie's face was smeared with Dee's fluids as her pussy slid up and down from his nose to his hairline. He'd stopped licking James' balls and was just screaming in fear, humiliation, and pain. James didn't seem to mind as the vibrations from the sissy's screams felt amazing on his sack.

As Mack pushed his thick finger into Jessie's asshole he marveled at how tight the white boy was. He loved that first fuck

of a white sissy and always made sure to be the first cock in all of his whores. Jessie was going to make a fine addition to Mack's stable and he smiled to himself as he pushed past the stubborn o-ring of the sissy and drove his middle finger in the whole way.

He worked as much lube into Jessie's asshole as he could shoving in a second finger to widen the hole a bit first. The sissy was fighting and screaming his body bouncing up and down like a bucking bronco which only made Mack laugh.

The black man wiped his fingers off on Jessie's ass then positioned his cock head up against the winking, pink starfish of the boy's hole.

Mack was no romantic when it came to fucking a sissy. He didn't believe in going slow as he felt that only spoiled his sluts. He wanted to make the bitch ready for all comers so he treated them all the same and just ploughed in hard and fast with one quick push.

Jessie screamed so loud the vibrations travelled up through Jame's balls, along the length of his cock, and into the folds of Dee's gushing pussy making the black woman cum hard and strong with a series of orgasms that lasted the entire time the white boy screamed. Which it turns out was a very long time.

The sissy screamed into the black balls of one of his tormentors the entire 45 minutes that Mack fucked him. Mack rode his sissy hard and fast wanting to break him completely. Dee came repeatedly and James had to turn his mind to the drudgery of rebuilding his car's engine to keep from popping off too soon.

On and on Mack rode his sissy's ass slapping the white boy's ass occasionally and leaving red handprints on the soft white flesh. Finally after nearly an hour Mack came with a shout as he plunged his massive cock into its new home and stayed there, balls deep, till he fired off his second load of the evening.

When he finally finished, Mack pulled his tool from the sissy's ass and grinned at the amount of cum leaking from the wide open, gaping, hole. The flesh of Jessie's asshole was now an angry red color that glistened with the superior cum of a black man. Jessie had been claimed and whether he knew it or not, he was now owned.

As Mack sat back on the floor he saw James cum deep into Dee's stretched out gash and watched Jessie fall to the floor and roll onto his back weeping.

The black man was thrilled to see a small stain on Jessie's thong and knew the sissy had cum in his cage from the fucking he'd received.

As Jessie lay there gasping for air he heard Mack say, “Ok everyone this sissy’s holes are open for business! Let’s get it ready for its debut on the street tomorrow shall we?”

The frightened white sissy looked on in horror as the party guests began moving toward him with lust in their eyes.

Part Eight, Epilogue

The way the story goes, there were two freshmen at Ball State who simply vanished one day. Their dorm room was empty and the only thing left behind was a picture and a note. The picture was of the two boys but they were dressed in women’s clothing, makeup, and hair. They were kissing each other in the photo in a very passionate display. The note said simply, “Tell our parents we just didn’t think they’d understand.” Other than that there was no sign of the young men.

In a run down building on the other side of town the sounds of bedsprings straining could be heard down the hall from one of the second floor apartments. If one were so inclined to open that apartment door they would see a couple of young, white, girls entertaining two much older black men intimately.

The girls sat atop the men in the cowgirl pose and rode their huge black cocks for all they were worth. If one looked closer they might see something surprising as these girls had boy parts. Each

one had a tiny, miniature penis hidden in pink, plastic cages between their legs. And if someone looked even closer they would see those tiny penises leaking their sissy juices into those plastic cages as the thick cocks rubbed against their naughty prostates.

These girls, Sasha and Jessie were the property of Big Mack, a local pimp and street thug who ran the neighborhood. Every day an endless line of clientele was sent into their dingy apartment and they did whatever the nasty men paid them to do. They rarely ever left their building and when they did it was only to get their hair done at Dee's shop, and they were always accompanied by one of Mack's lieutenants. He liked to keep a close eye on his property.

If only Mack knew how much his sissies loved their new jobs he would certainly grant them more freedom. Oh well, the sissies were too busy worshiping black cock to mention it to their Daddy so life simply went on that way for a very long time.

THE END