

SISSY VOLUNTEER!

Written by Dex O'Donald
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A small inset image showing a blonde woman with long hair, wearing a black bikini top, sitting cross-legged on a pink background. She is holding a laptop with a black spade symbol on the lid.

A Sissy Volunteer!

By Dex O'Donald w/QoS Book Club

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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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-January-

It took everything I had to become a volunteer firefighter, and by the time my first year was over there was little left of me that I recognized.

Looking back on it now, it all started with some meager attempt to impress my wife who, I thought, didn't view me as masculine enough. The irony of that statement is not lost on me. Had I never joined the fire department in the first place, my life would look very, *very* different.

But as it was, I completed training on January 19, 2019.

"Oh, Anthony I'm so proud of you!" my wife, Celia, squealed in my ear when I told her the good news. "You've been working so hard through all of that intense, miserable training...you should be proud of yourself!"

"I am, I am," I shrugged the compliment off, taking a deep swig of my Budweiser. We were at our favorite neighborhood pub, and I can remember feeling nervous about meeting the guys at the fire station later that afternoon. "Thing is, Celia, I'm going to have to work weekends for the first few months and uh...that kind of means I'll have to stay at the fire station overnight. Friday to Sunday."

"That's not so bad I guess," she said, drinking her tequila soda through a straw. She had this flowery, low-cut top on that did an amazing job of showing off her massive, milky breasts. "As long as it's only for a few weeks though...jeez, I can't imagine spending so much time in a real firehouse! Aren't firemen usually a bunch of burly, manly men? Are you going to be OK around all that?"

“The hell is that supposed to mean, Celia?” I could see her erect nipples through the fabric of the shirt, and the amount of cleavage she was showing off irritated me a little. “What? Am I not manly enough for you? Manly enough to be a firefighter? Jesus. You should have seen the training I went through. I’ll tell you right now those slobes at your job downtown would have *never* made it!”

“Don’t take that tone with me,” she cut in. “You may be a volunteer firefighter now but you’re not going to talk to me like *that*.” I could tell she was drunk. Her typical dazzling green eyes were getting a little lazy, and her words were slurring just a smidge. “All I’m saying is three days is a long time to be away from me and with, well, a bunch of rough strangers...”

“You’ll be able to come and visit...”

“In that neighborhood?” she scoffed. “Might as well take my chances in Fallujah. You sort of picked the definition of a low-income area, no?”

“The ad said their precinct was the toughest in the city,” I said. “So that’s the one I went with. Not every guy, not every *man*, could do what I did. Seriously. It was tough, babe. Real fucking tough. And now that it’s over, I’m actually excited to meet the crew and to make a positive impact on that community.”

“That’s my man,” she smirked drunkenly at me. “I wish you all the luck...and I’ll make sure to keep the bed nice and warm for when you come home to me on Sundays.”

“You’re damn right you will...”

There was this feeling of impending doom when she dropped me off at the fire station a few hours later. The

sort of feeling that tests how well you listen to your own intuition; do you have faith in those feelings, or do you ignore them? Do you write them off as nerves and excuses? I know I had good intuition once. On that day for sure. Because as I walked up the steep driveway to the station, my heart was screaming at me *to run*.

The bay doors were open on what we firefighters call the “apparatus bay.” This is just a fancy term for big ass garage, and it’s where they keep the fire trucks and other equipment. I walked quickly up the drive because it was in a shit part of town, and I didn’t feel like getting mugged my first day on the job.

As I came into the bay, wide open and glorious, the first thing I saw were two large, hulking black men standing near some workout equipment in the back corner. There was twenty yards between us, and they were in conversation when I called to them across the garage.

“Excuse me!” I yelled out. “Hi! My name is Anthony Robinson. I’m the new volunteer assigned to this station...” My voice trailed off when they looked at me, hard scowls etched into the lines of their faces.

I didn’t realize how tall the two men were until I was standing in their shadow.

“Hi, I’m Anthony,” I tried again, looking up at the two giants. “I’m the new recruit.”

“Man stop playin’,” one with a neck tattoo said.

“Ain’t no way in hell they sendin’ anotha’ white boy up in here after what happen to the last one,” said the other, his biceps as big as my head. They were both dressed in white undershirts and loose-fitting sweatpants. Like they’d just woken up from a nap.

“Why?” I asked. “What happen to the last one?”

They stared at me for moment, weighing their words. Then the one with neck tattoo started to chuckle. “He wasn’t about that fire fighter life, know what I’m sayin’?”

“Oh, I know what you’re sayin’,” I made my best attempt to sound ‘with it’ and ‘tough.’ “But the thing is, I *am* cut out for that life. And I’m here to prove it.”

“Damn,” said the burly one. “White boy got heart; I give him that.”

“Gonna take a lot more than heart,” said the other, and something about the way he sized me up made my skin crawl. “Well, if you been assigned to this unit, then we best get yo ass over to the day room so you can meet the captain.”

“Somethin’ tells me he gon’ be excited to meet yo’ ass...”

“I didn’t catch your names,” I extended my hand.

“I’m Julius,” said the tatted one.

“I’m Chris,” said the bodybuilder.

Neither of them shook my hand and a moment later I was following them across the vast apparatus bay and through a door at the far end. We came into a narrow hallway that had little rooms off to either side. No doors, only curtains, and some of those curtains were open so I could see the beds inside.

“Ah!” I proclaimed. “This must be the bed hall. Where we sleep!”

“It’s where *we* sleep,” Julius scowled.

I knew better than to push my luck, so I stayed quiet as we moved from the bed hall into what was clearly the kitchen. Multiple refrigerators lined the walls, there was

an oven and a stovetop, and on the other end of the room a long table with the remnants of a card game laid across it.

After that we came to another hallway, this one wider than the last and with marked rooms leading off of it.

Outside one door was a plaque that read **Locker Room**.

Past that, on the left, was a room marked **EMS**. I was familiar with both, one obviously being where we could change and shower, and The EMS room being the first aid area. But there was a third door that I didn't recognize.

It was marked **Turn Out Room**. I didn't ask.

Finally, pushing through the door at the end of the hall we came into what was clearly the dayroom. It was a large living area decked out with comfy couches and recliners. A big screen tv was mounted high on the wall and a college football game was playing. There was music, loud and vulgar. Hip-hop.

Spread out amongst the chairs and couches and stools were various men. Gargantuanly tall, well-muscled, *intimidating*...black men. With Julius and Chris that brought the count to seven. Seven plus me.

And the moment I entered that room, every single face in it turned in my direction.

"Look what we found," Julius announced.

"Fresh meat," Chris smiled.

At the time, I thought 'fresh meat' was just slang for 'new kid.'

My arrival seemed to perk the men up. I saw grins flashing, not unlike a shark or a hyena. They stood up one by one and approached me. It was hard to take them all in at first; they looked so similar, what with being big and black and veiny. It would take some time before I knew

them...but rest assured, I would come to know *every one* of them.

One man in particular took the lead, stopping directly in front of me as the rest of the unit circled. I could smell them; man and sweat and a hard day's work.

"Well, well, well...If it isn't the new volunteer," the captain said, sizing me up. "Funny...I was told you had to be a *man* to work this job. A man with strength and testosterone...All I see here is a sad little white boy who needs a haircut."

Chuckles from the other men, low and rumbling.

"My wife told me I'd get razzed for my long hair," I tried to lighten the mood. "Guess I should have listened to her..."

The captain had a blue shirt on that read "West Helm Fire Department", and it stuck to every chiseled muscle on his masculine frame. The arms of the t-shirt were near to tearing against his bulbous biceps, and the outline of his molded chest rose and fell with his breath.

"A wife, you say?" the captain continued. "How the hell a beat ass white boy with a girl's haircut get a woman?"

More chuckles. I felt my face flushing red.

"You guys play rough, huh?" my voice was unsteady. "I'm Anthony by the way. Anthony Robinson."

"Your name is white boy around here," the captain grinned. "Got that, white boy?"

I knew if I spoke, I'd say something I regretted. I kept quiet.

"Now this here fire station is under *my* command. Which means everyone here, including you, is under *my*

command. But we got a *chain* of command, so to speak. So let me introduce you to your superiors, white boy.”

He went around the circle, pointing and calling out their names.

There was Dwayne, a full eight inches taller than me and smiling like he wanted to eat me for lunch. There was Morgan, shorter than the rest but still taller than me. He didn't speak and had a nasty scar that ran from his brow to his chin. A man named Trunk had the thickest neck I'd ever seen and was wide enough to be a linebacker. His shirt was off and there wasn't an ounce of fat on his ebony body. Another man named Torq had a puffy afro and broad shoulders, shirtless with matching tattoo sleeves that ran in dark lines along his arms. Then there was Julius the giant, and Chris the bodybuilder.

“And I'm Odell,” the captain said. “But that ain't what you get to call me white boy. When you're under my command, you're going to call me Master. Is that clear?”

“You can't be serious?” I faked a smile. “You're joking...”

“Do I look like I'm joking, white boy?” he crossed his arms over his barrel chest and raised his eyebrows.

“I'm not going to call you, Master...” I tried to say it like I meant it, but it came out feeble and underwhelming.

“If yo' ass can't follow some simple fuckin' rules,” Dwayne, the hyena chimed in, “it's gonna be a long fucking weekend for you, white boy. You get the tour of the place yet? You seen the Turn Out Room? That's where yo' ass about to end up...”

“Now, Dwyane,” Odell chuckled, “no need to frighten him. We'll give him one more chance. Now, white

boy...when you answer me, you're going to call me master. And you're going to call these other hard ass niggas' whatever they want to be called, too...and do you know why?"

I shrugged, a little afraid.

"Because if we're going to show you how to be a firefighter, a *real* fucking firefighter and a *real* man, we're going to need your respect. And your obedience." He stepped forward and nudged me back with his chest. "Do I make myself, clear, white boy?"

They were all looming over me, breathing so hard I could smell their breath. Some were shirtless, others wore undershirts, some just the t-shirts the fire department gave you when you signed on. But every single one of them was at least twice my size. I was intimidated.

"Well?" Captain Odell raised his eyebrows.

I sighed.

"Yes, Master."

That first weekend they went easy on me. I was mostly ignored. I'm not sure the reason why but I ask myself often why they didn't start hazing me right away. Maybe they wanted to make sure I'd be back the following weekend. The only thing I really remember from those two days in January was when they had me pose for that first picture...for the yearly fire station calendar.

It was Sunday just before my wife came to pick me up, and it was the first time they'd spoken to me since that initial meeting on Friday afternoon.

"You sure you want me in the calendar?" I asked, a little perplexed as I stood in front of the main fire engine.

"The new guy?"

“Of course we do,” Odell assured me, his toothy grin spreading across his face as he framed up the camera shot. “The new recruit is the most important part of the calendar.”

“Seriously?”

“Serious as that fagget ass haircut you got, white boy,” Dwyane chimed in. He was standing with the rest of the unit, and they were looking at me funny. Like someone had drawn a dick down the middle of my face with a sharpie.

“It’s missing something, though,” Odell considered for a moment. “Your hair looks awfully...*pretty* in this light. Doesn’t it boys?”

“Sho’ does,” Torq said.

“Real pretty,” Julius agreed, towering over everyone.

“Prettiest hair in the whole of West Helm,” Trunk’s laugh was like rolling thunder.

“I think maybe she needs a pretty little bow,” Dwayne grinned. “What say you, Cap?”

“I think that’s a great idea,” Odell agreed. “What are the chances we have a pretty little pink bow for our new recruit here?”

“Right here!” Chris yelled, walking over with something bright and feminine clutched in his massive fist. “Pretty little bow for the pretty new recruit...”

He handed it to me, and I looked at it like I’d been given a dead fish. It was oversized and shockingly pink.

“This is a joke, right?” I looked at them with uncertainty.

“Don’t be a spoil sport, white boy,” Odell laughed. “It’s a sort of initiation for new guys. Something we can laugh

about twelve months from now when the calendar is released...”

Then I heard Dwayne mumble something under his breath I’ll never forget.

“Just the start of yo’ initiation, white sissy bitch...”

Unsure of what to do with them all standing there and staring at me, I wrapped the tassels of the bow around my head and situated it against my long auburn hair. It wasn’t on two seconds before the entire unit was laughing at me.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” I sighed, excited to be leaving for home soon. “Laugh it up. Can we take the picture already?”

A bright flash blinded me momentarily. When I could see again, all seven of them were crowded around Odell, looking at my photo.

“Such a *pretty* new recruit...”



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-February-

When the next weekend arrived, things went from weird to worse. I was expecting to start work on the things I'd learned about in training, things like community outreach or administrative work...hell, maybe even fight a fucking *fire*.

But what I got was chores.

"First thing your ass is doing is the motherfucking laundry. Am I clear, white boy?" Odell was walking ahead of me, and I can remember thinking his back was large enough to shoot a movie on.

"Yes...master," I grumbled, still not OK with using that moniker for him or anyone.

"Louder, bitch!"

"Yes, Master..."

"Good girl. Washer and dryer are in the back of the locker room past the showers. First thing you need to do is go to every room in the bed hall and get the dirties. When you got all that shit in the wash come find me."

And with that, Odell disappeared somewhere into the labyrinthian fire station. I made my way to the bed hall with the laundry basket in my arms and a scowl on my face. As I started to gather dirty clothing from the first room on the right (with no idea whose underwear I was handling and reminding myself to wear gloves next time), I heard someone moving around in the adjacent room across the hall. I peeked out.

The curtain was drawn but I could see two massive black feet standing where the curtain stopped. Then a pair of boxer shorts suddenly came into view, dropping around

thick ankles and getting kicked to the side. I smelled ball sweat almost instantly.

“Get yo’ lily ass in here and get my gym clothes for washing, white boy!” Torq called from behind the curtain. I gulped. “On the fucking double, noob!”

The warning in his voice was so severe that I nearly tripped trying to cross the three or so feet to his room. I grabbed the curtain and pulled it back, expecting him to have at least some kind of clothing on since he had ordered me in so urgently.

Instead, Torq stood there completely nude, his statuesque physique on full display.

“The fuck you staring at, fagget?” he barked. “You got a thing for black dudes or something?”

His body was drenched in sweat, ebony skin shimmering with perspiration. It made the lines of his muscled body stand out with clear vividity. He was facing me, and I tried not to look at the fat, low-hanging snake dangling between his legs...but it was difficult. Something so abnormally large would tempt *anyone’s* curiosity.

“Sorry I thought you were clothed,” I mumbled, averting my eyes.

“This is a fire station, white boy. Grow the fuck up.”

“I’ll just grab your dirty clothes and be leaving...”

“Good. They right there,” he nodded at the boxers lying crumpled beside his feet. “Go on and get em’.”

I looked up at him, nervous. He was head and shoulders taller than me.

“Well go on then, bitch boy! Fucking pick em’ up! Or they gonna have to pick *you* up off the goddamn floor!”

The bass of his voice rattled the walls of the tiny room and I dropped sudden and quick to grab his underwear off the floor. They were *soaked*. On my way back up I caught sight of his thing again, bloated black and dripping. I turned to leave, to get out of there as quickly as I could...but his hands were on me, pulling me back into the room.

“What’s your rush, white boy?” he whispered, shoving me against the wall. I could see the doorway behind his massive shoulders and all I could think about in that moment was *how the fuck do I get out of here*. “You barge in on a nigga like that you might make him think you lookin’ for somethin’ somethin’...know what I’m sayin’?”

I tried to wiggle from his grasp, but it was no use. He was significantly stronger than I was.

“I like the way you squirm, white boy,” he smiled.

“Let me go,” I choked out, terrified. “Let me go right now!”

“I think I’m gonna have you call me Black Daddy...yeah, has a nice ring to it, don’t you think?”

“The fuck!” I cried out, feeling something terrifyingly large brush against the bottom of my stomach.

“Go on then...ask nicely, white boy. Ask nicely and I’ll let you get the rest of my dirty draws’ for washing...”

“Let me go let me go! Please let me go!”

“Aren’t you forgetting something?”

“*Please let me go...Black Daddy...*”

“Come on now. You can say it louder than that...”

“Let me go Black Daddy, please. *Please*, Black Daddy let me go!”

“Good little bitch,” he grunted, unhanding me. “Rest of my dirty clothes are in the corner...”

The last thing I saw before darting out of there was Torq’s chiseled black ass.

Down in the locker room I loaded seven different full grown men’s soiled underwear and undershirts into the washer. The smell of sweat was suffocating, and Torq’s gigantic, flaccid black cock kept flashing in my mind.

When I was done, I found Odell in the day room watching sports with the rest of the gang.

“I got the laundry in, Master,” I squeaked. “What else?”

“You can get me a fuckin’ beer for starters,” he said, never taking his eyes from the big screen tv. “Then you can ask the rest of these niggas what they want.”

“Make it two beers!” Dwayne shouted.

“Three!” Chris added.

Morgan, the shorter, quieter one, held four fingers in the air.

I ended up bringing every man in the unit a cold Corona from the refrigerator, Torq included when he arrived a few minutes later. When I handed him his beer, he *winked* at me.

“You know what you need, white boy?” Odell asked, narrowing his eyes as he turned to look at me.

“What’s that, Master?” I said, letting my voice drift on the ‘master’ part.

“A fuckin’ maid’s outfit or some shit. You gonna be doin’ maid shit, best you look like one. Know what I mean?”

“Great fuckin’ idea, cap,” Dwayne added.

“Is that really necessary?” I asked. “I get you guys want to ‘initiate’ me or whatever...but it’s starting to feel a whole lot like hazing...”

“Only cuz’ it is, white boy. Only cuz it is,” Chris smiled.

“Go on down to the locker room and open up that yellow one next to mine,” Odell turned his attention back to the screen. “You’ll find what I’m talking about in there.”

“You have a maid outfit on hand?” I asked perplexed. “Why would you have that?”

The men just chuckled, eventually guffawing so hard there were tears in their eyes.

“Once you put that pretty little outfit on, I want you in the kitchen washing dishes,” Odell added. “And then you can fold our clothes...”

I wouldn’t have believed it if I didn’t see it with my own two eyes, but when I checked for the yellow locker, it was there. And inside, just as Odell said, was a maid’s outfit attached to a coat hanger...there were other outfits in there too, but I was so appalled at the idea of wearing women’s clothing that I didn’t linger long enough to inspect them.

I laid the outfit out across my bed. It was black and white and came in several pieces; a little halter top for a woman with large breasts, and a skimpy little black skirt complete with white garters. There was even a white apron meant to tie around a girls’ exposed tummy.

“No fucking way,” I said to myself. “This has gone far enough and I’m not fucking doing this. I’ll clean their dirty clothes and wash their fucking dishes, but I am *not* going to wear this shit!”

I was whispering, of course. Terrified of being heard by anyone let alone Odell. In my mind I could hear his voice, that bullying nature he had, the others chiming in to defend him and belittle me...and I started to wonder if putting up a fight over this outfit was the right move on only my second weekend. After all, they said I was being initiated. Surely, they all had to wear this at some point, right? That's why they had it locked away in the first place.

In my mind I heard my wife's voice.

Choose your battles, Anthony. Not everything needs to be a war.

I was washing the dishes in the kitchen when they first saw me in it. It was Chris who spotted me, calling everyone else in to get a look.

"Look at this little sissy!" Torq cried with laughter.

"The long hair with the maid outfit though!"

"Little bitch doing the dishes *and* the laundry. We need a new name for this fagget!"

"Shit, I don't even remember his real name at this point. Might as well..."

Odell stood there, hearty laughter rolling deep and low out of his open mouth. His teeth were white and straight and a little terrifying, and I tried not to look at him...I tried to keep my eyes on the dishes in the sink.

And then I felt his hand closing around my neck from behind.

"Annie," he growled in my ear. "Your new name is Annie, bitch boy. And you will come when you are called...do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, Master..."

February passed as one of the longest months of my life. And when Odell took a photo of me in the maid's outfit for the calendar, he promised me that it was for the station's eyes only.

“We wouldn't release something like this to the public,” he grinned, framing up the shot as I stood there humiliated. “Why would we go and do something like that?”



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-March-

I know if you're reading this, you're asking yourself – why the fuck didn't this idiot just leave if he hated it so much? And I think that's a valid question. What you have to understand is, I really wanted to be a great volunteer firefighter. And I convinced myself that if I could just make it through the hazing period that these guys, as big a bullies as they were, might learn to respect me and give me a chance to do the *real work*.

It took me until the end of March to realize that was never going to happen. I'd cleaned every toilet, every dish, every dirty undie they asked me to for two months and there was still no end in sight. Not to mention it was getting harder to hide my dismay from my wife who I would never, and I mean *never*, talk to about the emasculation taking place at the fire station.

I resolved to resign at the end of the month. I wasn't going to leave them hanging on that final weekend, I would do my 'duties' as they saw fit...but I was going to tell them on Sunday that it was my last day...and then I was going to run as far as I could from that place and never look back.

"Go put on your bitch clothes, bitch," Dwayne barked at me the moment I entered the day room. "And not another fucking word about it!"

"Yes, King," I submitted. The moniker he'd chosen was probably my least favorite, even more detested than 'Master.' Maybe it was because I disliked Dwayne the most of all and calling him anything other than 'asshole' was painful to my soul. He was the cruelest of them, and not even Odell scared me like he did.

I was changing in the locker room, something I did as fast as I could because quite simply, I never felt safe there. Changing meant being naked, and naked meant being vulnerable. I hadn't even showered at the fire station yet, not in all the weekends since I'd joined.

I'd just adjusted my little black skirt when Julius, Trunk, and Torq came stomping in, dressed in no more than a white towel fastened to their hips.

"Well, well, well," Julius called from high above. "Looks like Annie the Maid is reporting for duty."

"Nice outfit, pussy," Torq spat.

They crowded me, blocking my way with their massive chests and arms, all the color of pitch and dark chocolate. They smelled ripe, and I could tell that they desperately needed the showers that they were on their way to.

"You smell nice, little lady," Trunk growled. "I guess you always smell nice, huh?"

"Maybe that's why the little bitch never showers with the crew?" Julius said. "Never gets her hands dirty..."

"Nah, brothers," Torq chided, "we never see this little sissy in the shower cus' she afraid to show off that little clitty between her legs. Ain't that right, Annie?"

I swallowed the lump in my throat and craned my neck to stare up at my gigantic black tormentors. "I really need to get the laundry going," I stuttered out. "Odell...I mean, Master, will be upset with me if he gets back from his workout and doesn't have clean clothes."

"Is that true, Annie?" Julius said, so tall that he was a full five inches over his toweled buddies. "You afraid for the unit to see you naked? Afraid they might find out how *little* you is down there?"

“I think we find out right now,” Trunk breathed, “let’s see what the little lady is *packing...*”

I froze up when he said it, terrified that they might put their hands on me. I felt so stupid standing there in that maid outfit, it made no difference that they’d seen me in it a hundred times at this point.

“Please,” I looked them in the eyes as I spoke, “I’m not afraid to take a shower...I’m not, really. I just need to get started on the laundry or Master is going to be upset with me. I’ll take a shower after.”

“You promise, Annie?” Julius chuckled. “We can’t have you stinking in the bed hall anymore. You understand, don’t you?”

“Yes, I understand, Sir,” I said.

“Good. Then move along...”

I scooted past their ginormous black bodies and scuttled from the locker room as quickly as I could. I breathed a sigh of relief on the other side of the door, feeling good that for once I had escaped their daily torment. I got right to work on my chores and thankfully, didn’t see Torq, Julius, or Trunk for the rest of the day.

I went to bed early that night, as I often did, to avoid any further embarrassment.

One more day. One more night, I thought, drifting off to sleep. Forty-eight hours and you’re done with this bullshit. And you never have to tell anyone what happened...sure, they have the photos, but they can’t use them without consent...one more sleep and I’m out of here...

I was in a black, dreamless sleep when they shook me awake.

“Wakey, wakey, bitch,” Odell’s voice. “You stink!”

“What the –“ I tried to speak.

“Grab the little sissy!”

I cried out but it was no use. They shoved something wet and stinking of sweat into my open mouth, and they held onto my flailing limbs like they were no more than toothpicks caught in a mousetrap. They marched me through the dark bed hall and straight into the locker room, flipping on the bright fluorescent lights above.

I heard the sharp hiss of shower-heads turning on and the constant, cruel words of my aggressors.

“Take her clothes off!”

“Scrub-a-dub-dub sissy!”

“Time to wash that pretty hair of yours, Annie!”

“Look at that little white ass!”

I don’t think I was fully awake until I was standing in the middle of the open shower trying to hide my genitals. When I tried to run, I was stopped dead in my tracks by the seven of them blocking the exit. They were all in boxers except Torq and Trunk, who wore nothing at all.



“Look at his little white clit!” Odell exclaimed.

“Ain’t no way this white boy got a wife! With that little dick?”

“HAHAHAHA!”

They pointed and laughed, walking further into the shower, pushing me back against the far wall so that the hot water spraying from the showerheads doused my naked body. My shoulder-length hair was soaked and matted over my face. I tried to move forward but had nowhere to go.

Torq and Trunk advanced on me.

“Show that little sissy what a real cock looks like, boys,” Odell grinned. “Let him see it up close!”

The two giants came to either side of me with fat black cocks in hand. They held them within inches of my own inferior dick. The size difference was like a grape situated between two watermelons, and I realized in that instant that despite all of the humiliation I had endured at these men’s hands, that this was by far the most emasculating thing that had ever happened to me.

“How the fuck you even call that a dick?” Torq towered over me. His cock had these long, fat veins running along the top of the shaft, and the head of it was bigger than my entire manhood. And he was *soft*.

“Ain’t no way you pleasing any woman with that little thing, white bitch,” Trunk growled, smacking my insignificant prick with his black bully-club. “You better off as a girl with that shit between yo’ legs...”

My dick shriveled up further as he beat on it with his big black cock. In my ears all I heard was the constant guffaws of the crew. Their insults all joined together, and it was hard to make out any one voice.

Then Torq and Trunk were shoving me down, my back sliding against the tiled wall as I sunk further and further, all the way until my bare ass was against the tile floor. I sat there in the corner, water pouring down on me, two giant dangling black cocks swinging dangerously close to my face.

“Look up bitch,” Torq commanded, and when I did, I was met with a strong cock-slap across my right cheek. I tried to turn away from him, only to be met with the same move from Trunk.

“Would you just look at our little Annie,” I heard Odell’s sneering voice bouncing off the bathroom walls. “She’s come such a long way in such a short amount of time...I think this will be even easier than the last white boy they sent us...”

I closed my eyes and took the punishment. Their cocks were erect, strong, and impossibly large; the strikes against my face were starting to hurt. Their giant mushroom tips slapped every inch of my grimacing face, smacking my lips and rubbing against my nose and eyes. Sometimes they beat the top of my head, making fun of my hair as they did.

“That’s really good,” Odell’s voice again. “Good little bitch. Now *smile*... I want you to smile when Torq and Trunk cock-slap your little fagget face...I said *smile*, white boy. Smile or I’ll send another big black cock in there to fuck you up!”

The smile crawled across my face, and I held it there like glue. It was the fakest, phoniest grin I’d ever given, but all I wanted was for it to be over. I knew better than to defy

Odell in such a vulnerable situation, so I took it the best I could.

“I think that little bitch likes it!” Dwayne’s voice. “She smiling and *everything...*”

“Now open your eyes, Annie,” Odell commanded. “Open your fucking eyes and look at me.”

Still smiling ear to ear as Torq and Trunk played a drum solo against my face, I opened my eyes.

Click. Click. Click.

Odell held the camera. Of course, he did. How could I have been so stupid? I should have known...I was just so tired from cleaning *all day...*

“Aw, where’d your smile go, Annie?” Odell laughed. “Camera shy?”

Infuriated and disgraced, I dove forward, away from Torq and Trunk, landing on my hands and knees and scurrying across the wet floor. I saw an opening in the vast throng of black legs and went for it, barely squeezing between Eric and Julius as Odell’s camera continued to click.

“Let him go,” I heard Odell say. “We’ve got everything we need now.”

-April-

I was well aware that I wouldn't be able to leave the fire department anymore...at least not as soon as I wanted to. I knew it even before seeing those pictures pinned up in the day room.

There were maybe thirty photos hung in different places, and an especially large print framed above my bed. Most of them were of me, smiling and drenched with my eyes shut tight while two massive black shlongs laid across my face.

In the poster above my bed my eyes are open, still smiling, except the two black cocks are more or less pushed directly against my mouth.

Odell never said it, and neither did any of the others. They didn't need to. The message was clear: I was being blackmailed. And now that they had these photos, the chances of me ever being able to tell them 'No', had gone right out the window.

"How's that little wife of yours doing, white boy?" Dwayne asked me one Saturday afternoon, lathering up his naked black body with thick suds of soap. I'd relented on avoiding the showers because, well, what difference did it make now?

"Celia?" I said, my back to him so as not to expose myself to any small dick jokes. "She's fine...why do you ask?"

"She the one that drops you off everyone Friday?" Chris asked, scrubbing his giant chest with a washcloth.

"Yeah, that's her..."

"She be looking fine as hell," Torq waltzed into the showers naked as the day he was born and took the head

next to mine. Out of my peripheral I could see the terrifyingly large snake dangling between his legs, and for a moment I had PTSD remembering the beating I took from it. “At least from what I can see from the bay...hard to tell how thick a woman is when she behind the wheel of a car.”

“Yeah, Annie. How come you never bring her in to meet the crew?” Chris chuckled.

I rinsed my hair and scurried away naked and dripping before they could corner me, snagging a towel from the rack on my way out.

I found my locker and began to change into my daily outfit; I could still hear them telling jokes from the shower as I situated the little black maid’s skirt around my waist. I hate to say it, but I was getting used to the outfit; it was worn and comfy, and sometimes during my chores I forgot I was even wearing it.

That day I scrubbed the toilets and urinals out, really taking my time to make sure the job was done thoroughly. When I finished, I collected the men’s laundry from their rooms in the bed hall; more and more often I was finding what I could only assume were their cum rags. Something about handling those towels filled me with dread, like some omen that would soon come home to roost.

After the laundry it was the dishes, and after the dishes I cooked dinner. I barely saw the guys that day, most of them off doing actual fire-fighter duties while I was left to play homemaker.

When they filed into the kitchen at 7pm that night I knew something was up. There was a silent plan on their lips, something unspoken but understood between them.

“You know sissy boy,” Dwayne started in, “we might have to get yo’ ass a new pretty little outfit. I’m tired of seein’ you dressed the same way every day.”

“Dwayne is right,” Odell added, forking a spoonful of spaghetti into his mouth, “after dinner tonight you go on down to that yellow locker and pick yourself out somethin’ pretty.”

“Yes, Master,” I mumbled, admiring the sauce I’d made for dinner that night. Tasty.

“Did you scrub the bathroom down like I asked?” Odell said.

“Yes, Master. It’s spotless.”

“Good girl.”

“Did you mop out the showers?” Torq said, devouring his dinner. “I can’t stand dirty ass floors in the shower.”

“I didn’t but I’ll do it first thing in the morning,” I said.

“Nah you’ll see to it tonight, bitch ass mothafucka’.”

“Yes, sir...”

The sounds of forks and food and chewing and breathing. It went silent long enough that I thought perhaps the night would end without incident. That maybe the real secret to keeping them off my back was making food so good that they didn’t have time to torment me.

“Now about this wife of yours,” Odell broke the silence. “What’s her name?”

I paused my chewing, the food suddenly bland in my mouth.

“Celia,” Chris smiled over his plate of spaghetti. “Lil’ Annie’s wife’s name is Celia, Cap...”

“That’s right,” Odell grinned. “Celia...little slutty Celia...”

The men chuckled at the dig. I bit my tongue.

“It’s a shame you haven’t introduced us yet,” Odell continued. “But I can understand why you wouldn’t...she’s used to you, a long-haired wimp of a man who makes pathetic attempts to act masculine...if she saw *me*, standing next to *you*, well there’s probably a high chance she’d forget all about your sissy ass. Don’t you think, Annie?”

I swallowed the food in my mouth like it were dried cement. I tried to catch my breath; the anger in my stomach building towards total senseless rage.

“I wanna get a look at this white bitch,” Dwayne snarled. “See if she as fine in a photo as she is behind the wheel of a car. Know what I’m sayin’?”

They were all staring at me, eyes like hungry lions in the dark. I knew what was coming even as my mind tried to create some lie to stop it.

“Where’s your phone, Annie?” Odell asked. “You gonna show us a photo of your pretty little wife or we gonna have to find it ourselves?”

“Please don’t do this,” is all I could muster.

“*Please don’t do this*,” Chris mocked me in a feminine voice. “I swear this dude act like more of a bitch every day.”

“Why so nervous about showing us, Annie?” Odell asked, his fierce gaze wearing me down. “Ashamed of Celia? Is she not pretty enough for you?”

“She’s gorgeous,” I said firmly, finding my voice at last. “I just don’t want to hear you guys talk about her

like...like she's cheap or something. She's not. She's my wife."

"Does your wife know you dress like a sissy bitch and clean my dirty underwear?" Trunk barked. The lot of them erupted into laughter.

"Come now, Annie," Odell said between guffaws, "we'll go easy, I promise. I just want to see her, that's all. How else can I get to know you better if you're not open with me?"

My eyes drifted across the row of bulky muscled black men, and I sighed long and deep.

"I'll be right back."

I left the kitchen and went to my room in the bed hall to retrieve my iPhone. I looked through the photo albums alone for a moment, knowing that there was one particular photo that I absolutely did not want them to see. I found it; Celia in the bathtub in low light, her gorgeous blonde hair falling down around her shoulders and her massive, milky breasts partially submerged in bath water. I loved that photo and it killed me to press delete, but I'd rather keep a mental image than have those jerks ever see her naked.

Confident my phone was clean, I went up and found them hanging in the day room watching football.

"Let's have a look white boy!" Dwayne shouted, snatching the phone from my hand. Julius and Chris were at his side in an instant, staring at the phone screen with eager grins. Torq, Trunk, Morgan and Odell got up from their recliners and approached their buddies.

“That one,” Julius, towering over all six of them, pointed a long bony finger at the phone screen. “Let’s see that one.”

“Goddamn, white boy,” Dwayne said. “How the hell a sissy bitch like you get such a fine ass wife?”

“Mmm, I could break that in half,” Chris licked his lips.

“Hey man,” I started, still in my maid’s outfit, “that’s my wife...can we keep it chill?”

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“Keep it *chill*?” Odell took the phone from Dwayne and looked at the picture there. He raised his eyebrows and whistled. Then he turned the phone so I could see it; Celia at the beach wearing a red bikini that was on the verge of failing to hold her beachball breasts in place. “How the fuck we gonna keep it chill when we see some titties like these, white boy? Is that what you do at your house with this white bitch? Keep it...*chill*? I’d keep it rock fucking hard and drill this big-titted slut into next week. Maybe if instead of *keeping it chill* and actually acting like a goddamn man, you wouldn’t be a little sissy slave for a bunch of firefighters!”

The men hooted their agreement and gathered around the phone, watching their leader flip through the photos. There was almost something comical about seven men that large so fascinated by a tiny device...key word being *almost*.

“She got a nice booty, too,” Julius pointed.

“Mmmm, fuck I want to suck all over them mommy-milkers...”

“I could make this white girl cum ten times in an hour...”

“I don’t know if she could handle *my* meat...”

They stared and grunted and talked about Celia like she was a piece meat. Odell’s thumb never stopped scrolling.

“I’m tryin’ to see these titties, white boy,” Odell said. “That pussy too. Where the nudes at?”

Seven pairs of eyes shot from the screen to the maid standing a few feet away. My voice got caught in my throat.

“I don’t have any,” I lied. “She doesn’t let me keep photos like that.”

“You a lyin’ ass fagget,” Dwayne shook his head. “Keep scrolling, Cap!”

“That’s the last of them,” Odell sighed.

“Check the deleted folder back in the albums,” Dwayne grinned. “I bet we find what we looking for.”

My ears started ringing when he said it, realizing that I hadn’t cleared the deleted folder. Fuck. My heartrate spiked. I remember feeling nauseous, feeling all the color drain from my face. I sat down on one of the recliners and closed my eyes.

“Oh now we fuckin’ talkin’,” Dwayne jeered, “blow that one the fuck up!”

“Oh daaaamn,” Julius moaned.

“Look at the size of those!”

“Too much for a little as white boy like Annie...”

“She in the tub, too? Damn. She can come take a shower here anytime she want...”

“Yeah, but she gotta take a shower with *all of us*...”

Odell recovered the photo from the deleted folder and proceeded to send it to every guy in the unit. They all ran to their phones the moment he hit send and saved it. That night, as I tried to sleep, I was kept awake by the constant grunting of my fellow firefighters. I could hear beds squeaking, I could hear how some of them preferred dry hands while others kept plenty of lotion at the ready. It was haunting and I don’t think I ever fell fully asleep.

And in the morning, I gathered their cum towels with my bare hands.

-May-

“I’m so glad it’s going well!” Celia shrieked with delight. “And just think of all the new friends you’re making too! These will be life-long buds for sure!”

“I’m sure they will be,” I hid my grimace and took a shot of Jameson. We were at the local pub on a Thursday.

“I want to meet them already!” Celia pushed, taking the straw in her mouth and sucking back a margarita. “You’ve been there almost five month’s already, and I haven’t met a single one of them!”

“We’re really busy, honey...”

“Doesn’t sound like it. You said they have you mostly on administrative and...custodial duties?”

“Something like that, Celia...but I’m working my way up, I think...”

“Well, that’s good I guess...”

“Look, honey. There’s something I wanted to talk to you about but wasn’t sure how to ask.”

“Oh?” her eyebrows perked up. “This sounds fun...”

“Well, I told you how lonely it gets there at night sometimes. Just a bunch of dudes, ha. I think about you, but I don’t have the best imagination in the world, so...”

“Yes, Anthony?”

“Well...I was wondering if I could have some of those pictures on your phone...you know the ones we took that time in Cancun?”

“Oh you *naughty* boy,” she smiled like the devil. “You love those pictures don’t you?”

“Guilty as charged...”

“I don’t want to brag or anything, but I *do* look pretty hot in those...”

“You look more than hot, Celia. You look like a goddess.”

“*Stop* it,” she giggled.

“You do. You know you do...so how about it? Let your husband make off with a little material for the spank bank?”

“Sure, sure you can,” Celia managed to say between her giggles. “It’ll make me happy to know I can be there with you somehow...just don’t go showing them off to your fire buddies, OK? Not unless they ask of course...”

“Celia!”

“I’m kidding, I’m kidding...or am I?” she winked at me.

Normally her little joke would have made me so angry I probably would have ruined our evening. But I didn’t push her because at least my conscience could get a small break if I believed she was OK with the crew seeing her nudes.

Because they saw them. And they kept them.

“Woo-we!” Dwayne cackled. “Look at this white bitch!”

“Goddamn little Annie did good this time,” Julius rubbed his hands together. “I’m tryin’ to see that booty *right now...*”

They were all seven gathered over my phone again, shirtless and sweating and fresh from a workout in the apparatus bay. The perspiration dripped off of them in droves, some of it slipping from their brow and splashing onto my phone screen.

Onto naked photos of my wife.

“Zoom in on that pussy,” Torq nodded. “Right there. Yeah. Like that. *Goddamn...*”

“You gotta send all these pictures to me right the fuck now,” Trunk boomed. “I’m finna’ make a goddamn collage...”

“I’ve got a better idea,” Odell said, his eyes eating up every pixel of my wife. “Take down those photos of the sissy boy getting cock slapped. Make way for a new installation.”

“Oh so you an art collector now, Cap?” Dwayne joked.

“Something like that, D,” Odell grinned ear to ear. “Something like that.”

The photo they chose for the day room was my personal favorite. In it, my wife is atop a king bed with pink sheets, her flimsy bikini is in a crumpled pile next to her naked body. She’s bent over with her plump ass in the air and a perfect arch in her lower back. Her face is against the mattress and she’s looking back at the camera, her beautiful, humongous breasts hanging down on the bed top, her penetrating green eyes burning holes in the lens.



Her ass is spread, and you can see both holes perfectly. The soft folds of her cunt glisten with my spit.

“If that ain’t the best damn decoration this fire station has ever seen,” Odell said proudly as he hung it high on the wall. “Don’t let me catch any of you motherfucker’s sneaking down here for a wank in the middle of the night.”

“Ain’t no need, Cap,” Dwayne laughed. “I got that one on my phone...matter of fact, I dropped a fat fuckin’ load to it this morning.”

The crew’s low laughs rumbled through the station, following me down to the laundry room where I moved their soiled towels to the dryer.

-June-

For the June calendar photo, the guys made me wear a dress that they'd purchased special for the occasion. It was nice and expensive, not some old stinky thing from the yellow locker. Somehow it made me feel *good* for once. Special. Like the guys had gone out of their way to do something nice for me for once.

"A little further back into the seat, Annie," Odell motioned with his hands, "and grab hold of the steering wheel...good, very good. Now look over at me."

The dress was frilly and fluffy, mostly pink, white with some blue fringe and a bright blue bow that tied at the chest. It was short, only making it to just past my ass. The sleeves were ruffled, so was the hem. My hair had gotten so long that it was several inches past my shoulders, and I could play with it in my fingers...in many ways, I was starting to feel *pretty*.

"Look at our sissy girl," Dwayne laughed from behind the captain. "Sitting behind the wheel like a big girl!"

I ignored him, happy to be in the driver's seat for once. The other guys were calling out directions and whistling at my outfit, but I stayed focus on the task at hand. Odell had to get his picture...and I kind of wanted it to be a good one.

"That will do it," Odell snapped one last photo of me smiling at the camera in my new Lolita dress. My hands were at 10 and 2 on the steering wheel, my long auburn hair hung at the sides of my face. "This might be the best damned calendar we've ever made," he said.

It was Friday. I was about as close to a good mood as one could get in a place like that. I strutted from the photo

shoot in my pretty pink and blue dress with something like pride and I made my way down to the locker room. I wanted to try out the garters from the maid outfit with my new dress...sounds sad, I know, but you don't spend six months being treated like a girl and not sort of start to turn into one.

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“Well, if ain’t the pretty little white bitch in her new dress,” Torq’s voice, strong and definitive from behind me.

“With that hair it’s hard to tell from behind,” Trunk’s rough growl.

“Or from the top...”

The two giants’ thundering footsteps approached, and I turned around. They came so close to me I had to back up until I was flat against a row of lockers...

The locker room goes silent for a moment, all I can hear is the steady drip of one of the showerheads down the hall. They are towering over me, I can feel their breathe on my face...there is no daylight between them as they stand shoulder to shoulder...

“Them pictures of your wife is nice, bitch boy,” Trunk says, looking me up and down in my pretty pink dress.

“But I’m gettin’ tired of jerkin’ it every weekend. You feel me?”

“Real tired of doin’ it our own self, sissy,” Torq adds. “And seein’ as you a new recruit, it’s kind of your job to take one for the team.”

“One for the team?” I ask timidly, and I can hear my voice go up two octaves.

“Damn,” Trunk smiles, “you even startin’ to *sound* like a bitch...” his rough palm is suddenly at my throat, his fingers closing, cutting off my breath. He pins me to the locker with one hand. “How bout it, sissy bitch? You gonna be a good little girl for your black superiors?”

Under the harsh gaze of their eyes, I nod my head *yes*. I am feeble and reluctant. What other choice is there at this point?

“Open that pretty little mouth,” Trunk’s fingers grip around my neck.

I do as he says.

“*Tuh!*” he spits sticky drool, splashing against my lips and landing in my mouth. “Now on yah fuckin’ knees...”

He shoves me down to the locker room floor, my knees digging into the cold tile. I adjust the hem of my dress so that it doesn’t tear. Torq and Trunk fidget with the buttons on their jeans, directly at eye level, and I see their familiar, gigantic black cocks fall out of their pants.

“Open wide, sissy,” Torq’s deep voice from overhead as he palms the back of my skull. “Yo’ real training starts right motherfuckin’ *now*.” And then his bloated black head is pushing past nervous lips, and I can taste his chocolate in my mouth. It’s so thick that both my inner-cheeks rub along the sides of the shaft as he goes to the back of my throat. “Mmmm. Good little bitch. Suck it.”

Trunk is stroking his equally massive black member right in my face, hardening at the same rate as the one in my mouth. Soon it’s difficult to breathe.

“That’s it, sissy. *All the way back*. I wanna hear you chokin’ on it...”

“*Wheck!*” I cough against it, wet and broken. Torq gathers my long hair into a ponytail with his fist, using it like a joystick as he fucks my face. “*Wheck! Wheck! Wheck!*” I gag.

It’s happening, I think. What I always knew was coming is happening now. And I didn’t get out while I had the chance...does that mean I actually want this?

“That’s it, pussy. Relax your fuckin’ throat. Take it *deeper*. UGH...”

“*AWK! AWK!*” I gag harder, his fat black cock stuffing my gullet. “*AWK! AWK! AWK!*”

“Don’t she look pretty, Trunk?” Torq asks his cohort. “Suckin’ that big black cock...”

“Eyes up here, bitch,” Trunk barks out, rubbing his leaking, sticky tip against my cheek while Torq rails my face. I turn my gaze upwards and am no longer staring at Torq’s giant bush of curly black pubes but into the very faces of my subjugators.

“Good little white sissy,” Torq grunts. “Imma’ pass you off to my homie now. Show him what that throat do...”

I have about five seconds to catch my breath, gasping with thick strands of drool hanging off my chin and staining the front of my pretty new dress. Then Trunk fills both his fists with my long auburn hair and jams his enormous cock down my throat.

“Nice and loose for me,” Trunk grunts. “You learn quick, white girl...”

“*AWK! AWK! AWK!*” I gag. His ballsack hangs low and leathery, swinging with enough force to slap my neck with each thrust. Trunk is going deep enough that his pubic hair is starting to tickle my nose, and it’s difficult to keep my eyes up on him but I do it anyway, terrified of the consequences of disobeying.

“If your wife could see you now, sissy bitch,” Trunk rails. “She’d lose all fuckin’ respect for you. Once half a man, now just the fire station’s plaything. UGH. That’s it. Fuckin’ suck it. UGH!”

They begin to trade my mouth back and forth for quick spurts of fucking. I keep my jaw stretched and my

mouth in a perfect O, letting them dunk their dicks on me like I were a hoop in a basketball game.

I hear the locker room door open and then heavy footsteps clamoring against tile.

“Well, well, well,” Odell’s voice from somewhere behind my pant-less punishers. “Looks like the new recruit finally found his place. Make some room boys...”

Torq and Trunk separate and Odell steps between them, pulling his massive black cock out over his waistband. He’s smiling and he’s eager and I’m a little afraid. I do the only thing I know how to- I open my mouth as he brings his stiffening cock to my lips.

Somehow, Odell is just a little fatter and a little longer than the other two, and I can feel my throat stretched to its limit as he dives deep.

“That’s it, Annie. Suck my big black cock!” Odell grunts. “You boys taught this sissy bitch well. Good eye contact. I like your dress, Annie. And your pretty fuckin’ hair. You might need to wash it all after we’re done with you though. UGH!”

“*AWK! AWK! WHECKA WHECKA!*” I hold on to Odell’s giant calves for support as he demolishes my face. I can taste his pre-cum, salty and warm against my tongue. I can smell the light perspiration on his shaft and ballsack.

Soon they’re trading me, cock-slapping me with two while a third finds new depths inside my gullet. I am spit and cum and drool and overwhelmed...and down below, underneath my pink panties, I can feel my emasculated dick squirming against the lace. My body betrays me.

“Hope you’re hungry, little sissy,” Odell grunts, pinning my head back against the locker. “Open your whore mouth!”

I open.

“Stick out yah tongue!”

I do as I’m told. He’s got a tuft of my hair locked in his grip and he uses it to keep my head upwards and immobilized. He brings the head of his fat black cock to within an inch of my mouth and begins to unload.

“UGH! UGH! *UUUGGGH!*”

It comes in hot and relentless, like it was shot out of a gun, fat ropes of cum blasting against my tongue and to the back of my mouth. I gag. It just keeps coming. Odell is grunting with every shot and as I look up at him it’s like watching a wild animal feast on its kill. It pools in my mouth and drips of my tongue. Wayward shots dot my cheeks and forehead. It is thick and white.

“Comin’ in hot!” Trunk announces, bringing his own pulsing member to my face. Torq joins him, and the two giant black men erupt all over my face as their boss squeezes his last drop out onto my tongue.

“UGH! FUCKING TAKE IT!”

“ALL OVER YOUR SISSY FACE, BITCH! UGH!
UGH!”

I’m blinded. Fat wads of cum cover both eyes and more greases my cheeks. It falls off my face in puddles and sticks to my dress and I have time to wonder if I’ll be able to get the stain out. I’m swallowing back as much as I can, but it comes too quickly and I end up choking, spitting it up and out so that it drips off my chin.

I can't see them finishing, but eventually they do. I am covered.

"Welcome to the team, Annie," Odell pants. "I think we've finally found the perfect job for you."

"Not bad for a first time," I hear Trunk say. "Only gonna get better with practice."

"*Lots* of practice," Torq adds...

When it was over, I listened to the sound of footfalls as they left the locker room. I felt around blindly until I made my way to showers and stripped out of my soiled dress. I cleaned up. It took longer than I thought it would to get all the semen out of my hair but eventually I'm satisfied that I got as much as I could.

I snuck off to bed early that night, exhausted and overwhelmed. I was replaying what happened in the locker room over and over in my mind as I fell asleep, trying to puzzle out whether I was upset or merely just surprised.

Around midnight the first of them snuck into my room. Morgan, the quiet one. He woke me up by slapping me across the face with it. When he was done Julius came in. Then Chris, who used my mouth fast and rough and filled my mouth with a quiet grunt before leaving.

Dwayne was last and of course he took his time.

"Pretty little white slut," he laughed, feeding me his fat ballsack. "The fire house sissy. Now and forever. I can get used to this, bitch. And you just *better* get used to it."

When he came, he made sure to get most of it in hair. Before he left, he ran his hands through my auburn locks, smearing his mess, making sure that cleanup was a nightmare.

I took my second shower of the day and crawled back into bed just before dawn.

-July-

By mid-summer I was a full-time plaything for the fire department.

They used me whenever and however they wanted to. Sometimes they left to go put out fires or help with an emergency call and I would stay behind in my new dress and clean their clothes. Sometimes they'd wake me up in the middle of the night for a blowjob or decide to use me first thing in the morning in the showers. There was no set schedule. I was there for using and use me they did.

It was getting easier to separate my home life from my life as a sissy. Whenever Celia would ask about them and about how it was going, I simply lied. She would notice things that were off, of course. She'd ask me about bruises on my neck and face, about my hoarse voice or slouched posture. I just told her it was all a part of the job.

Because in a way, it was.

It was a Sunday afternoon, a few hours before Celia was due to pick me up. They were all watching the basketball game on TV, and I was serving them drinks dressed in my newest outfit; a shockingly purple skirt with matching fishnet stockings, and a blouse that was nearly as clownish as the bottom. They'd taken to making me wear makeup- lipstick and eyeliner and blush, far too much of all of it.

But the newest and most uncomfortable addition to the outfit were these giant water balloons they'd shoved into the blouse to make it look like I had tits. Big, rounded tits that could almost pass as real. When I looked at myself in the mirror, I was unrecognizable; a defeated woman stared back at me.

“This drink weak as shit!” Dwayne slapped my ass hard enough that I gasped. “Make it stronger next time, bitch!”

“Yes, Sir,” I said, accentuating the ‘sir’ to be more feminine. “Sorry, sir...”

“Shit, yo’ finna’ be sorry if you bring me anotha’ weak ass drink. I’ll take yo’ ass in the locker room and show you sorry.”

“Where the fuck is my beer?” Odell asked, keeping his eyes on the hoops game as it played out on the big screen above. Beside the television was the naked photo of my wife they’d coerced out of me months earlier. It was covered in obscene words now, degraded, and desecrated.

“Sorry, Master,” I lisped. “Coming right up...”

“Make it another Bud for me bitch!” Torq called after me as I scrambled away to the kitchen. I could hear them laughing at me as I prepared another drink tray to take out to them.

I took a moment to fix my outfit before venturing back into the day room. I wanted the skirt straight and the blouse convincing. I even gave my fake falsies a squeeze and blew a kiss at my reflection. I found the time passed easier when I bought in.

“Pass the damn ball!” Morgan screamed at the TV in a rare outburst. Maybe the third time I’d ever heard him speak...if you’re not counting the grunts when unloading in my mouth.

“That boy don’t play no damn defense!” Chris pointed his empty beer at the screen.

I served them as they grew more and more volatile, drunker, and meaner. By the time the game was over and

their team had lost, I could tell attitudes were taking a turn for the worst.

“Nice tits,” Dwayne breathed in my ear, coming up behind in the kitchen and feeling my falsies over the blouse. He pressed something half-hard and thick into my lower back. “I lost fifty bones on that fuckin’ game. Thinkin’ about takin’ my anger out on you, bitch boy...”

The alcohol on his breath was high-powered, and I knew better than to resist.

“Yes, sir...whatever you want, sir...”

“Good answer...”

Dwayne shoved me over the kitchen counter, palming the side of my face and keeping my head flat against the marble. I felt him lift my skirt up.

“Look at that little white ass,” he slurred, smacking my ass callously. “Think it’s time maybe we used your other hole, white boy...yah mouth is good, but somethin’ about sissy pussy just gets me *hard*...”

“I’m not ready,” I said through squished lips, Dwayne’s cruel palm shoving my head into the countertop. “It’s too small...”

“Then maybe we need to make it *bigger*...” Dwayne grabbed hold of my silky pink panties and ripped them from my body in a gut-wrenching tear. I felt my flaccid, little pink dick flop out, and I felt it grow a little more every time Dwayne spanked me.

CRACK!

Dwayne was always the rough one.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

“AH!” I screamed. “OW!”

“My fuckin’ hand hurt,” Dwayne said, shaking it out. Then his big black club was beating on my tender, bruised cheeks. I could feel his pre-cum leaving a trail across the crack of my ass. “This gon’ hurt at first, white bitch...but you’ll come to *love it*...”

“Yes, sir,” I mumbled like a sheep, bracing myself for what was about to happen.

The kitchen door swung open suddenly and Odell came stomping in, possibly drunker than Dwayne.

“The fuck is this?” he barked out in that masculine bass of his. “You tryna’ hit it in the kitchen? Where we eat? Nigga get the fuck outta here with this bullshit!”

“But cap I was just tryna’ – “ Dwayne started.

“Just tryna what? Get yo’ ball sweat all up in my dinner? The fuck outta’ here with that noise nigga. Pull yo’ draws’ up and take this somewhere else...but leave the sissy for now. There’s something we need to speak on...”

Dwayne released my face from the countertop and pulled his pants up. I stood, working the ache out of my lower back, ass-cheeks still stinging like they were on fire. I turned around, fixing my top and adjusting my false tits.

Dwayne left the room angry, and I shuddered to think what that might mean for me later.

“Yes, Master?” I asked, working hard to make my voice sound the way he liked.

“Yo wife is outside waiting for you, Annie,” Odell said. “So get changed and wash that stupid fuckin’ makeup off your face.”

“Yes, Master,” I said, my stomach dropping into something almost like disappointment.

“But one thing before you go...”

“Yes, Master?” I looked at him with doe eyes.
“Anything...”

“Don’t you so much as go down on your wife this week...do you hear me? Don’t you make a move on her and if she tries to fuck with you, which I’d be very surprised if she did but *if* she does, you turn her down. I want you pussy-free from here on out. Is that understood?”

“Master?” I asked confused. “What do you mean?”

He was on me in a blink, flipping me around and pinning back to the counter-top in the same way Dwayne did. Odell’s whole hand was at my ass, and I could feel his fat finger pushing at my sealed-tight virgin asshole.

“Did I fuckin’ stutter, sissy bitch?” he growled right in my ear.

“No, Master...” I whimpered, the pain at my hole moving from uncomfortable to stabbing.

“Then *say it*, bitch. Tell me you’re pussy free starting *today*...”

“I’m pussy free, Master...please, don’t hurt me...”

“And why are you pussy free, bitch?”

“Because I’m just a sissy little white boy who doesn’t deserve it...I exist only to pleasure black men...”

“Good girl,” he said, and suddenly his finger was *inside me*. “You’re awfully fuckin’ tight, Annie...I think it’s about time we broke you in.”

And then he was off of me and out of me. I raced down to the locker room to get changed before Lucie would start to wonder what was taking so long or, God forbid, come inside and introduce herself.

That night I told Celia I was too tired to fuck. The first time I’d told her that since volunteering at the fire

department. She seemed to understand and rolled over to sleep without a word.

I jerked off in silence, thinking of Odell's finger.

-August-

I hadn't had sex with my wife in close to two weeks when Dwayne bent me over his bed. I was looking up at the picture of Celia taped to the wall, the one of her sucking her own titty. She was looking at the camera and it was like she was watching me lose my virginity.

"Oh this gon' be tight as *fuck*," Dwayne grunted, spitting on my asshole and rubbing the tip of his fat cock against it. He was well lubricated from using my throat, and I hoped that it would help ease some of the pain that I was about to endure. "Hold still, sissy..."

My knuckles went white gripping the bed sheets, every muscle in my body straining as he pushed at my unflowered opening.

"*Uhhh*," I groaned.

"Shhh," Dwayne assured me, spreading my ass cheeks and pushing his hips forward.

"AH...OH...NO...FUCK!"

"There we go, bitch...there we fucking go..."

"*UGHHHH*," I groaned, the pain becoming all too real. I may have passed out after that, the ache completely overtaking me. When I came too, he was a few inches inside of me and starting to grind...the pain was still there, but my dangling white cock was starting to wake up.

"That's it white bitch," Dwayne gathered my long brown hair in his hand and used it to yank my head up.

"Just like that...hold still...let me tap that white ass..."

"FUCK!" I screeched, and I didn't have to *try* to make it sound like a woman anymore. "OH FUCK! FUCK! OW! OW!"

“I like the way you scream, bitch boy,” Dwayne whispered, picking up the pace. “Give me that white ass...”

I could hear some of the guys out in the hallway joking around, listening in. They made it no secret. I picked Odell, Trunk, and Chris out amongst the voices. And as Dwayne started to fuck me like a cheap slut, their words were like poison in my ears.

“Dwayne gonna break that white boy pussy in,” Trunk laughed.

“Somebody’s gotta do it,” Odell said. “It’s time that sissy started using more than one hole to pleasure us.”

“Sissy bitch ain’t gonna sit right for a goddamn *week*,” Chris said.

Meanwhile, the bed creaked under the force of Dwayne’s ass-pounding. He took me with total disregard for human life, ignoring my screams and wails. Once in a while he reached around and found my stiff little prick and flicked at it.

“Oh I think this white bitch *like it*,” he panted. “I think she like big black cocks in her little ass...”

Dwayne blasted his hot load all over my beaten-red ass cheeks. It was thick and warm, and I laid face down on the mattress for a long time with it drying on my skin. When I finally got up to clean off, Odell was waiting for me out in the hall.

“Picture day,” he informed me. “Fix yah dress but no shirt. Meet me in the bay in five minutes.”

“Yes, Master,” I moaned unintentionally.

I cleaned the cum off my ass and fixed my lacey pink skirt. I took out my water balloon falsies and left the low-cut blouse in my room. I felt naked without it but

walked out to the apparatus bay with a slight limp in my step.

“She walkin’ funny!” Dwayne called out the moment I was in the garage. “Why you walkin’ funny!”

All the guys were there, and their laughter followed me as I walked to where Odell was waiting for me by the workout equipment. Set up beside the bench press was a little table with a black cloth over it. On top of the cloth was assorted jewelry- loops of different size and color, barbells too.

And beside the tray table of jewelry sat a man I had never seen before. He was small and white and bald, tattoos seemed to cover every inch of his body. In his face were probably twenty different piercings between his eyebrows, nose, lips, and ears.

He held a needle in his hand.

“Have a seat sissy,” Odell commanded. “We’re doing something extra special for the calendar shoot today.”

I must have shown some sort of uncertainty or fear because in the next instant Dwayne, Trunk, and Chris had a hold of me, forcing me to sit down on the weight-lifting bench. With a little added help from Odell the four giants kept me still while the funny-looking white man inserted a hollow needle into my right nipple.

Sheer pain. Excruciating.

I screamed. I probably would have screamed more had I not just been fucked in the ass by a black cock the size of a pringles can. Pain was relative for me in those days.

The left nipple was next. The same all-encompassing pain. The same cacophony of heckling ringing in my ears.

When they were done there were two silver loops hanging from my nipples...and when I posed for the calendar photo, I had to wipe away the blood with a paper towel.

-September-

“It has been *months*, Anthony,” Celia said tersely, arms crossed under her gorgeous breasts and in no mood. “What the hell is going on with you? Don’t you find me attractive anymore?”

“Of course I do,” I said, shifting uncomfortably on the bar stool. “Volunteering has just been really stressful the last few weeks and I’m not always in the mood...”

“But you’re in the mood to get your nipples pierced? *Ew* Anthony, seriously...and besides, you’re not even hard in the mornings anymore. Maybe you need to go see someone...”

“Yeah, maybe I will...”

It was the pills of course. Odell and the gang had started giving me these little red pills each evening with dinner, pills which they claimed would help me in fulfilling my duties as the department sissy. It didn’t take long for the hormones to kick in. My erections became weaker and then nonexistent(although I did orgasm the last time Odell pounded my ass in the shower, a pathetic dribble of cum leaking from my sad, soft dick).

On top of that, my *breasts* were getting bigger. Bigger as in, they used to not exist at all and now you could see them when I wore a t-shirt.

“I thought working as a fire man was going to keep you in shape, Anthony,” Celia said a few days later, watching me get dressed. “You must be eating well over there...and my God, those nipple rings, Anthony. They are *hideous*. I can’t believe you let them haze you like that!”

“Can you lay off?” I plead, fixing my t-shirt over my tender, pierced breasts.

“Can you blame me?”

And so it went. I could feel the tension between my wife and I building, I could feel how all the secrets of my weekend life were affecting my home life. But somehow, I never looked ahead to what that could mean down the road...by the time I started to really consider what the future might look like, it was the weekend...and weekends were for the guys.

Serving them, mostly.

“Oh that little white boy pussy be getting *stretched*,” Trunk grumbled from behind, filling my ass wall-to-wall with his enormous black cock. Trunk was a sweater, especially in the summer, and I could feel it drip down onto my body as he pounded my tender asshole.

“This sissy fulfilling her full potential now,” Chris smiled, plunging my face down onto his fatty member and holding it deep in my throat. I struggled to breath, and it only got worse when he pinched my nose shut. “UGH. CHOKER ON IT SLUT!”

CRACK! went Trunk’s open palm against my beaten butt-cheeks.

My limp white dick dangled below me, shriveled to a mere inch and a half.

CRACK! Trunk railed my little white ass.

“Fixin’ to nut all in this little slut’s mouth,” Chris grunted. “Don’t over salt the potatoes tonight when you make my dinner bitch...or me and Trunk gonna be making a little midnight visit to your room. You feel me? UGH! UGH!”

I swallowed his thick, hot nut the best I could, all the while I could feel Trunk's swollen ballsack bouncing off my little nuts with each stroke.

My September calendar photo was topless again, only this time I *knew* my breasts were bigger than the August picture...and for a moment I thought back to January when I joined West Helm...how normal I must have looked in that photo.

“Say cheese, sissy,” Odell grinned. “Then say – AH!”

-October-

My hair had grown to just past my swollen, puffy
pierced tits the night they woke me up in a drunken rage.

“Wakey wakey little sissy!”

“Up and at em’ bitch!”

“Chop chop it’s time to go!”



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It took me a moment to realize where I was and of course I screamed like a little girl when I did. They were fastening something around my throat, and I had no idea

what it was until they hooked a leash to it. Dwayne led me out of the bed hall like a dog, naked and trembling.

“Look at that little white ass,” Odell spat. “Might have to have a little late-night fuck when we finish this sissy’s makeover...”

“I was just thinking the same thing, Cap,” Julius added. “Might need some top before I can fall asleep, know what I’m sayin’?”

“Mm-hm,” Morgan grunted agreement.

“This way sissy bitch...”

They walked me out to the fire truck and shoved me into the cab. I was quickly squished between Trunk and Torque as Odell got behind the wheel. The rest of them filed in and soon enough we were pulling out of the bay and onto the main street.

I was still half asleep and disoriented, thinking for a moment that perhaps we were on the way to a fire.

“Put this on,” Dwayne turned around from the front passenger seat and tossed a skimpy pink dress at me.

All illusions of doing something masculine were removed once I slid into the garment. It was tight, almost too tight, and it pushed my blossoming breasts together to give the illusion of cleavage. It was short too, skintight around my upper thighs.

“Where are we going?” I asked, sleepy.

“Oh you’ll see,” Odell grinned at me in the rearview.

“Time for the sissy to get a makeover,” Dwayne chuckled. “We know just the place.”

I looked down at my lap, at my long flowing hair hanging across my bare thighs. I twirled it in my fingers like a schoolgirl lost in a daydream.

“Here we go,” Odell said a few minutes later, pulling over to the side of the road. We were parked along a two-lane, neighborhood street and the fire truck looked oddly out of place there in the middle of the night. Looking out the window, I could see there was a small corner with some shops and business on it. All closed but one.

“Out the car, Annie,” Torq growled, taking my leash in his hand.

It was hard to crawl along the gravel in the tight-fitting dress, my knees were only able to move a few inches at a time and were in immediate pain. I followed my master’s feet, too focused on my movements to actually look up and see where we were. The thought of someone looking out their window and seeing a leashed white girl on her knees between seven giant black men occurred to me and I managed a smile even in my misery.

Suddenly the chime of a small bell and-“Odell! How the hell are yah!” a voice from above me, one I didn’t recognize. Then I was crawling forward off the gravel and onto a sidewalk, through an open door, into the light...

I smelled leather. Talcum powder.

“Good to see you again!”

“Rufus my man!”

“Thanks for opening up so late!”

The whole unit seemed excited to see Rufus, but all I could tell was that he was older. And black...and extremely good friends with all of my tormentors. Confident that we had stopped moving for a moment, I raised up on my knees, still leashed and bound to Torq’s black hand.

We were in a barbershop.

“I see you’re up to your old tricks, Odell,” Rufus grinned. He was a greying man of about sixty years old, and though his eyes were tired he still seemed lively. Curious.

“You know me, Rufus,” Odell boomed, “when I see potential in someone, I don’t stop until they’ve realized it.”

“Is that what this is?” Rufus nodded to me, kneeling on the ground in my pink dress. “Potential?”

“And talent, believe it or not...but to be honest, we’ve gotten a little bit bored with her style lately...and we think it’s time for a *new* look.”

“Uh-huh,” Rufus eyed my long brown locks. “Welp. Get her up in the chair. And for God sakes if she squirms hold her down!”

Though I’d listened to every word they said my mind refused to put two and two together. When Torq tugged on my leash I came without hesitation. When Chris manhandled me into the barber’s chair, I didn’t fight him. I think I sat there for a whole minute with the eight of them staring at me, ready to pounce and hold me down—for what I didn’t know.

And then Rufus turned on the electric razor, and I saw red.

“Whoa whoa whoa! Grab her! Grab that sissy!” Rufus yelled.

“Sit the fuck down white boy!”

“Don’t you fucking dare!”

“Grab his legs!”

They were yelling in my face and grabbing me roughly, painfully, but all I could hear was the hum of that razor nearby.

“Squirmy little bitch aren’t you?” Dwayne whispered savagely in my ear as they fought to hold me down. “Don’t fight it, slut. Let it happen...”

“Goddamnit grab his legs!”

“I’m finna’ punch this bitch in the mouth!”

“Annie hold still Goddamnit! You want me to send your wife those pictures? Do you!” Odell now, his voice filled with a vicious anger that seemed to knock the wind out of me. “Forget those shower photos. I’ve got photos of you tugging your little dick while Julius fucks you like a bitch! You want her to see those? Do you?”

I went limp against their arms, pinned to the chair. Hope gone.

“It’s Celia’s favorite thing about me,” I sigh. “She’s going to kill me...”

“Yo little wife gonna be a very happy lady soon enough,” Odell said, calmer now but still fierce. “What you look like ain’t gonna fuckin’ matter to her pretty soon...Rufus, go ahead. This sissy bitch ain’t goin’ nowhere.”

I watched myself from the mirror in that stupid, ridiculous little dress. I watched the old black man cut away the length of my hair with a pair of scissors before going to work with the electric razor. The guys cracked jokes the hole time, smoking Black and Milds and conversating like a scene out of a movie.

When it was all over, I looked like an alien. Strange and bald and oddly feminine, my little tits pushed together over the top of my dress.

“You one bald bitch,” Dwayne shouted, slapping the top of my naked head, drawing hearty laughs from everyone present.

“Now the real fun can start...thanks again, Rufus. See you in six months?”

“Ha! You know it!”

Back to the ground, one of them tugging at my leash and spurring me forward. I zoned out for a while; my humiliation was so tantamount in my mind that everything else seemed to appear as if in a dream. They had shaved my head. They laughed at me as they did it. And now, my wife was going to see this and what? Just be OK with it? I was terrified.

When we got back to the station they marched me into the day room. On top of the ping pong table were two, neatly organized rows of ladies’ wigs. Different hairstyles and every different color. Some short, some long. All humiliating.

“Go on then, girl,” Dwayne smacked my ass. “Don’t be a bitch. Go try on them pretty little wigs we got for you!”

“Let’s see her as a blonde,” Torq growled.

“I like that short pink one, perfect for a little fagget,” Julius said.

They shoved me forward and egged me on.

“Go on and do it little girl!”

“Show us all what a good little sissy you are!”

“Put it on slut!”

With trembling fingers, I chose an outlandish wig that was shocked bright blonde, two intricately woven pigtails hanging long and lush, a red bow pinned in the center. I put it on and turned towards them.

“Woo-we! Lookin’ like some fresh meat!”

“Changes everything really...” Morgan whispered.

“Handlebars if I ever seen em!”

“Try on another one!”

I removed the Goldilocks wig and replaced it with a blonde and pink one, straight hair and parted down the middle. When I wore it, I almost felt like I still had *my* hair. The color was off, but the length was close.

“She be feelin’ pretty in that one,” Chris laughed.

“She be *lookin* it, too. I’m finna use that ass...”

“Next!”

I moved through wig after wig, modeling each one for the guys. I spun so they could see it from behind. Though I was devastated there was also this strange feeling of fun as I waited for their reactions to my new appearance.

“That’s the fucking one,” Odell said.

“Yeah you look like a straight up sissy slut in that!”

Dwayne guffawed.

It was bright pink, wavy and luscious, layered and thick. It felt heavy on my bald head. I twirled it between my fingers, staring at them. They all murmured agreement, rubbing their ashy palms together and licking their lips.

“You can tell your wife exactly what she’s been waiting to hear, Annie,” Odell said. He took a few steps forward and ran his hand through my hair. “That you were called to fight a fire and that is *exactly* what you did. Bravely, too.”

“I can?” I stuttered.

“You can. You will tell her that your hair caught fire when your helmet fell off, a rare occurrence but not

unheard of...you'll promise to grow it back bigger and better, and we'll just think of another excuse in a year..."

"Thank you, Master," I said. "That eases me."

"I thought it would," he said, his hand closing around my neck. "Tonight, you are going to be used, Annie. Fully and thoroughly. It won't be over until we say it is. Is that clear?"

"*Yes, Master,*" I choke out, his fingers cutting off my air.

"Good little sissy," he smiled, "and tomorrow we can take a picture of you for the calendar...in your pretty new dress with your pretty *new hair*..."

-November-

“It has been a difficult couple of months, Anthony...for me especially,” Celia held my hand. We were back at the pub; it was a lively Thursday evening. “What with all your time away from me, and your, well you know, your *problem...*”

She was referring to my limp, white dick. It didn't really get hard anymore, not even when Celia took it upon herself to do everything in her power *to make it hard*. And it wasn't that I didn't get turned on watching her slap my tiny thimble against her massive tits. *I did*. I could even cum if she did it long enough...but I was still on the pills, and erections just weren't part of the deal anymore.

Neither was fucking my wife, according to Odell.

“And I've been patient, Lord knows I've been patient,” Celia went on. “I had to believe that the man you once were was hiding in there somewhere...and I was right. I can't believe that you risked your life and lost your hair to save those people, baby!”

She wrapped my bald head in her arms and squeezed my face between her breasts. She often did this when my 'hero' story came up. I didn't mind. After all I'd been through, I felt like I deserved the affection. Even if it was based on a complete lie.

“How scared you must have been!”

“It was really, *really* scary, babe. All I could think of was you...”

“Oh! That's so sweet, Anthony. So lucky it didn't burn your scalp!”

“Yeah, really lucky...”

“Maybe tonight we can celebrate with a little hanky panky? It’s been so long, baby...I’m just so fucking *wet* all the time...”

“Heh-heh, we’ll see...”

We didn’t see. And the next day she dropped me off at the fire station in silence. The weather was turning, it was getting colder. Christmas was six weeks out, and so was the end of my contract with the department.

I went down to the locker room and changed into my maid’s outfit like usual. I donned a blue wig that curled upwards into two buns that sat to either side of my head. I put on pink lipstick and blue eye shadow. I added blush and did some blending. I blew myself a kiss in the mirror.

I found Odell in the dayroom. I was expecting a list of chores or to have my throat pummeled, but what he told me was far worse than either of those things.

“Excuse me, Master?” I stuttered. “What do you mean a Calendar Drive?”

“We do it every year, Annie,” he said, idly scrolling through some documents on his iPad. “It’s to raise money to get the calendars printed and shipped out to our donors.”

“Do I have to go?”

“What kind of stupid question is that? You’re a volunteer firefighter...I mean, you’re actually a volunteer sissy but you do serve the station. Of course you have to go...you and that pretty little wife of yours.”

“I’m not so sure that’s a good idea...”

“You wouldn’t know a good idea if it bit you on the ass, white boy...the drive is happening and *you*, my little bitch, are going. It’s the last weekend of the month so

you've plenty of time to plan for it...make sure your wife picks out something sexy for the occasion. I know the guys are dying to meet her."

"But she'll see, sir...everything. The pictures, the way you all treat me, what you call me..."

"Are you braindead, sissy? All the pictures will be taken down, with the exception of the ones in the bed hall. You won't be wearing a dress, you'll be wearing a goddamn West Helm Fire Department t-shirt and a baseball cap, OK? Any other worries, little sissy?"

"I'm nervous about the guys meeting Celia...how do I know they won't make a move on her?"

Odell started a chuckle that turned into an outright guffaw.

"Oh, little Annie," he wiped a tear of mirth from his eye. "Why do you think we've had you on hormones? Why do you think we've had you starve your wife of attention? There are no *what ifs* when it comes to the fire station and your wife. Only a big fat *when*."

"Oh," I said, dejected. "I didn't realize..."

"Of course you didn't," Odell sighed. "Best to leave the thinking to the men, Annie. Your place is in servitude. I want you thinking about how best you can serve the team...you will leave your wife to us, is that clear?"

"Yes, Master..."

"Good. Now get down to the bathroom. The urinals and toilets need scrubbing..."

"Yes, Master," I turned to go.

"One more thing," Odell called after me and I turned around. "I want you to put in a good word for us with your wife. There's going to be plenty of alcohol to warm her up,

but I want you to give her the OK to get loose at the party. As loose as she wants. Do you understand what I'm asking you?"

"I think so, Master...you want me to give my wife permission to...explore other options?"

"Good little sissy," he smiled. "Now move along."

In those weeks leading up to the Calendar Drive I was nervous all the time. Part of me wanted to spill the beans to my wife; everything and all of it. Every humiliation and emasculation. All the sissy stuff and the real reason my head was shaved. But it seemed like every time I worked up the courage to tell her, Celia was more focused on the fundraiser.

"Oh, Anthony! It will be so fun!" she exclaimed to me over beers at the pub. "And I'll finally get to meet your friends! I'm so excited. What should I wear?"

"Something that does you justice, honey," I said, voice weak. "I've told them all how gorgeous you are...so wear something that shows you off, maybe?"

"My, my," she nearly moaned. "Want your wife to look sexy for the big manly firefighters?"

"Something like that," I forced the words through gritted teeth. "They're really great guys, I think you're going to like them...a lot, actually."

"Mmm," she winked. "Showing your busty wife off to the firemen, I see. I'm surprised at your, well, *lack of jealousy* we'll call it."

"They're my friends, Celia...my good friends now," I dropped my head and hoped she couldn't hear the lies in my voice. "And I know I haven't exactly been fulfilling my

duties as a husband to you...so if, you know, you maybe wanted to flirt a little...I'd be OK with that..."

"Wow," Celia sipped her beer and surveyed me closely. "Who are you and what have you done with my Anthony?"

"Complaining?"

"Not at all," she said. "If anything, it'll be fun to wear something skimpy and be a little flirtatious...I just wonder if you're ready to see that."

"I've seen worse..."

"Have you? Like what?"

"You'll just have to take my word for it..."

When the day of the Calendar Drive finally arrived, it had been exactly four and a half months since Celia and I had made love. It was by far the longest we'd ever gone. Celia was an extremely sexual woman, and I was constantly hot for her. Our sex life *used* to be healthy.

The fundraising party was being held in the apparatus bay. They'd moved all the engines and trucks out onto the street which gave plenty of room for decorations, tables, a bar and a buffet along a massive table. There were about two hundred people there in total, all kibitzing and making small talk amongst themselves.

"I'm so nervous and excited, baby," Celia whispered to me. "Where are your friends?"

We were standing in the doorway like two wallflowers afraid to socialize. That was probably my fault as I was more scared than I'd ever been in my life. I looked at Celia; mind-meltingly sexy. She had on this silver, glittery dress that clung tight to her curvy frame. Her voluptuous chest filled out the low-cut front; more cleavage than I'd seen

her wear out in a long time. Her plump ass stuck out like a shelf, accented by the shiny high-heels she had on. Her blonde hair fell in soft waves about her shoulders, and her pouty lips were painted red. Her mascara seemed to make her green eyes pop even more than usual.

“Let’s have a walk around,” I said with a shaking voice. “I’m sure they are around here some-“

“Anthony!” a familiar voice soared over the chatter of the party. “Anthony and Celia!”

I turned to the sound of it and the image of my nightmares approached; Odell, flanked by Dwayne, Chris, Trunk and Torq, walking directly in my wife and I’s direction.

“Odell,” I cleared my throat, being careful not to call him by his usual moniker. “Good to see you, pal...Odell, this is my wife, Celia. Celia, this is my captain, Odell.”

“It’s nice to finally meet you, Odell,” Celia’s voice was sensual. “I’ve heard so much about you.”

“My, my,” Odell grinned, stepping forward and sliding his long muscular arm around my wife’s shoulders. “Celia in the flesh. You’re even more beautiful in person.”

“In person?” she looked up at him with dreamy eyes. “Did Anthony show you my picture?”

“Anthony likes to brag about you,” Odell said, looking as handsome as I’d ever seen him. “Can you blame him? I’d want the whole world to know my wife was a 10, too.”

“You flatter me,” she blushed.

“Celia, I’d like you to meet the West Helm Fire Department” Odell continued, “this is Dwayne, Chris, Trunk and Torq...Fellas, this is Anthony’s wife, Celia...”

I watched them tame their eyes and shake my wife's dainty hand. I also saw the way she looked at each of them, as if they were miracles of the human race. I saw how her eyes traced the lines of their bulging biceps, the way she marveled at the size of their veiny necks.

"Well don't you boys fit the firemen stereotype," she licked her lips.

"Which one is that?" Chris smiled at her, crossing arms over his barrel chest.

"Handsome as they come...and strong, too," she reached out and wrapped her nimble fingers around Chris's giant bicep and squeezed.

"Think that's strong?" Torq chimed in. "That ain't nothin'. Feel *this*." Torq leaned down and flexed his massive arm in Celia's face. She giggled and grab hold of it. "Stronger right?"

"Get the hell outta' here, man!" Chris joked.

Their banter continued. I felt forgotten amongst them, all seven of my tormentors hovering over and hitting on my wife. Celia was smiling, laughing, twisting on her heels to speak with them and being more charming than I could

ever hope to be.



Though I was afraid of where this was all heading, I was also a little jealous of my wife in a very real, very *feminine* way. It was so easy for her to garner their affections...not even my best wig and makeup could get them to look at me the way they were looking at her.

“Go get us a drink, honey, will you?” Celia winked at me. “Tequila soda for me.”

“Grab me a beer while you’re at it, Annie...I mean *Anthony*,” Odell grinned.

“I’ll take a beer,” Dwayne chimed in.

“Me too...”

“Bud for me...”

They bodied me out of the circle, nothing short of shoving me away from my distracted wife. I walked backwards to the bar, staring at them as I went. It was a sobering sight, seeing her; surrounded by gigantic black men the size of professional athletes. It seemed like the further I got from them the more touchy-feely Celia got with the guys, and they with her.

By the time I got back with the tray of drinks things had progressed. Celia had her arm around Julius’s waist, her vivid mouth open and smiling up at the lanky giant.

“How tall are you, Julius?” she asked, giddy.

“Shit. I’m 6’9, baby,” he said smooth as silk. “If you ain’t counting the inches in my pants, that is.”

“Oh *my*,” Celia blushed, giggling madly as the guys erupted into laughter. “That’d make you the tallest man in the world if we did count it though, huh?”

Their eyes lit up at my wife’s joke, disbelief that she could be funny *and* sexy. I just stood there with the tray of

drinks, waiting to be noticed, waiting for the awful night to be over.

“How would you like a private tour of the station, baby?” Odell sidled in next to her, taking her by the waist. “We can show you all the things the public doesn’t get to see...”

“Sounds enticing,” she said, and I was pretty sure she’d forgotten I was there at this point. “Lead the way.”

For a moment I almost spoke up and said something incredibly stupid like, “what about me?”, but instead I watched them go. Watched the group of seven file out, leave the party, disappear into the depths of station. Not a one of them, least of all Celia, bothered to turn around and see where I was.

I left the drinks on a nearby table and followed them through the interior door, quiet as a mouse. They weren’t in the bed hall when I got there, and I moved quickly into the kitchen beyond that. Nothing. I put my ear to the door that led into the next hallway, listening carefully for voices or laughter. When I was confident they had moved on, I opened the door.

A quiet hallway. No sound coming from the locker room door or the EMS room. At that point I was certain they had gone to the dayroom and made haste to follow. I was nervous now, starting to have second thoughts. Could I really just roll over and let them have my wife? Would I really choose to encourage this horror show? Somehow, at that last moment, everything changed. Blackmail be damned, humiliation be damned...I’d seen the worst of it, and I was still kicking. Maybe I could salvage what little

was left of my pride...maybe I could stop this from happening...

I was almost to the dayroom door, sprinting towards it and ready to kick the door in and scream at them to stop, to take my wife by the hand and lead her out of there whether they liked it or not, ready to tell her anything and everything she wanted to know about my time at the station. The truth. All of it.

But something caught my eye just as I reached the dayroom door.

On my right, a small rectangular window on the door marked **Turn Out Room**. The one room I'd never seen the inside of - the one room I never asked about because I was afraid that doing so would lead to more humiliation.

For the first time in almost a year, the light inside the Turn Out Room was on, and you could see everything within illuminated in perfect detail.

Celia was standing like a star between six dark planets, radiating pure sexual energy. She looked so small between them, her lithesome arms reaching up to either side and touching defined jaw lines with nervous hands. The guys were staring at her like a cut of prime rib at dinner time.

Suddenly my nerve to stop them was in question. My hand was on the door handle but the will to push it down was tenuous at best.

Their mouths were moving, they were talking, but it was indiscernible from that side of the door. I tried to read lips, but it was no use.

Odell made the first move, his large palm gliding up the side of Celia's torso until his long black fingers

engulfed her luscious tit. It was the first time I ever saw another man touch my wife and the sensation in my stomach was enough to make me vomit. I longed to barge in and put a stop to the whole thing.

But I just stood there.

“Late to the party?” a sudden, gruff voice from behind me.

I turned to the sound of it. Morgan, the quiet one, looming over me, staring into my soul with his dark, murderous eyes.

“We can get you a better seat than this, bitch boy,” he spat, grabbing me by the back of the neck with one hand while opening the Turn Out Room door with the other. I was met with a barrage of sound and conversation as he shoved me inside.

“Look who I found outside watching the show,” Morgan said.

“There you are, Anthony,” Odell said, his fingers digging into the flesh of my wife’s tit. “We were wondering where you got to...”

“I’m sorry, honey,” Celia said sudden and nervous, trying to back away from Odell’s grip but blocked by a wall of black firefighters. “We were just playing around is all...you know, like you said? Flirting?”

She looked unsure, like she’d been caught...and she *had* been caught...but it was *my* reaction that was going to decide this thing. They were all looking at me, my wife included, waiting to see which way I would push it. Call it off? Or say and do nothing...let it happen.

“He looked happy enough to watch from out in the hallway,” Morgan said, the sound of his voice unnerving

me. I had heard so little of it until now. “Well, fireman? What say you?” Morgan walked to where she was pinned to Odell’s side, and he filled his hand with her free tit. “You gonna let us have a taste of this sexy little wife of yours?”

“Just amongst us, brothers, right?” Odell added, squeezing her breast over the sparkly silver dress. “What’s mine is yours, sort of thing?”

Celia’s eyes were locked on me while their hands were locked on *her*. She was so unsure, so filled with uncertainty, and for that much I was grateful. At least it wasn’t easy for her...or at least it wasn’t now that I was present.

I looked to Odell and saw everything I needed to know in his face. The pictures, the video, the wigs, the hormones, the piercings...all of it. It was like an ax above my neck held by a thin string.

“If she’s OK with it...then I’m OK with it,” I said. The hardest sentence I’ve ever uttered in my entire life.

They didn’t wait for her response. They swarmed my wife like beasts to wounded prey.

“Goddamn girl,” Odell breathed, pulling the front of her dress down so that her milky white breasts spilled out for all to see, “these titties are au naturel, ain’t they?”

“Mm-hmm,” Celia moaned as Julius, impossibly tall and lanky, felt her up from behind, pushing the flesh of her breasts through his fingers and tugging down on them. The guys tore the sparkly silver dress from her supple body like it were the skin of a banana, casting it to the floor where it landed in tatters.

In the span of only a few seconds she was completely naked, black hands roaming every inch of her.

“Oh *wow*,” she breathed, overwhelmed.

“White girl gotta’ booty, too,” Chris announced, smacking her plump pale cheeks.

“She wet as fuck already,” Torq grunted, squatting at the knees, digging around in the pink folds of her cunt.

My eyes didn’t know where to look, what to focus on. I think the most upsetting thing of all was watching Odell kiss her. His greedy mouth, red tongue, hand at her neck...watching them make out like they were lovers. Celia’s body melted into his, giving it back to him as much as she got. The smacking of their lips put a visible grimace on my face, and with shaking knees I took a seat on a discarded bench in the corner of the room.

Celia kept wriggling in their grasp as different men took turns playing with her breasts, ass, and cunt. Morgan had a thing for her legs, sliding his palms up and down the length of them, pulling her heels off and rubbing her feet. So much ebony skin against my fair wife.

It wasn’t long before belt buckles were clinking, zippers scratching, the shuffling of denim down to ankles. All sounds I was more than familiar with, sounds that I associated with getting my own mouth stuffed, or my asshole spread.

But this time it was for my wife. All for my wife. And some sort of sick jealousy was making my chest tight. It wasn’t until Celia was on her knees between seven naked black bodies that I regained a grip on my anger, momentarily forgetting that I was *jealous* of her.

“You’re all so fucking *big*,” Celia said shocked, green eyes shifting from one bloated black cock to the next. “Holy fuck...it’s true what they say...”

“Let’s see what that mouth do, white girl,” Odell grinned, holding his big black cock by the hilt and bringing it to Celia’s lips. “Open up.”

Celia looked up at him and stretched her jaw wide. Odell’s cock squeezed in, just barely, and filled her mouth cheek to cheek.

“Damn, like husband like wife, I guess,” Odell chuckled, and I can only assume he was remarking on her expert-level eye contact. “Mmm. Like that, baby. Suck it. Take it *deeper*.”

She struggled as he pushed to the back of her throat. There were hands gripping and smacking her tits constantly; an absolute free for all on her body. Odell put a hand on the back of her head and kept her still as he dug around in there; Celia coughing and gagging softly against it.

“You a real one for this, Anthony,” Odell winked at me. “Letting the guys and I have a shot at your sexy wife is a true sign of comradery if you ask me.”

“Or stupidity,” Dwayne laughed, taking his long, erect cock, and tapping the top of Celia’s head with it. I can’t be sure, but I think Celia may have giggled a little when he said it.

“Mmmm, gonna fuck your pretty little face. That OK, Celia?” Odell asked, wrapping her blonde hair up in both of his hands and starting to grind into her gullet.

My wife shook her head YES, avidly.

“Mmmm. Good white girl. Very good. You see this, Anthony? You see me fucking your wife’s pretty face?”

“Yes, Odell,” I sighed through gritted teeth.

“She look good, don’t she?”

“Yes she does...”

“Mmmm. Somebody else gotta try this girl’s head game. It’s too fucking good...”

“My turn,” Dwayne announced, replacing Odell’s cock with his own. Celia took a deep breath before diving down onto it, getting it as far back as she could. Dwayne isn’t as thick as Odell, but his length is otherworldly. Even with it bottoming out in the back of Celia’s throat there were still around six inches of shaft left over. “You gonna gag on it for me, white girl? Gag on it so yah’ husband can hear.”

“AWK!” Celia spit. “AWK! AWK! AWK!” moving her head in small, jabbing motions so that Dwayne’s strong black shaft seemed to bend just a little. Soon, drool was spilling from her lips, soaking the length of him, causing his ebony shaft to glisten. “AWK! AWK! AWK!”

“Goddamn, girl,” Dwayne grunted, fisting a clump of her hair in one hand, under-handing her throat and chin with the other. “Just...like...that...”

“AWK! AWK! AWK! AWK!”

Dwayne assaulted her face until mascara ran in thick streams from her eyes. Her once pale skin was turning red from all the grabbing, smacking, and twisting. Her tits were splotchy from constant use, her ass cheeks imprinted with different hands.

In the middle of the turnout room was a low bench, something you would use to put your foot up on while you tied your boots. This is where they laid Celia out on her back, limbs hanging off to either side, gorgeous gargantuan breasts floating free on her chest.

“Go slow,” she moaned as Trunk got between her legs, his ten-inch black cock standing at full attention. “I’ve never had so big...”

“I got you, baby,” Trunk said low, positioning himself at the entrance of her soaked cave. He pushed against her sex and Celia’s head tilted back; she began to howl.

“*Oooohhh*,” she cried. “*Oooohhh* fuck, it’s so fucking *big...*”

“Ain’t even in yet,” Trunk laughed, getting the head of his prick inside her.

The others surrounded my wife, holding her still and fondling her body.

“Oh...oh...OH MY GOD!” she screamed. Trunk was inside now, spreading her, gaping her, giving her something no man had before...

“That’s right, white girl,” Trunk said, focused on the task at hand. His member slid inside inch by inch inside, and all I could think of was the fact that nothing had been inside there in months...and before that it was *me* who had been inside her, with a mass that couldn’t possibly compare to any of these men, let alone Trunk.

I feared they would break her.

“FUCK! OH! OH! OW! OH!”

“*Ugh*,” Trunk grunted, sliding in and out of her, his low-hanging ball sack dragging across the bench. “White girl tight as *fuck*. And I know why too...I seen yah husband in the showers. He ain’t got it like this, do he?”

“Uh-uh,” she moaned, “he doesn’t even fuck me anymore.”

My face went pale and my heart broke. How could she say that in front of them?

“Damn!” Dwayne looked at me and erupted into laughter, filling his hands with Celia’s trembling tits. “She hit you with that truth bomb, huh, Annie...I mean Anthony!”

Celia screamed as Trunk fucked her harder. He held her by the waist while the others jerked themselves around her, sometimes slapping her body with leaking cocks. I could see pre-cum glistening on her tits and tummy.

“Oh-my-God,” Celia was nearly speechless, breathless words escaping in time with Trunk’s vicious thrusts. “It’s-so-fuck-ing-big-oh-fuck-*fuck-fuck-fuck*-“

“Yo’ wife talk too much,” Dwayne said, coming to the side of Celia’s face and turning her to meet his cock. “Suck on this big black dick and shut the fuck up, baby...” he plunged into her mouth, fucking it, balls swinging.

“How’s the view over there, cuck boy?” Chris joked. “Can you see your wife getting double-stuffed? Shit...we just getting started.”

Trunk’s black body glistened with sweat; every muscle shown in perfect definition. His ass seemed to flex with each stroke, and Celia’s body reacted in kind by shaking head to toe. Dwayne was stuffing her throat, but now Celia’s hands were working too; out to her sides and jerking of Torq and Julius respectively. The others simply watched, stroked, and waited their turn.

I could feel my body betraying me. My limp dick shrugged around inside my underwear, a sad attempt to get hard while my balls filled with cum. I felt everything from anger to jealousy to lust as I watched them use her, and it was hard to tell if I was going to cum or run.

“Watch out,” Trunk announced, pulling out of my wife’s pussy, walking over her body with his legs to either side of the low bench. He did a perfect squat over Celia’s chest, his nutsack dragging across her tits, and he plunged himself into her open mouth as he filled both fists with her blonde hair. “UGH! UGH!”

Celia’s blue eyes went wide with shock as the giant black man unloaded in her mouth.

“UGH! UGH! UGH!”

She coughed it up, fat wads of white cum shooting from the sides of her cheeks.

“UGH! UGH! UGH!”

“*BLARG!*” she coughed, a fat puddle of it across her neck. She had nowhere to run; Trunk simply kept her in place, cumming in her mouth, the other guys cheering him on.

“Swallow it white girl!”

“Swallow that nut bitch!”

“How that nigga nut taste, girl?”

When he was done, Trunk pulled it out of her throat and smacked Celia across the face with it, sloppy wet and dripping.

“Holy fuck,” Celia giggled, catching her breath.

Trunk dismounted and the guys repositioned her over the bench; perched on her elbows across the seat, ass up and out behind her as her knees dug into the cement floor. Odell clamored behind her, lining his fat cock up to take her doggystyle while Chris, Julius, and Morgan encircled her face, taking turns with her mouth.

“She might be a lil’ tired when we through with her,” Dwayne laughed. “But hey, at least she getting’ right

tonight, huh? Not like that little ass dick you be tryin' to lay pipe with."

Odell railed her mercilessly, her petite body rocking with the force of an earthquake. Chris dug out her throat then passed it to Julius, who took great pleasure in seeing just how much of his 11-inch cock would fit down her gullet.

Trunk watched from the side; his mammoth-cock deflated but still interested. I began to wonder how long it could go on for.

"You enjoying yourself, white girl?" Morgan asked in his raspy voice, bending down, and wrapping his hand around her throat.

"Yessss," Celia's ruined face moaned.

"Like taking black cock in front of your husband?"

"Oh *fuck...yessss*," her body shook with the force of Odell's fucking.

"He ain't got it like that though, do he? He can't fuck you like this...can't use you the way you want. Ain't that right, white girl?"

"Yes, *daddy...*"

"Here yo wife, white man?" Morgan said, standing back up and feeding Celia his hairy nutsack. "She a little whore for black men. Can you blame her?"

When Odell was done, he pulled out and tagged Dwayne in.

"I know just how to break this white girl booty in," Dwayne laughed, spreading her cheeks, and spitting on her hole. "Gotta finger-fuck it first, get it nice and loose. Then she can take black cock."

Celia may have tried to say something then, maybe tried to ask if Dwayne was really going to put it in her ass, but Morgan had his cock buried in her throat and her words were indiscernible. She seemed only mildly uncomfortable when Dwayne pressed his index finger past her anus, two-knuckles deep and rapid-fire fucking her asshole. It wasn't until the tip of his giant cock was pushing at her backdoor that she began to squirm like a fish on a hook.

“Hold still, white girl,” Dwayne reassured her, applying pressure. “It gon’ feel real good soon...you can ask your husband about that...ugh...oh...fuck...”

Morgan pulled out of her throat to avoid any accidents, and my wife began to scream bloody murder there in the Turn Out Room.

“OOOOHHHH! OWWWW! OHHH! FUCK! OW! OW! OW! OW!”

“Almost there, white girl,” Dwayne grunted. “Al...most...there we fuckin’ *go*...”

“UUUUGHHHH OHHHHH!”

Morgan choked her to make her quiet down, and Dwayne slid into her asshole fighting the friction the whole way.

“I’m cumming,” Celia said small and quiet and so suddenly that at first, I didn’t believe my ears. But a moment later her legs shook against the cement floor, her plump ass cheeks began to twerk, and a clear jet of cunt juice shot straight down to the floor as she orgasmed with Dwayne deep inside her ass.

“That’s right white bitch...”

“OOOOHHH MY GOD!” she cried, more tears dragging along her mascara stains. “FUUUCK!” It rocked her body like a tornado, every piece of her quivering, her pussy squirting.

“Yo’ wife like black cock in her ass,” Dwayne announced. “How about that shit?”

When she settled down, Celia found another cock in her mouth, this time Torq and Julius sword-fighting to get it against her tongue. Dwayne’s tempo picked up, and I watched from the sidelines as the man I hated most in the world took my wife’s ass over and over.

I put a hand to my crotch and rubbed the limp worm hiding in there, feeling myself close to climax.

Dwayne came in my wife’s ass, grunting like an animal, holding it deep as his balls convulsed mid-air.

“Alllll in yah wife’s butthole, bitch,” he bragged. “Fuck that’s good. UGH! UGH!”

“Oh *myyyyyy*,” Celia whimpered below him.

He pulled out, a river of white leaking from her cheeks and trickling down the slit of her sex. Celia’s knees were sore and weak, I could tell by the way she kept adjusting them. But there was no reprieve from it all as Chris took up the mantle behind her, pushing deep into her cunt and hammering it out like it was his job.

As the night grew later, one by one the men of the West Helm fire department used my wife like a dog, talking shit to me pretty much the entire time. Eventually she was on the floor, on her back, three loads of fresh cum clinging to her face and tits as Odell power-fucked her in missionary.

“You on birth control, baby?” Odell breathed, sweat pouring from his body.

“No,” she whimpered, Chris’s fat load of cum still warm on her cheeks.

“Well Imma’ let you figure that one out,” he said, going balls deep and holding himself there. “UGH! UGH! UGH!”

“Oh *fuck...*”

I watched Odell’s giant ballsack convulse against the crack of Celia’s ass as he unloaded inside of her. His two perfect lemon-sized balls rose and fell with each shot, and I could only guess at the amount of semen he was pumping into my wife.

“UGH! UGH!”

“Oh my fucking *God* I’m cumming again...*ooohhhh!*”

Celia’s cum-covered body writhed below him as she took his seed. They came together and it may have been the hardest thing to see that night...even worse than Dwayne fucking her in the ass.

The guys stood around laughing and joking as they finished up. Torq was next, splashing around in her sloppy cunt until it was time to pull out and spray it across her body. Long white ropes of hot cum ran from her belly to her neck, covering her supple body. Last but not least was Morgan, who may have been the strangest of all, fucking her cunt till he was close, and then finishing himself off with her dainty feet.

“All in yah fuckin’ toes, girl,” he grunted, dropping the largest load of cum I’ve ever seen across the tops of her feet and in between her toes. I saw Celia grimace a little when he pushed her toes together, rubbing all that fresh

semen into the strangest of places. But she relaxed when he was done, lying there like a piece of modern art; blonde, used, and covered.

“You want a turn too, lil’ man?” Dwayne laughed, standing naked in the Turn Out Room.

“Not tonight,” Odell said. “We ain’t got the time to stand around and wait for little Anthony to get hard...besides, I’m tired. I’m headed home. Clean your wife up and get out of here, will you?”

“It was nice meeting you boys...” Celia called after them breathlessly.

The guys said nothing. They’d gotten what they came for.

As I helped my wife clean up that night with towels I retrieved from the laundry, she looked at me in that peculiar sort of way that is full of so many questions, one doesn’t even know where to start.

“What is it?” I asked, wiping the semen from her tits. “Why are you looking at me like that?”

“It’s nothing...” she bit her bottom lip. “It’s just...”

“It’s just what?”

“The way you were watching...I couldn’t tell if you liked it or not...”

“It’s fine...let’s just get out of here, OK?”

“That was big of you, Anthony. To let them have me like that...I needed it. What with your situation and all...”

I said nothing. By the time we arrived home that night, Celia was asleep in the passenger seat.

-December-

A month later the annual West Helm Fire Department Christmas Party took place at our home. Celia and I went all out to prepare for the hundred something guests we would be hosting. Past and present members of the station were there with wives, girlfriends, family, and friends. There were lots of donors as well.

“There’s a present for you out in my truck, Annie,” Odell whispered to me amidst the clamorous party. “I want you to go out and have a look. Tell me what you think. OK?”

“Yes, Master,” I whispered back. At Odell’s request, I was wearing lacey pink panties below my pants that day. There was something about the fabric against my soft dick that kept me in a constant state of youthful lust, and I suddenly found myself eager to see this present of his. Not in my year of knowing Odell had he really done *anything* nice for me.

“The boys and I are going to take Celia down to the basement,” Odell continued. “We’ll try not to be too long, and hopefully we won’t make too much noise...but when we’re done with her, I’ve got to get back to the station. So go get your present *now*. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Master,” I sighed.

I waited until I saw Celia take Odell, Dwayne and Torq down to the basement for the “full tour.” Then I snuck out the front door and down the street to where Odell’s F150 was parked. The passenger door was unlocked, and I climbed inside.

On the driver's seat was what looked like a photo album with an envelope on top of it. It read *Annie*. With trembling fingers, I pulled out the letter.

Dear Annie,

Congrats on a full year with the department. You've come a long way and you have served us well. As a thank you for all your hard work and service, I wanted you to be the first person to lay eyes on this year's Fire Department Calendar. If you're reading this in my truck, that means your wife is downstairs in your house sucking my cock. It feels good to know that a sissy like you will always know your place.

Odell

With a deep, staggered breath, I pulled the Calendar into my lap. On the front was a wide shot of the West Helm Fire Station. I turned the page from bottom to top and peered at the January photo.

It was me, in front of the fire truck, back when I still had hair. A pink bow tucked into my auburn locks. Relatively normal. Long forgotten.

February. The maid's outfit I had come to know well.

March. In the shower, on my knees, Torq and Trunk's big black cocks to either side of my face.

April. Bent over with a pair of pink panties on while I gazed backwards at the camera, thumb in my mouth.

May. Bra and panties, legs spread, hair assembled into two pigtails on either side of my head. Smiling.

June. My pretty dress, the pink and blue frilly one. I'm sitting behind the wheel of the fire truck like a toddler.

The months roll by as I turned the pages one by one. More silly outfits and dresses, outlandish makeup. Pierced

nipples one month, my bloated feminine breasts the next. Somewhere in the eyes of each photo, despite the smiles, you could see the heart of my humiliation. You could see the pain...the hidden lust for it all. Somehow in the course of that year I had lost myself to coercion, humiliation, and degradation. Even so, as I sat there in my master's truck, relishing the feel of lace panties against my useless dick.

October. A bright pink wig to cover my bald head.

I closed the calendar. Would they really release such a thing to the public? If they did, my wife would surely see it and the jig would be up. But could I stop them? All these questions and more seemed suddenly useless. I was Odell's plaything now. *Their* plaything. So was my wife for that matter. And nothing I could do was going to change any of it.

I put the calendar under my arm and walked back into the party.

The house was buzzing with conversation and cocktails. I busied myself with preparing a tray of drinks to walk around with and offer up to guests. People helped themselves to the champagne and beers quickly, not so much as looking me in the eyes as they took their drinks. There was one beer left on the tray when Odell and Celia and the others emerged from the basement, clothes slightly disheveled, sweat on their brows.

"Perfect timing," Odell grinned, taking the Bud off the empty tray. "I was just telling your wife what a good little boy you are, Anthony."

"Thanks, I guess..." I muttered.

“I think me and the guys are gonna go for a ride over to the station, baby,” Celia said, a little out of breath. “You don’t mind seeing the guests out and cleaning up do you?”

I watched the men of the West Helm Fire Department leave with my wife. When I reported for duty the next day she was still asleep in Odell’s bed, and a new picture had been hung high on the wall of the dayroom-

Celia, topless and staring up at the camera with her tongue hanging out of her mouth... and seven big black cocks pointed directly at her face.

THE END.



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